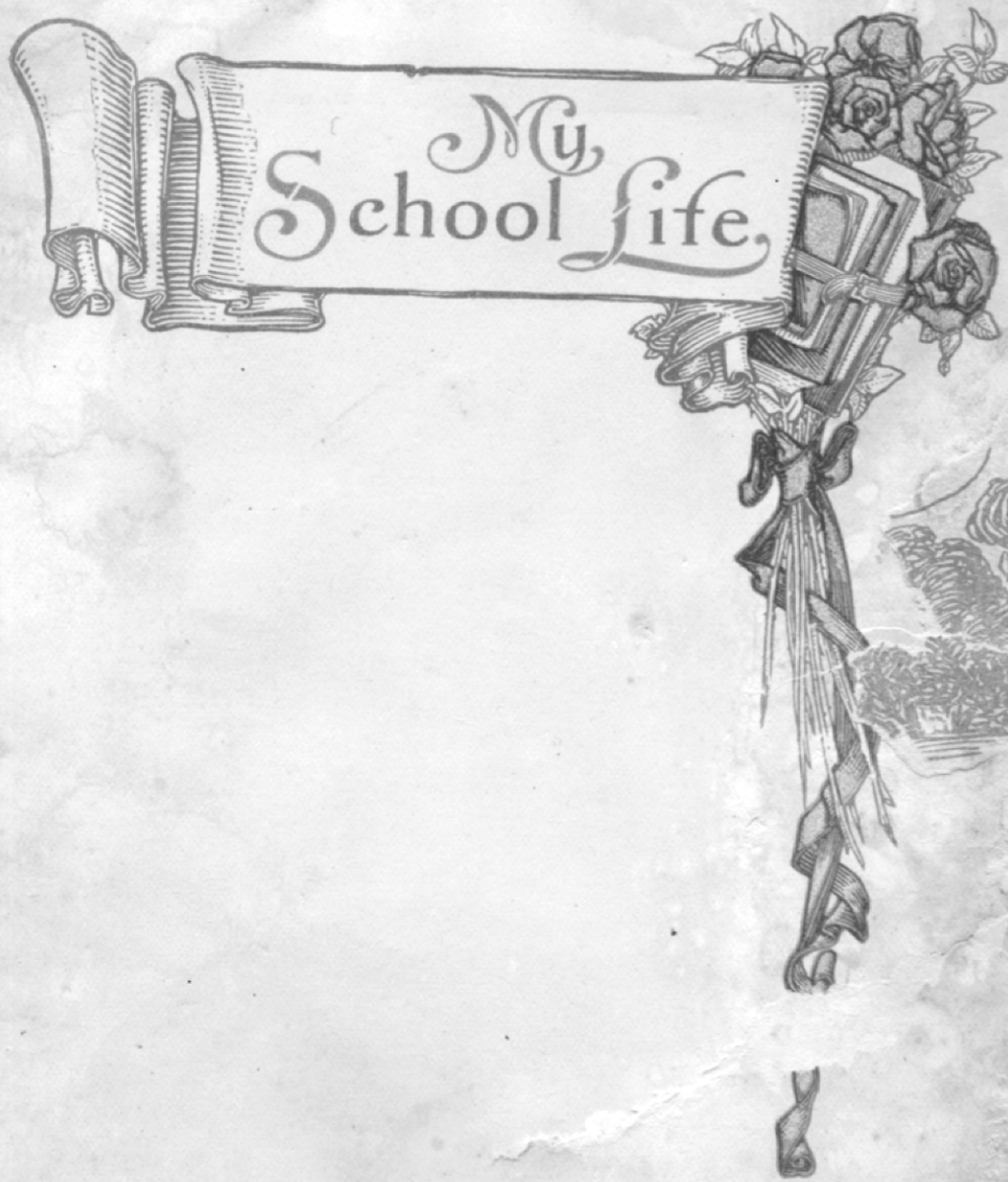


**“My School Life” Diary  
1913-1924  
Compiled by  
Florence (Silvey) Garrison  
