

# The Black and Gold

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WINSTON-SALEM  
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SCHOOL

*Christmas Number*

DEC.

1913

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# 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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# The Black and Gold

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*Published four times during each School Year by the Students  
of the Winston-Salem City High School*

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## Looking for Santa Claus



T WAS CHRISTMAS EVE. At last the lights were out in the great house on the hill. The man who had been crouching for hours behind the friendly darkness of the kitchen chimney, crept softly from his hiding place. There was an air of desperation about him. His ragged and forlorn appearance, his bloodshot eyes and bloated features showed the life of dissipation he lead. But to-night, strange to say, he was sober. As he had passed the brightly lighted home several hours before he had seen through the open window the signs of Christmas festivities, and bitter thoughts had filled his heart.

"Tomorrow is Christmas," he thought. "What will it mean at our home?—three hungry, shivering children, no mother to care for them, their father drunken, good-for-nothing, no money—"

Suddenly his eyes flashed. Through the open library window he had seen a man, evidently the master of the house, open a small safe in one corner of the room and hastily put something in it and then leave the room without closing the door of the safe. A bold plan suddenly entered his brain. For hours he watched that room with the un-

locked safe, and when at length the lights were out all over the house, he crept out of his hiding-place to do the deed he had planned.

Window after window he tried, but in vain. The servants had not neglected to lock up securely. There was one side door opening upon a little porch. He crept softly up and turned the knob; once, twice, he shook it softly.

A slight noise made him run quickly and hide in the shadow of the house. The door opening on the little porch opened slowly, and there in the dim light of the night lamp stood a small white figure, looking eagerly out upon the frosty night. This was Thomas, the young son of the house, who was so full of thoughts of Santa Claus he could not sleep. He held the nursery lamp high above his head. The soft rays cast a glow upon the golden curls and lighted up the eager childish face.

The would-be thief gazed as if fascinated upon the innocent form. Thoughts that had long lain dead in his bosom stirred. He thought of his own little son. Unconsciously he took a step forward.

“Oh, it is Santa Claus!” cried the happy child.

Then the light fell on the man.

“Why—where’s your pack?” he asked in deep disappointment, “and your reindeers and—?”

“I’m not Santa Claus,” gruffly replied the man.

“Then, you are looking for Santa Claus, too,” replied the child. “Come in out of the cold.”

Softly the man crept away. He was overcome with the simple trust of a little child, and he could do nothing to harm Thomas, even for his own.

The next day when Thomas went with his father to carry a Christmas basket to three little children he little suspected that the man he saw there was the one he had

thought was Santa Claus; but the man recognized Thomas, and his after life proved that he had realized the true meaning of the words:

"And a little child shall lead them."

—Emily Griffith, '14.

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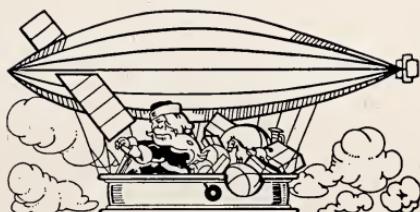
## The Young Chieftan

The feast is on in the castle hall,  
Loud rings the sound of revelry;  
But one, apart from chieftans all,  
Sits silent, and with bended head.

He, though youthful, tall and straight,  
Thinks no more of pleasures gay;  
But, all morose, he mourns the fate  
Which keeps his love so far away.

His thoughts are filled with visions fair,  
Of sweet Marie with starry eyes.  
Though in his thoughts she's ever near,  
Yet distant far her fair head lies.

—H. J., '14.



## The Christmas Spirit



HARRY WHITMAN was at his wits' end. He knew not where to turn. Six of his twenty-nine years had been spent on this wonderful chemical discovery and now to find that he had no money to complete it just as success was drawing on the horizon, was enough to throw a less certain man into despair, and it stunned Harry.

He sat in a large chair with his head bowed on the table in his work room. This room was one to give delight to any lover of chemistry. It was a well-equipped laboratory and Harry loved it as he loved nothing else, except his work. Here it was that he had almost perfected an experiment which, if given to the world, would revolutionize science. Bottles, boxes and all kinds of instruments filled the table. He lifted his head and looked around the room with wild eyes. Something must be done. He could not lose all when success was so near. His work was just as he had left it when he had received that awful letter telling him that he was penniless. He rose and with trembling hands put the table in order. Then taking his hat he went out.

