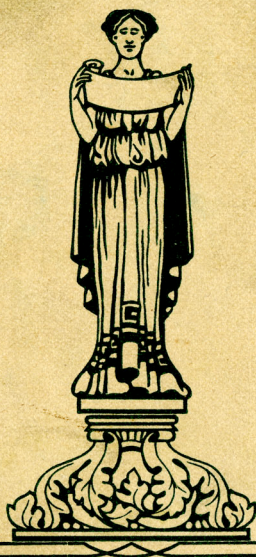


THE SALMAGUNDI



1915

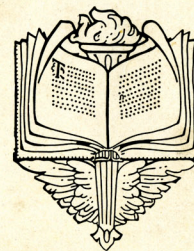


Sanford High School

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THE
SALMAGUNDI
Vol. VI. — No. 1

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LITERARY AND DEBATING
SOCIETIES OF THE
SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL
SANFORD, FLORIDA



*Donated
by Watson McAlexander
1918*

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DONATED BY
WATSON McALEXANDER
CLASS OF 1918

*We affectionately dedicate
The Salmagundi
1915
to
our beloved teacher
Miss Clara Louise Guild, M.A.*



MISS CLARA LOUISE GUILD, M.A.

The Salmagundi

The Interesting Features of Florida

“What is so rare as a day in June?”

And what is so rare as a land where June days rule supreme? In other lands when the snow is flying and the cold north wind is howling through the trees, fancy a country clothed in a robe of green decked here, there, and everywhere with flowers, and birds and birds singing merrily in the trees. Also when the dry, sultry days of the north roll around think of a place where the delightful western zephyrs are playfully dancing across your brow. Then you will say, Oh! surely this is Heaven. And I will agree with you; for certainly Florida is a land of Paradise. The fame of her mild, gentle winters has spread abroad and brings many tourists to her cities annually.

Another pleasant feature of Florida is her scenery. The gentle, rolling prairies covered with luxuriant grasses and flowers, the great magnolia trees with their fragrant, wax-like blossoms, and the tall, stately pine forests, are very interesting. Also the winding rivers of the state attract the attention of the nature lovers. Along their banks the huge oaks and the lofty palms gracefully draped with spanish moss, towering above the dense undergrowth of shrubbery and vines, forms a fitting background for the peaceful streams.

The numerous lakes, over twelve-hundred in all, are noted for their picturesque beauty. Many are unique in having no outlet yet remaining pure and sparkling, while others contain a solution of sulphur and have valuable medicinal properties.

The hunting for deer and other game animals, also for game birds, has attracted many sportsmen in the past. But Florida is trying to pass laws to protect her game, as she is about the only state in the union that can boast of eigretts, deer, and bear. Many good sized specimens of alligators are yet found in her waters. And when out on a camping trip far up some river, when the low distant bellow of an alligator is heard, one thinks of the time when Indians, deer, and alligators reigned supreme.

Although there are laws in regard to fishing, yet they are more lenient than the game laws. Consequently fishing for shad, bass, sea-trout and mullet, in certain seasons of the year, has become very profitable. Productive oyster beds are found in the shallows and lagoons along the coast. The oyster beds of Pensacola and Apalachicola are about the best in the state.

In many places valuable minerals are found. The most abundant of these is phosphate rock, which is mined in great quantities near Dunnellon and along the Gulf coast. It is used in making fertilizer. Kaolin, from which the finest porcelain is made, marl, fossil guano, mica schist, and other minerals are also found.

Nature has been so kind to Florida that agriculture, the leading pursuit, does not depend entirely upon the skill of man in order that the best results be accomplished. In the northern part corn, cotton, and tobacco are the principal productions. Cotton is an important factor in the resources and industries of the state. It is of the sea-island variety, of which Florida produces nearly one third of the world's supply. Sugar cane is also raised successfully in all parts.

Truck farming for the northern markets, together with the fruit growing, forms the most characteristic pursuit of the people and is one of the chief sources of wealth. Many

kinds of fruits such as oranges, lemons, pineapples, grapefruit, guavas, grapes, strawberries, and others are raised extensively.

The bee industry is rapidly coming to the front. The honey is as clear and beautiful as water, its delicious flavor being due to the orange blossoms.

Of our beautiful state much is known now, but a few years will prove that it has a more brilliant future.

A Mistaken Identity

Dorothy Wentworth glanced wearily at the clock, then rising from her seat at the desk said, "Children, prepare for dismissal."

When she had waved goodbye to the last little tots, and had seen them go romping on their homeward way, swinging their lunch pails, she turned and went back into the country school room.

Straightening the desk, cleaning the black-boards, and arranging the next day's work, took her some time, and looking out of the window she saw that the sun had almost disappeared. Thinking of the lonely road over which she had to walk to get to the farmhouse where she was boarding, she wished that she had kept Tommy, a little boy who lived near her, to walk home with her. She put on her hat and locked the school house door.

The school house was perched on the side of a hill, and looking upward a little way Dorothy could see the beautiful white country home of James Whiteman, a multi millionaire. The sight of this home brought to Dorothy's mind a picture of her friend, Marjorie, the much loved and spoiled daughter of the millionaire, to whom only this morning Dorothy had waved goodbye as Marjorie passed the school house in a machine, on her way to the house of a friend for a week-end visit. Dorothy had often been told of a startling resemblance between herself and Marjorie, and she almost

wished she might change places with the latter for a short time. "Well, this won't get me home," mused Dorothy.

With these words she started, trying to forget her fears and not think about an especially lonely piece of road, with thick underbrush and sharp turns. But as she neared the place her fears increased.

"Pooh! What a baby I am," she thought. But nevertheless as she came to the woods, and approached the dark stretch of road, she became so terrified that she held her breath. It seemed to her that her feet weighed tons. After passing a dense clump of bushes, she was beginning to breathe easier when she felt herself seized from behind. Before she could scream a cloth was thrown over her head, completely stifling her.

The next remembrance was feeling herself jolted over a stony road. She had a sensation of dizziness and nausea, as if some anesthetic had been only partially administered to her.

The car stopped, and with firm but gentle hands she was again carried. When the cloth was removed from her head, Dorothy found herself in a large and spacious room. The two masked men who had released her left immediately, carefully locking the door after them.

