

# The Black and Gold

WINSTON-SALEM CITY  
HIGH SCHOOL



JUNE, 1918

# We Specialize on Clothes For Men and Young Men

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There are certain momentous occasions in every young man's life when he wants to feel particularly at ease in his clothes. For instance, when he graduates, proposes or on his wedding day.

## Society Brand Clothes

*Create this well groomed assurance*

Then why not wear them on any and all occasions, if you care to be well dressed?

**It Pays to Follow the Arrow**



# Contents

	<i>Page</i>
Dedication -----	3
Class Roll -----	4
“The Seniors’ Farewell” -----	31
<i>Ava Carter</i>	
Class History -----	32
<i>Miriam Vaughn</i>	
Senior Thoughts -----	34
Editorials -----	39
A Visit to Winston-Salem of 1940 -----	41
<i>Annie Mary Cantrell and Annie Foster</i>	
Senior Personals -----	47
Senior Essays -----	49
With the Fun-Makers -----	50
Our Typewriting Contest -----	54
The Guitar Club -----	57
Athletics -----	59

## ILLUSTRATIONS

Prof. Preston L. Wright -----	Frontispiece
Members of Senior Class -----	4 to 30
High School Building -----	38
Domestic Science Club -----	48
Typewriting Team -----	54
Guitar Club -----	56
Football Team -----	58
Baseball Team -----	60



PRESTON L. WRIGHT

Our Former Teacher Who Is Now a Y. M. C. A. War Secretary

# The Black and Gold

Published Quarterly by the Upper Classes of the  
Winston-Salem City High School

VOL. VIII

JUNE, 1918

No. 4

## DEDICATION



To The Faculty

AND

Students of Winston-Salem High School

who have enlisted

in the Service of Our Country

WE THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED & EIGHTEEN

DEDICATE THIS ISSUE

OF

THE BLACK AND GOLD



REBECCA SHELBY RUSS

"Reba" "Wee"

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

Member Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society, Help-Win War-  
Savings Society, Rooters' Club,  
and Hoover Brigade.

ABIGAIL CALDWELL ROAN

*"Her virtue and the conscience of  
her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not  
unsought, be won."*

Associate Editor of BLACK AND  
GOLD; Member of Charles D.  
McIver Literary Society, Rooters'  
Club, Choir, Help-Win War-  
Savings Society, and Guitar Club.





MARGARET ELIZABETH STOCKTON

"Sister" "Peggy"

*"None know her but to love her,  
none name her but to praise."*

Pianist High School Orchestra;  
Compiler of Quotations for  
Senior BLACK AND GOLD; Member  
Charles D. McIver Literary  
Society, Guitar Club, Choir, and  
Rooters' Club.

MARGARET LOUINE MURCHISON

"Lune"

*"Her merry heart goes all the  
day."*

Member Rooters' Club, Help-  
Win War-Savings Society, and  
Charles D. McIver Literary  
Society.





LUCIA GORDON WILKINSON

"Boots"

*"She is truly great; for she is little in herself, and maketh no account of any height of honors."*

Vice-president of Class; Associate Editor BLACK AND GOLD; Member Program Committee Charles D. McIver Literary Society, second term, Help-Win War-Savings Society, Rooters' Club, Choir and Guitar Club.

CARRIE SHELTON HENDREN

"Snow" "Snowbird"

*"Charms strike the sight, her merit wins the soul."*

Secretary Rooters' Club; Chairman Program Committee Charles D. McIver Literary Society, second term; Member Help-Win War-Savings Society and Choir.





MIRIAM KATHERINE EFIRD

"Minnie-Ha-Ha"

*"Hers is a tender heart, a will  
inflexible."*

President Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society, first and second  
terms; Member of Rooters' Club  
and Help-Win War-Savings  
Society.

KATHRYN ISOBELLE SHARPE

"Katrina"

*"In her experience, all her friends  
relied;  
Heaven was her help, and nature  
was her guide."*

Treasurer Rooters' Club; Mem-  
ber of Typewriting Team,  
Hoover Brigade, Choir, and  
Help-Win War-Savings Society;  
Fun-Maker Senior BLACK AND  
GOLD.





RUTH TATUM

"Doots" "Rufus"

*"She does her best,  
Does well, acts nobly."*

Secretary Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society; Member Choir,  
Rooters' Club, and Help-Win  
War-Savings Society.

MINNIE ALICE HATCHER

"Jeff"

*"Mindful, though not of herself."*

Member Rooters' Club, Charles  
D. McIver Literary Society,  
Help-Win War-Savings Society,  
and Charter Member Hoover  
Brigade.





MARY FRANCES SHEPHERD

*"True eyes  
Too honest in aught to disguise  
The sweet soul shining through  
them."*

President Rooters' Club; Associate Editor BLACK AND GOLD; Member War-Savings Society, Guitar Club, Choir, Charles D. McIver Literary Society; Compiler of Quotations for BLACK AND GOLD.

SARA ANGELINE JEFFREYS

*"Gay"*

*"She dealt largely in laughter  
and nothing in tears."*

Cheer Leader Rooters' Club; Secretary Charles D. McIver Literary Society, first term; Fun-Maker Senior BLACK AND GOLD; Member War-Savings Society, Guitar Club and Choir.





MARY ELIZABETH HENDREN

*"If to her share some girlish  
errors fall,  
Look on her face, and you'll  
forget them all."*

Member Rooters' Club and Choir;  
Secretary War-Savings Society,  
Secretary Class; Assistant Busi-  
ness Manager BLACK AND GOLD;  
Chairman Program Committee of  
Literary Society.

TREVA PAULINE SPRINKLE

"Bunch"

*"Her loveliness I never knew  
until she smiled on me."*

Member Program Committee  
Charles D. McIver Literary  
Society, War-Savings Society,  
and Rooters' Club.





LOUISE VIRGINIA MORRIS

"Twin"

*"Her bright smile haunts us still."*

Member Typewriting Team,  
Rooters' Club, Charles D. Mc-  
Iver Literary Society, Charter  
Member Hoover Brigade.

LINA MARGARET HARRIS

"Piggy"

*"It warms us, it charms us to  
mention her name."*

Member Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society, War-Savings  
Society, Hoover Brigade.





CATHARINE LOIS CARTER

"Gill"

*"Thine eyes are springs in whose  
serene and silent waters  
heaven is seen."*

Member Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society, War-Savings  
Society, Rooters' Club, Hoover  
Brigade; Compiler of Quotations  
for Senior BLACK AND GOLD.

ANNIE SUE ROUGHTON

"Sue Ann"

*"Be to her virtues very kind,  
"Be to her faults a little blind."*

Member Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society, War-Savings  
Society, and Rooters' Club.





SADIE MARCELLE PENRY

"Sallie"

*"A happy soul, that all the way,  
To heaven hath a summer's day."*

Member Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society, Help-Win War-  
Savings Society, and Rooters'  
Club.

KATIE SCHUTTIE LEIGH

"Kitty"

*"When she had passed it seemed  
like the ceasing of exquisite  
music."*

Member Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society, Rooters' Club,  
Hoover Brigade, Help-Win War-  
Savings Society.





MARGARET ELEAÑOR STEVENS

"Beet"

*"She feels within her  
A place above all earthly dignities,  
And a still and quiet conscience."*

Member Rooters' Club, Charles  
D. McIver Literary Socie'y, War-  
Savings Society, Hoover Brigade.

MIRIAM CLAYTOR VAUGHN

"Midget"

*"Grace was in all her steps,  
heaven in her eye, in every  
gesture, dignity and love."*

Critic Literary Society, first  
term; Assistant Editor BLACK  
AND GOLD; President Safety  
League; Class Historian; Mem-  
ber Rooters' Club, War-Savings  
Society, Choir, and Guitar Club.





LENA ANNA SETLIFF

"Snookums"

*"Of all our parts the eyes express  
The sweetest kind of bashfulness."*

Member Charles D McIver  
Literary Society, Rooters' Club,  
Help-Win War-Savings Society,  
Hoover Brigade.

TREVA ONEIDA SMITHERMAN

*"To those who know thee not,  
No words can paint.  
And those who know thee,  
Know all words are faint."*

Member Program Committee  
Charles D. McIver Literary  
Society, first term; Member  
Rooters' Club, Help-Win War-  
Savings Society.