On reaching the street he was greeted with a chilling wind, and the powdery snow struck his face, sending a shiver through his body. The bracing air seemed to bring him to himself. He noticed that the streets were crowded with men, women and children, rushing hither and thither. Each person seemed to be in a hurry and trying to overtake everyone else. Why were the streets so crowded? What had happened? He suddenly remembered that it had been only a few hours since he had got that letter and that was on December the twenty-fourth. Why, it was Christmas Eve.

He stood on the step and watched the happy faces passing him. All were radiating the joyful Christmas Spirit, but Harry was not thrilled with it. What had he to be happy over? His dearest wish was not to be granted, just as he was sure of its fulfillment. The happiness of the world jarred upon him, and he pulled his hat down over his eyes, as he stepped into the street and joined the hurrying, scurrying crowd.

Avoiding the crowds as much as possible, he wandered aimlessly about until he found himself in front of his uncle's brown-stone mansion on Fifth Avenue. He stopped and gazed at a lighted window on the third floor. He saw a woman in a trained nurse's garb pass the window. His thoughts were taken from the window by hearing a cheerful voice call out:

"Merry Christmas."

Turning he saw a small boy, his round, chubby face beaming with happiness, standing behind him. His hands were in his pockets and, unlike the other people on the streets, he seemed to be in no hurry.

"Are you going to hang up your stocking tonight?" he asked in his friendly, childish way. "I've got mine hung up and ready for Sandy Claus. He's going to bring me just lots o' things, so I hung up two. Is he coming to see you?"

Being in no mood to talk to the child, the questions only irritated the man.

"What are you looking so sad about?" the little fellow asked. "Mother said that everybody must be happy on Christmas Eve for it was on that night that the Christ Child was born. Say, do you think he was a little boy like me?"

At the question Harry started. The child's words had carried him back to that Christmas Eve years ago when

his mother had told him of the Christ Child and the Christ Spirit that filled the world at Christmas time. So laying his hand on the curly head of the child, he said:

"Yes, my little fellow, He was a boy just like you. Don't you know you should not be out in this snow? Where do you live?"

"Oh, I live in the house where all the lights are. I guess I had better go. Good bye. Besure and hang up your stocking." He ran to the gate and turning, called out:

"Merry Christmas."

Harry stood for a few seconds thinking of the child and his words. Again he looked at that lighted room, and again he saw the nurse pass the window. His uncle must be ill, for that light was in his room. Why not call and ask about him? It was Christmas Eve and surely he could forgive, if he could not forget. He slowly went up the steps and rang the bell. Mr. Whitman's valet, who answered his ring, seemed very much surprised to see him.

"Come in, sir," he said. "Your uncle has been asking for you, sir. He seemed to think that you were in the house. You know that he is very ill?"

Harry shook his head as he followed the man up the stairs. He was carried into his uncle's private sitting-room. The room was just as he remembered it. Many happy hours he had spent in that room, and the old times came back to him. His uncle Robert had made this a happy home for him, and he would still be here if it had not been for that quarrel over his law course. He looked around the room. Only one change had been made. In place of the old walnut desk which had formerly stood in the corner there was a small desk of foreign workmanship. He walked over to the desk. It was open and he was very much surprised to see lying on top of it, two closely written sheets of paper, and an envelop, addressed to himself. His curiosi-

ty was aroused. Taking up the sheets of paper he saw that the letter was to himself, and written by his uncle. He read:

"My Dear Nephew:

You are dear to me even as my own son would be, and I have waited as long as I can for you to come back home. This is your home, my boy, and you should make it such. Surely you can forgive an old man his angry words over a foolish matter, and come home to cheer one more Christmas for him. The Christmas time has made me think of the happy Christmases we used to have here. I—"

Here the letter suddenly stopped. Evidently something had kept his uncle from completing it. As he heard footsteps in the hall he folded the letter and placed it in his pocket. He met the valet at the door and, on being told to follow, Harry went to his uncle's room.

The doctor and nurse silently withdrew as Harry went over to the bed. The old man's eyes questioned him as he stood by the bed. Taking the letter from his pocket, Harry knelt by the bed and took the sick man's hand in his. Closing his eyes the uncle placed his other hand on the nephew's head and a happy peaceful look flittered over his worn face. Then opening his eyes he said:

"I bless you, my son. This will be the happiest Christmas I have ever had in spite of my illness. We will do great things for science, my boy, you and I."

—Callie Lewis, '14.