Her trembling survey of the room disclosed a great yawning stone fireplace, and old-fashioned shuttered windows. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling, and the only articles of furniture were a dilapidated chair, and a table on which stood a flickering candle.

Her captors soon returned, and forced into her hand a closely written letter, which they demanded that she read and sign. Her keen perception took in the situation quickly.

Gray Gables.

"Mr. Whiteman;

Dear Sir,

We hold your daughter for a ransom of \$50,000 to be paid as the bearer shall inform you."

"But" insisted Dorothy, "I am not Marjorie White-

man. I am only the little school teacher at Kingston. Please let me go."

A rough hand was clapped over her mouth and a gruff voice commanded:

"No words Miss. Write what I say."

Trembling she obeyed.

"Dear Father,

I am safe and unharmed.

Marjorie."

Again Dorothy tried to protest, but her captors were gone. She heard their retreating footsteps echoing for sometime, which told her that a long hall led to the room where she was imprisoned. She began to consider means of escape.

The shuttered windows discouraged her, for every attempt to open them failed. Dorothy threw herself into the chair in desperation.

"I must find a way," thought Dorothy. "Marjorie is off visiting Fanny Winthrop, and her father will of course think she has been kidnapped, and send the money immediately. If I could only get to him and tell him."

About this time her eyes fell upon the great roomy fireplace at the end of the room.

"I wonder if I could do it," she cried, jumping to her feet. "I must."

"I'll be some sight when I reach the top," giggled Dorothy nervously, as she examined the dark opening.

The bricks of the old chimney were crumbling, and with the aid of her penknife, which fortunately she found in the pocket of her blouse, she was able to cut secure footholds. She gingerly thrust her head into the black hole and stood erect. The soot laden air stifled her, but looking up she could see a faint glimmer of moonlight.

"Oh, I can never do it," she gasped. Then after a pause "—But I must."

She made footholds on each side as far up as she could reach, and began to climb. It was dangerous work in the

darkness, for she had to feel her way with feet and hands, and brace herself against the sides of the chimney.

After many slips, which made her heart beat faster, she reached the top. With a sigh of relief she drew herself from the chimney on to the steep sloping roof. It was a great relief to Dorothy to see the overhanging branches of a great oak tree. It was but the work of a moment to swing herself to the branches and skin catlike to the ground. She glanced stealthily about her.

"It's just as I thought. It is the old haunted Schott house," said Dorothy fearfully.

Then scolding herself for her faint heartedness, she roused to action.

"That midnight freight ought to be passing soon. If I could only get to the siding, Bob Foster will take me on the engine with him, if I can make him understand that it is me, and not somebody's nigger mammy."

It was almost noon. Mr. Whiteman, failing to find his daughter, was about to comply with the demands of the kidnappers, which he had received the day before. He was just stepping into his car when a shrill excited voice called, and a bedraggled girl came limping toward him.

"Mr. Whiteman! Oh! Mr. Whiteman, stop, stop." She sank panting on the doorstep.

It was hard indeed to convince Mr. Whiteman that this girl with the black streaked face and the sooty and dust laden clothes bore any resemblance to his daughter Marjorie. But after an encounter with soap and water, those same features were enough like those of his daughter to reassure him that his \$50,000 was safe in the bank, and better still, that Marjorie, unharmed, was enjoying her intended visit with Fanny Winthrop.



To Florida

Here's to the lakes of Florida
Here's to the water blue,
Here's to the fish that in it live and
Here's to the fishermen true.

Here's to the farms of Florida
Here's to the celery fine
Here's to the soil in which it grows, and
Here's to the farmer kind.

R. H. '17.

Autobiographical Sketches of Sophomore Class

With out the coyotes my home in Kansas would have seemed unnatural. Their mischievous yelp could be heard nearly every morning and evening, especially at twilight, —as they would express their desire for an opportunity to steal a chicken at this time. Often one would come up to the barn yard through the corn-field, to get some fowl that had wandered out too far,

One day when out in the field I chanced to look behind me and saw a slender looking beast with a long nose and slightly shaggy tail, trotting up from the rear. Coyotes often kill sheep and calves, but seldom attack a person, but this one meant to have me for dinner. Feeling bold because of a pitch fork that I had been using, I made a desperate lunge at the grey intruder but instead of killing the coyote as I meant to do, I found myself being teased and made fun of by the light footed prairie wolf. It would let me get nearly to it and then trot on a little way, where it would sit down and politely wait for me.

I ran after it in this manner for nearly half a mile before I gave it up, but that is the last time that I tried to kill a coyote with a pitch fork.

O. B. '17.

When I was six years old I started to school. I learned a great deal in the first reader before I commenced. One day I left my book at home, when the class was called all the other children got up when called upon, and read the lesson. When I was called upon I thought I must do the same, and as I did not think of borrowing a reader, I arose, held my hands up as if I had a book and recited the whole lesson off by heart. My teacher laughed and let me read again out of her book.

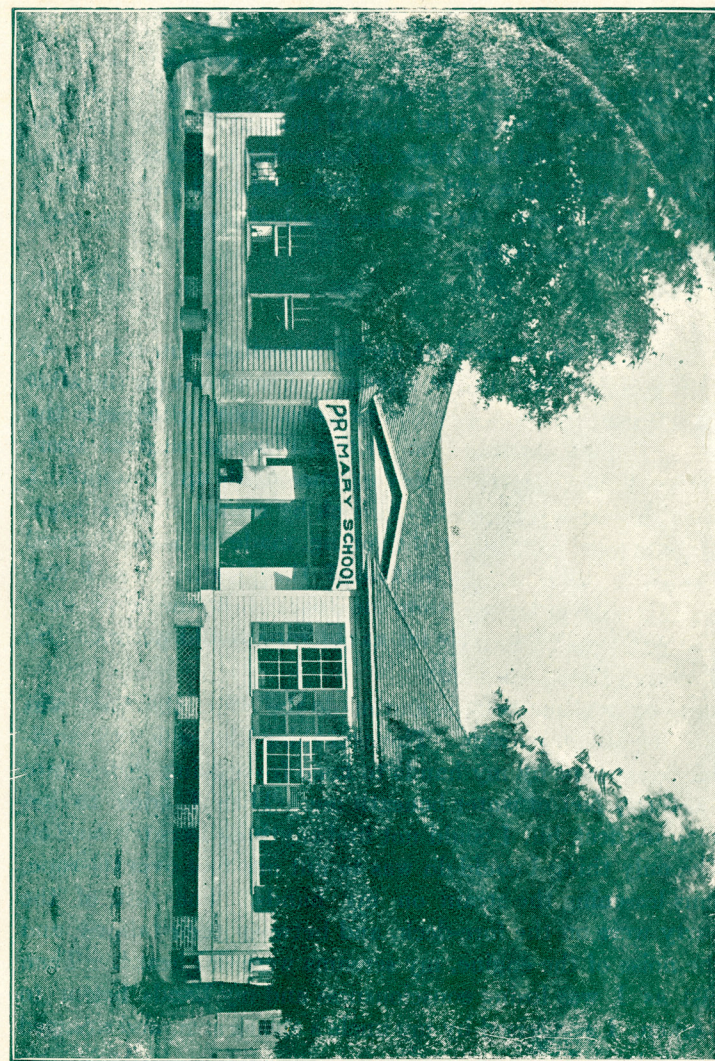
A. C. '17.

