

1911

J. C. F. S.
HILLSIDE
1911

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THE HILLSIDE



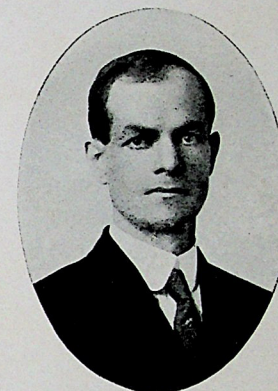
1911

Published by the Pupils of the
Johnson City High School

Volume 1.

Number 6.

To Mr. Brooks, the Superintendent of the
City Schools, and the Faculty of the
Johnson City High School, this Vol-
ume is most respectfully dedicat-
ed by the class of nineteen
hundred and eleven.



MR. J. F. BOYD
PRINCIPAL OF JOHNSON CITY
HIGH SCHOOL



MISS CARR
HISTORY



MISS PRESTON
MATHEMATICS



MR. GIBSON
SCIENCE



MISS BLAKENEY
ENGLISH



MISS STROUD
DOMESTIC SCIENCE



LOIS PEOPLES
LITERARY EDITOR



MARY LONG
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



ELIZABETH JONES
ART EDITOR



MARY ALICE BARTON
HUMORIST EDITOR

Class of 1911

Margaret Dosser, President

Fred Peoples, Vice President

Fanny Rhea Dosser, Secretary and Treasurer

Colors—Blue and Gold

Flower—Pansy

Motto—Nihil difficile est forti et fidele



MARY ALICE BARTON

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."



LOUISE COOPER.

"Grace in all her steps, heaven in her eyes.
In every gesture dignity and love."



IDA DEAN CAMPBELL

"Some hand had taken away the seal that held the portal of her speech and oft she said a few strange words whose meaning lay beyond our reach."



VIOLET FONTAINE

"Her manners are so pleasing and so kindly that she makes friends of all who come in contact with her."



FANNY RHEA DOSSER

"Her lovely face, as the great eye of heaven shined bright, and made a sunshine in the shady place."



MARY ELIZABETH JONES

"A noble type of good, heroic womanhood."



MARY VINCENT LONG

"A heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hands to execute."



FRED PEOPLES

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."



MARGARET COWAN DOSSER

"A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit goodnatured."



KATE LUNDY

"A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort and command."



LOIS LEE PEOPLES

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired: courteous, tho' coy; and gentle tho' retired."



FLORENCE SITTON

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."



MATTIE EMMA STRAIN

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
o'er books consumed the midnight oil."



MAGGIE WOODRUFF

"One who is not afraid to say her say,
Though a whole town's against her."

A Toast

Here's to the pupils of Science Hill—
May they acquire knowledge with a right good will;
May they all enter the hall of fame,
And make for themselves a grand good name!

Here's to the teachers one and all—
The grave and the gay, the short and the tall,
Who have worked so hard and talked so loud,
To impart some sense to this noisy crowd!

Here's to the class of nineteen eleven
The best one out of any seven!
And may they as they upward climb,
Find plenty of work and a jolly good time!

B.P. '13

"Be Historie."

Behold the class that entered this school in September of the year nineteen hundred and seven! The class that has been a greater honor to the school than any other that has preceded them! During these four years the loss of members has been great, so that now as they are about to graduate, there are only fourteen members. Fourteen members who have been shining lights in the school!

In studies these fourteen have been equally successful. Five of them have conquered four years of Latin and one of French. Several have taken one year of Latin, two of French, and one of German. (All the others have been equally successful in the studies which they have taken up.) As they graduate from this school and go forward to college, to Normal, or to whatever course they may pursue, it is certain they will obtain fame.

The first to come before our view is our only boy—of whom we are indeed proud. From the many boys who started High with us, he alone was brave enough to stay to the end. In Physics he flunks very gracefully, but stars

in French. The most remarkable thing about him is his peculiar attentions to a certain young lady of the class. We think he would like Latin, especially nouns of the first declension.

