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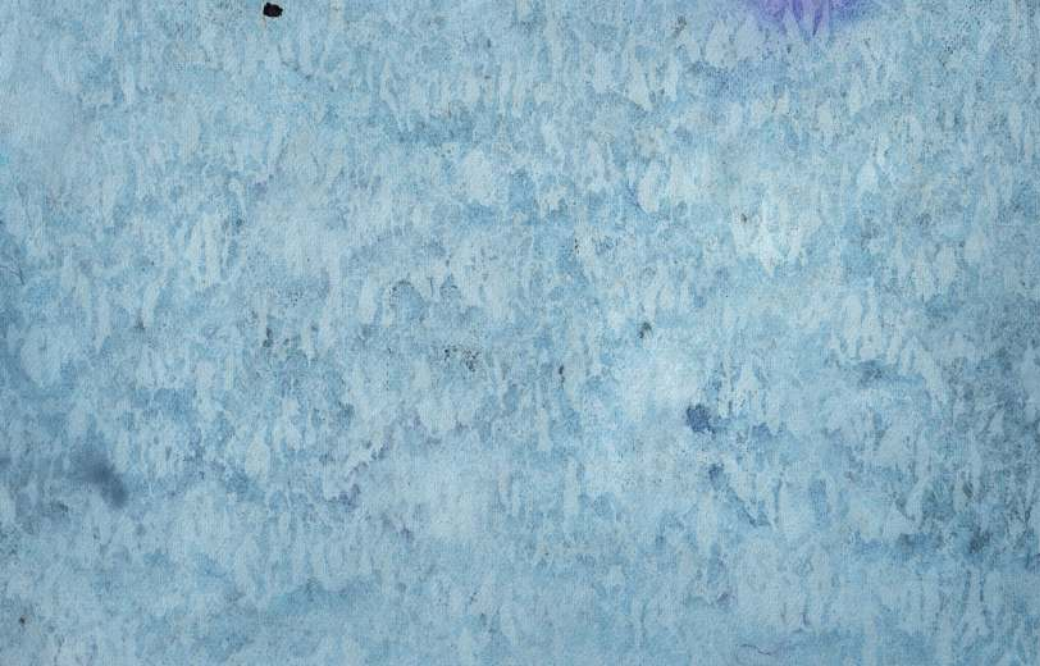