Behind the house-boat we were towing a row-boat. At about three o'clock in the afternoon I went out on the after deck, and while watching the row-boat moving through the water, the thought came to me that it would be great sport to ride in it for awhile. Having once made up my mind, I drew the small boat up to the deck by means of the rope, and having climbed over the railing, made a step forward expecting to land in the bottom of the boat. But I had forgotten that when we were moving so fast, the small boat would be carried back as far as the rope would permit. So

when I let go of the rope and made the slip, the boat was carried out of my reach. The next thing I knew I was holding to the rope by my hands to keep from going down into the thirty feet of water beneath me. Then I tried to get back on deck but I could not find anything to catch hold of. The only thing I could do was to put one foot over the rope, thus lessening the strain on my hands. The rest of the party were on the fore-deck, and between their talking and the noise of the engine, my screams were not heard. Then just as I was losing consciousness and my hands began to slacken, I was seized by my uncle's strong arm, and dragged to safety.

A. L. '17.

The Cuban school that I am going to describe was in the Barracks where all the Cuban soldiers stayed. It was a



large round two-story building, crumbling away with age. On each side was a pair of small steps, while those in front were large, and the windows were too numerous to count. It was at one end of the town, and looked very stately with its Cuban flag waving backwards and forwards with the light breeze that was always blowing.

Inside on the first floor was a large court, where tennis and numerous other games were played, and all around this were rooms where some of the soldiers stayed. The school rooms were on the second floor, and in the middle was an open space where people stood to watch the games that were being played on the first floor. In the roof was also an opening where the sun came in, lighting the building to a great extent. Besides the two school rooms were many other rooms occupied mostly by the military men.

The school rooms were rather large, and furnished exactly like our ordinary grammar school rooms. But one great habit they had that was very peculiar was studying out loud. At study periods the rooms were alive with buzzing bees. In that respect they resemble the Chinese. Another thing they did was to get up and do anything or go anywhere without permission. After they would go to town and stay there for a time, then come back and get to work as if they had not been anywhere. The worst of all was, the white and black children went to the same school and sat in the same rooms. Sometimes right across the aisle from a white child would be a negro, and often they studied together and ate their lunches together at recess.

F. R. M. '17.

Some people are born to a safe quiet existence, others to accidents, I am one of the latter kind.

The first accident I remember was when I was a very small child. I was out on the dock one day when I fell in the lake. As the waters closed over my head there was a roaring sound that came to my ears, which grew louder and louder every minute, and threatened to deafen me. I suppose it would if I hadn't been pulled out just at that time.

The next thing I remember was falling from a tree. It seemed as if everything was whirling round and round, and that I was far off into the future.

When I was about eight I started to climb upon a chiffonier. Just as I began to climb I saw that it was going to fall, so I turned, and started to run. But the edge of the chiffonier caught the back of my neck. Needless to say, I saw seven stars.

A few years later I got hold of a big knife and tried to carve something; but the knife slipped, and nearly cut two of my fingers off. My first thought on looking at them was that of joy, because I wouldn't have to practice on the piano; But then I began to think of all the good things I would miss if I had only three fingers.

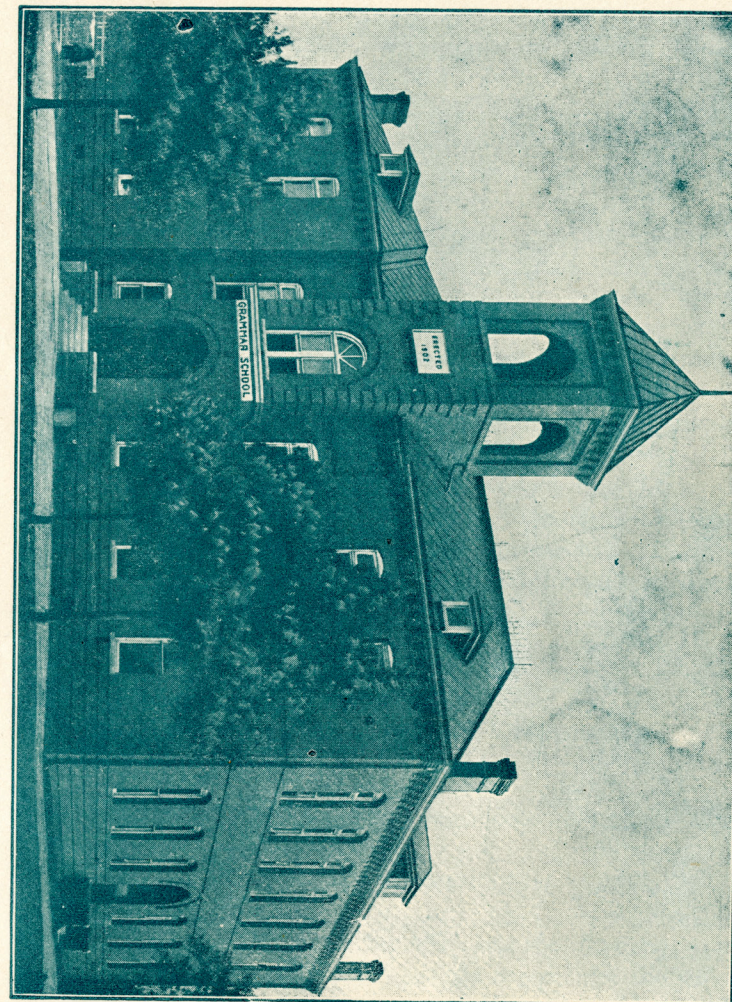
When I was a little older, I was in an automobile accident. I was hurled from the car, and landed on my head. My aunt, who was rather stout, was also thrown out, and landed on me. When she hit me, I thought it was the car and tried to get up but fell back, where I lay hot and cold by turns, too stunned to move.

