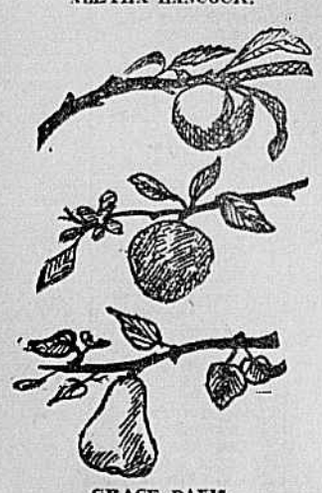
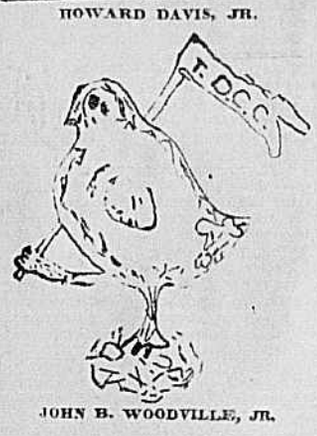
JESSIE ALDRIDGE.

ALETHA HANCOCK.



GRACE DAVIS.

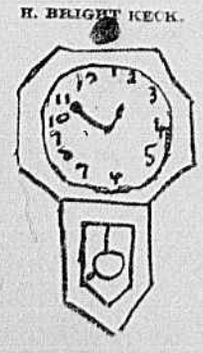
HOWARD DAVIS, JR.



JOHN B. WOODVILLE, JR.

LENA LAPPEN.

H. BRIGHT KECK.



ALETHA HANCOCK.

CORBIN SPICER.

Correspondence Column

A Little Booklover.

Dear Editor,—I received my prize Thursday and I certainly am glad it is a book. Inclosed you will find a composition on "The Nautilus" and some drawings, which I hope will be printed. Yours truly,
MARY ANDERSON GILLIAM.

Sends Short Story.

Dear Editor,—I received the beautiful prize Friday, and thank you very much for it. I am glad you accepted the heading. I am sending you a short story entitled "The Son of Toil," and hope it will be accepted for future use on the page. Again thanking you for the prize, I beg to remain as ever, your old member, WILLIE POAGE.
Floyd, Va.

A Member-to-Be

Dear Editor,—I am not a member of your club, but would like very much to be one. I hope it will be all right if I join. If you will let me, please send me a T. D. C. C. badge. Will you kindly write me and send me the particulars, as I do not know about the drawings and puzzles? Will I haxe to pay anything? I am twelve years of age and am in the sixth grade at the Barton Heights School. Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am, yours truly,
WILLIAM DICKERSON.
113 Monteiro Avenue, Barton Heights, Va.

Wants to Know All About Club.

Dear Editor,—As I thought my last letter didn't reach you, I will write again. I want to know all about the T. D. C. Club so I can join. Please write me what size paper to draw on and what to draw with, or, in other words, send me full instructions. I inclose a stamp for answer. Very truly yours, HAROLD SPENCER.
847 Belmont Street, Lynchburg, Va.

Would Like a Badge.

Dear Editor,—I sent you a drawing, which you were good enough to put in the T. D. C. C. page, and I intended asking for a badge. If I did not, I would like to have one. I am inclosing several drawings, and hope to see one in the paper. Yours truly,
WILLIAM K. MORTON.

Has Heard About Our Club.

Dear Editor,—I have heard much about the T. D. C. Club and I am very anxious to become a member. From what other members have told me about this club I think it is a very prosperous club. The headings to the Children's Page are very simple, pretty and dainty. Please send me a badge and rules, and I will try to contribute to the page as often as possible, but not too often, so that no other member will be robbed of their chance. Your new sincere member, MELL SPENCER GARY.
706 North Twenty-seventh Street, Richmond.

Wants to Go Skating.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would send something to our page, as I haven't sent anything for a long time. As I have been very busy at school I just haven't had the time to write, but will try and write more often hereafter. I would love very much to exchange cards with Alitha Hancock, of Hamlet, N. C., and Clarence A. Spencer. I hope to receive cards from all of the members that I have been exchanging with. I have sent several cards to Margaret Daniel and haven't heard anything from her, so please publish her address. It has been real cold here and snowed Friday morning. I only wish it would be real cold so we would have some ice, as I certainly like skating. You will also find a story, which I hope is not too long, and only hope you will publish it. I will try and contribute more regularly hereafter. Your true member, EDITH B. ROSE.
Fredericksburg, Va.