(b. 1907 – d. 1996)**



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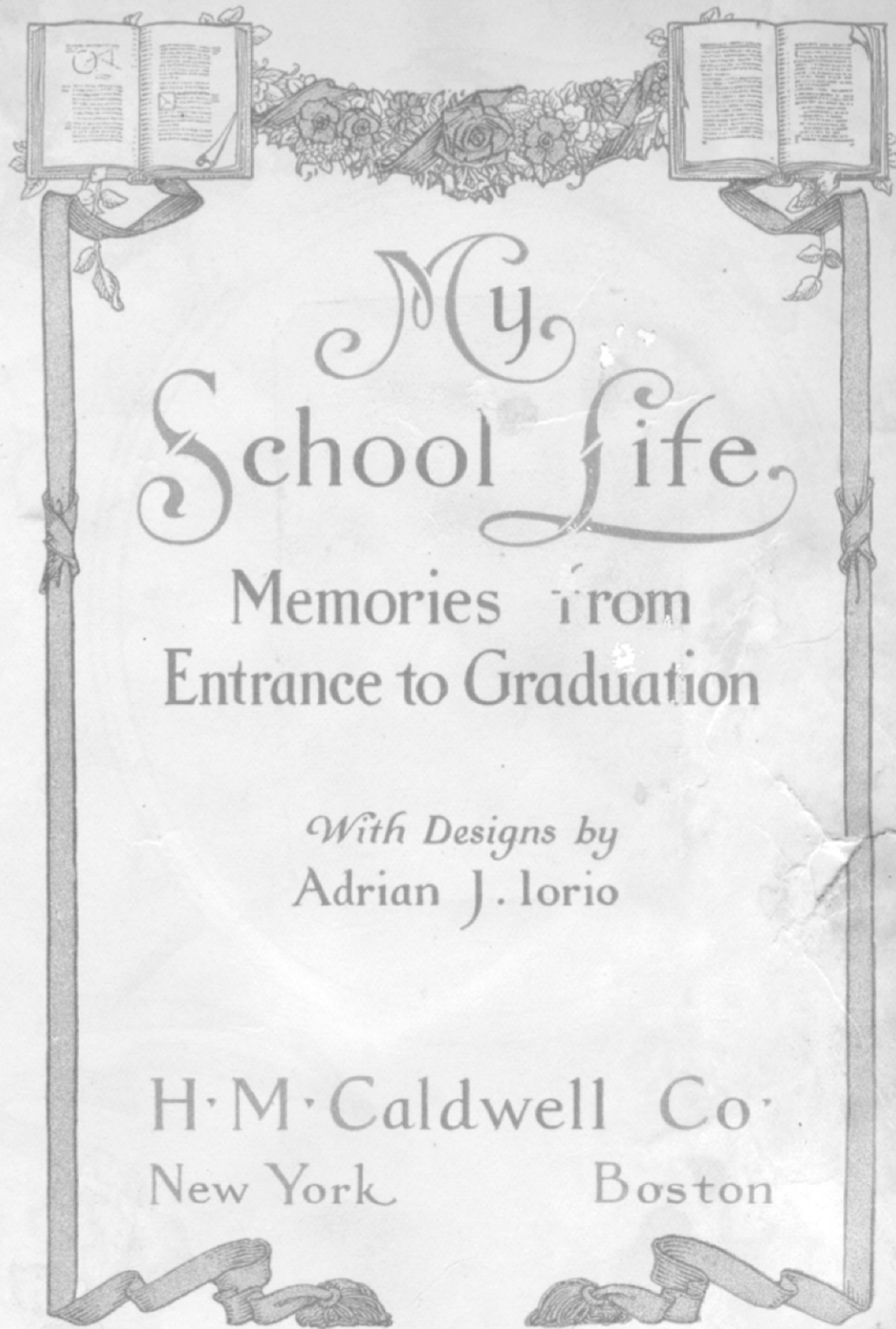
Photograph of Owner.