L. S. '17.

Anecdotes

My uncle, a doctor, has his office a mile from his residence. As he usually gets home after dark, he had instructed his son always to have the gate open for him so he would not have to stop the horses.

One night he was later than usual. John, who was waiting in the hall, heard him coming, and went running out, slamming the door after him. Going from the light into the darkness blinded him so he could not see a wheel-barrow, which the gardner had left on the walk about half way between the gate and steps and thus fell over it. On getting up he was so dazed that he did not know in which direction the gate was, and so ran towards the house. Therefore he



fell over it again. On hearing his father calling to him he found out his mistake. Starting back, he fell over the wheel-barrow the third time.

His father, who was growing impatient, said, "Aren't you ever going to open this gate?"

"I will," he answered, "when I stop falling over these wheel-barrow."

M. L. '18.

Ignorance

One day an English tourist, who was visiting the Panama Canal, inquired of my friend, a brakeman on a dirt train, "I say, old chap, what do they do with all this bally dirt?"

My friend replied in a matter-of-fact way, "They dig a big hole in the ground and dump it in, then cover it up again."

The Englishman thought a minute and then said, "Of course, how ignorant of me not to think of that before, Thanks, old Top."

W. K. '18.

A Negro and the Telephone

The telephone system had just been installed in Sanford. One of the business men had a telephone placed in his home and also one in his office

He employed a very old negro in the building as caretaker.

One night he called the office but could get no answer. The next morning he asked the old negro if he did not hear the 'phone bell. The negro said, "Yes, boss, I heard him." The man said, "Why didn't you answer it?" "Didn't you hear me, boss? I answered dat thing. When I came down to answer it, de door was locked and I couldn't get in, so I stuck my head outen dat window and hollered an' tole you the door was locked. Didn't you hear me?"

C. W. '18.

The mistress of a little negro girl one day noticed her chewing up a luscious water melon and spitting it out. "What is the matter, Nan?" she asked, "don't you like it?"

"Yessum, Missy, my stomach's got enough, but my mouth aint."

R. P. '17

A preacher's son, who was accustomed to say grace before and after meals was naughty; so his mother placed a small table in the corner of the room at which he was to eat dinner. The boy looked around the room, and then said, "O Lord, I give thee thanks that thou hast prepared a table for me this day in the presence of mine enemies."

L. G. '17.

Class Song

Come ye Seniors one and all
Stand together short and tall
Singing loudly our parting cry
Which is echoed from the sky
"Perge" all ye of high estate
"Perge" all ye small and great.

We now take leave of teachers dear
Whose help was willing throughout the year
And turn our eyes to future bright
With looks of joy and hearts so light
Our memories fondly wander back
To those dear colors, Gold and Black.

Come ye Seniors one and all
Stand together short and tall
While we sing of this our parting year
Which will be resounded far and near
Today we're sad tomorrow will be seen
The scattered class of dear old "Fifteen."

The Salmagundi

Published by Literary and Debating Societies of Sanford High School

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Vol. VI.

SANFORD, FLORIDA.

No. 1

Greeting

We as the students of the S. H. S. place before the eyes of the Sanford people another edition of the Salmagundi.

We wish to thank all most cordially, who have helped and encouraged us in any way to put the paper forth, especially the business men, who by their aid have paved the way for this issue.

Its the purpose of the staff each year to make the paper better than those of the previous years and we realize the hard work, time, and energy it takes to publish even this small paper and we extend our sympathy and best wishes to the staff of 1916.

SOCIETIES

Irving Literary Society

The first meeting of the I. L. S. was called to order October 9, 1914.

The following officers were elected:

President, Muriel Harrold.

Vice President, Gladys Morris.

Secretary, Fannie Reba Munson.

Treasurer, Fern Ward.

Critic, Miss Guild.

Program Committee, Annie Whitner, Susie Brown, Ruth Hand, Virginia Brady.

The Committee selected varied programs for the society which were very interesting and instructive. In years gone by the girls have not entered in for debates but this year we had three which were very much enjoyed, — especially the joint debate with the boys on Woman Suffrage.

Boys Debating Society

The first meeting of the B. D. S. was called to order by Mr. Ezell, October 9, 1914.

The following officers were elected:

President, Albert Fry.

Vice President, Vivian Speer.

Secretary and Treasurer, Sherman Routh.

Critic, Mr. Ezell.

Censor, Hume Rumph.

Program Committee, — Robert Deane, Ernest Shepherd, Mr. Ezell.

The boys have been doing some very interesting work this year.

SANFORD HIGH SCHOOL



The subjects for debate were as follows:

- 1 Resolved that the President of the United States should be elected for one and only one term of six years.

Affirmative	Negative	
Speer	Rumph	Aff. won.
Warthen	Spencer	

- 2 Resolved that the city of Sanford should own and control its water and light plants.

Affirmative	Negative	
Herring	Murrell	Aff. won.
Jones	Deane	

- 3 Resolved that the school year in Florida should be increased to nine months.

Affirmative	Negative	
Shepherd	Fry	Neg. won.
Pope	O. Brown	

- 4 Resolved that the standing army of the United States should be increased to twice its present size.

Affirmative	Negative	
Laing	Routh	Aff. won.
Walker	Merideth	

- 5 Resolved that patents should be abolished.

Affirmative	Negative	
Coulbourne	Wickham	Neg. won.
Washburn	Murrell	

- 6 Resolved that no pupil should be exempted from the final examinations.

Affirmative	Negative	
Wight	Brown	Neg. won.
Rowland	Routh	

- 7 Resolved that a minimum wage should be established by law in the United States.