Pleased at Winning Prize.

Dear Editor,—I was very much surprised when I saw my drawing and letter in the paper and that I won the first prize for my drawing. I thank you very kindly for the beautiful book which you sent me. I hope every girl and boy had a good time on Hallowe'en as I did. I am inclosing a big fat turkey, which I know is too big to go to Mr. Wastebasket, and I absorbed in watching Jack Frost pincking our cheeks and noses that she forgot to pick her goose beyond a few feathers. With lots of love and best wishes to everybody. I remain, a sincere member, AGNES CHESTER.
209 Governor Street.

A Boy Wishing to Join Us.

Dear Editor,—I am not a member of your club, but I would like to be one. My father does not take the paper, but he buys me one sometimes, and I am very fond of the Children's Page. Will it be all right if I join? If I can join will you please send me a T. D. C. C. badge? Will you please write to me and send all the particulars, as I do not know about the drawings and puzzles? I am ten years old and am in the fourth grade at school. I am sending you some drawing and hope it will not be put in the waste basket. Thanking you in advance for your kindness, I am, yours truly,
WILLIE I. GARMAN.
P. O. Box 52, Crockett, Va.

What She Is Thankful For.

Dear Editor,—I want to write a Thanksgiving letter and hope you will put it in your Children's Page in Sunday's paper. I want to tell the Lord what I am thankful for: First, I am thankful I have started to school and have a nice teacher; second, I am thankful I have three sisters and a good papa; next, I am seven years old and can work; I make 35 cents a week working for papa. But I am sorry to say I am not thankful that the two white puppies are dead; one was name Rose and one Billy, but I hope Rose and Billy are in heaven. Your friend.
MARGARET A. PATTERSON.
South Boston, Va.

Our Remember Still Sick.

Dear Editor,—I am still sick in bed. I do not sit up any hardly. I am well of diphtheria, but my neck is lots worse. I suffer so much. I composed the little poem I am sending lying here in bed. I cannot write much, as my strength will not allow it. I received some very nice presents on my birthday. Well, I must close. I am, your sick member, BLANCHE ANTHONY.
R. F. D. No. 4, Box 20, Ashland, Va.

Thanks for Prize.

Dear Editor,—I thank you very much for my prize, which I received several days ago. I have read it and like it very much. I am sorry to have to ask you to send me another badge, as I had the misfortune to lose mine while buggy riding. I see in last Sunday's paper the conclusion of my story. The first part has not appeared. Your fond member,
JOHN B. WOODVILLE, JR.
Fayette, W. Va.

Has Been Busy in School.

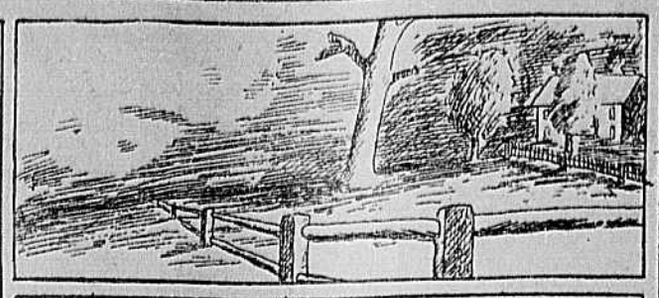
Dear Editor,—I will write now, as I haven't written in such a long time. I have been so busy in school this session I haven't hardly had time to do anything but study. Our school lasts eight months, and the second month ended to-day. I am in the seventh grade, and am twelve years old. I would like to hear from some of the members some times. Wishing the club much success, I remain,
CLAIRE HARRIS.
Roxboro, N. C.
P. S.—Please send me a badge.

Wishes Another Badge.

Dear Editor,—Please find inclosed one drawing of a fox. I used to be a member, but I dropped my membership and lost my badge, so I hope you will send me another one. I hope to see this drawing in print next week. I remain as ever,
GEORGE PRESTON GREEN.
Surry, Va.