Date May 17, 1924 287  
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I can be the  
 of children  
 C. Browning  
 I believe it  
 yours  
 Florence Silvey  
 I believe it  
 yours  
 I believe it  
 yours



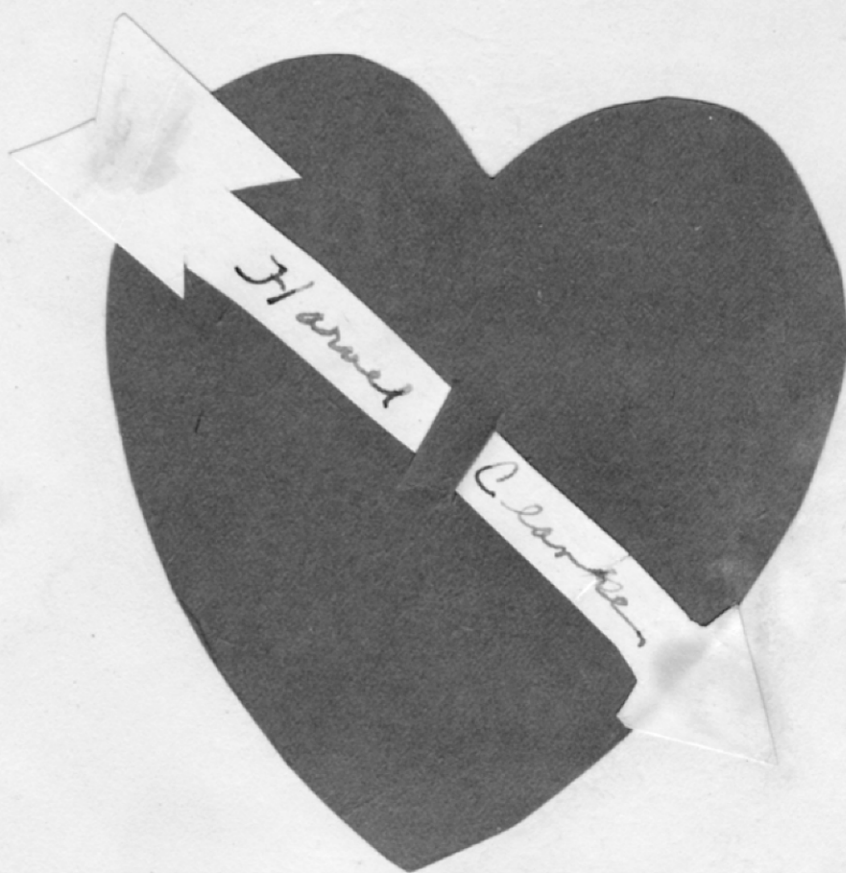


My  
School Life

Memories from  
Entrance to Graduation

*With Designs by  
Adrian J. Iorio*

H·M·Caldwell Co.  
New York                      Boston





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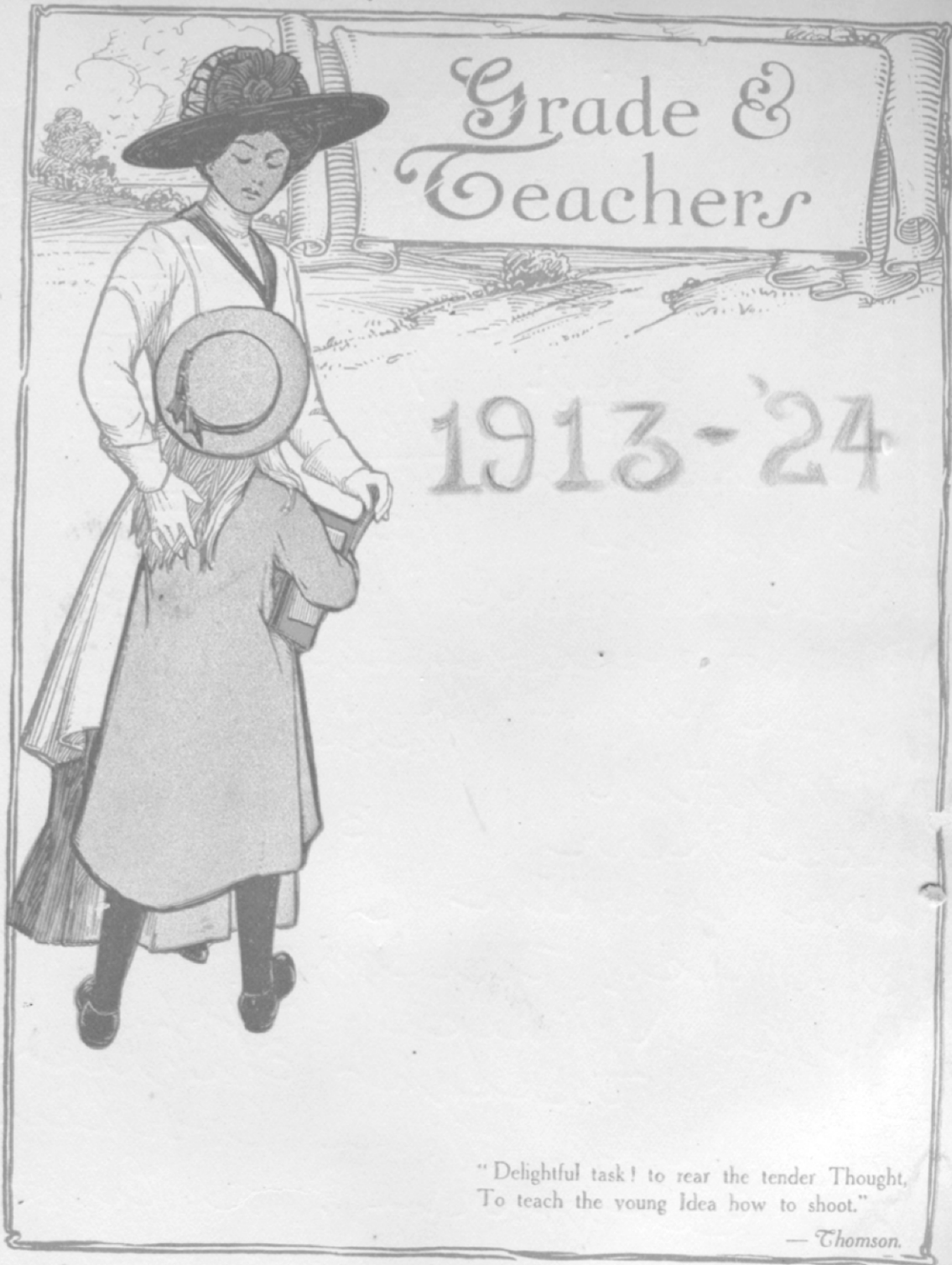
Date. Name of School

Ava High

Where Situated

Ava, Missouri

1924



Grade &  
Teachers

1913-'24

"Delightful task! to rear the tender Thought,  
To teach the young Idea how to shoot."

— Thomson.

I started to school in 1913 at the age of 6 years.

Teachers name.	Pupils Age.	Grade
Ellen Shunpaugh	6	Primary
Bessie Inman	7	I
Mrs. C. C. Garton	8	II
Mary E. Shafer	9	III
Vestil Burdett	10	IV
Gladys Breeden	11	V
Mr. E. C. Vancil	12	VI

Entered Junior High School in new building.

Teachers name	Pupils age	Grade
Gaisy Martin		7.
Bernice Herr	13	
Lenore Cowden		

Miss Gaisy taught arithmetic and Physiology. Miss Herr taught English and Reading. Miss Cowden taught Geography. a fine term of school.

First year Mr. Macantash was  
Superintendent. Second, Third and  
Fourth it was Mr. G. H. Boehm.  
Fifth was Mr. G. J. Farmer.  
Sixth was Mr. D. F. Vataw.  
Seventh year, <sup>and eighth</sup> was also Mr.  
D. F. Vataw.

"Sufferent unto the day is the  
evil thereof"

D. F. Watson

My Dear Little Al,

Our first years, rather vague and like voices in the fog or faces in the mist, now, were really the best. Those pals were the ones we love most, even tho' since then, we have sometimes thought differently.