Affirmative	Negative	
Routh	Fry	Aff. won.
Shepherd	Rumph	

-
- 8 Resolved that the Monroe Doctrine should be abolished.
- | | | |
|-------------|----------|-----------|
| Affirmative | Negative | |
| Wight | Packard | Neg. won. |
| Garwood | Arthur | |
- 9 Resolved that unpaid convict labor be abolished in the United States.
- | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-----------|
| Affirmative | Negative | |
| Philip | Murrell | Aff. won. |
| Arthur | McAlexander. | |
-

Alumni Notes

Many who have finished our S. H. S. recently have taken a business course, and have secured good positions. Among them are Agnes Berner class of '12, Elizabeth Musson '12, Bertha Packard '12, Alma Pagenhart '13, Marion Packard '14, Adelaide Higgins '14, and Evelyn Berner '14.

Howard Gilbert is now attending the Business College here.

Claire Walker, Ethel Moughton, and Renie Murrell of class of '14 are attending the Woman's College at Tallahassee. Katherine Waldron '14 has moved to Tampa.

Clara Goertz '14 is operator in the telephone office.

John Franklin Coats '14 is attending the Washington Lee University.

Mrs. Adkins nee Nina Brown '14 is living in West Virginia.

Lucca Chappell '14 is taking a musical course at Stetson University.

Ruth Stewart '12 has changed her name to Gatchel.

Benjamin Whitner '14 is learning to be a fullfledged celery farmer under Mr. Rossetter.

Senior Ambitions

Annie—to call a class meeting.
 Robert—to experience the first pangs of love.
 Mildred—to giggle.
 Zoe—to run for presidency.
 Nellie—to get the best of Mr. Ezell.
 Gladys—to be prim.
 Stella—to smile.
 May—to capture a real live man.
 Sherman—to tease Miss Stevenson.
 Albert—to be a Methodist preacher.
 Vivian—to win a smile from Daisy.
 Maud—to love the boys.
 Muriel—to smile at Oscar.
 Daisy—to love everybody.
 Hazel—to have curley eye-lashes.
 Ethel—to pronounce Latin verbs like Miss Guild.
 Ernest—to get the last word every time.

Longwood School

In this beautiful spring month as the term is drawing to a close, the pupils who have answered to the "roll call" and have faithfully performed their work through the past days are preparing to enjoy their vacation.

The Longwood Public school is proud of the progress made within the eight months. The enrollment and average attendance during the term have been good.

The pupils and teachers extend thanks to the Trustees and Supervisor for the school library which has recently been installed. This library consists of one hundred and seventy-five volumes. In this collection are carefully selected supplementary reading for all grades. These libraries have been placed in all the schools of this district, and will prove invaluable. Pupils should learn what to read and how to read; and there is no place better for this than

in the school room. The child's mind will often grasp and retain facts told in story form which they would otherwise soon forget. The teachers enjoy seeing the children as they icrowd in on Wednesdays to get books.

The system of uniform examinations for all the schools has been beneficial as the pupils realize that they must make a certain average to pass their grades. This plan also makes it much easier for those who are compelled at any time to change from one school to another, for they will find the same work done at the same time in all the Seminole county schools.

An addition to the school building is much needed. The space in the Primary department is not large enough to accommodate the number of pupils who attend. The school authorities contemplate enlarging this part of the building during the summer months.

There is no reason why the rural schools should not compare favorably with the city schools and this is what the school officials of Seminole county are laboring to accomplish. In their efforts so far they have met with great success.

Senior Bright Lights

Ethel Hickson with mind so bright.
 Surely has made a splendid fight.
 Why do the boys love Maud so?
 Because Maud loves the boys, you know.
 Zoe Munson will surely be
 A suffragette leader in '23.
 Sherman Routh, our athlete was
 He ran so fast he made your head buzz.
 Oh that Robert, that Robert Deane,
 He has a joke wherever he's seen.
 And what can we say about Vivian Speer,
 Vivian wishes to be famous. my dear.

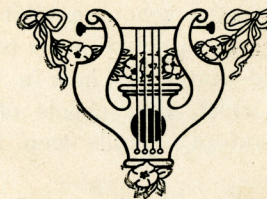


Vivian Speer, Secretary
 Hazel Packard
 Stella Brown
 Zoe Bardwell Munson
 Daisy Edith Betts
 Ernest Shepherd
 Robert Deane
 May B. Holland
 Nellie Edith Lough

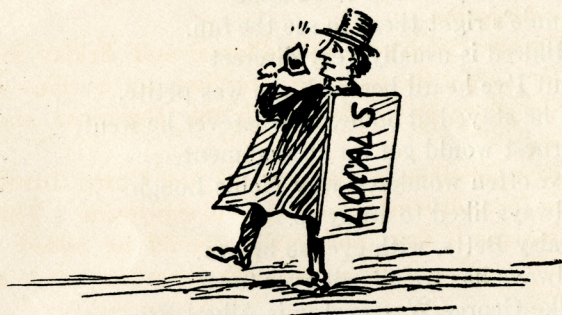
Colors-- Black and Gold
 Flower-- Black-Eyed Susan

Murield Harold
 Mildred Dickson
 Sherman Routh
 Maude Cameron
 Annie Caldwell Whitner, President
 Ethel Hickson, V-Pres.
 Albert A. Fry, Treasurer
 Gladys Helen Greene

Muriel can sing, Muriel can play,
She will be a great musician some day.
If ever anything is to be done
Annie's right there to see the fun.
Mildred is usually very discreet
But I've heard her wish she was petite.
If he stayed at home, or wherever he went,
Ernest would get up an argument.
I've often wondered why Nellie Lough,
Always liked to study so.
Daisy Betts, with eyes so brown,
Always has friends all over town.
Like George Washington is Albert Fry,
He'd never, never tell a "lie"!
Very studious is our May,
She studies at school, 'most all the day,
Stella is quiet, Stella is meek,
Stella doesn't say a dozen words a week,
When she has finished Geometry,
Happy then will Gladys be.
Of Hazel, last but not least, let me say,
That Hazel will always meet you half way.



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Mr. Philips, the state commissioner, gave us a most interesting talk one morning. He was very enthusiastic about the mimic legislature he had seen in other schools, and he urged us to form one and argue the current events.

The S. H. S. pupils were very glad to contribute to the Christmas box sent from Sanford to be placed with the other from various parts of the country in the Christmas ship for the children in Europe. Later they contributed most liberally to the Belgian Relief Fund.

The Bureau of Education has offered a course in reading to H. S. pupils, and many of our members have taken advantage of it.