The first young lady to come before us has brown hair, although part of it at times appears somewhat "reddish." Her chief ambition is to weigh one hundred pounds, and since she lacks only two pounds of achieving her standard weight, we are inclined to think that this lofty ambition will be fulfilled. When things go wrong, she has been heard to "hope to croak." She also likes good things to eat—especially apples and pickles, and has never been known to refuse cake.

The next young lady, our faithful president, is stately and fair, with a dreamy expression in her dark eyes. She is always surrounded by a group of Junior boys, but that dreamy expression tells us that her thoughts are with another. She has an "eye for business" and never throws away the infinity roots in Algebra.

"Be Historie."

Continued

She is the mistress of a four years Latin course, and *says* she has studied French.

The next is a maiden with dark hair and bright eyes. She is our editor, and her interest in our work has been great, indeed. We can never forget when she "hugged Ascanius with a groan." She stars in her lessons—when she has "looked at them." One very peculiar thing about her is that she has a great liking for everything written by her favorite(?) author Carlyle. The class has been entertained at her beautiful home and we shall ever remember the pleasant evening.

The next lass is short, and the mischief twinkling in her bright eyes betrays her fun-loving spirit. She always manages to have a special test, only to discover on the day of the test that she has not studied the right things. Alas! she considers not the teacher's patience. An independent spirit can also be attributed to this lovable girl, but 'tis reported that she is goodness personified in Physics class. Let us impart the secret to your wondering minds—the Physics teacher has been known to serve refreshments to his dearly beloved pupils.

The next young lady possesses the most daring spirit of the ages and many are the dangerous things she has executed in perfect safety. Physics is also her favorite (?) study even if she does go on a strike sometimes. From Carlyle she learned the motto, 'Speech is great, but silence is greater,' which she has adopted for her own. She has been the life of the class, for 'twas she alone who possessed the sufficient charm to lure our only boy into captivity.

The next is a maiden, tall and fair, and always wears her collar to school, no matter how hot the day. It is reported that she actually had her pictures taken twice, only to select one of the first ones. How vain! She delights in French and "Cross Questions and Silly Answers"—a recent discovery of ours. She is so quiet that we seldom know she is about unless we accidentally visit the Physics class, where she takes great pleasure in telling us about the many mysteries she has learned.

The next young lady prides herself on never being late. She has distinguished herself

"De Historie."

Continued

in German, and can tell you many important things she has learned in French. We can never forget that delicious candy which she makes, and my! those spiced pickles. She intends to teach History, and woe be unto the future History student!

Our next lass betrays herself wherever she goes by her winning smile. She no doubt is our most popular girl, even if she does enjoy quarreling sometimes. Her favorite (?) studies are the ones taught by a certain teacher, namely—but why need a thing so well-known be told. She has often been heard to express herself, or rather her sentiments in the forceful words, "Well, I like that." She is interested in French traditions and we sincerely hope she will not journey across the ocean on account of her great love for the Latin language.

The next is a maiden who has distinguished herself in all domestic arts. She is now nobly endeavoring to learn a German song. We earnestly hope she will not choose us as her audience when she decides to display her Ger-

man knowledge. If she learns anything about us not according to her tastes, we are sure to hear about it. We trust she may never forget the things she has learned about Burke. If any boy friend of hers possesses the admirable qualities which she found in Burke—let him have a care.

The next lass possesses such a sweet disposition that to know her is to love her. She is apparently timid but at times she displays a wit surprising. A great portion of her time is spent in poring over *The King of the Mountains*. What interesting (?) facts she finds there—not a one dares to guess. She is a student of German, but we have never heard her express her views on this important subject.

The next is a maiden who absents herself from our company a great part of the time and wonderful of all wonders, we do not learn the reason. She is a learned French student, and is occasionally seen seated in the German room. She does not often become involved in the few (?) quarrels which disturb the peace of the class room. What a wonder!