You were in the first grade, I was in the primary class. We weren't closely associated then and I remember when Miss Ellen Shingough lined you, Fred Jr., Harold and some others, up in the front of the room to pass into the second grade. You were so happy - to get to stand up there in front of all of us, with that little "strawberry blond", powdered boy. I was just recovering from a nervous breakdown, caused by the accident when Harold was hurt. He had to sit on a real high seat and I sat down low by him. To me, he looked like a king - because he was so intelligent and so much older. Like Sir Isalahad or some one.

we were separated. I was living in El Paso, Tex., and when I came home we entered the fourth grade under Vestil Burdett. I remember we were making a cord of Francis E. Willard with a little white bow on it. I asked to sit by you so we could make it together, and after that we sat together all the time. He had memory verses and every year that got his memory verses got little honor cards with a verse to the flag. Don't you remember how proud of ours we were? He had a mirror that we visited a Halbert and Yellin in. He played the initial game. I always put F. S. for Fred Jr. She even little love game broke up. Gee, how I hated Ellorce & May because they broke the most innocent and dearest love child bond could know. But that blew over and Ellorce and I got letters about Olis' and Fred Jr's dream. Lena Nelson, Olis' teacher (5th grade) threatened to tell our folks. Then on to the fifth. Nothing in particular except that Lena went away Apr. 10. In the sixth grade Blanche and I had open war - face over Olis. That's what made me begin to use yellow paper. Olis wrote the loudest letter to mean some and tied me how much he that game.

Then he went away and I heard from him so often that I got disgusted.

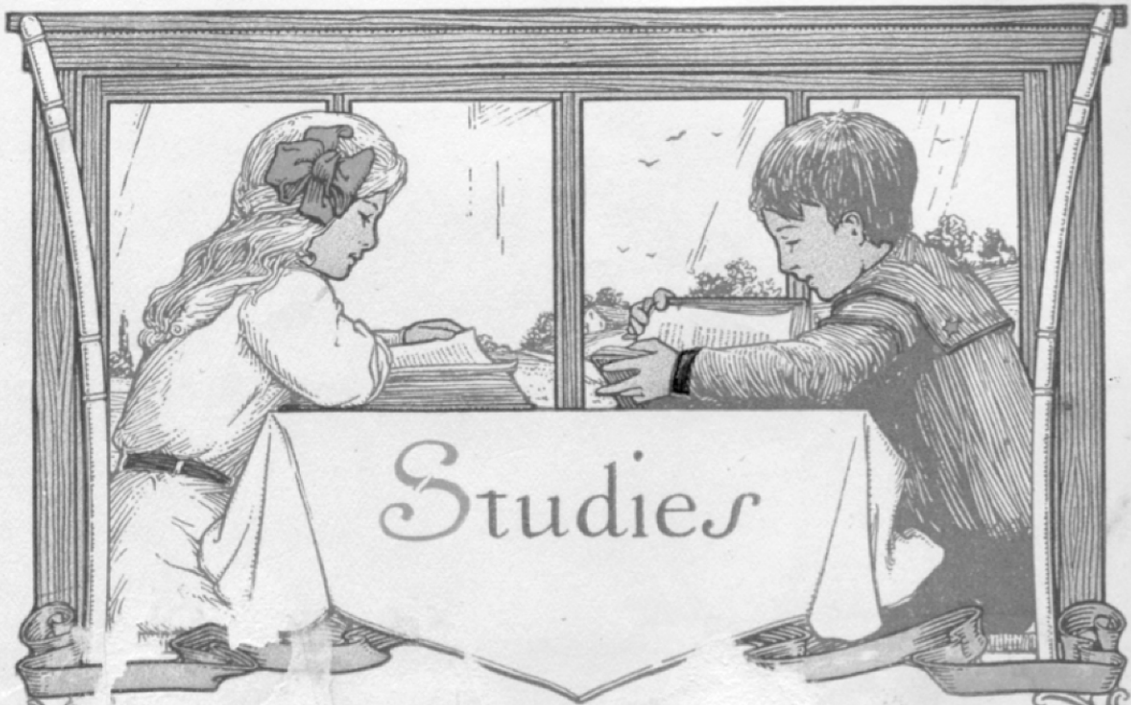
The next year, '21, seventh grade was the most wonderful year I ever spent. My seat was 2x Ocean and - perfect deviation? I should say so. The next year was the same way. Oh those wonderful times, basket ball, class parties, picnics and other things, too numerous to mention. Then, oh, oceans of tears. I that I knew what I was doing, thought it was really earnestness, but now - what a little fool I was. 'March - ye gods!' what had the gods treated me that way for? But such is life. The Glee Clubs were wonderful and <sup>helpful</sup> <sub>work.</sub>