Seminole County held her first fair in Sanford, Feb. 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th, and the school exhibit was certainly a credit to the county. Seminole County took first prize on its exhibit at the mid-winter fair, held in Orlando. In the spelling contest, in which the schools of several counties were represented, Sanford's pupils won three of the five prizes awarded.

Sanford had her first Chautauqua at our High School auditorium, commencing Feb. 9th and closing Monday, Feb. 15th. They gave three very interesting and educational programs daily.

Every one enjoyed the talk given by Mr. William D. Upshaw one morning this year. The motto, "Let nothing discourage you, never give up," which he gave us should not be forgotten.

We have been entertained for several Friday mornings recently during the morning exercises by various musical numbers given by pupils of both the Grammar and High Schools.

Miss Goodhue, a graduate of the Curry Institute in Boston, is conducting a large class in expression. This study of expression is fine, and really should be added to our English work, as it gives one more assurance and ease of manner.

Miss Goodhue is also conducting three short plays to be given at the close of school in place of the usual longer one.

Miss Tift, our music and drawing teacher, is very busy working on an operetta, which is to be given May 3rd.

Miss Goodhue gave the members of S. H. S. a most interesting reading, imitating birds, a short time ago.

Miss Harris gave the members of S. H. S. a very interesting talk on Tomato Clubs and the work done by them in this state. Everyone was interested and all who were able to procure the tenth acre plot joined immediately. Miss Mozelle Durst of Gainesville was appointed agent to Seminole County and she has established canning clubs in Sanford, Ovedia, Longwood, Geneva, and Monroe. The plots about Sanford are reported as doing finely and one of the seniors is planning on attending Stetson next year on the proceeds of her "tomato money."

Miss Durst was taken to her home in Gainesville recently where she has undergone an operation for appendicitis. Report says she is doing well and is expected back soon.

Miss Durst established a short course of domestic science in connection with the canning club and many glasses of beautiful marmalade, strawberry preserves, etc. was the result. All the girls of S. H. S. will hail the day with pleasure when a complete course of Domestic Science is established in this school.

Poem.

The cows are in the meadow
The sheep are in the grass
But all the silly little geese
Are in the Freshman class.

In the Senior class is a boy,
Whose name is Albert Fry,
We often wonder where Albert goes
To pass the Sundays by.

Our President is Annie
Who is bound to have her way
No matter what the class may think,
We've not a thing to say.

In this Senior class is another boy,
Whom most address as "Doc,"
If "Doc" goes to "Kissimmee"
'T will be an awful shock.

My mind just won't think one mean thing,
When it comes to write up Daisy,
She's pretty, sweet, as good as gold,
And never one bit lazy.

Just a word or two for Vivian
Who is always very quiet,
He is so very, very thin,
He must be on a diet.

Muriel is always cheerful,
Except at chapel time,
And then that "merry, catching" smile,
Is somewhat hard to find.

Zoe is our suffragette,
And shows it in each feature
To make it worse, she says that she
Will be an old maid teacher.

Nellie is quite a timid lass,
But cute as she can be,
How any one could scold her,
Is more than I can see.

Poor Hazel has our sympathy,
For most of us know well,
Her thoughts — and heart — are far from home,
Riding on ocean swell!

Maud is really quite a cook
Her lemon pies are great,
But losing those said lemon pies,
Seems to be her fate.

Now, Mildred, don't get mad at this
But why do you giggle so?
For when you do, it makes us all
Just shake from head to toe.

Sherman will never be content
Till he saves up the fare
With which to go to Jacksonville.
What for? — Now — I don't quite dare!!

To look at May you'd think that she,
Was always good in class,
But she really has, — don't say I told —
Well just a little sass.

We all are fond of Stella,
Although she's rather shy,
I know she'd be quite sociable,
If ever she would try.

We all admit that Ethel
Is the smartest in the class,
She always gets the honors,
While the rest of us just pass.

I've most forgotten Ernest,
And that would be a crime,
For Ernest as an orator,
All others does outshine.

Last, but not least is Gladys,
Whose fate it seems to be,
To be called clown by the teachers
Though why is beyond me.

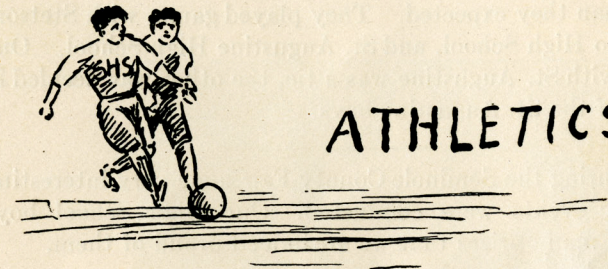
F. M. A. '16.

Miss Stevenson,— “Annie, of what is the English Parliament composed?” Annie Cameron, some what dubiously, — “The House of Commons and the House of Gods.”



Colors—Green and White
Motto—Esse quam videri

Hume Rumph.....	President
Anita Nelson.....	Vice President
Hattie Estridge.....	Secretary
Frances Aspinwall.....	Treasurer



Basket Ball.

J. R. Wildman	-	-	-	Coach
J. Sherman Routh	-	-	-	Captain
Albert Fry	-	-	-	Manager

Line Up

Speer	-	-	-	-	Center
Fry	-	-	-	-	Right Forward
J. Laing	-	-	-	-	Left Forward
Brown	-	-	-	-	Right Guard
Routh	-	-	-	-	Left Guard
Pope	-	-	-	-	Substitute
Washburn	-	-	-	-	Substitute
R. Laing	-	-	-	-	Substitute

The boys did not attempt very much in Basket Ball this year as their clay court was in bad condition. All practising and games were held in the Parish House. Games were played with Kissimmee, Seabreeze, and Daytona; all being won by the opposing teams.

Foot Ball

B. F. Ezell	-	-	-	Coach
J. Sherman Routh	-	-	-	Captain
Albert Fry	-	-	-	Manager.

Our boys did very good work this year considering that it is the first year they have had a regular Foot Ball team. Although they did not win any games, they held their own very well. In several games they played against heavier

men than they expected. They played games with Stetson, Orlando High School, and St. Augustine High School. One game with St. Augustine was a tie, the other was decided in favor of the St. Augustine boys.

During the Seminole County Fair some very interesting athletic events were conducted. Our High School boys won so many prizes that we are indeed proud of them.