Illustrates Incorporated Line.

Dear Editor,—Inclose a drawing illustration of the incorporated curved line, which I hope will be published. I think our page is the best part of the paper. I read the stories every Sunday. I will have to close now. Love to all the members and to you. I remain a member, GRACIE TURNER.
R. F. D. No. 4, Box 17, Richmond.



CHILDREN'S PAGE NOVEMBER.

Club's Good Work Pleases Editor

My Dear Boys and Girls:

I am simply going to tell you this week that you please me very much by your good work and to ask you to keep on in the same way.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Miss Claire Harris, Roxboro, N. C.
John Seay, 1136 West Leigh Street, city.
Miss Anne Jennings, Lynchburg, Va.

WEEK'S CONTRIBUTIONS.

Anthony, Blanche	Harris, Claire R.
Ambrose, M.	Jennings, Anne
Aldridge, Jessie	Jones Bettie C.
Anderson, Frances	Keck, H. Bright
Butler W., Jr.	Lappen, Lena
Bruce, Hester	Mason, Nolen
Bunn, Florence	Morton, Cramer
Chester, Agnes	Morton, W. K.
Collier, Louise	McGowan, Susie
Cocke, Anne	Patterson, M. A.
Davis, J. Howard	Poage, William
Davis, Grace,	Ranson, Lyra V.
Dickerson, Wm.	Rose, Edith B.
Dance, S. Lee	Ropp, Margaret
Goudy, George	Spencer, Harold
Gorman, W. S.	Seay, John
Gary, Nell S.	Spicer, Corbin
Gates, Estelle	Tunstall, Grace
Gayle, Alice M.	Tignor, Thelma
Hancock, Aletha	Woodville, J. B., Jr.
Hughes, Edwin	Yancey, Mary.

THE SON OF TOIL.

It was 2 o'clock of a very hot August afternoon, and "Weary William" thought that the long country road that stretched away in the distance as far as the eye could reach was unusually hot and dusty at this particular time of day. His shoes were full of sand and dust, and his stomach felt a peculiar knawing pain. Also he was not in a very pleasant frame of mind.

After a while he espied what he took to be a country farmhouse in the distance, and quickening his pace very reluctantly, he hurried on. Coming closer, he beheld a cozy little cottage set back from the road with honeysuckle vines completely covering the pretty little porch, and a gravel walk leading up to the steps. Upon the porch sat a little lady with something that looked like sewing in her hands and a work basket at her side.

William turned in at the gate without hesitation and hurried up the gravel walk with pleasant anticipations of what he gloatingly observed would be an "easy" meal.

"Lady," he began with a voice of authority, thinking to scare the timid looking little lady, "would you be so kind as to give dis son o' toil a bite o' grub, for I hain't had no vittles to speak o' since the rise of dat orb o' day yonder," and he jerked his thumb toward Mr. Sun, who was slowly taking his smiling face down toward the western hills.

The "lady" laid aside the pair of overalls she was placing an amendment to, placed her needle in the basket at her side, and rising she eyed him sternly for a half-minute, during which time William shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Son of toil," she began in a tone of contempt, and William incidentally noticed that she was not as old and as timid as she looked from the highway. "You don't even look like the second cousin of Toil, and if you were you would have made some preparation for the grub, and you don't get anything to eat at this place, you son of Beul. You nothing, who would term yourself a man, and would rather tramp these highways than get down to decent, honest toil; you ugly, dirty brother of Satan," and she pointed to the gate sternly, as William retreated slowly, completely humbled upon finding that his near relatives were such bad characters; "you leave this place instantly, or you will make some supper for Adolphus here," and she pointed to an ugly looking, small bulldog that had risen from a dark corner of the vine-covered porch and was advancing menacingly.

As William turned, and, setting a brisk pace, hurried down the walk, she called from the porch: "Farmer Jones, next house, needs a fellow to help in his harvest right bad; you better apply and improve your ways!"

"Weary William" paused only long enough at the gate to place a sign upon the post with a small piece of chalk, which meant to the next "son of toil" "Beware!" and, hurrying down the dusty highway, he muttered slowly to himself: "Cruel, cruel wold," and, brightening up suddenly, he said aloud, as if talking to the dust under his feet, "Ain't I glad I ain't one o' dese here hen-picked husbands!" and forgetful of the pain in his stomach, and whistling softly to himself, he disappeared at a turn far down the road.