AVA CARTER

"Jack"

*"If when I look on thee and hear  
thy voice  
In a low whispered melody,  
alone;  
When it is breathing in its sweet-  
est tone  
All the deep feelings of my heart  
rejoice."*

Critic Charles D. McIver Liter-  
ary Society, second term; Class  
Poet; Member Rooters' Club;  
Help-Win War-Savings Society.

GEORGIE ELISE SAULS

"Deordina"

*"But when she smiled, methought  
I could have compassed sea  
and land to do her bidding."*

Member Rooters' Club, Help-  
Win War-Savings Society.





ANNIE LENORA POE

"Peggy"

*"Love, sweetness, goodness,  
In her person shined."*

Member Hoover Brigade, Help-  
Win War-Savings Society;  
Charles D. McIver Literary  
Society.

ANNIE PRICE FOSIER

"Pete"

*"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,  
More loving or more loyal, never  
beat  
Within a human breast."*

Class Prophet; Corrector Charles  
D. McIver Literary Society;  
Member Help-Win War-Savings  
Society, Hoover Brigade.





CRYSTAL JESSAMINE THOMAS

"Chryss"

*"Heart on her lips, and soul  
within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime and sunny as  
her skies."*

Member Rooters' Club, Charles  
D. McIver Literary Society,  
Help-Win War-Savings Society.

ANNIE MARY CANTRELL

"Annie Can"

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic  
and fun,  
Who relished a joke and rejoiced  
in a pun."*

Press Reporter Charles D. Mc-  
Iver Literary Society, second  
term; Class Prophet; Associate  
Editor BLACK AND GOLD; Mem-  
ber Help-Win War-Savings  
Society, Rooters' Club.





RUTH CORNELIA HAUSER

"Rufus"

*"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good."*

Associate Editor BLACK AND  
Gold; Member Rooters' Club,  
Help-Win War-Savings Society.



CORRINA PAUTHENY CHATMON

"Petheny"

*"What would you have? Your  
gentleness shall force  
More than your force move us  
to gentleness."*



MARGARET LUCILE NICHOLS

"Pickles"

*"Thy actions to thy words accord: Thy words to thy large heart give utterance due: Thy heart contains of good, wise, just the perfect shape."*

Editor-in-Chief BLACK AND GOLD; Member Hoover Brigade, Charles D. McIver Literary Society, Help-Win War-Savings Society.

ELSIE BROWN MOSES

"Pug" "Brown"

*"Hers is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent."*

Vice-President Rooters' Club; Member Charles D. McIver Literary Society, Choir, and Help-Win War-Savings Society.





MARTHA LEWIS

*"That which she wills, she does,  
and does well."*

Member Charles D. McIver  
Literary Society, Rooters' Club,  
Hoover Brigade, Help-Win War-  
Savings Society.

OWEN C. MCKINNIE, JR.

"Mac"

*"He was a man, take him for all  
in all."*

Member Calvin H. Wiley Liter-  
ary Society, Football Team,  
Athletic Association, Hi-Y Bible  
Class, Help-Win War-Savings  
Society.





GENOS SCOTT

*"Time, place, action, may with  
pains be wrought,  
But genius must be born, and  
never can be taught."*

Member Athletic Association,  
Help-Win War-Savings Society,  
Baseball Team.

N. SHERWOOD HOLLEMAN

"Senator"

*"Three-fifths of him genius and  
two-fifths sheer fudge."*

Member Literary Society, Ath-  
letic Association, Help-Win War-  
Savings Society.





E. CARL SINK

"Sidney"

*"'Tis pleasant sure to see one's  
name in print,  
A book's a book, although there's  
nothing in it."*

Assistant Editor-in-Chief BLACK  
AND GOLD; Press Reporter Calvin  
H. Wiley Literary Society; Mem-  
ber Help-Win War-Savings  
Society, Athletic Association;  
Compiler of Quotations.

WILLIAM E. LINEBACK, JR.

"Bill"

*"Before man made us citizens,  
great nature made us men."*

Member Athletic Association,  
Hi-Y Club, Typewriting Team,  
Baseball Team, Help-Win War-  
Savings Society.





CHARLES J. LANGLEY

"Chick"

*"He mouths a sentence  
As curs mouth a bone."*

Member Football Team, Basketball Team, Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society Debating Team, Athletic Association; Fun-Maker Senior BLACK AND GOLD.

FORREST JARRELL WRIGHT

"Socrates"

*"Of manners gentle, of affections  
mild,  
In will a man, simplicity a child."*

Member of Athletic Association,  
War-Savings Society.





MARION W. NASH

"Miss Marian"

*"No duty could overtask him,  
No need his will outrun."*

Class President; Business Manager BLACK AND GOLD; Chairman Membership Committee Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society; Member Athletic Association, Debating Team, President War-Savings Society.

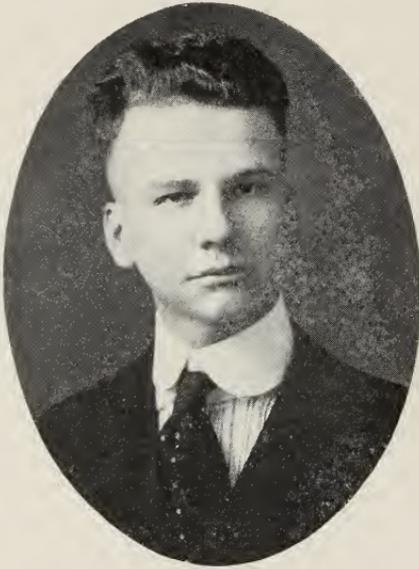
PAUL FREDERICK LANCASTER

"Preacher"

*"Describe him who can,  
An abridgment of all that was  
pleasant in man."*

Member Executive Committee Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, Athletic Association, Football Team, Baseball Team, War-Savings Society.





NATHANIEL SHELLEY BEARD

"Whiskers"

*"He bears him like a portly gentleman."*

Member Athletic Association;  
Treasurer Safety League.

GEORGE CLAIR TUDOR, JR.

*"O sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks."*

Associate Editor BLACK AND GOLD; Member War-Savings Society and Athletic Association; Fun-Maker Senior BLACK AND GOLD.





KOYT SAMUEL NISSEN

"Sammy"

*"None but himself can be his parallel."*

Assistant Business Manager BLACK AND GOLD; Vice-President and Chairman Executive Committee Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society; Member Athletic Association, and War-Savings Society.

THOMAS CRAWFORD

"Kid"

*"Flushing white and softened red;  
Mingling tints, as when there  
glows  
In snowy milk the bashful rose."*

Treasurer of Class; Vice-President Athletic Association; Member Football Team, and War-Savings Society; Compiler of Quotations Senior BLACK AND GOLD.





JAMES NEWTON PLASTER

"Jimmie"

*"One inch of joy surmounts of  
grief a span,  
Because to laugh is proper to the  
man."*

Member of Orchestra, Baseball Team, Athletic Association, Typewriting Team, and War-Savings Society.

ARTHUR ALONZO HOLLEMAN

"Poss"

*"Wise to resolve and patient to  
perform."*

Marshal C. H. Wiley Literary Society; Member Debating Team, Help-Win War-Savings Society, Athletic Association, Typewriting Team.





ROBERT BAKER CRAWFORD, JR.

"Peas"

*"The man who hails you Tom,  
or Jack,  
And proves by thumping on your  
back."*

President Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society; President of High School War-Savings Society; Vice President Safety League; Assistant Business Manager BLACK AND GOLD; Member Athletic Association, Hi-Y Bible Class, Help-Win War-Savings Society.

WELDON CECIL BRANDON

*"There was a laughing devil in  
his eye."*

Member Basketball Team, Athletic Association.





HARRY S. ANDERSON

"Hap or Happy"

*"Good at a fight, but better at  
a play."*



## “The Seniors’ Farewell”

*(With many apologies to Milton)*

Yet once more, O ye classmates, and once more  
Ye teachers dear, whom we shall ne’er forget,  
We’re forced to try our skill at rhyme  
And at a sad and tearful time  
To say “Farewell” to those whom we have met  
In class, the last time at old W. H. S.  
’Tis true we’ll see them all again, no doubt,  
But oh! the changes that will then be wrought  
In all our classmates, more or less.  
We say “Farewell” to friends and foes  
(Our peace to these, our love to those)  
That to us all both joy and tears have brought.  
May old Dame Fortune smile on them  
As she has ne’er been known to smile,  
And may they sometimes find the things they sought  
At Winston High School, all the while.