## "All's Well That Ends Well"

HE OLD MAN sat in the chimney corner, with a small kinky-headed grandson on either knee. Mammy Sylvia, on the other side of the room, was busy washing a tub of clothes. In a corner, on an old rickety bed, lay the father of the little ones, his body contorted with the "rheumatiz." A blast of wind shook the house, driving a billow of snow before it. The two children snuggled up to the old man.

"Grandpap," said Nebuchadnezzar, the older of the two boys, "tell we'uns 'bout Christmas when yo' was a boy. Did Santy Claus ebber come to see yo'?"

"La, chile, I reckon he did," said Grandpap, his face lighting up as his mind traveled back over his youth. "When I was a chap no bigger dan you boys Santy Claus com' to see us ev'ry Christmas. He brung us sugar candies an' nuts an'—"

Here Mammy Sylvia's voice broke in.

"Now, Grandpap, you let dem boys be. Dey's got somethin' else to do ceptin listen to you. Charles Henry, you rock Lilly Bell to sleep." For the baby was beginning to cry. "An' you, Nebuchadnezza, git yo' little shovel an go out an' see if you caint make sum money shovelin' snow for de white folks. The idy of you'uns settin' there talkin' 'bout Santy Claus, wid dat wuffless old grandpap o' yourn, an' me here scrubbin away to fill yo' moufs wid bread, what wid yo' pap down wid de rheumatiz an' yo' grandpap too old to do anything ceptin to eat."

The boys jumped down and started about their tasks without a word. Nebuchadnezzar went out into the whirling snow with his shovel. He soon reached the business section of the town and began looking for a job. It was not long before he had a pocket full of jingling pennies,

for he was an industrious little fellow, since, being the oldest of the family he had always had to work. When his hands were so stiff he could work no longer, he started home. As he was crossing the busy street not far from the back alley where he lived, a great red auto dashed around a corner and was upon him before he could jump. He went down with a cry and when the machine passed on he lay still. When the man in the machine hurried back to the boy, a crowd had already gathered around him and he had to push his way through to him. As he stood above him, the child's eyes slowly opened. Bewilderedly he gazed at the stranger, taking in every detail from his great fur cap and coat to his boots. At last he opened his mouth and asked tremblingly, "Be you Santy Claus?"

The man did not answer, but picked him up and placed him in his machine. With a few questions he found where the boy's home was. They started down the street and when he began to throw on higher speed, the boy was in the seventh heaven of delight. In a few minutes they drew up before the door of the boy's home. When Nebuchadnezzar saw Mammy Sylvia and Charles Henry at the window he called shrilly that Santa Claus had come to see them. As the man got out and carried the wounded child into the house, Mammy Sylvia clasped her hands and exclaimed, "Oh! It's Massa Henry! It's Massa Henry!"

Grandpap got totteringly to his feet and looked at him, his face beaming with pleasure. "Thank the Lawd!" was all he could say.

Then the man saw that the old man was the Uncle Eben of his childhood, who had been one of his father's slaves, and that Mammy Sylvia had been a kinky-headed "kitchen gal" at home before "The Surrender."

He sat down before the cheerful fire and had a long talk with the happy negroes. Then as dusk was coming on he had to leave.

That night, after the children were asleep, the man again drove up to the house and taking out two large baskets, one filled with packages and toys and the other with what seemed to be a turkey foot sticking out from under the cover. He knocked at the door. He was admitted, and after telling Mammy Sylvia not to make any noise to arouse the children, he placed the baskets on the floor. Going back out to his machine, he took out a small cedar Christmas Tree. Then, with the help of the delighted Mammy Sylvia and Grandpap, he rigged up a surprise for the children. He opened the other basket and displayed an assortment of Christmas "goodies" calculated to make an ideal dinner for the family.

Next morning when Nebuchadnezzar awoke and saw the well filled tree he rubbed his eyes and exclaimed, "Wake up, Charles Henry! Santy Claus has done com' to see us; shore nuff he has!"

This Christmas treat was the beginning of better times for them. "Massa Henry" gave Mammy Sylvia a position in his home and saw to it that they were never in such need again that little Nebuchadnezzar would have to go out and face a howling tempest, shoveling snow to get a few pennies to help feed them.

—Curtis L. Vogler, '15.



## Victory

Alone I wandered by the sea,  
When the tide was coming in;  
The waters rose, the white foam splashed,  
Before the rising wind.