The End.
By WILLIAM POAGE.
Floyd, Va.

THE POOR AND HAPPY FAMILY

About four miles north of Richmond there lived a poor family named Richardson, the family consisting of four people—Mrs. Richardson, Mr. Richardson, Gladys Richardson and Henry Richardson. They were good and kind to every one. Gladys seemed to be about fifteen years of age, and Henry younger than she was. They lived on whatever they could get out of their little garden and wh little money they made on the chickens they sold. This poor family had bad luck one year on both crops and poultry. The crops were ruined and the poultry all died, and very much sickness was going on in the family. They had hardly enough money to pay the doctor's bill. Winter was drawing near, and this poor family knew not what to do. The boy went out in search of work, so he could make a few cents to help his mother and father pull through the winter. It was the worst weather since the year 1896, so he got a job sawing wood. It was rather hard, but yet he wanted to help them. He worked until he made all the people could give, so he took it home and gave it to his mother. It was only a few cents, but yet it helped. So finally they had to sell everything they had so they could get some money to buy something to eat until good weather came again. The winter was long and rough, and looked like it never would come to an end, so after they had spent all the money they had, which was about half the winter through. They had no more to spend, so they gave up and started to go to the poorhouse until the winter was over. But one good nearby neighbor heard of these people and sent them some vegetables and a few chickens. They could sell the chickens and make a few more cents. After this one of the other neighbors thought they could help a little, so they began taking up a collection for the poor family. They collected enough to last them the rest of the winter through. So finally the winter came to an end; the family was very glad to see it. Soon Mr. Richardson and Henry got a job working at a sawmill. They both made very good money, and both were near home. They all got down on their knees and thanked God for the blessings he gave them the winter through. So after this they were never poor people any more. The man and boy worked steady and hard from thence onward. So finally the children were grown and married. They lived happy afterward up until to-day, and I hope the people will live happy forever. Their father and mother were growing old, so the girl took care of both Mr. and Mrs. Richardson. They were all happy because they had settled all of their debts. How could they help from being happy. Both of the older people lived happy all of their life and died of old age. Henry was good to all and everybody, and he would share with them what he had. I will tell you a story about Henry on his deathbed. About two hours before Henry died he was feeling fine, and had lots of company, who brought him fruits and candies, and as Henry was going to eat an orange he said: "This is to me as I am to thee, but before I bite I shall speak," and the words he said were: "I am weak and unable to work or turn, but I shall see you all in heaven at my side one day," and so he ended these words by picking up his orange. He began to eat it, but he could not put the orange to his mouth on account of being so weak, so he asked one of his friends to hand it to him, which he did, but Henry could not chew it, so he dropped it, and he was almost gone. His dying words were: "May you all be good and love one another, and have this orange at the head of my grave; and good-bye to you, good-bye," and he stretched out as dead, which he was. So his mother and father had an orange of stone at his head. His mother died soon afterward, and his father followed her. Gladys is still living in the hut which they lived in during the bad winter. All of these three died in this little hut. It is only a two-room hut built of logs in the centre of some woods. It was there during the last war, and is strong enough to stand until another war. It is full of bullets and the yard is full of odd gun shells. For my say I would let it stand as a souvenir of Virginia. This story is long, but could be longer, but I will stop because the rules require a certain number of words.

Your true member,
JOHN M. SEAY.
1736 West Leigh Street, city.

LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Little George had a hatchet,
Bright and sharp to cut into;
He whacked and hacked,
The sturdy little man.
He hacked a log, he hacked a fence,
As around he ran his father's cherry tree;
The bark was soft, the hatchet sharp,
Little George forgot himself
And made an ugly mark upon the tree.
His father frowned and asked the cause,
And the old story runs he would not lie.
He grew to be a sturdy youth
At book sand play and hacked away,
But always told the truth.
The British came—he hacked at them
For seven years with many men,
Pulled down their flag
And stacked their guns.
They sailed away, they would not stay,
And did not come back for years,
And when they came George was dead;
But other men were there instead
And drove them back again.