AVA CARTER.

## Class History



ONCE upon a time a decree was sent forth summoning the young Princes and Princesses of the country to assemble in the House of Knowledge. From the North and South, from the East and West they came, until there was not room enough in the House for the goodly number. From time immemorial this order had been issued that the youth of the land might learn the ways of wisdom, but in the good year 1914 more Princes and Princesses obeyed the order than ever before. So that the Master of the House was hard put to it to know what to do with them. At length, however, he succeeded in placing them in the various departments of the House, some in the Latin Wing, some in the Commercial, a few in the Introductory High.

Then the Master told the young inmates of his House that they must overcome many giants and ogres before they could be dubbed Noble Knights and Fair Ladies of Honor. He told them, moreover, that every day a fairy godmother or father would be on hand to show them how to overcome these ogres and that at the end of nine months opportunity would be given them to show their valor in mastering their enemies; and that unless they overcame these Giants of Difficulties no promotion to higher opportunities would be given them.

So the young Freshmen youths and lasses polished their weapons and right valiantly they wielded them month after month until the supreme test came, the Day of Final Examinations. Then, alas! some were overcome by one Giant after another; others had hard battle to pass the Ogre Latin; others just did succeed in conquering High School English, while not a few fell victim to their ancient enemy, Mathematics.

Yet a fair proportion came through, though battle-scarred and weary, and when the long vacation was over, gladly took up their weapons for higher duties in the House of Learning.

And now they were called no longer Freshmen but Sophomores, and, oh, how proudly they loved their honorable name. With what scorn they looked upon the Freshmen! How they shouted their superiority even to the Seniors! There were many points they had to overcome this year, but their spirits bore them proudly through all difficulties.

Only one thing disturbed them this year. While Freshmen, they had shown too great a liking, Princes and Princesses, for one

another and so they were separated, put in separate apartments and allowed to exchange smiles only at Chapel.

It was during this second year of these Princes and Princesses that a tournament was held and many foreign Knights came to prove their valor, and the fair damsels gave these Knights a feast. And so merry a time had they that again and again the feastings were repeated and with laughter and light-heartedness the year passed away.

As Juniors the Princes and Princesses gathered the next year. And a happy throng they were. Much time was spent in feasting and merriment. On Hallowe'en night they assembled as goblins, witches and ghosts, and with their guests, the Seniors, they laughed and told fortunes and "tripped it on the light fantastic toe".

As Seniors, these light-hearted young folk found they must sustain the reputation made by former classes and assume dignity if not acquire it. But, alas! the habit of years was hard to break, and time after time high ideals and lofty endeavors were overcome by the gay spirit of adventure. And so the days passed—hard tasks—good times;—the Guitar Club thrumming away on their instruments; Red Cross knitters gayly gossiping over their soldier-sweaters and mufflers; Domestic Science girls baking Christmas cakes for the boys over there; Knights of the Typewriter pegging away to win the State championship; Ball-players and Rooters striving for the honors of the field at home and abroad; members of the War-Savings Society working to make Thrift Stamps War-Savings Stamps; would-be writers laboring over English essays; all their tasks, great and small, made the year pass swiftly away, till at length the time drew near when the Princes and Princesses must bid farewell to their House of Knowledge and, with certificates of honors won, step forth into the world outside, the great workaday world that looms big after Commencement Day.

MIRIAM VAUGHN.



## Senior Thoughts

Through all my life, wherever I am, I shall always remember Winston High School. I may forget some of the Latin and some of the Physics that I learned, but I shall never forget the great lessons and the happy days I have spent here in the Winston-Salem High School.

MIRIAM EFIRD.

---

If boys and girls only realized how hard it is to leave school when they were Seniors and really had to, I'm sure they wouldn't hate to go to school, but would make the best of their time and just be happy. Some people have the idea that they can't study and have a good time, too; but they can, since happiness is the keynote to most successes.

SARA JEFFREYS.

---

Full many a time we have scorned our books,  
 Full many a time with angered looks;  
 But now—when 'tis time to rest  
 With tearful eyes, with sad hearts  
 We leave our dear old W. H. S.

TREVA SPRINKLE.

---

During my High School years I have learned at least one lesson which I hope to carry through life; that in *everything*, no matter how hard it may seem, "Honesty is the best policy".

ANNIE POE.

---

The thing that I value most from my High School life, is not the Algebra, Physics, or English that I have learned, for they will soon be forgotten; but it is the training of my mind. To be able to see things from all angles, to concentrate on the task that is before me, and, greatest of all, to be able to say "not guilty" when there is fraudulent trouble, is true knowledge worth four years in even a king's life.

R. B. CRAWFORD, JR.

---

"Honest confession is good for the soul." So I shall begin by saying that though I have been accused justly of many things in

my young life, I was never, until today, accused of having a thought, and I fear it is an unjust accusation. But Miss M. seemed so certain when she said *pityingly*, "Kathryn, haven't you a foolish thought for us?" that I almost believed I could venture one. So here goes: Before leaving this Great Institution of Learning, I hereby make public my innermost intentions: that I forgive my teachers the neat little zeros showered upon me; that I bear no malice toward Miss H. for assigning to me, during my two years of cookery, the hardest war recipes, for making me figure the cost of 1 tsp. of salt; measure a barrel of flour by cups, make one-sixteenth of a whole recipe, and even count beans. I forgive Miss M. for the many times she has caused my heart to sink to my boots. And last but not least, I forgive the entire High School for their lack of appreciation of a genius!

KATHRYN SHARPE.

---

As my last year at High School draws swiftly to a close, I try to summarize all I have accomplished. I think of how hard at times it was to face the difficulties and how tempted I was to shirk. I think of how wronged I felt I was when school duties came between me and some coveted pleasure. But now I realize that my benefits have been according to my labors in school and my deepest regret is that I did not put more into it.

ANNIE FOSTER.

---

Who will take the place of the men of today? America is depending more than ever on the young American High School Boy of today to fill the place of those killed and mangled on the field of battle. Some one must take their place and none but the younger generation can possibly do this. The chance of an education comes but once in a lifetime and our duty to our country is to make ourselves fit to take up the burden of the coming years.

FORREST J. WRIGHT.

---

Of all my High-School years the Senior year is the one that I shall always look back upon with most pleasure. I hate to leave my teachers and classmates, for never will we be together in the future as we have been in the past.

GEORGIE SAULS.

---

It is with mingled grief and joy that I leave this dear old

W.-S. H. S. For years I have looked forward to *my* own graduation, but now, when the actual event arrives, I begin to realize what golden days our school days are.

SADIE PENRY.

---

We are here to train our characters as well as our minds. There is success as well as failure in every undertaking. I wonder how many of us have succeeded in getting the most out of this year's work.

KOYT NISSEN.

---

High School days are over,  
 And I'm sorry as can be,  
 I've had the nicest kind of time  
 And they will treasured memories be.

LOIS CARTER.

---

After many years, how often we will think of the year 1918. It will be one that will forever "stick in" our memory. What class has ever graduated under such conditions? We will be proud to know that our class had more of a chance to give and lend to "Uncle Sam" than any other before us.

AVA CARTER.

---

I am so glad that I have been able to go through a fourth year in High School. In the other years, I learned a great deal, but it was mostly the elements of knowledge or the foundation. My Senior course has taught me more than that and in it I feel that I have entered at last into that bigger world of thought, in the world in which one might spend a lifetime studying and yet not learn a fraction of the things which it contains.

LUCIA GORDON WILKINSON.

---

In years to come when I am thinking of my High School days, it will be a real pleasure to remember the high standard of morals which the school and faculty uphold in their work.

RUTH TATUM.

---

We value most the things that we get out of life, and that is what I value about my High School education. I want to say

to the students that come after me that the one who fails and takes it like a man does not fail.

MINNIE HATCHER.

---

Don't go 'round with a long sad face,  
Let your smiles this "Old High" grace.

Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, friends,  
When you're toiling for the end,  
Think of all the work required  
To get the "Dip" so long desired.

Will I get it? yes, you say.  
Then get the most from the present day;  
Don't wait until 'tis time for test  
To think you're doing your very best.

LELIA COX.

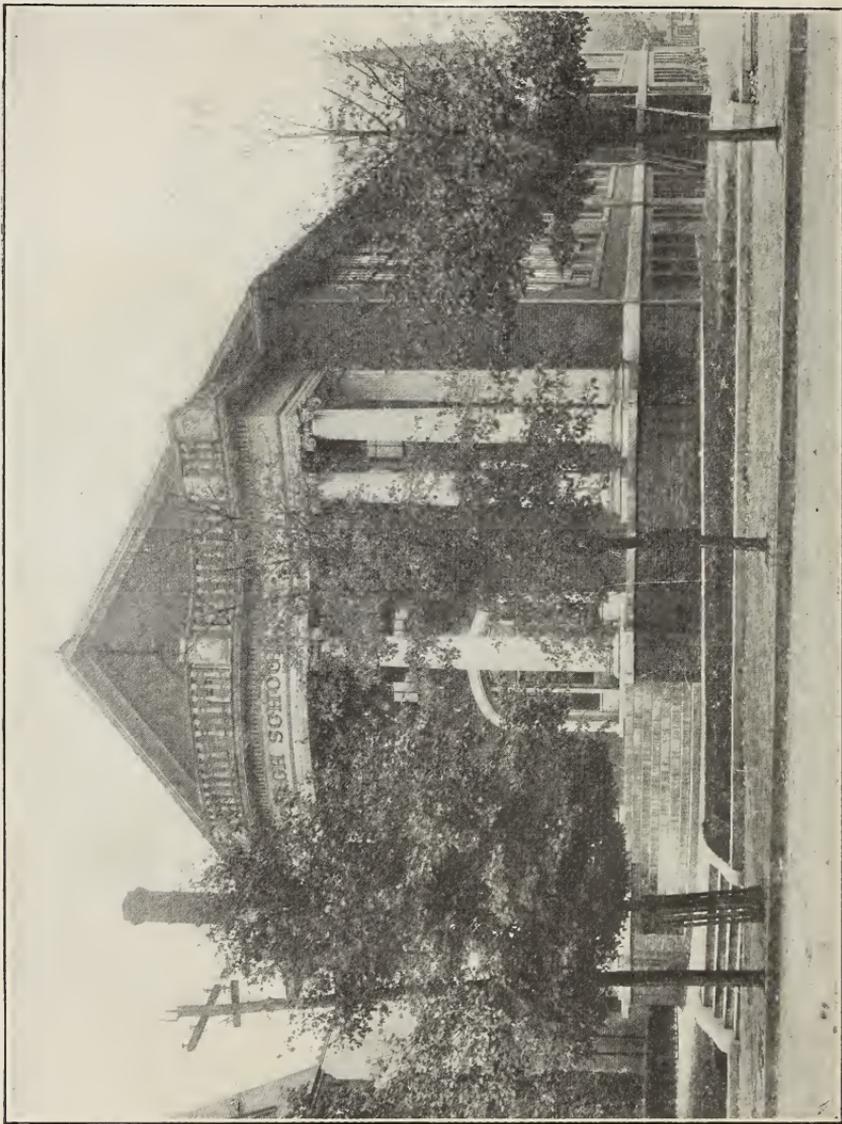
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During my years in the Winston-Salem High School I have awakened to the realization that people are not making the best of their opportunity. If we could only see ahead and know what is in store for us I think we would all do better than some of us are doing. Let me leave this parting thought with those who follow me:

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long,  
And make life, death, and that vast forever,  
One grand sweet song."

MARTHA LEWIS.





WINSTON-SALEM HIGH SCHOOL

# The Black and Gold

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Published Quarterly by the Upper Classes of the  
Winston-Salem City High School

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## Editorials



HE time is drawing near when we must say farewell to our school days at W.-S. High School and the happy hours spent here will soon be memories only. These four years have been happy years; and yet there have been hard days, too, days when we had disappointments to overcome and difficult tasks to accomplish. And now we are through it all, we are about to go out into the world to seek our fortunes--to commence life as real life. Let us find some way to do not only our

bit but our best. Let us "do noble things, not dream them all day." Let us strive to serve our fellowman, our country, and our God, and make the ultimate result "one grand, sweet song". All of us cannot be great, yet we may "give to the world the best we have and the best will come back to us."

L. N.

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TO THE CLASSES OF '19, '20, '21 AND 22:

This year there will pass out of the High School, out of active participation as students in school life, some fifty students, leaving school to take their places in the world outside. For four years we have been preparing ourselves in the High School for this event, and we go forth confident that we have been given every possible aid in this preparation by as efficient a faculty as can be found in the State. It is true that we have been handicapped by the abnormal condition resulting from war, but we as a whole have done our best and leave with every assurance of a victorious struggle with the world.

Uncle Sam is sending his quota over to fight for democracy, and we go to fill the places of those whom he has called to the colors. But in our going there will be left a gap in the line, and it is your duty to fill this gap to the utmost of your ability. Life is a long series of developments and now the developments are calling for more persons, because of the Beast over the seas. You are a part of a great chain in our National life and we look to you not only to keep this chain intact but to strengthen it in your particular links.

We of the class going out are passing our duties along to you, and in doing so we are confident that we not only leave them in competent hands, but, indeed, in hands that have every reason to be more competent than ours, because of the knowledge that will come from the Great War.

So, therefore, let us urge you to put your shoulders to the wheel and never let up until the summit of attainment has been reached. We are placing our hopes upon you and we know that they are not misplaced, whatever the coming difficulties and hardships, for you are members of the W.-S. H. S. and its motto is "The Best Always".

E. C. S.

## A Visit to Winston-Salem of 1940



“ALL aboard”, sang out the conductor of the Eastbound limited, and with a leap Annie and I made the train. For over twenty years we had been away from our native land and now we were on our way to visit the home of our youth, Winston-Salem. We had just settled down for a comfortable trip when we were startled by a strangely familiar voice, “Popcorn, peanuts, oranges, apples,” and looking up we recognized our old classmate and friend, Genos Scott! Well, Genos always was a progressive soul and now nothing contented him but hurrying from one end of the country to the other.

When we arrived in Winston-Salem, we went into a drug store to consult a directory as to the whereabouts of our old acquaintances. And whom should we see behind the fountain dealing out soft drinks but Annie Poe! Annie Poe a soda-jerker! We were too astonished to speak a word, but dumbly and incredulously pored over the directory.

Miriam Efirde’s was the first familiar name we saw, for after twenty years we found that she was still Miriam Efirde, having rejected one suitor after another, and was now keeping house for her married sisters at the old home place. So post-haste we went to see Miriam.

Miriam told us that Carrie Hendren was Mayor of the Twin-City. Yes, Carrie had a husband that she kept somewhere in the background, but he was more often called *Mr.* Carrie Hendren than she was *Mrs.* Willie Smith.

“And Elizabeth Hendren is at Morganton,” she said.

“At Morganton! You can’t mean it!” This from Annie, who was much frustrated at the idea of our brilliant Lib being a lunatic.

“Oh, I only mean she is president of the State Insane Asylums,” explained Miriam.

Miriam also informed us that Tom Crawford had made himself famous by circumnavigating the globe and that R. B. Crawford was the town’s most brilliant lawyer and head of many progressive movements.

“What about Sara?” I asked. “Is she still in the city?”

“Yes, she is in Winston-Salem,” returned Miriam, “but rather *again*, than *still*. She globe-trotted for fifteen years and then came back and settled down.”

I could hardly imagine Sara’s ever settling down, but I took Miriam’s word for it.

"Come, Annie," said I to that individual who had evidently fallen into a revery. "Let's go and hunt up Sara Jeffreys."

"You mean Mrs. J. B——n," laughed Miriam. "Yes, that was the cause of her settling down,—J. B——n."

We left with a promise to call again before leaving the city. On the way to Sara's house we stopped in a book-store, as Annie wished to buy some stationery. There behind the counter was Forrest Wright. I recognized him at once, but it seemed that we were entire strangers to him.