"De Historie."

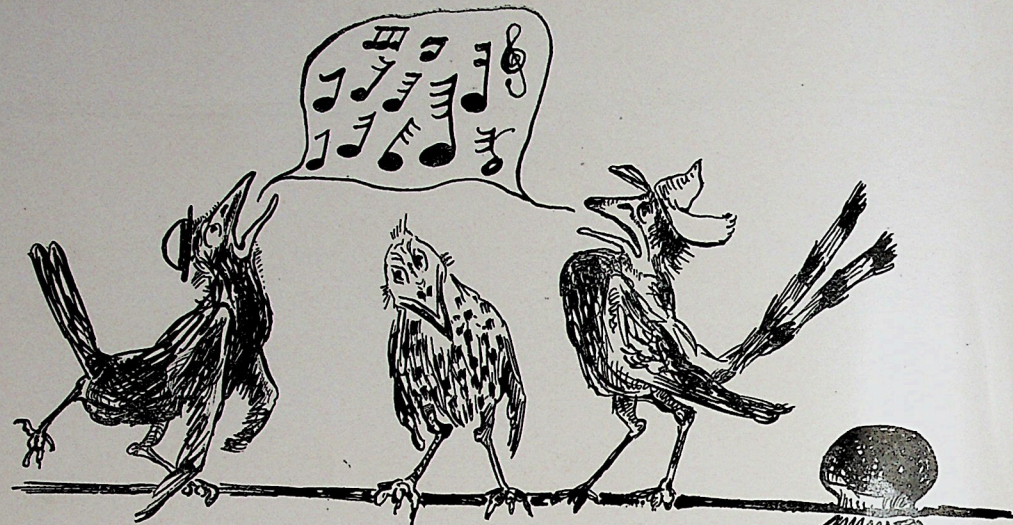
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The next young lady puts the scales to shame and is a worshiper at the shrine of the famed Titian. In the German class she acquired the oft-repeated motto of "Git what you can, and what you can't git, leave alone." After due deliberation she decided that this was excellent advice, and as a result of her

close application to it she has been greatly benefited. Her favorite (?) study is Math., in which subject she has acquired a great reputation.

As for the author of this remarkable history you may judge her good and bad points for yourself. She doesn't care. I. D. C. '11.





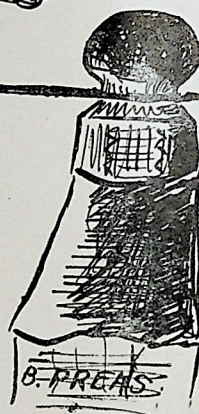
CLASS SONG-TUNE "HEIDELBERG."

Chorus

Happy are our hearts as we stand tonight
With our High School tasks completed,
Brimming with joy and our hopes so bright
We leave all care behind.
And tho as a class we must pass from sight
We have never been defeated.
And e'er we disband
We'll join heart and hand
Our friendship here we'll bind.

Here's to the days we have spent at school
Here's to the Johnson High
Here's to our parting tho it's cruel,
Here's to our last good bye.
Here's to our teachers, two less seven
Who've taught us here with care,
Here's to the class of naughty 'leven,
Here's to our colors fair!

Tho scattered we may be
Oh Johnson High! Dear Johnson High!
This class we'll ne'er forget
The golden haze of high school days
Is round about us yet.
These days so bright
Must pass from sight.
But thru' all future years
The thought of you, so good, so true,
Will fill our eyes with tears.



Science Hill

You may go to Spain or Africa,
To Egypt or Brazil,
But you'll never find another school
Like dear old Science Hill.

The windows rattle in their frames,
The stairs, they creak and moan,
The stray winds whistle through the cracks
And chill us to the bone.

There is a great crack in the wall,
The smoke stack guards the door,
We fear some day the building will fall,
And then we'll be no more.