I am seven years old. My father took me to see George Washington Monument a few days ago at the city which is named for the Boy of the Hatchet.

RALEIGH TRAVERS GREEN, JR.
Culpeper, Va., April 25, 1910.

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born near Abingdon, Washington county, Va., April 26, 1897.

"She who in April dates her years
Diamonds should wear, lest bitter tears
From vain repentance flow; this stone,
Emblem of innocence, is known."

I lived in the country seven years with my mother, father and a sister, who is almost five years older than me. My father is a doctor, so, of course, he had to hire some one to do the farming.

My step-grandmother and grandfather and half-aunt, who was three weeks older than me, lived a half-mile from us. Of course, we were always together.

Once grandmother missed us and hunted the house over for us and called us for ever so long, and was worried nearly to death, when at last she found us, wringing wet, trying to sweep the gravels out of the creek, for they hurt our feet. That was when we were three years old.

When we were four papa took us to Richmond, Baltimore, Virginia Beach and other places. In a circus in Baltimore I slipped away from mother and was found with the clown in a cart.

In a park in Richmond we met Governor Tyler, and papa, knowing him stopped to talk a few minutes.

"Margaret," he asked, "will you shake hands with me?"

"No, sir," I promptly answered.

"But why wouldn't you like to shake hands with the Governor of Virginia?" he asked, astonished.

"My hands are full, for I am feeding the squirrels," I replied.

"But you can lay your things down; that is no reason," he exclaimed. "Now what is the real reason?"

"You are just too big and fat," was my surprising answer.

In March, 1903, a baby boy came to our home. He was very, very sweet.

When I was seven we moved to the beautiful Valley of Shenandoah, to the town of Shenandoah, Va. We had been living here about one week when a fire broke out and threatened to burn the whole block on which we live. A great deal of excitement prevailed, but the block was saved.

My brother died after we moved here and we took him back to Southwest Virginia, where he now sleeps.

1910 finds and leaves me a simple, merry schoolgirl of thirteen.

MARGARET ROPP.
Shenandoah, Va.

IN COCOANUT JAIL.

Far, far away, from the noisy and the sleeping towns—away up in the top of a giant palm—a bunch of shaggy cocoanuts was swaying in the West Indian breeze. It looked just like the other bunches of cocoanuts on the neighboring palms, except that it swayed more than the others, and gave forth from time to time a sad, lonely little squeaking sob. Across the moonlit sand a coffee-colored witch came hobbling. She was old and bent, and carried a twist of native rope. She reached the first tree and rapped it sharply with her crooked stick.

The sobs stopped. "Oh, Uncle Teck, is that you at last?" It was Willy Wishingmouse. The coffee-colored witch gave a wicked laugh that showed two long yellow teeth. "Yell away," she called. "I'll Uncle Teck you." She passed her rope loseely around herself and the tree, knotting it behind her back. Then she grasped the rope with both hands, stuck her wrinkled bare feet against the tree trunk and began hitching herself toward the top like a limber old grasshopper.

Reaching the top, she unstrapped a canteen from her belt and poured the oil in it in the cocoanut that imprisoned Willy. "Ha! Ha! I've got you now, you thieving spirit, that stole away my soul," cried the witch. "Years ago it was when I fell asleep thirsty. My soul crept out of my mouth in the shape of a little red mouse and went creeping over the island seeking a drink. Now my soul is gone, but I've found a red mouse at last, and he shall pay the price. Ha! Ha! He shall pay!"

"It wasn't I!" screamed Willy. "I'm not red—that was just my red sash you saw. You're old and half blind. I'm no thief; let me out!"

"You'll be a nice red cocoanut pie in a couple o' winks!" yelled the coffee-colored witch. She struck a match on the horny sole of her brown foot and touched it to the dripping cluster.

A dark shadow like a great bird came suddenly between the witch and the tropical moon, but she never looked up till a blow from the Tecklemouse—leaning far over the rail of his airship—sent her toppling out of the palm tree.

"Quick, Davy; the fire extinguisher!"

The mouse grabbed it and emptied it over the cocoanuts. The flames died as suddenly as they had sprung up. Willy Wishingmouse was saved.