Far out on the stormy sea,  
A proud ship battled bravely  
To hold her own against the storm,  
And reach the harbor safely.

The angry sea rose up in might,  
To grasp the white-sailed schooner  
And drag her down within the depths  
Beneath the raging water.

It was a battle royal;  
But when at break of day,  
I eagerly scanned the harbor,  
She safe at anchor lay.

—Callie Lewis, '14.

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## An Old Bakery



ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING places in historic Salem is the old Winkler's Bakery, which was founded in 1800 and has been carried on ever since by the same family. In fact, four generations have lived, worked, and died, in the quaint little building on Main Street, known by young and old as Winkler's Bakery. The founder of the Bakery, C. A. Winkler, was a Moravian minister, as well

as a baker, for in the early days of Salem, every one had to have a particular trade. Mr. Winkler taught his son the business, and he in turn, taught his son, and so on down the line. Today the business is being carried on by the widow of the late A. W. Winkler.

The most unique thing about the bakery is the old bake oven. It is made of smooth flat stones and is very large. So large, indeed, that it is necessary to have a long iron rod to push the pan in and out. Just to look at the old oven, we wonder how it is possible to get those stones hot enough to bake all those hundreds of cakes and pies. It seems very simple though, when we are shown how it is done. About an hour or so before they are ready to do the baking, they bring in great logs of wood, and other fuel, and make a big fire in the oven. Then they let the logs burn down to ashes and rake the hot ashes out into a trench, just outside the oven door. After this has been done, the oven is as hot as need be, and will retain the heat for many hours. Today there is a large steam oven, and I am told that they still use the old bake oven and say that it will bake many times "better" than the steam one.

In the olden days, the Winklers made all kinds of fancy candies, besides cakes, pies and bread. These candies, which sold for about twenty cents a pound, a hundred years ago, can now be bought for five cents a pound. They were made of very much purer material, however, than our candies today.

Anyone who knows anything at all about Winkler's Bakery knows that it has made the buns for the Moravian Love Feast, ever since it was first started. In the early days, when everything had to be mixed, cut and counted by hand, these Love Feasts were looked forward to with dread, even by the baker's own family, for everyone had to

work. Today, though, all this is done by machinery, and the work has been very much simplified.

Although the bakery has been enlarged and many modern improvements made in the interior, from its outside appearance, and from the taste of its cakes and bread, it is still the same "Old Winkler's Bakery" that our forefathers knew. The business is prospering so at present, that it is necessary to keep both day and night forces at work. Much credit is due to Mrs. A. W. Winkler for the excellent bread this bakery turns out, and she well deserves the love and respect of this entire community.

—Ruth Anderson, '14.

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## Around With the Postman



T WAS THE DAY before Christmas. The postman's buggy was overflowing with packages, big and little, of every size, shape and color. So, when he stopped and asked me to ride around with him, I rather reluctantly accepted. But when I saw the joy, the postman carried about with him everywhere, the Christmas spirit the mere sight of his shabby bag with its bulging sides seemed to spread abroad, I was glad I had even a little share in shedding happiness that snowy day.

For it was one of the worst days of the year. A dazzling snow was falling and the keen wind whistled through the curtains of our buggy. But no matter how disagreeable it was, the postman never lost the Christmas spirit. He seemed to take delight in handing out his bundles and letters. He seemed to feel that each house he visited was

the home of a friend and that he was just distributing his own Christmas presents.

At the big house on the corner, he handed in a dozen packages or more, with a hearty greeting. At the door of old Mrs. Brown he patiently listened to a lengthy explanation as to how she never received her presents through the mail, but always by express. There was one big white box, daintily fixed up with holly ribbon and Christmas stamps, which he delivered, with great delight, to a pretty young girl who smiled when she saw the postmark. There were many registered packages and the postman never grew impatient at the numerous questions which were asked before these packages were signed for.

At a tumbled-down negro cabin he delivered a clumsy package, crudely addressed. A dozen little negros crowded around their mother as she opened it right there in the door.

The snow fell faster and the wind blew colder, but nothing detracted from the postman's jolly spirit. What matter if his hands were stiff and his nose red with the cold? What matter if it took him till night to finish delivering his load of gifts? It was Christmas! And after all, the postman is only the grown-up's Santa Claus.

—Eula Wall, '14.



## The Ballad of Sweet Betsy

Sweet Betsy sits by the spring,  
Waiting so silently,  
For her lover from the noble deer chasing,  
Riding so gallantly.