During that time Jimmie had started to school, was infatuated with Leslie and was "his little nurse." We had had a Halloween party at V's (later the lanterns that were in came in handy. Ask V.) Blanche, Edith & I had a hot discussion over Albin & Harvel. Finally I got my choice and asked Harvel. Here we shy, made little things, Oh yes, 'nunk'!

Then came first year high school - after March. Of course, I was a perfect wreck. No one interested me - and I interest ed no one. The next summer I sat at the table in Room 14 and later found out that I had been a perfect fool.

and then I loved you, you had shared all my  
 joys and my sorrows.  
 Our last year - the one of good  
 times and many things. I believe the  
 dominating color was yellow - mine -  
 but not for jealousy - you know  
 you are never jealous if you are sincere.  
 But yellow was always lucky and it  
 was even then. altho' some times it  
 could have been luckier. Of course, there  
 were Glee Club entertainments. Mine  
 and Doris'. And then there was the  
 preacher's son - who putty helped things  
 along. Of course we could always  
 compromise on Steffy, Gilb or Jay,  
 and I usually compromised on Ray -  
 especially in one important case.  
 For he's "a jolly good fellow," you can  
 tell the world.

That year was one of reval-  
 ations too. Some people stepped out  
 total disappointment and others  
 remain such memories and  
 wonderful friends. Then there were  
 "The Bloz-my Dreams" but I decided on Billy  
 for his he was after all, "The Bloz-my Dreams"



# Studies

"Learn to live, and live to learn,  
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,  
Little tasks make big return."

— Bayard Taylor.

Oh! What a Grand and Glorious Week

The school calendar of the closing of school is as follows:

Wednesday evening, May 7th, the Senior reception at Supt. Votaw's home.

Thursday, May 8th, the Senior picnic.

Friday evening, May 9th, the Junior reception for the Seniors on the school campus.

Sunday morning, May 11th, the baccalaureate sermon at Opera house.

Thursday evening, May 15th, the Commencement exercises at Opera house.

Friday evening, May 16th, the Alumni banquet at the school house.

Supt. and Mrs. D. F. Votaw entertained the members of the Senior class at their home on Wednesday evening of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Votaw gave their annual reception for the Seniors Wednesday night.

I played "Rook" at the table with Mrs. Dickison, Eva Yersiley and Elva Letsinger. I went to Ozark Hotel with Mrs. Dickison, then on up to Aunt Hattie's and stayed all night. I wore blue canton. Had a splendid time—

My first, last and only as Senior from high.

**AVA HIGH SCHOOL NOTES**

The Senior class has just returned from their picnic and all are wearing big smiles. We hope they can continue to do so after the examinations are over.

We left about 7:30 May 8, for Rome. Had a swell time going. While there ate three times "Lots to eat - I tell, I hope to shout." - just everything.

Ray and I went boat riding. Then Norman and I went up to big cove - kids were boat riding and Eva M. and Celia fell in the water - I see, it was cool.

The Juniors entertained the Seniors at an annual reception Friday evening, May the ninth in the High School gymnasium. On that occasion the Senior Queen was crowned. Mrs. Neva Reynolds won the honor of being chosen Senior Queen by a vote of 3070. Florence Silvey was a close second with 2595. A musical program was rendered before the throne of the queen. The entertainment was a decided success. Rook was the main feature, and at the close of the Rook games, refreshments were served from the card tables.