"Why didn't you wish yourself out, Willy?" asked the shivering twins.

"I could have," explained Willy, "but the old thing had me jammed into cocoanut jail so tightly I couldn't even wink, to say nothing of standing on one leg!" E. ROSE.

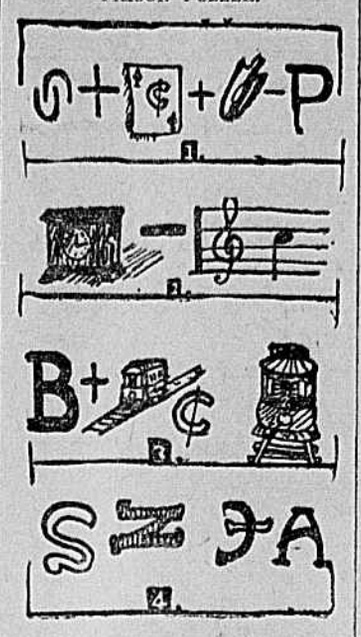
ALL ABOUT SEA ISLAND COTTON.

The first thing you do when you plant Sea Island cotton is all the men take big hoes and dig a place in the ground. The seeds are big and black. Then they drop the seed in and cover it up, and when it is full grown it is taller than a man's head. Then they pick it. They go out in the field and carry their dinner with them in the morning and stay until late in the evening. They carry big sacks to put it in. Then in the evening a big wagon comes and they put the cotton in it, and some little dump carts come, too. Some of them carry the cotton. When they get to the gin house all the cotton is thrown in. Then it is weighed and put up-stairs. The next morning the darkeys all come to the gin house and some of them get down behind the gins. They look like a big machine with big hands going from them down to the floor. The person behind takes the cotton and puts it through the gin through a piece of wood, it looks like, and it goes on through to the other side to another woman that puts it on a great big piece of cloth held up by sticks. Some more people are upstairs sorting the cotton; that means picking the trash out. Some of them take it and put in on a big wire thing about four inches wide and about three yards long and beat it on that and the trash goes through the wire and goes on the floor. The sorted cotton they put down a long thing in the floor made of wood that looks like a long box, and it goes through that down to the woman back of the gin I told you about. When the woman on the other side puts it on the big cloth a man takes it and puts it in another room, where another woman is sitting on a box behind a big wire thing that is propped up with sticks. She puts the cotton on the wire and beats it on it, and gets the trash out that the other people have left in, and then a man comes and takes it and puts it in a hole in the floor, where it falls down into a big bag fastened on to the hole, and the men put it in a great big piece of iron and press it down on the cotton, and and it presses it down in the bag, and a man down in the basement takes the bag out and takes a needle about three inches long and sews the end up and rolls it out in the yard. When you gin the cotton that gets the seed out. When it is rolled out in the yard a boat is brought up to the landing and the cotton is put on the boat, and is carried to town and sold and made in with silk. The gin is run by a big fire in the basement. I went down to my Aunt Ruth's and they have a cotton field, and I and my little sister have gone out and picked some ourselves. ANNE JENNINGS.
Lynchburg, Va.

FRANCES ANDERSON.

Puzzle Department

PRISON PUZZLE.



Each panel represents something connected with a prison. Carefully add and subtract as the plus and minus signs indicate, and in No. 4 simply arrange the letters in their correct rotation.

J. HOWARD DAVIS, JR.

Girls' Names in Figures.

1, 12, 9, 3, 5.
7, 12, 1, 4, 26, 19.
5, 4, 9, 30, 3.
1, 14, 14, 9, 5.
18, 15, 19, 1.
12, 15, 21, 9, 19, 5.
8, 5, 12, 5, 14.

CLAIRE HARRIS.

Girls' Names in Figures.

5, 13, 9, 12, 25.
12, 1, 21, 18, 1.
4, 5, 12, 9, 1.
16, 5, 1, 18, 12.
6, 12, 15, 18, 5, 14, 35.
13, 1, 18, 9, 15, 14.

FRANCES L. ANDERSON.
312 South Third Street, Richmond.

Cities' Puzzle.

1. Richmond.
2. Trenton.
3. Dover.
4. New York.
5. New Jersey.
6. Newark.

Country Puzzle.