But her lover comes not;  
For out on the wild hills,  
In a dark and lonely spot,  
The hostile bag-pipe shrills.

Still sweet Betsy sits by the spring,  
Waiting so silently,  
For her lover from the noble deer chasing,  
Riding so gallantly.

The hostile clan came down  
Yelling so madly;  
And bore him to the ground,  
Wounded so sadly.

Still sweet Betsy sits by the spring,  
Waiting so silently;  
For her lover from the noble deer chasing,  
Riding so gallantly.

—Gregory Newell Graham, '14.



## The Automobile



HE NUMBER OF AUTOMOBILES in this country is being greatly increased every year. It is surprising to see how many people mortgage their homes to buy automobiles. Numbers of people who are not able to pay their honest debts ride around in fine automobiles, when they are not even able to pay their gasoline bill. Thus, we see that the remark of one of our citizens, that only a fool or a rich man should own an automobile, is about true.

But on the other hand, there is a real use for the automobile. It is not for the "joy rides" alone, that so many people buy automobiles, but for business as well as pleasure. Perhaps it is the merchant who gets the most out of this modern means of transportation, for with an automobile truck he is able to serve his customers with greater promptness than he was formerly with the horse and wagon. This fact has been realized by many of the merchants of our own city. For some time Efird Brothers have been using an automobile truck to carry on their large wholesale and retail grocery business. The Carolina Ice and Coal Company employ several trucks to carry large quantities of ice out to various parts of the city. Huntly-Hill-Stockton Company has recently purchased another truck to haul their furniture. Shore Transfer is enabled to do all of the heavy hauling with one large truck. Vaughn & Company, Gardner & Clark and Vernay Company also use auto-trucks in carrying on their wholesale businesses.

Then, too, the automobile truck has proven to be useful to our large factories. Only recently the R. J. Reynolds

Tobacco Company has purchased several large trucks and have discarded their horses and wagons.

The Aldermen of our city have also realized the efficiency of the automobile and have installed a modern fire truck, which is a fire engine, hose cart, hook and ladder and a chemical device combined.

Most of the doctors of our own city have discarded their horses and are using fast automobiles. Dr. H. H. Kapp has a Mitchell "Six" in which he is able to go sixty miles an hour or more. Drs. Pfohl and Turner have Buick automobiles, in which they are able to travel at a very rapid rate. Most of the other doctors have small Fords or other makes, which can be used in all kinds of weather. Mr. P. L. Wright uses an automobile in carrying on his real estate business. Likewise Messrs. Jerome, Johnson, Franklin, Hendrix, C. E. Johnson and many other real estate dealers of our city use automobiles with great success.

Thus we see that the business men of our city are replacing the horse and wagon with the automobile, that the doctor and even the preachers are using the machine, and that our City Council, with a strict eye to the best interest of our city, are spending money wisely for the latest in fire wagons.

The automobile has a great influence on country life, too. With an automobile truck, the farmer can bring his produce to town in a very short time. Mr. Emory Gray, one of our townsmen, brings milk and vegetables into town from his farm near by. Mr. Reynolds, who has a truck farm a few miles west of the city, brings in beans, corn, potatoes and melons in his automobile. Then, too, tobacco is often brought into the city in automobiles from Yadkinville and other nearby towns.

Then, again, if the farmer has an automobile he is able to send his children to the city school, where they will have much better advantages than those offered in the small

ungraded country school. Then, too, when the farmer's children come to the city, they see the city homes with their well-kept lawns and a desire to improve their own-surroundings is awakened in them. In another way the country children attending city schools are benefitted. They have access to the best books in public libraries, they meet in every-day life the best types of young people, and often they are taught domestic science and manual training.

But on the other hand the automobile is often a disadvantage to the farmer. He gets a touch of city life and then he becomes dissatisfied with the hardships of the country and he soon wants to move into the city. Every year, more and more farmers move into the city. This is harmful not only to the country, but to the city, for there are enough people in the cities already and what we need is more farmers to give us something to eat.

But it is hard to realize that there was a time when there were no automobiles. We see the busy doctor racing his horse as fast as he can go and in a short time he has to get another horse, for he has killed his old one. We see the real estate agent riding around in a buggy with the man who is looking for a home. They drive out to the suburbs of the city where the agent tries to sell the man a nice home. But the journey has been so long and rough that the man decides that it is too far out and thus the sale is lost.