You say that I exaggerate,
Well, perhaps I do—
But "Seeing is Believing,"
And what I say is true.

O. R. '13.

Class of 1912

Hallie Wolfe

Edna Daniels

Kathryn Peoples

Samma Slaughter

Elizabeth Reeves

Hugh Hoss

Loftus Murrell

Adam Bowman

James Hardin

Burr Harrison
(not in picture)

Color—White and Gold

Flower—Daisy

Motto—Age quod agis

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Junior's Poem

Thirteen little Juniors
At Science Hill to delve
Ruth went to Morristown
Then there were twelve.

Twelve little Juniors
On their way to heaven
Kent seems to've gotten there
Then there were eleven.

Eleven little Juniors
All together again
Hallie cut English class
Then there were ten.

Ten little Juniors
Getting along so fine
Loftus went to West Point
Then there were nine.

Nine little Juniors
Looking for a mate

Adam got married
Then there were eight.

Eight little Juniors
Striving in Bedlam
Elizabeth got "bumfizzled"
Then there were seven.

Seven little Juniors
All in a fix
Burr wiggled out
Then there were six.

Six little Juniors
Busy as a 'bee-hive
Samma got lazy
Then there were five.

Five little Juniors
Happy to the core
Kathryn missed her Civics
Then there were four.

Four little Juniors
Didn't know what to be
Hugh became a preacher
Then there were three.

Three little Juniors
Survivors of the crew
Lena went to a party
Then there were two.

Two little Juniors
Looking for some fun
James found it in Math class
Then there was one.

One little Junior
Standing all alone
She died an old maid,
Then there were none.

E. D., '12.

History of Science Hill.

In the Spring of the year of eighteen hundred and sixty-eight, when the people of this country had not yet recovered from the blighting effects of the fratricidal war, a few of the most progressive citizens, of what was then called Johnson's Depot, and surrounding country, decided to erect a school building to take the place of an old log house on Roan Hill, and a small frame one room house at the old Brush Creek Camp Ground. Tipton Jobe, a public spirited citizen, donated the land and Science Hill Institute was launched on its era of usefulness. Thousands of the youth, of both sexes, of the town and surrounding country, extending into the third generation, have been students there, and they are scattered far and wide over the country. The building was not finished at once, but it was used with unplastered walls and ceiled overhead on the second floor. The upper story was in one large room, and was used by all denominations for preaching services. A union Sunday school was kept up until churches were built, and they gradually drew away to the churches.

Old Uncle Johnny Wright, an elder in the Christian Church, was the first Superintendent. Among the teachers was a young man who had recently become a citizen of the burg, by the name of J. C. King. He had a class of boys twelve to sixteen years of age, and in that class was one by the name of J. W. Crumley. One Sunday young Crumley becoming rather obstreperous, the teacher insinuated that his absence from the class would be more welcome than his presence. That caused the young man to put on his thinking cap, and from that on he was a very respectable scholar.

The young men of the village had a debating society called "Science Hill Debating Society," which met one night each week, and annually they would have a public debate and general blowout. On one of these occasions, this scribe, who was sporting his first moustache, which was not very heavy nor black, went to the barber to have it blackened some. The barber did his part the best he could under the circumstances, there being so few hairs; but it was hard on the moustache, for it about all came out afterwards.

History of Science Hill.

Continued

A favorite expressions of one of the members Col. P. P. C. Nelson, was "across the broad and briny deep," with a flourish of the arms. During one of the debates he told an anecdote to illustrate a point, when he got through telling the anecdote not a smile was visible, he concluded his speech soon afterwards.