The Seniors all played "hookey" from school last Friday. This was called "Sneak Day" for them. All the Freshmen and Sophomores were much surprised to go to school and not see any of the Seniors. The Juniors were gone, as they were preparing for the reception; also the Seventh and Eighth grades were gone as Mrs. Bragg was in Springfield. Naturally the study hall was much quieter than usual.

Dorothy, at Ash Grove, made the suggestion. I put it before the class, immediately decided to go. Got out of Civics exam. A good time.

The contest which is being conducted by the Junior class to decide who will be Senior Queen closes Friday, May 9th at 4:30 p. m. At this time the four leading contestants are: Florence Silvey, Neva Reynolds, Minnie Ellison and Pearl Hunt.



It was "Sneak Day" and I was on the program for the last time. Minnie and I went over to Burdett's and practiced my solo "Smilin' Thru." Then we went to school. Talked to Reba, Miss Hargis, and Ray. Oh - thrills - tonight - the Junior Reception. Neva was Senior Queen oh for Warren's last nicker-toe



"You taught  
me how  
to love —  
don't teach  
me to  
forget"

"I'm waiting  
for ships —  
that are  
about to  
arrive —  
at last  
a healed  
broken  
heart"



Now, I'm there at card table with Count de  
Stuff — changed tags to correspond —  
Had a wonderful time — Fool tho' I did  
not have sense enough to realize it.  
Poor J.A.M. "Alone, alone, all alone,  
So lonely 'twas that God himself scarce  
seemed there to be". Crowning of Queen  
The quartette, John's solo, etc. all good.  
Color scheme — Green & white — nicely carried  
out. But wheris the harm in being out at  
twelve o'clock at night. No — —

## HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The baccalaureate sermon will be given at the Wilson Opera House on Sunday morning, May 11th, at eleven o'clock. The sermon is to be delivered by the Rev. Carl B. Swift, a very able speaker of Drury College.

Last Sunday morning the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Carl B. Swift. The sermon was exceptionally good.

Just like a funeral procession. Boo-Boo. Wore grey canton, coat, and hat. Introduced to Mr. Swift of Drury. I then went to Auntie Adams for 12 o'clock dinner. "Thanks and Kisses" for the pearls, toilet set, and bracelet. But that's not all - I went to tell Bobby "Goodbye." Oh! the joy for them - his first date with my old "Sweetheart O' Mine." Gee - how I hated to see him leave - but "Never mind I'll be home Friday night and he was."

AVA HIGH SCHOOL  
AVA, MISSOURI  
BACCALAUREATE SERMON

MAY ELEVENTH  
NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR  
ELEVEN A. M.

WILSON OPERA HOUSE

### PROGRAMME

Voluntary ..... Orchestra

Processional—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"  
(1st and 2nd Verses)

Scripture Reading ..... Rev. M. O. Morris

Hymn—"Holy, Holy, Holy"

Prayer

Response ..... Orchestra

Sermon—Rev. Carl B. Swift, Bible Chair, Drury  
College, Springfield, Mo.

Recessional—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name"  
(3rd and 4th Verses)

Benediction

### ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name, Let Angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him  
Lord of all.
3. Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
4. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at His feet may fall,  
We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

### HOLY, HOLY, HOLY

1. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning  
our song shall rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty, God in Three Persons,  
blessed Trinity!
2. Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down  
their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee, Which  
wert and art, and evermore shall be.
4. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall  
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty, God in Three Persons,  
blessed Trinity.

I wore my graduation dress. Oh! think of it - tomorrow we go to Forsythe. Who? (No, no, you guessed it) ate by Clyde and Effie and Noel Alsop. Splendid feast. First heard of "Mar and Tulsa. Reba and Ellen "waiters". Danced during intervals. Will remember Mr. D. F. V. and his jokes - "Yes, we have no bananas. No, nathin' didn't happen. Too full of "sweet" thoughts of tomorrow. Down town getting sandwich stuff. Met Mr. Struffelbein, he sang - "It's 5 o'clock in the morning - I'd love to sleep -" But we didn't.