An automobile affords a great deal of pleasure for the whole family. It also keeps them out in the open air and in the country, where they can see the beautiful things in nature.

We have to pay for this pleasure with worry, trouble and money, but we get nothing if we are not willing to pay the price for it.

—Ralph Stockton, '14.

## Editorials



The time of year is almost here when the students have their semi-annual examinations. It is also near the time when many, boys especially, drop out of school. Those who have not studied as they should are full of misgivings, for fear they will not "pass". Therefore they drop out without even attempting to take the examinations. This is a grave mistake, but one which many students make. A boy who is afraid that he will "fall down" considers the matter in this way: "What is the use for me to stay in school? I am going to fail anyway, and so I might as well stop now."

However, without doubt, he should not stop. In the first place, a boy who will stop school rather than face examinations in which he feels that he will fail, is a coward! Many battles have been won by the perseverance of the men who refused to give up and won out in the end. In our foot-ball game with High Point on Thanksgiving, at the end of the first half High Point had outplayed us and it seemed that the game was theirs. However, our boys re-

fused to accept defeat and fought much harder than they had before, and, consequently, we won. This is **only one** instance of perseverance winning out.

Many boys stop school intending to go to work **and** come back to school next year. However, few boys **who** stop school once, ever come back. The next year they feel ashamed to be behind their former classmates and **accordingly** do not re-enter school.

A boy may also think that going to school does him **no** good, but if he thinks so, let him ask any prominent **man** the same question. When the members of the Juvenile Club were getting up statistics, one of the questions asked was: "Would you give preference, in employing help, to a graduate of the High School over a boy of equal **age who** was not a graduate?" Invariably, the prominent men **of** our city answered that they would prefer a High School graduate, and without doubt it is the same way **everywhere else**.—A. J. F.



**AUNT MINERVA'S QUESTION BOX.**

Question :

How may I so slim and tall,  
Gain in weight before the fall?—R. O., '15.

Answer :

Do less studying, a few holidays take  
If you the two-hundred mark would make.

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Question :

Dear Auntie—I pray thee, tell me what to do  
When my class is promoted, to be promoted too?  
—J. K., '17.

Answer :

Keep your eyes to the front, and not the smallest  
duty shirk;  
And around Prince Albert Park never let yourself  
lurk.

---

Question :

Aunt Minerva, will you please tell me what I shall  
take?  
My classmates say I talk so loud I make their ears  
ache.—B. L., '15.

Answer :

My dear child, when you speak, always bend your  
head down.  
If this is done successfully, they will not hear a sound.

---

Question :

A dye, Aunt Minerva, I pray you recommend,  
That would to my cheeks a little color lend.—C. V.,  
'15.

Answer :

Go to the country, and live in a house without a door,  
Where you can get fresh air and sunshine galore.

---

Question :

When a fellow is handsome and he knows it, Auntie,  
too.

How may he appear to be modest all the way through?  
—G. N. G., '14.

Answer :

The next time you are beaten in a fight by someone  
older than you,

Go look in a mirror, and see if you wont shed a tear  
or two.

---

Question :

How to overcome timidity, Aunt Minerva, will you  
kindly explain.

My teachers would all be so delighted if an answer  
you would deign.—H. S., '15.

Answer :

Be courageous; have a ready word on your lip.  
Any opportunity for speaking be sure not to let slip.

---

Question :

Oh, wise Aunt Minerva, I've troubled my brain sick  
Please give me a reducing remedy quick.—M. P., '15.

Answer :

That's easy enough, dear child; listen here,  
Just live on imagination for only a year.

---

Question :

Dear Lady, will you kindly aid a most discouraged man?  
To be popular with the girls, will you tell me how I can?  
—C. E., '15.

**Answer:**

Be not so forward and don't flirt so much.

Be very quiet, and talk less, then soon their hearts  
you'll touch.

---

**Question:**

A boon, dear Auntie! I, who am so small,  
Implore the knowledge of growing large and tall.—  
C. R., '15.

**Answer:**

Take exercise. When mother commands, straightway  
get up and move.  
Forget school. Go hunting, if your height you would  
improve.



## Personals

Paul Lee Walker, a graduate of the Winston High School, holds a responsible position with the Wachovia Bank & Trust Co.

---

Martha Roberts, who was formerly a student of the Winston High School, is attending Salem College this year.

---

Reid Elmore, who was formerly a student at the Winston High School, is now attending school at Clemmons.