"Yes, madam," he said to Annie who stated her wants, "this way, please."

Left alone, I employed my time in reading a placard that was before me. With a start I saw the words:

"O JUST BECAUSE"

Latest Book of the Famous Novelist

E. CARL SINK

*Buy one now*

Opening one from the pile lying on the counter, I read: "To M. C. V. in memory of those dear old days at W.-S. H. S."

As Forrest brought Annie back, he said, "Don't you wish to buy a copy? We have all his books. You should read them. Ladies," he continued impressively, "ladies. I went to school with the author, I really did; and with the writer of these verses, too." And so saying, he drew from the shelf a dainty blue and gold volume entitled, "Fancies and Favorites", by Abigail C. Roan.

As I put aside the little book, I could see again the old eleventh-grade room, Abigail bending over her BLACK AND GOLD assignments, Carl, with knitted brow, writing his belated editorials; I could see the other boys and girls, one by one, as the memories of happy days surged through my mind, and suddenly my eyes filled with tears.

It was no time to be crossing the busy street with bedimmed eyes, and had not a Blue-Coat seized my arm with a fierce "Do you want to get killed? Well—why! bless my hat, that face is strangely like Annie Mary Cantrell!" I might have lost my life. "Ha! ha! ha! so you don't recognize Owen McKinnie?"

And Owen McKinnie it was! We immediately fell to questioning him about the boys, but strange to say he knew more about the girls. Margaret Harris, he told us, was head of the Domestic Science Department at the Normal, and Katie Leigh was running a jitney in Baltimore. He also said that Lucy Jewett had gone

to France as a nurse and had fallen in love with France and, incidentally, a French aviator, and therefore had not returned to the United States; that Crystal Thomas had tried her hand at matrimony a number of times and was now hunting bugs in the wilds of South America with her present husband, who was a noted scientist; that Louise Morris had made her fortune by inventing a new style hairpin and with her money had purchased Dunlap Springs which she had made a great success.

Just then a fierce "Honk! honk"! was all that kept us from being run over sure enough. A large car passed by and Owen doffed his cap to the impressive individual in it, and said "That, my friends, is the right Honorable Koyt Nissen, owner of Winston-Salem's greatest manufacturing plant. It is rumored he will be the State's next Governor. And, oh, yes," he went on, "I *can* tell you about one other of the boys, George Tudor. But look at that poster there and see for yourselves."

We looked across the street at the billboard indicated, and saw amid gayly-colored pictures, these unexpected words: "Tudor Brothers' Greater Circus. The World's Best-Known Production. The Wonder of All Civilized Nations."

Bidding farewell to our policeman friend, we pushed on our way through the crowds to Sara's house. But we were to have another surprise before reaching our destination. Thronging one side of the street was a great mass of people and we caught sight of a tall, very thin figure in the midst standing on a soap box. These words reached our ears: "The rich man is robbing you, you the people, to whom the wealth of the whole world belongs! Cure this evil, oh ye people; right this wrong! There is one cure, one right,—Socialism!"

We could not mistake that figure and voice. It was Charles Langley.

Just then a fire alarm rang out, and before we could realize it, a great fire engine came racing down the street with a woman—yes, Corrina Chatmon, perched on the driver's seat! We recognized Corrina after twenty years, by the characteristic tilt of her hat, and the expression on her face, fixed and stern, when she is perturbed.

We had scarcely recovered our equilibrium when we discovered that we had reached the address Miriam had given us. We rang the door-bell of a large fine-looking house, and Sara herself answered our ring. It was the same old Sara and not one bit settled as I could see. Her surprised exclamations at seeing us quieted after awhile, and we sat down for a good chat. Of course, we asked after our old friends and so Sara told us what she knew.

"Elsie Brown Moses," she said, "has married a millionaire, and has given her entire fortune—or rather his—to establish a home for soldiers maimed in the world war. I suspect you have heard of the Lillian Ruffin Home. Well, that's the one.

"And Kathryn Sharpe has at last, after many years of hard labor, invented a new-fangled typewriter. It is wonderful because it needs no stenographer, but just runs itself. Kathryn intends to establish her manufacturing plant as soon as she can get anyone to finance the venture—I doubt if she ever gets a start myself. It is hoped—by the stenographers!—that this typewriter will soon be in general use all over the United States.

"I had a letter from Lelia Cox only last week. She is in California and is, so she says, helping her husband run a grapefruit farm. But from what I know of Lee, I doubt if she is much help!"

Just here Sara halted her discourse to pick up a newspaper that had fallen on the floor. "Do you see this paper?" she asked. We saw it. It was the Winston-Salem Journal. "Well, Harry Anderson is the editor-in-chief of it."

So she continued and told us that Ava Carter, upon being unable to choose between her music and her poetical gift, had compromised by combining the two and had become a musical composer. And also she had taken unto herself a poetic husband with a musical voice.

Louine Murchison, the mechanical minded, so Sara said, had finally realized her dearest hope, and invented an auto which was very inexpensive because its two parts were made to act as one. The driver sat on the gasoline tank and used the steering wheel both to guide by and as brakes. But what was most remarkable in it, was that it ran like the proverbial Ford, on its reputation and required no motor. The President had taken up the matter of using it as a Government machine, for it had only two wheels and could go where others could not.

ANNIE MARY CANTRELL.

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At this point in Sara's account we were interrupted by the entrance of her husband and a tall, straight gentleman who was introduced as Senator Holleman.

"Not Sherwood?" I cried.

"The same," he answered. And then I saw, that in spite of the dignity he had assumed, it was the same Sherwood Holleman who used to sit across from us in the old Senior room.

"Tell us about Arthur, your brother," said Annie Mary.

"Arthur's still on the farm," Sherwood modestly replied.

"And some farm it is," Sara's husband put in. "It's the Mecca for all would-be-successful farmers. From the four corners of the globe people come to view it. Indeed, Arthur employs a high-salaried man, another of your classmates, by the way, Charles Kirk, just to show people about; and Miss Stevens to demonstrate to visitors food values of various farm products."

"Not Margaret Stevens?" I interrupted.

"Yes, Margaret Stevens," Sherwood answered. "The same Margaret who went to school with us."

"Will wonders never cease!" exclaimed Annie Mary.

"I can tell you something more wonderful than that," Sherwood continued. "Sadie Penry and Annie Sue Roughton are making their name in Washington as Representatives from the Old North State; Sadie as leader of the Anti-Thought Party and Annie Sue of the New Idealists."

"And, as of old, I bet they are scrapping," put in Sara.

"Yes, they delight in opposing each other," answered Sherwood.

"Well, tell us about some more of our classmates."

"Carl Carter is living in Washington. He's just received his patent for inventing perpetual motion. And Cecil Brandon,—but you know about him."

"No, what about him?" I cried.

"Cecil's a philanthropist of considerable means and his latest philanthropy is establishing the Brandon-Beard Chautauqua for the Rural Districts. Shelley Beard is the stage manager of the Chautauqua, and the latest attractions he is bringing out are Treva Sprinkle, as popular lecturer—"

"On Old Maids and Their Mission," I cried.

"How did you know?" Sherwood answered. "No one would ever guess Treva knew anything about the subject, since she's had two husbands and Madam Rumor says is about to take unto herself a third. But I was telling you about the attractions of the Brandon-Beard Chautauqua. Beside Treva as lecturer, there is James Plaster, the world's greatest lightweight (owing to practice received in the Junior-Senior fights of 1918); Minnie Hatcher, who demonstrates how to use dried eggs in cake-making; and Mary Shepherd, who has won world fame by her wonderful voice."

"What about Margaret Stockton?"

"Why, Margaret was in Lapland the last time she was heard of. She married an aviator who keeps her flying from one end of the world to the other."

"And Lucia Wilkinson?"

"Oh, I forgot to show you Ruth Tatum's paper. It tells all about the girls." And so saying Sara spread before us an attractively gotten up bi-monthly, *The Feminine Voice*, with Ruth Tatum, Ph.D., M.A., B.A., Editor-in-Chief, and Reba Russ, Publisher.

"There, see what our class has come to," proudly exclaimed Sara; and there on the front page we saw an article by Judge William Lineback, on Juvenile Courts, a poem by Lena Setliff, and a review of Miriam Vaughn's latest work, "A History of the Late World War".