1. Brown.
2. Green.
3. King George or King William.
4. Elizabeth.
5. General Washington.
6. President Washington.
7. Queen Anne.
8. Rice.
9. Hickory.

ANSWERS.

To girls' names in figures, by Gracie Turner: 1. Alice. 2. Helen. 3. Grace.
CLAIRE HARRIS.
Roxboro, N. C.

Answer to "Puzzling Stitches," by Estelle Gates: 1. Cross stitch. 2. Blind stitch. 3. Back stitch. 4. Drop stitch. 5. Chain stitch.
CLAIRE HARRIS.
Roxboro, N. C.

Answer to Jumbled States.

1. Kentucky. 2. Minnesota. 3. Virginia. 4. Arkansas. 5. South Carolina. 6. Georgia. 7. Indiana. 8. North Dakota. 9. Montana. 10. Idaho.

Answer to cities in figures:
1. Richmond. 2. Toronto. 3. Dover. 4. New York. 5. New Jersey. 7. Newark.

Answer to name of a boy: Robert.
LYRA V. RANSON.
Masonic Home, Va.

To Jumbled Cities.

1. Ogaciho—Chicago.
2. Klofron—Norfolk.
3. Cavoilbum—Columbia.
4. Areligh—Raleigh.
5. Grubpitres—Petersburg.

WILKIE BUTLER, JR.
Lancaster, S. C. P. O. Box 118.

SETTIN'.

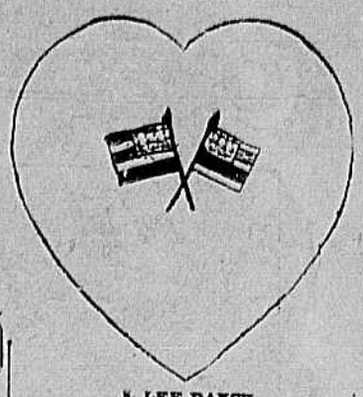
Once a farmer was sawing wood, when it occurred to him that he ought to have the help of one or two of his five sons, so he called them. Not a one came.

At dinner, of course, all of them were there. The farmer said: "Where were all of you about two hours ago? I called you, but not one of you came." The oldest answered, "I was in the shop a-settin' the saw." The second said, "I was in the barn a-settin' a hen." The third said, "I was in the attic settin' the trap." The fourth said, "I was in grandma's room a-settin' the clock." "What a remarkable set you are," said the farmer, and, turning to the last son, he said: "And where were you?" I was on the doorstep a-settin' still," replied the youngest son.
CLAIRE R. HARRIS.
Roxboro, N. C.

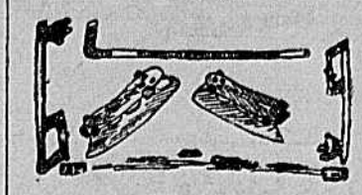
A DISMAL DAY IN THE CITY.

There had been a hesitating fall of snow in the morning, but before noon it had turned to a wild and fitful rain that had finally modified itself into a clinging mist as evening drew near. The heavy snowstorm of the last week in January had left the streets high on both sides with banks that thawed swiftly whenever the sun came out again.

Now, at nightfall, after a muggy day, a sickening slush had spread itself treacherously over the crossings. The shop girls going home had to pick their way cautiously from corner to corner under the iron pillars supporting the stations of the elevated railroad. The atmosphere was thick with a damp haze, and there was a halo haze about every yellow globe in the windows of the barrooms at the four corners of the avenue. More frequent, as the dismal day wore to an end, was the hoarse and lugubrious tooting of the ferryboats in the East River. MARY YANCEY.
South Hill, Va.



S. LEE DANCE.



HARRY BRIGHT KECK.

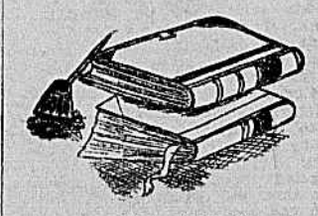
HOWARD DAVIS, JR.

LYRA V. RANSON.

THELMA TIGNOR.

CHAMER MORTON.

H. BRIGHT KECK.



LYRA RANSON.

ALETHA HANCOCK.

ANNE COCKE.