We used to have Singing schools there also. Prof. H. C. Bruce, a fine teacher of vocal music had a good class and at the first session they were discussing what book they should use. Quite a number had a book called "Tabor," which had been used by a former teacher. One of the scholars, who was a carpenter, said he could make one for himself. He thought they were talking about tables. We sure had the laugh on him, There came a man to the village who said his name was Freeman, who professed to be an Englishman. He was an aristocratic looking, rather fleshy man, wearing gold spectacles, snobbishly dressed, and highly educated. He had one failing, he would get drunk once in a while. He scattered money with a lavish hand and

tried to make people believe he was very wealthy. He decided he needed a horse. Having heard of one at Greeneville, he went there and bought it, a fine looking gray horse. But having never ridden a horse, and both he and the horse being fat, he looked like a big toad perched on top of the horse. However, he started home on the horse, but had not gone too far when he tumbled off, the horse being frisky, and he no rider, so he sent the horse home by another man. He did learn to ride very well afterwards. He seemed to become very much attached to our village, and said he was going to build up a fine college here. His plan was to put three fine buildings, one above the other on Science Hill; but the plans were never realized, for one morning he came up missing, and the people never heard of him any more.

The first man to teach on Science Hill was Prof. J. B. Pence, who taught one year; after him, Prof. J. D. Seneker taught one year; then Prof. S. W. Debusk taught two years; then Prof. W. G. Lenoir taught two years; Rev. W.

History of Science Hill.

Continued

G. Barker, Prof. R. J. Lusk, and on to the present time the old building has been in constant use. Two rooms were added to the old building several years ago by the city.

What more fitting monument could be given to the memory of Tipton Jobe, who donated the land for school purposes, and to the

many men and women who attended school there when young, a good many of whom, as well as several of the teachers, having passed away from earth and gone where there are no more schools, than to erect a fine High School building on the Hill that would be an ornament and a credit to the city. Why not?

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class, being of sound mind and memory, do hereby make this our last will and testament. Since we have reached the last period of our Hight School life, it is necessary that we must discontinue our associations with numerous things that we have grown so attached to. Thus, we leave to you, our worthy Juniors, our beloved books, with only one request that you deal with them tenderly and touch them with care and a feeling of reverence your unselfish Seniors. Along with these we give to you our various hard lessons and our best wishes that you conquer them as we have.

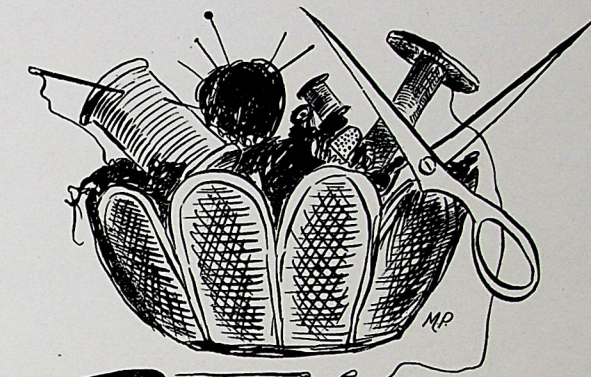
We gladly, because it is unselfish, bequeath to you our Senior rights. The privileges of going to town at recess, and of stopping Domestic Science, if so desired, are included. These rights will stand usage if treated in the right manner.

Sorrowfully we leave you our Faculty—all of whom we loath to part with, and also the many opportunities for gaining those "longed for" demerits.

There is also presented to you our clean and perfect record, our excellent example, and our path to success—the "forget-me-nots" of the graduates. May you treasure those little gifts above all things.

Whereunto we set our hands and the Seal of Fate, this the eighteenth day of May, 1911.

their
SENIORS X
mark



DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

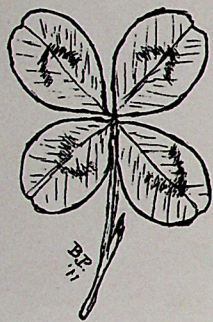
T. I. F.