---

We are very sorry to hear of the accident of DeWitt Langly, a member of the tenth grade at the High School. He was seriously hurt by a fall from his bicycle on Thursday, and blood poison set in in his leg, he was taken immediately to the hospital, where he underwent an operation. The operation was successful, and we are glad to say that he is now on the road to recovery.

---

Harry Beck, of the tenth grade, has been unable to attend school this year on account of illness.

---

John Stovall, af ormer student of our High School, holds a responsible position with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

---

Mamie Swaim, who formerly attended our High School, holds a position with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

---

George Whaling is now working at the Forsyth Chair Company.

Conrad Smitherman, a former student of this school, has a responsible position with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company.

---

Henry Green, formerly of this High School, is now enlisted in the United States Navy.

---

Riley Matthews holds a position at the Maline Mills.

---

Dovie Stenson, a member of the eighth grade in our school, left recently on account of her eyesight.

---

Ernest M. Jordan is now working for the Seaboard Air Line, at Norfolk, Va.

---

Pliny Hege, who has been holding a position at the Southbound Railroad Office, has left for the country, where he will remain some time.

---

Esther Brewer, a former student of the High School, has a position in Efird's Department Store.

---

Mary Williams, who was a student in the High School, has a position with the Western Union Telegraph Co.

---

Dennis Fogleman, a former pitcher on the High School base-ball team, has left for Texas, where he will make his future home with his uncle.

---

Alma Maynard, who left the High School last year, has a position in Efird's Department Store.

---

Vernie Ferguson and Robert Carmichael of the ninth grade are recovering from long attacks of typhoid fever.

Mary Stovall of the Eight B., is out with typhoid.

Jeannette Bennett, who at one time attended our High School, is having a pleasant visit in Gainsville, Texas. —

Walter Jordan of last year's Ninth B., is now attending Mar's Hill. His many friends will be sorry to hear that he recently broke his arm while playing foot-ball.

Miss Eva Wall has a position as stenographer in Mr. Reade Johnson's office.

The senior class was very sorry to lose Lona Morgan, one of its members who moved to Bridgeton, N. J.

On Wednesday, November the twenty-sixth, the annual Thanksgiving exercises were held in the High School Auditorium. The front of the platform was piled high with gifts for the Associated Charities, given by the High School girls and boys. The program included the reading of the Thanksgiving Proclamation, and several interesting recitations and readings, also several piano and vocal selections. Mr. P. S. Wright delivered a very interesting address. As a climax the Senior Class presented a big turkey, tied with their class colors, to our faithful janitor, Joe Long.

---

### ALAS! POOR FRESHMAN.

A freshman was heard to say one dark gloomy day,  
As homeward he travelled so sad,  
Meyers' Ancient History to me is a mystery,  
And Latin is just as bad,  
The rules of English Grammar I can't beat in with a  
hammer,  
And Arithmetic drives me mad.

## Exchanges

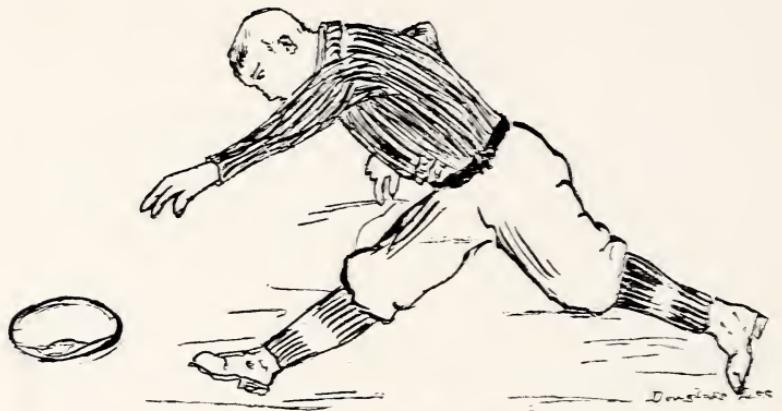
The Sage is a splendid magazine full of well written stories and poems. The jokes are clever and original. In fact every department is a credit to its editors. The cuts add greatly to the attractiveness of the magazine.

The Statesville High School Magazine brings to us several interesting stories and the poems are fine. "How Henry Kept the Key" is very amusing. We think a few original jokes would help it.

The Critic, Lynchburg, Va. The story, "He Changed His Mind," and the poem, "Thanksgiving Day," are fine. We congratulate the foot-ball team of Lynchburg High School.