"See," cried Annie Mary, "Miriam's History is now in use not only in America and England and France but in Germany as well. I hope Miriam has left out her personal feelings on the German question. And see, here is a mention of Lucia Wilkinson's wonderful work as teacher of Physics in Meredith College; it seems that Lucia has succeeded in making the Science course the most popular in College."

"And here's an advertisement of 'Saul's Wayside Inn for Tired Travelers.' Do you suppose Georgie Sauls has at last realized her dream of living in a house beside the road and being a friend to man?"

"Yes," Sara replied, "and Lois Carter lives with her, or did until the boys came home and one of them carried her off to a home of her own."

"And here is Lucile Nichols' ad," and I pointed to "Lucile Nichols, Attorney-at-Law, 849 Lancaster Building."

"Lancaster Building," Sara explained, "is our latest sky-scraper, where the old High School stood, erected by our multi-millionaire, Paul Lancaster."

"And where is the High School?" I asked.

"I'll take you around to it presently. The Seniors give a play tonight under the direction of their teacher, Mary Holland, of the English Department. And speaking of plays reminds me of our class playwright, Martha Lewis,—"

"Martha Lewis!"

"Yes, Martha has become quite famous as a producer of scenarios."

"Another one of our class has become quite famous, too," Sherwood replied. "Marion Nash has been employing his busy mind with scouring the bottom of the seas for the precious jewels contained in oyster shells. Marion knows how to collect money, you know. He was always making some imperious demand in the Senior class."

"Well, good for Marion!" I replied. "Now there is one

more of the old class that I want to know about, Treva Smitherman."

"Oh, you'll see Treva tonight," Sara replied. "She is principal of the High School, you know."

"Indeed! I never dreamed of Treva staying in school all this time. I thought she would have been married long ago. Well, it has certainly been fine hearing about our classmates," I concluded.

"Annie Mary and I shall think about them often as we again take up our duties in lonely Africa."

ANNIE FOSTER.

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## Senior Personals

Immediately after the close of school Kathryn Sharpe will tour the State advocating "White Dresses for Graduation."

R. B. Crawford is completing his plans for his chewing-gum factory which he will open some time this summer.

Annie Foster will attempt to manage the household affairs at home this vacation by "Feeding the Family".

Our illustrious speaker, Charles Langley, expects to stump the State in his own behalf in the coming Congressional election.

Mary Shepherd hopes to help finance the war by the war taxes she pays on railroad tickets this summer.

We believe that we shall have a new member on the faculty next year, namely: George Tudor, who, after taking a special teacher's summer course, will teach Physics.

Crystal Thomas will spend the summer rejoicing that she does not have to get to school by 8:45.

It is rumored that Owen McKinnie will teach war refugees to play football after the most approved American methods.

Martha Lewis' wonderful "Essay on Shark Croquettes and Menhaden Salad" is receiving considerable attention.

We have been informed by Reba Russ that she does not intend to do anything this summer but eat ice cream.

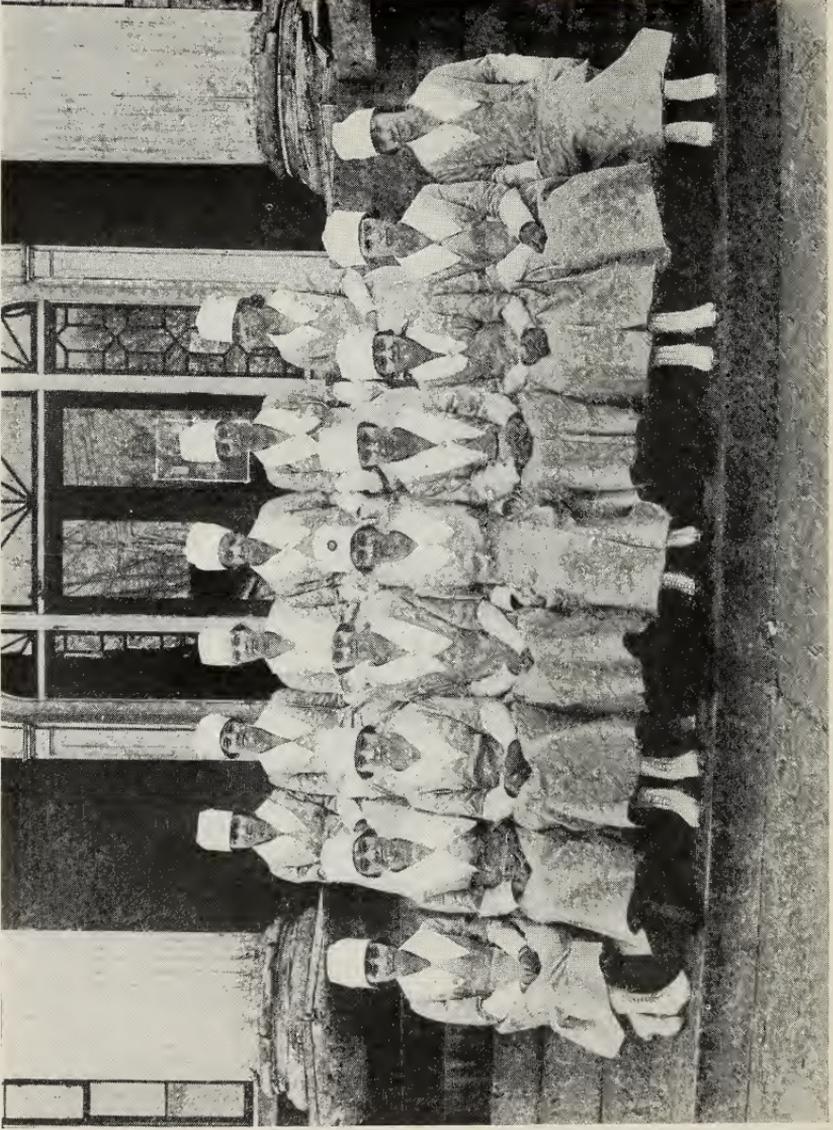
After her strenuous(?) year's work Lelia Cox will spend the summer resting.

Treva Smitherman will spend her summer trying to draw a cube.

Georgie Sauls will probably spend much of her time writing to Camp Sevier.

Uncle Sam's Navy will be ably supported by Lois Carter until the war ends.

LUCILE NICHOLS.



DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB

## Senior Essays

<i>War Songs</i> .....	Minnie Hatcher
<i>Famous People</i> .....	Martha Lewis
<i>The Ford</i> .....	Sara Jeffreys
<i>With Our Blue Jackets</i> .....	Kathryn Sharpe
<i>Why Buy Thrift Stamps</i> .....	Lena Setliff
<i>The Wings of Victory</i> .....	Tom Crawford
<i>The American Merchant Marine</i> .....	John Frazier
<i>Kultur</i> .....	Robert B. Crawford
<i>The United States Preparing for War</i> .....	Jule Spach
<i>Modern Warfare</i> .....	William Shepherd
<i>Financing the War</i> .....	Owen McKinnie
<i>Government Control of Railroads</i> .....	George Tudor
<i>America's First Year in the Great War</i> .....	James Plaster
<i>Egypt Under British Rule</i> .....	Genos Scott
<i>Our Domestic Warfare</i> .....	Cecil Brandon
<i>Camouflage</i> .....	Leila Cox
<i>Improvements in Our Navy</i> .....	Paul Lancaster
<i>Wilson as President</i> .....	Crystal Thomas
<i>The Mission of Old Maids</i> .....	Treva Sprinkle
<i>Labor Conditions in the United States</i> .....	Charles Langley
<i>Practical Patriotism</i> .....	Annie Foster
<i>Our American War-Time Woman</i> .....	Annie Sue Roughton
<i>Words</i> .....	Lucia Wilkinson
<i>Our Part in the War</i> .....	Margaret Stockton
<i>Win by Thrift</i> .....	Margaret Stevens
<i>Modern Aviation</i> .....	Koyt Nissen
<i>Women War Workers of France</i> .....	Ruth Hauser
<i>American War-Time Women</i> .....	Sadie Penry
<i>The Work of the Red Cross in America</i> .....	Elsie Moses
<i>The Kaiser</i> .....	Abigail Roan
<i>Food Conservation</i> .....	Margaret Harris
<i>The Country That Is Just Waiting</i> .....	Ava Carter
<i>Daylight Savings</i> .....	Carrie Hendren
<i>America's Task</i> .....	Forrest Wright
<i>Work and Wonders of Medical Men in the War</i> .....	Lois Carter