Mary Alice Barton

Margaret Dosser

Fanny Rhea Dosser

Mary Long



Color--Green

Flower--Four leaf clover

Motto--"Haud ignora nocendi"

Kodak Club

Angeline Wofford

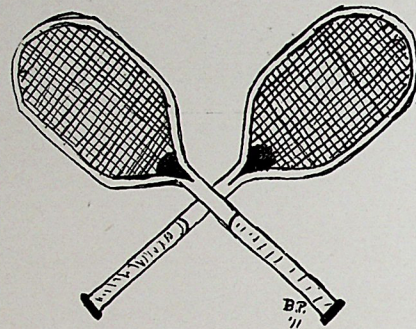
Mary Alice Barton

Louise Parsons

Mary Nelle Dosser

Lena Sanders

Tennis



Fannie Bhea Dosser—Hugh Hoss

Margaret Dosser—Burr Harrison

Mary Long—Gunner Teilman

Miss Blakeney—Mary Alice Barton

Lois Peoples—Adam Bowman

The National Soldiers Home

The Mountain Branch of the Soldiers' Home was, by an Act of Congress, authorized January 21st, 1901. It is the ninth in the list of Homes which have been founded at different times throughout the United States for the comfort of those veterans who have so bravely defended their country. The cost of the Home is estimated at about two millions of dollars, while two hundred thousand dollars have been spent in material improvements and in the construction of other buildings since the Home was founded.

It is located in Washington County, Tennessee, near Johnson City. The site consists of about 447.48 acres of beautifully situated land. The altitude is 1750 feet while balmy climate and inspiring scenery lend to its beauty.

On the grounds are about forty buildings, modern in design and all examples in architectural beauty, being so arranged in relation to each other as to show harmony of plan. They are in every way convenient and inviting, accommodating a membership of about

2500 men. Besides barracks for the members and quarters for all superior officers, there are numerous other buildings including the commissary, laundry, hospital and many others which are necessary to the comfort of the members. Each building has its supply of water, electric light and heat, the two latter being supplied from the Power House and the water coming from clear mountain streams.

The grounds are laid out in most beautiful manner. Bushes, shrubs and various hardy plants adorn them, while throughout the entire year flowers of some kind are to be seen, which are supplied from the greenhouse. In summer flower beds take the place of the earlier spring flowers, such as the hyacinth, crocus and others.

Amusements and entertainments are given for the pleasure of members and visitors as opportunity affords. Good plays are often secured and given in the Memorial Hall. The Home Band gives an average of five concerts each week, along with two of which moving pictures are given. As other pastimes, box-

The National Soldiers Home—Continued

ball, pool and other games are to be found in the Amusement Hall. A library of well selected volumes also adds to the enjoyment of the members and those having access to it.

The Soldiers' Home is indeed a benefit to all connected with it. When the sound of battle and the clash of steel are over, our heroes have a place to retreat and spend a peaceful rest amid laurels and honors which they have won. "To bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who has borne the battle for and his widow and his orphans."

E. M. T. '14.

Stop and Think

Because we are not witty,
And do not have lots of jokes,
Because we print few funny stories
Such as suit you funny folks;
Don't sigh, and groan, and grumble,
And fling us on the shelf,
Just think what it might have been
Had you done it all yourself.

—Exchange.

"'Tis pleasure, sure, to see one's name in print,
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't"

Jokes

Angeline—It is said that you said that you had not said what they said you said, now if you did not say what they say, then you say what you did say.

Mr. G. in Virgil class—"Miss Long, how did you translate 'Detinet Ascanium gremio?'"

Miss Long—"She hugs Ascanius with a groan."

Editor—"But, listen, dear sir, we cannot publish such stuff as this. It is merely an escape of gas."

Poet—"Ah, I see. Something wrong with metre."—Exchange.

Half an inch, half an inch
Half an inch 'onward'
Hampered by the hobble skirt,
Hops the "400".—Ex.

Mr. Boyd—assigning French lesson—"Get down to the top of page 97."

Margaret excitedly to Miss Stroud—Miss Egg, shall I beat the Stroud now?"

"Non paratus" Heu dixit, cum a sad and doleful look,

"Omne rectum" teacher respondit, nihil:
Scripsit in the book.—Ex.