We were glad to receive the Vexillum, and read it from cover to cover. There are a number of original stories and jokes. "Squaring Accounts" deserves special mention.





## Foot Ball

The students of our High School have entered into a new field of athletic activity. For the first time in the history of Winston-Salem, the High School has been represented upon the gridiron. It has been the general opinion among the students of the school, and others who are interested in the progress of school athletics, that foot ball would be a failure if tried here. However it has been undertaken and has proved a complete success, despite the fact that at the time the movement was organized there seemed to be no hope of outside help. Since then all those who were in a position to help responded nobly. Mr. Gorrell, the President of the Base Ball Association, very kindly offered Prince Albert Park for a field, thus overcoming the chief difficulty. The Southern Public Utility Company heartily seconded the movement by supplying the team with free transportation. Mr. A. H. Gould who was primarily the instigator of the movement, did much toward developing the team from a squad of boys who previously knew little or nothing about the game. The balls for the first practices were furnished through kindness of Stokes Lott and Cyril Pfohl, later when the team had become suf-

ficiently acquainted with the game to play a regulation game, a new ball was given the team by the members of the High School Faculty, Mr. H. A. Gould and Prof. P. L. Wright.

It is hardly necessary to recount in detail the success of the team in the two games played with High Point. It is to say the least, remarkable that the team was able to win the first two games played, as they were entirely unacquainted with the form of play. In the game played in High Point on November 14, the points scored by the team just equaled the day of the month on which the game was played, while our goal line was not crossed.

In the return game here on Thanksgiving Day, before the largest crowd of enthusiastic rooters, who have ever attended a High School game, we were again victorious by a small margin, the score standing 14 to 13 at the end of 54 minutes of play. The High Point team deserves credit for the splendid game they played here.

The following members of the team were awarded the privilege of wearing the full football W. S. H. S. monogram:

Hamilton Horton, Capt.	Ralph Tucker
Raymond Dean	Paul Walker
Harold Speer	Ransom Weatherman
Jacquelin Taylor	Thomas Wilson
Harold Hughes	Julian Buxton
Wiley Wagner	Hardin Jewett

While the following were given the monogram, with a bar, which indicates that they did not play in one full game, so won only substitute honors:

Pass Fearnington	Walter Crews
Gordon Ambler	

The prospects for a winning team next year look very bright, as only three of the letter men will graduate in the spring. Every one hopes for a longer schedule next season, and for many victories for the High School team.



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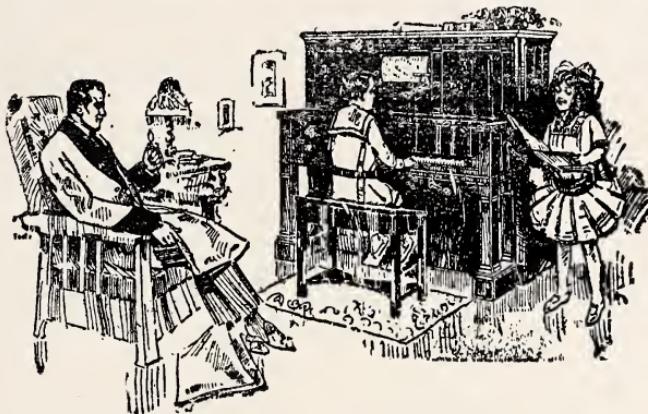
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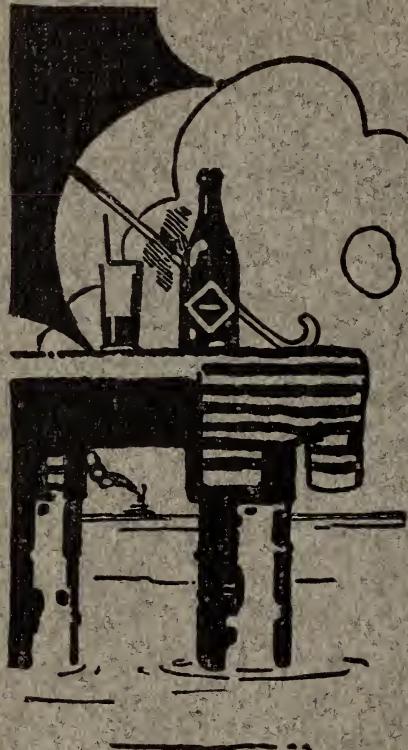
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