The foot ball boys of the S. H. S.
Are very bold and game,
They made a fierce and bloody fight
But crest-fallen back they came.
The coach, he coached with all his might,
The rooters did the same,
They pushed, they shoved, they heaved, and pulled,
But crest-fallen back they came.
All morunful then was Sanford High,
They scarce would tell their name,
They wore a grey and sickly grin,
As crest-fallen back they came.
The boys so proud of the S. H. S.,
Ne'er dreamed of loss and shame,
The coach, he lost his rabbits' foot,
And crest-fallen back they came.

E. W. '17.



CLASS 1917

Colors—Crimson and White
Motto—Altiora quæsumus

Marion Phillips.....	President
Allan Jones.....	Vice President
Fannie Reba Munson.....	Sec. & Treas.



Social..

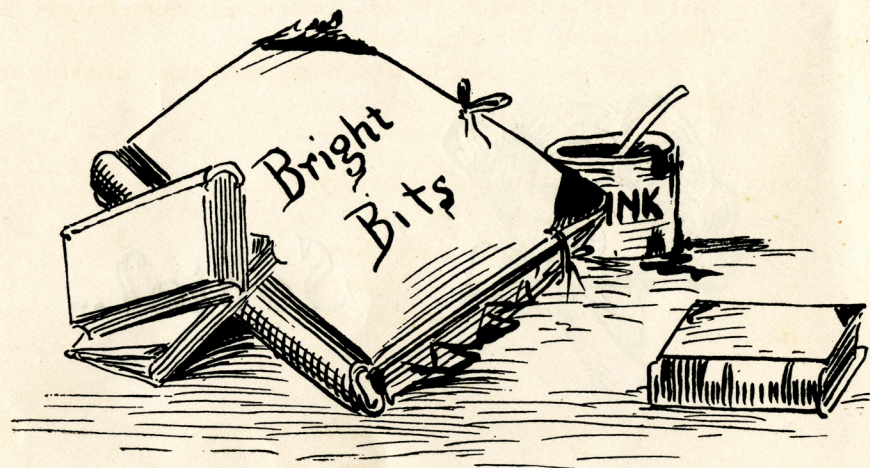
On Thursday evening, April 29th, the Senior boys entertained the girls of the Senior class with a straw ride and moonlight picnic on the beautiful old Indian mound near the romantic St. Johns. Miss Guild, Miss Tetherly, and Miss Guild's sister, who was visiting her from Winter Park, were invited guests.

As the boys in the class are so few, several young men not attending school were invited so that so many girls would not be unattended.

Some went boat riding on the moon-lit river, others visited magnolia trees and procured many beautiful blossoms to carry home. An orange grove was near by and many explored that, only to find that the oranges were not sweet, but very sour.

Later the delicious lunches were spread upon the mound and a genuine picnic enjoyed.

At a late hour the party started for home, declaring they had had the best time of their life and all sincerely hoping to have another such enjoyable time.



Miss Stevenson,— Jonathan Edwards arose at four o'clock and rode until six, then studied the rest of the day.
Sherman,--- I bet he didn't in the winter time.

Miss King, asking for the French translation of an English phrase said, "Vivian, --- raise your hand."
Vivian raised his hand.

Miss King,--- "What are the characteristics of the monks?"

Susie,--- "He's fat and bald-headed."

A member of the Sophomore class getting a low mark in a test, looked very grieved and said, "There must be something wrong, for I handed in a perfect paper."

Miss Stevenson, Senior English,--- "Girls, please don't say the answers to the questions to yourself out loud."

Teacher, reading,--- "Water, water every where, but not a drop to drink; Why was that so?"

Freshie,--- "Because there were no individual drinking cups."

A Freshie's Soliloquy.

Twinkle, twinkle little card,
To take you home is very hard,
For though I changed the marks about,
Some how the truth will always out.

Some Red

Ethel, in Latin,--- "Mildred, does ambrosial mean red?"

A mischievous bit
With humor and wit,
Put together with sass,
Makes up the Senior class.
There is a girl in the Senior class,
We envy all she gets,
One day we had an awful shock,
They told us Daisy Betts.

Robert, in Latin,— "And Dido about to die with a cruel cable—, Oh!, Miss Guild, she must be going to hang herself?"

First they came as Freshmen,
Confident they knew all,
Along came examinations
And down came their estimations.
Sherman was an athlete,
He went to Gainsville track-meet,
There were no spikes upon his shoes,
And so he feared the game to lose.
The rain had made a muddy ground,

He wiped the earth up all around!
 With revolution like a pedal,
 He ran to win a golden medal.
 His mighty efforts were in vain,
 And he returned home once again.
 He's once more here upon his job,
 Content to wear his old watch fob.

R. P. '17

Miss Stevenson,--- "Tell about Bryant's ancestry."
 Nellie,--- "He was the ancestor of John and Priscilla Alden."

"A Little Boy's Composition on Breathing."

This is on breathing; breathing is asperation. You study physics to learn how to breathe.

You breathe with the asthma, the nose, the mouth, the heart, the lungs, the liver, and the stomach, but deep sea-breathing is the most healthiest kind. The breath is made up of oxeyed-gen and nightly-gin. I read onst that every time that any one breathes some one died. I tried it on my neighbor's cat that licks mine, but it didn't do any good. A feller can't always believe everything he reads.

My father can breathe the loudest when he is asleep of any one I know, unless its Uncle Charlie; Uncle Charlie ain't married, but he's engaged. She gave me a box of candy onct. I wish she would marry me instead of Uncle Charlie. Its lots better to breathe where there is air. If you breathe where there ain't any air you don't feel very well. If you run very fast your breth gets all out of place. Breathing is quite important. Geo. Washington, Abe Lincoln, and Taft would never have got to be President if it hadn't been for breathing.

Ruth,--- "Miss King, where are those verbs?"

Miss King,--- "Why, Ruth, they are in your appendix."

CLASS 1918

Colors—Green and Gold

Motto—*Ascende etsi saxa sint aspera*

William Pope.....	President
Alice Caldwell.....	Vice President
Maudie Entzminger.....	Secretary
Virginia Brady.....	Treasurer



Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust,
If Latin don't kill us,
Geometry must.

---a worried Junior.

There is a worthy Sophomore,
Has passed beyond the Sanford shore,
To grace our legislative hall.
He has obeyed his country's call.
Will he oft his duty shirk?
O' no, for he is Journal Clerk.