<i>German Atrocities</i> .....	Reba Russ
<i>American War Motives and Principles</i> .....	Carl Sink
<i>After the War</i> .....	William Lineback
<i>Germany Cannot Win</i> .....	Corrina Chatmon
<i>Should Government Control the Food Situation?</i> .....	Arthur Holleman
<i>British Women at Work</i> .....	Georgie Sauls
<i>War Work of Y. M. C. A.</i> .....	Annie Poe
<i>German Treatment of Prisoners</i> .....	Louine Murchinson
<i>The Red Cross in France</i> .....	Ruth Tatum
<i>Why Go to College?</i> .....	Shelley Beard
<i>If Germany Should Win</i> .....	Marion Nash
<i>The American Flag</i> .....	Annie Mary Cantrell
<i>America and the War</i> .....	Harry Anderson
<i>Our Boys in France</i> .....	Mary Frances Shepherd
<i>"Rekindling the Home Fires in France"</i> .....	Miriam Efrd
<i>War Work of the Y. W. C. A.</i> .....	Miriam Vaughn
<i>Modern Miracles</i> .....	Elizabeth Hendren
<i>The "Y" in Camp</i> .....	Sherwood Holleman
<i>Lessons from the War</i> .....	Treva Smitherman
<i>Brazil and Her Part in the War</i> .....	Katie Leigh

---

### With the Fun-Makers

There was a young fellow named Paul,  
 Whose dignity suddenly had a fall,  
     The *why* he won't tell,  
     But we all know well,  
 That Miss M. was the cause of it all!

There's a conceited fellow named Scott,  
 Who thinks he knows what is what,  
     But any one knows,  
     He can't count his toes,  
 Though he certainly can tell a "ten spot"!

"S" is sweet, saucy, girl,  
 With a most tantalizing curl,  
     She's sometimes called "Gay",  
     She will have her way,  
 Tho' she upsets the whole wide world.

There was a girl named Corrine,  
 Who thought to smile was a sin,  
     But when *someone* passed by,  
 She ceased to sigh,  
 Because that someone was "Ben".

There was a young lady called "Loon",  
 Who tried to go up in a balloon,  
     But she went so high,  
     That she touched the sky,  
 And now she is settled on the moon.

Though Treva of "Old Maids" did write,  
 Whene'er a boy hove in sight,  
     She did twinkle her eye,  
     Heave a romantic sigh,  
 And let her dimple play in the light.

KATHRYN SHARPE.

---

Miss M. to Eleventh Grade: "Have any of you girls got a pair of scissors?"

Sherwood H.: "Yes'm, I have a pair."

---

Mr. Kinney (in spelling): "Pavilion."

Sherwood H.: "Past tense?"

---

Mr. Crumpton to Fritz: "Name three verbs that end in 'ceed.'"

Fritz: "Proceed, succeed, and bird-seed."

---

"Won't you take my seat?" said the man in the street car, as he lifted his hat to the pretty girl.

"No, thank you," she replied; "I've been skating all the afternoon, and I'm tired of sitting down."—*Exchange.*

---

Clubman: "I understand, sir, that you began life as a newsboy."

Guest of the evening: "I fear some one has been fooling you. I began life as an infant."—*Exchange.*

---

C. H.: "Who is that playing in the Y. M. C. A.?"

Abigail: "My Sweetie."

Mr. Kinney. "Miss Shepherd, please don't talk!"  
 Mary: "Why, Mr. Kinney, I haven't said *beans!*"

First Senior: "What did you get for the second Physics problem?"

Second Senior: "A headache!"

Miss Mary, on English Class: "I'm *so* glad to see that you all are more interested in Shakespeare than that noise over at the Y. M. C. A." (and Gig was playing and Fritz singing!)

If a flood were to come would Carl Sink? No, but Sherwood!

"Great Scott, Holleman!" said Sara to Arthur at the football game.

At the Charlotte-Winston Football Game, Marion (g) Nashed his teeth, and Shelley pulled his Beard.

If James Plasters the wall, will Treva Sprinkle the street?

If Johnson should kill Jeffreys, would Lois and Ava Carter Sara off? No! Snow would Carrie her!

For Sale—One Vanity box. Elsie Brown.

Lost—One beau, in good condition—answers to the name of "Charlie"—reward if returned to M. C. V.

Lost—Lots of "pep"; if returned to Rooters' Club, reward. Cheer Leader.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen—One human(?) heart to M. C. V. No reward if returned for I have no further use for it. E. C. S.

For Sale—One dozen papers of pins good for sticking. George Tudor.

For Sale—A good line of foolish talk to pretty girls. Charles Langley.

For Sale—Sherwood's dignity—we can use it no longer. Seniors.

For Sale—Trevva Sprinkle's morning smile, guaranteed as a tonic for blues. Class of '18.

For Sale—One broken photographer's camera—last used on George Tudor, Russell & Moses.

Wanted—Place on stage for eight pretty girls. Guitar Club.

Wanted—A cure for Blushing. Tom Crawford.

Wanted—To know why six girls and boys spelled "robes" "*obes*" on a Latin Test. Miss Briggs.

Wanted—Some money quick—Athletic Association.

Wanted—To know why Sara never has curls on rainy days. George Tudor.

Wanted—To know if the supply of teachers should run short could George Tudor?

Wanted—A Jack for Physics. Koyt.

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### Things We Have Accomplished This Year

Mary has learned to get to school on time.

Shelley has learned to stay awake on class.

Margaret has fallen off  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.

Miriam has learned to flirt.

Carl has become assistant Latin teacher (?).

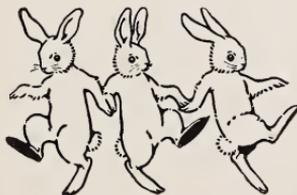
Charles L. doesn't talk as much.

Koyt has lost some of his bashfulness.

Elsie has learned to powder her nose without attracting attention.

Snow has discovered that she has a conscience.

Lois has become sweeter than ever in L's estimation.





TYPEWRITING TEAM

## Our Typewriting Contest



ALMOST ready! And we made our positions more comfortable, arranged the paper in our machines, pressed the tabulation key, scanned copy before us rapidly, and waited with tingling fingers and bounding pulse for the final word. "Start!" came the signal from the time-keeper, and five hearts simultaneously rose to five throats, fifty nimble fingers raced eagerly over the keys, but behind it all there was but one thought: "We *must* win!"

Each contestant had in mind the last words of advice: "Remember, each word written counts one for us, while each mistake counts ten off." For fifteen short minutes, we lived a lifetime. The words twisted themselves into unfamiliar hieroglyphics, the lines jumped out of place before our straining eyes; but through it all came the steady click of keys, which to the team said, "We shall win."

“Time!” All too soon the signal came. Our papers were corrected and the average for the team counted. It proved to be 41 3-5 words per minute. Then came days of suspense, during which we waited impatiently for news of the final decree from Mr. Kimball, of New York, who had the final decision to make. And—but you already can see—Winston-Salem justified the “win” in her name, and won again, our average being 42 and that of Raleigh 40.

The cup is now ours to keep. For two years it has been in the family, and we are so attached to it that, of course, we could not part with it at this late hour. The average this year was smaller than that of last year; but, comparatively speaking, it is not. For two years the rules were that each mistake should be penalized five, but this year, the penalty was raised to ten. That is, each mistake is multiplied by ten and that figure subtracted from the gross number of words written. It is then divided by the number of minutes spent writing and the answer is the average number of words written per minute. So you see, to win a cup is harder to do than it seems to be!

Our school is proud that the State Championship belongs to us. Hard work has been done by the entire typewriting class to raise our average, and much time has been spent in speeding up for the final Trans-State Contest, and with the cooperation and aid of our able teachers we did succeed in doing so. We didn't just “walk off with the prize”, for Raleigh did scare us just a bit at first, we confess. After all, though, we won; and “to the victor belongs the spoils” is still true, as you see above.

KATHRYN SHARPE, '18.