"Old Science Hill"

It happened one night in the dusky hall,
Just as the shades of night did fall;
That the ghost of a student of long ago,
Met the ghost of another, don't you know.

Said ghost number one to ghost number two,
"Land sakes alive, can this really be you?"
And two replied in the voice of a "spook,"
"It certainly is, 'round the building let's look."

So hand in hand these two started out,
To note the changes that had come about
In "Science Hill" since they were here,
Now long ago—Yes many a year.

And as they wandered too and fro,
What they found you surely must know;
The same old desks in the same old place,
Sad, I know, but really the case.

The same old blackboards on the wall,
The same old bell the students to call.
The same old windows, the same old floor,
The same old chalk, and the same old door.

And so they wandered 'round and 'round,
But not a single new thing found;
And at last in sheer despair,
These two poor ghosts vanished into the air.

The Trouble of Writing for the Annual

By a Junior

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.
—*Macbeth.*

About ten weeks before commencement we began the great and momentous undertaking of writing our school annual. The members of the graduating class ran around with looks of awe-inspiring importance on their faces, and turning everything topsy-turvy hunting old annuals for ten years back to read for information. Those in the Virgil class, in which there are a few Junior boys, discussed everything about the Annual at the end of the class each day and with all of them talking at once they made such a noise that the Juniors almost acquired a premature deafness. Every one was worried by their chatter. The teachers were dragged into the matter and offered all sorts of suggestions about the time when they graduated, distributing with great pride the Annuals that they helped to get out and using all their authority to secure the co-operation of the other pupils. The English teacher got busy and had everybody in school

to write a story. These were looked over and the best ones selected for the Annual. A class at a time was taken and made to write stories in place of regular lessons, thereby taking up our valuable time that we are so careful not to waste.

At last our time came. We chose a hundred various topics only to reject them and come to class without any stories at all. The intended subjects were as varied as could be found, ranging from "The Advantages of Married Life," to "A Description of Science Hill." Some wrote stories and some didn't; some were accepted and some were not. But do not think that was all that we had to do; oh, no, if we declared that we could not write a story we were set to composing poetry or drawing pictures. On the other hand if we *did* write a story, we were told that we had done so well on that we could surely draw a picture or write a poem; we were caught any way we turned. But while we were working, the Seniors became more enthusiastic than ever. They wrangled freely over such ques-

The Trouble of Writing for the Annual

Continued

tions as how many pages the Annual should have, what should be the design for the cover, whether they should have their pictures put in it or not, on whom should be bestowed the supreme honor of printing it, et cetera ad finitum. Yes, they even got excused from school to go to town and worry the business men of the town and by their incessant persistence cajole them into having their advertisements put in the Annual; and they also had their pictures sent off to have cuts made (home products were not good enough). Next arose the question "what shall we call it?" This was immediately submitted to the school at large. No prize was offered (much to our disappointment), for they seemed to think that the use of the best name sent was honor enough. So our annual was called the Hill-side. Finally, after the literary committee had pored over the different stories, poems, pictures and jokes and had become sufficiently disgusted with the material to have it all re-written some dozen times it was ready for the printers, and we drew a long breath and

all was over except the curiosity as to how it would look when printed, which was satisfied in due time.

Jokes

Miss Blakeney—"Miss Barton what made Sidney Lanier one of the greatest Southern poets?"

Miss Barton—"He got put in jail."

Miss Preston—"Fanny Rhea, why is the intersection of those two planes a straight line?"

F. R.—"Because the intersection of two parallel planes is a straight line."

Miss B.—"What great tragedy happened in Bacon's life?"