Walter Rowland asked who killed the dead languages.
No one seemed to know, but Miss Stevenson can tell who
"murders" English.

A short time ago Gladys Green was riding home in a
Ford, which became stuck in the mud. Strange to say
Walter Wickham had a similar experience the same evening.

Miss King,--- "Who was Machiavelle?"
Muriel,--- "Wasn't he the one that translated the Bible?"

Miss Walker,--- "What light shown through the dark-
ness of the third century?"
William Routh,--- "The moon."

Ruth McDaniel, in French,--- "The doctor was so
enthusiastic he nearly embarrassed the lady."

Correct translation,--- "The doctor was so enthusiastic
he nearly kissed the lady."

Miss Tift,--- "Boys, please, keep quiet."
Reginald,--- "I thought this was a glee club."

Test question,--- Give an example of an allegory.
Sophomore,--- "Longfellow's "Pilgrim's Progress."

This is the sixth edition of the Salmagundi and whether it is a success or not, is for you, the reader, to say. But nevertheless, we the staff of 1915 have combined all efforts to make this issue attractive. We are under greater obligations to our advertisers than to any one else. The Business Manager states that were it not for the generous support given our magazine by the business men of Sanford it would have been impossible to have published this, and as a student-body of the S. H. S. can give no better advice than "**To Trade at Home**" with those merchants who have helped us."

Editor.

"Contra."

One night last week,
When the moon shone bright,
I sat by my window,
Looking out into the night.
And as I sat gazing
To my great surprise,
The moon disappeared,
And instead did arise, a familiar scene,
Which I soon recognized,
As our own study hall,
Where we learn to be wise.
All the pupils were there
But I saw not a teacher,
And of any disorder
I saw not a feature.
To my growing surprise
I heard not a voice,
Every one was at study,
Not from force, but from choice.
At length a bell rang,

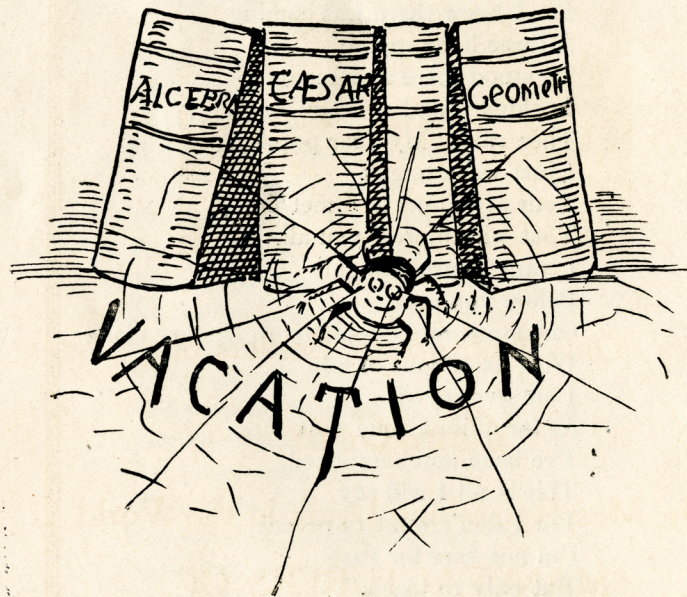
Then each quietly stood,
Tiptoeed to their classes,
As swift as each could.
With my head in a whirl
I opened the door,
Which was at my right.
Our Latin Instructor,
Was standing within
With a smile that would surely
The hardest heart win.
With a kind word of praise
She opened the class,
Asking questions of all—
Not letting one pass!!
Each answer was perfect,
Not one missed a word.
Strict attention was paid
To all that was heard.
Still doubting my senses
I listened to find,
What the lesson would be
When the class meet next time.
As she smiled at them gently,
She said with much pride,
"No home-work tonight,
Let this time just slide."
Gasping for breath,
I made the way out,
And into the next room,
I ventured with doubt.
With a breath of relief
I soon recognized
Our algebra teacher
So cheerful and wise.
But all at once,
A most terrible voice
Began to roar,
At some tardy boys,

Turning quickly around
 I was much scandalized
 To find it our teacher
 We thought gentle and wise
 She shouted at this one
 And roared at the next,
 Sent four out of the class
 And slammed down the text.
 With grief in my heart
 O'er this ghastly change,
 I sadly departed,
 My head bowed in shame.
 Next to History I went,
 With pencil and pad,
 To make out an outline
 Of all lessons we'd had.
 As I seated myself
 I glanced up at our teacher,
 She was standing before me
 A smile on each feature.
 Then once more the world reeled.
 For I heard her voice say,
 "Put down your pencil,
 No outline today!"
 With trembling limbs,
 I soon left my desk,
 And went up to English,
 Prepared for a test.
 But peace even here
 Was not to be had,
 For our dear English teacher,
 Most humbly said,
 "I won't give you a test,
 Until to-morrow,
 For to give it to-day
 Would bring you sorrow.
 I forgot to tell you

We'd have it today.
 So let's just review,
 So you'll know what to say."
 With a gasp of relief
 When that class was over,
 I returned to the study hall,
 Quite crushed and quite sober.
 When at length it came time
 To excuse the school,
 Our Professor came in,
 (Which is seldom the rule??)
 As he mounted the platform
 I inwardly shrieked,
 For I knew there was coming
 A three hour speech.
 He stood there a moment
 Looking round at us all,
 Then said, "My dear pupils,
 I just want to call
 Your attention to something
 That will interest you all.
 I want to praise highly
 Before you pass,
 Our most noted Sophomore History class,
 With its actions of late
 I am overjoyed,
 As for quite a time past
 I've been much annoyed.
 This is all I will say
 For I don't want to preach,
 I'm not here for that
 But only to teach."
 I gazed at him blankly,
 And then gazed some more,
 For all of a sudden
 The windows and doors,
 The desks and the blackboards,
 All seemed to take flight,

And I found myself gazing
 Out into the night.
 'Twas then I discovered
 It was a dream,
 And I smiled as I thought
 How funny 'twould seem,
 If it ever should happen,
 That it would come true,
 But whether I'd like it,
 I don't know, now, do you?

F. M. A. '16.



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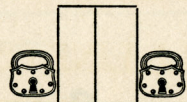
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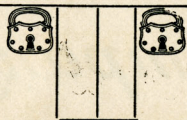
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