THE GUITAR CLUB

## The Guitar Club



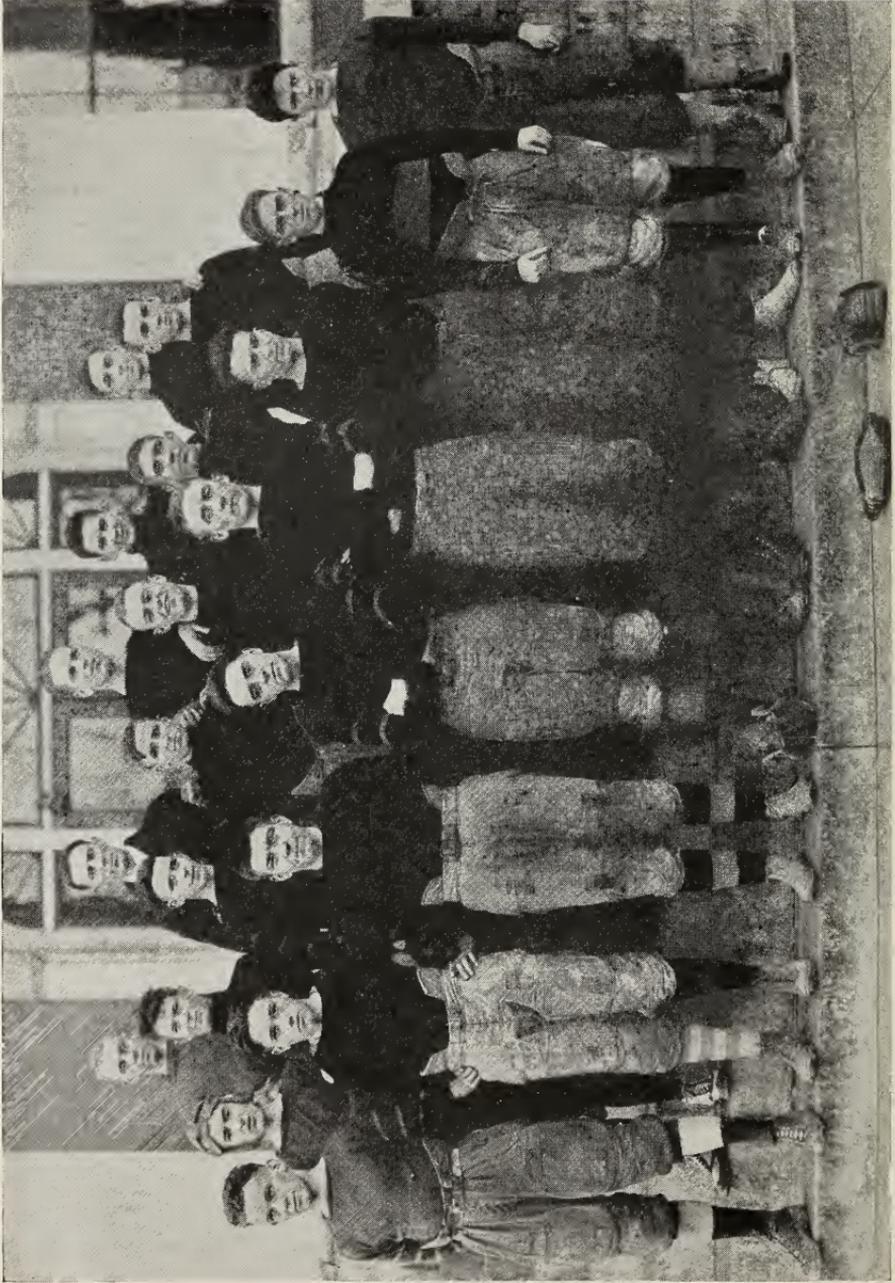
HE Guitar Club is composed entirely of girls from the Senior Class. It is not strictly a guitar club, since there is one girl who plays the ukelele, while the rest of us are picking our guitars, and, though the ukelele is a very little instrument, it gives out a lot of music. Consequently one can always distinguish it above the sound of the larger guitars. We are glad that we have it in our club, for it has added a great deal towards improving our musical band. We have no regular organization, for like the grade of which we are members, we have always liked to be original.

We first made our appearance in public last year, when we were in the Junior Class. Then, our grade had charge of the Chapel Exercises and asked us to help them by playing. There were only three or four of us and, as we were not used to performing before people, we were certainly very frightened. However, we did our part all right and ever since that time we have been assisting in programs of every kind, from Red Cross ones to minstrel shows. In one we dressed as Red Cross nurses and played no songs except those which pertained to the war. In all of these we have been glad to do our part and have done our best.

From a group of three or four we have grown to the number of seven and we think that there has been a corresponding improvement in our playing. We hope that we have added a little to the pleasure of the student-body and faculty while we have been in this, our High School.

LUCIA WILKINSON.





FOOTBALL TEAM

## Football



IN our football season we played nine games, winning six, tying one, and losing two. We made one hundred and sixty-five points to our opponents' fifty-six. We did not lose a single High School game. On December 6th we lost the Western Championship to Charlotte by the score of 13 to 0. We were handicapped in this game by having two of our best men, Crute and Davis, knocked out early in the first quarter. Notwithstanding that we lost this championship, we had an excellent team, as was demonstrated by the fact that three of our men, Marler at left end, Crute at left tackle, and Shepherd at left half, made the All-State High School Team. The following men received monograms for football:

Glenn	-----	<i>Center</i>
McKinnie	-----	<i>Left guard</i>
Turner	-----	<i>Right guard</i>
Dalton	-----	<i>Left tackle</i>
Crawford	-----	<i>Right tackle</i>
Pulliam	-----	<i>Right end</i>
Marler	-----	<i>Left end</i>
Kirk	-----	<i>Full back</i>
Crute	-----	<i>Quarterback</i>
Davis	-----	<i>Left half</i>
Shepherd	-----	<i>Right half</i>

This was possibly the lightest team we have ever put out, but what they lacked in weight they made up in pluck, spirit and determination.

GEO. C. TUDOR, JR.





BASEBALL TEAM

## Baseball

The High School has just closed its most successful year in baseball. By winning two High School games by May 3, we were allowed to enter the preliminaries. The preliminaries opened with Greensboro, Charlotte, Jamestown and Winston-Salem all in the running for the Western Championship. After Charlotte and Greensboro had been eliminated by Jamestown and Winston-Salem, respectively, Winston-Salem won the Western Championship by defeating Jamestown on their own grounds by the close score of 4 to 3. On May 11th Laurinburg and Winston-Salem met at Chapel Hill for the State honors. The game resulted in a 7 to 3 victory for Winston-Salem, giving us the title of State Champions. The record made by the team is an excellent one in view of the existing circumstances. Three of the first team men were lost in the early part of the season, and the team has been without a coach the entire year. Winston-Salem has never been

a strong contender in baseball and her record this year was quite a blow to the other teams of the State as well as a surprise to the home folks. The members of the team and their positions are as follows:

Cooper	-----	<i>Third Base</i>
Lancaster	-----	<i>Second Base</i>
Plaster	-----	<i>First Base</i>
Johnson	-----	<i>Catcher</i>
Anderson	-----	<i>Shortstop, Captain</i>
Linville	-----	<i>Left Field</i>
Davis	-----	<i>Center Field, Manager</i>
Simpson	-----	<i>Right Field</i>
Crute	-----	<i>Pitcher</i>
Lineback	-----	<i>Sub.</i>
Caldwell	-----	<i>Sub.</i>

HARRY S. ANDERSON.

## Basketball

Although the Basketball Team did not win the State Championship it had a very successful year, and each member deserves notice.

Captain Crute played star basketball at guard this year and shot many of the goals.

Davis, who played guard also, was there in every game with the right spirit and gave his opponents a hard fight.

Brandon played a good game at center all the season and was out-jumped but one time.

Pulliam, our fast little forward, ran rings around every man that he played against and also did some good goal shooting.

Connelly, our other forward, played a good game all the year and did some good shooting against Greensboro in the game at Chapel Hill.

We had two good scrubs this year, Langley and Cooper. They played good ball when in the game. Langley will not be back next year but Cooper should make a good man for next year's team.

CECIL BRANDON, '18.

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