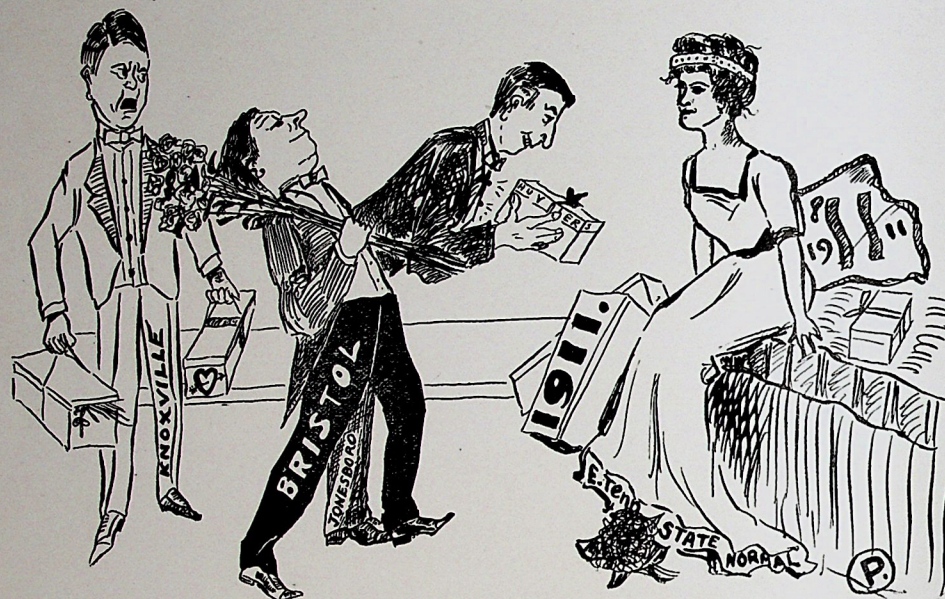
Edna—After a moments silence, "He died."

Hattie—excitedly—"Wait a minute, Miss Blakeney, my paper has run out."

Bruce—peering anxiously out of the window, "Which way did it go?"

Marion—"Oh, Mary, I swallowed a pin."

Mary—"Don't make such a fuss over it, I'll give you another one."



Farewell

Farewell, old Science Hill,
We'll soon bid you good bye,
So sad will be the parting,
It almost makes me cry.

We've had a jolly class this year
And some jolly teachers too,
But as there has to be a parting
I'm really glad I'm through.

This fall we'll start in again
In some other burg or town,
And to work we'll have to "git"
And have the same old roun'.

Soon 'twill all be over,
Back home we'll come to stay,
To have no more commencements
In the latter days of May.

L. L. P. '11.

Editorial

The class of 1911 will be the last one to graduate from the Science Hill building.

The Department of Domestic Science, which has been installed in the schools this year, has been very successful under the direction of Miss Stroud.

The school underwent a seige of mumps this spring, fully one third of the pupils being smitten with that "swell disease."

We have tried to make this annual a little different from those which have proceeded it by giving all the pupils in the High School an opportunity to contribute to it. Although the name has been changed the spirit remains the same as before.

A six o'clock dinner was given by the Seniors, at the Burnette Building, to the Board of Education and others last fall. Every feature was a great success.

The class of '11 wishes the class of '12 great success in getting up the next annual.

The Normal, which will open next year, will afford an excellent opportunity to pupils who

wish to continue their education after finishing High School, but do not wish to leave home. It is hoped that a standard of education in this town will be raised by this much needed institution.

The Johnson City High School is now a first class school. The four years course has been established and the graduates are prepared to enter the best Southern Colleges.

The plan of promoting pupils in January will cause a graduating class in the middle of the year as well as in May. This plan is followed out in all large schools and colleges and is proving very satisfactory in our own school. The first class to graduate in January will be in 1914.

We send forth this volume to the public, not on account of its especial excellence, but hoping it will prove interesting to our friends and be an everlasting memorial of the class of 1911. We wish hereby to extend our thanks to the pupils and faculty and to those who have in any way aided us in making such an undertaking possible. This also includes the advertisers who have so willingly helped to defray its expenses.

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