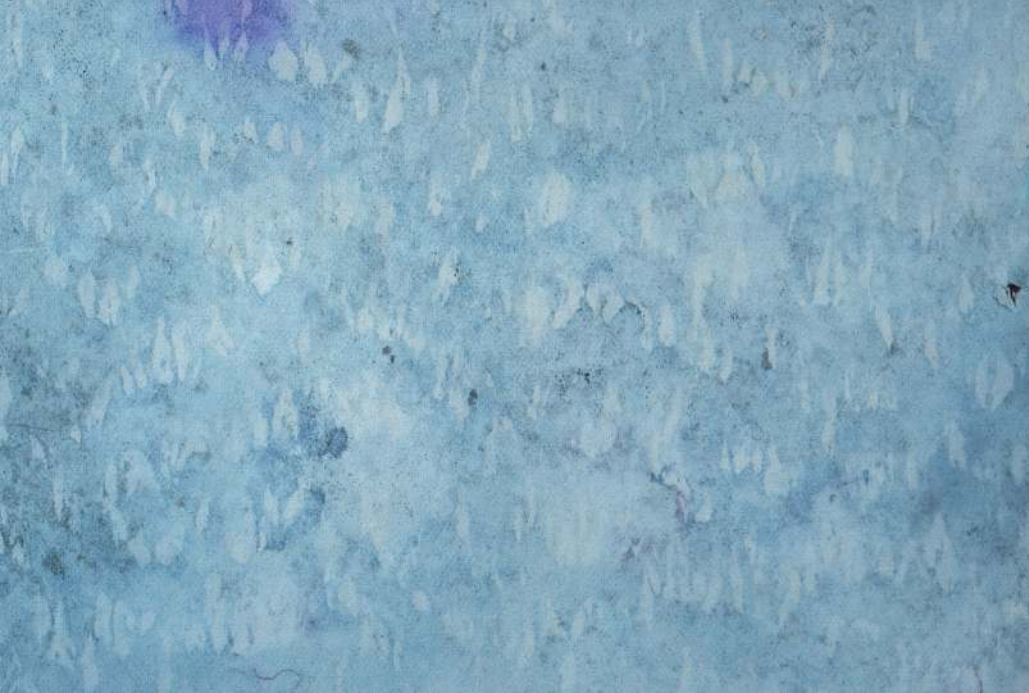
Souvenir

1911

An illustration of an open book with its pages slightly curved, resting on a bed of laurel leaves. The book and leaves are positioned below the word 'Souvenir' and to the left of the year '1911'.

*Though lost to sight to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain.
One only hope my heart can cheer
The hope to meet again.*







My Dear Pupil:

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

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

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

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

*Sincerely,
Your Teacher.*



My Dear Papa:



THIS DOLLAR SHALL ARTISTIC HEAT
SO YOU A GIFT I MADE,
AND MORE FOR YOU, 'TILL BE A TRAIT
IN WHICH WE BOTH PARTAKE

AND OFFER ON ITS LEAVES YOU I DO,
YOURSELF I THINK OF ME I KNOW,
AND ALL THE CARE AND TIME I TOOK
TO KEEP YOU UPWARD GO

AND WITH YOUR NAME THERE IN I READ,
I'LL FREELY THINK OF YOU,
AND WITH SUCCESS MAY BE YOUR NEED
IN ALL YOU STRIVE TO DO

AND NOW FAREWELL MY DEAR FRIEND,
WE SEPARATE TO DAY,
FOR GOD YOUR BROTHERS WATER AND LAND,
AND GUIDE YOU IN LIFE'S WAY



Sincerely,
Your Teacher

PLEASANT HILL

PUBLIC SCHOOL

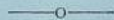
District No. 15



Grant Dist., Monongalia Co.,
West Va.



J. N. CHIPPS, Teacher



Trustees

Geo. C. Bircher W. L. Harrington
A. M. Barrickman

Pupils


Katharine Lynch	Laura Lynch
Bertha Flowers	Flossie Everly
Myrtle Everly	Lacie Everly
Sadie Everly	Gusta Harrington
Jessie Harrington	Mary Harrington
Olive Lynch	Ida Kinsley
Gay Wilson	Janie Wilson
Sarah Morris	Nellie Sheets
Earl Barrickman	Schley Lynch
Loman Lynch	Samuel Kinsley
Vincent Kinsley	Ralph Kinsley
Glenn Sheets	Dale Sheets
Edward Harrington	Lester Bircher
Albert Lawlis	Ralph Hess

Karl Hess



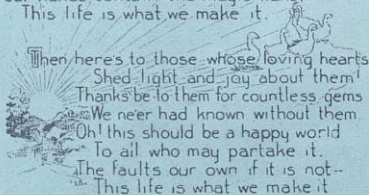


Life is what we make it

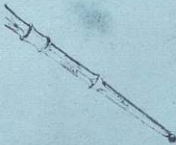


Lets oftener talk of noble deeds.
And rarer of the bad ones.
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh.
And when grief sleeps to wake it,
Bright happiness is standing by--
This life is what we make it.

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



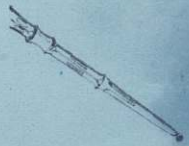
Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To ail who may partake it.
The faults our own if it is not--
This life is what we make it





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

WEBSTER





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



the light of a thousand eyes
yet the heart of a whole he dies
when love is done

the light of a thousand eyes
yet the heart of a whole he dies
when love is done

Light

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

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







