A decorative border with a repeating geometric pattern surrounds the text.

The
Black and Gold

RICHARD J. REYNOLDS
HIGH SCHOOL

THANKSGIVING 1925



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Thanksgiving

*Etchings of silver frost upon the wheat,
The world is a pattern on blue sky cloth;
Smoke mists cling like garments to rain blue streets;
Life brushes me with wings of a night moth—
Joy crowns the wine of youth with sparkling froth.
Sunlight, rainlight, Life, I shall love thee long,
Dawnlight, dusk-light, shall cry out my praise song.*

*When I have known with the rich soil of earth
Peace, and the silence covering turmoil;
The miracle of seed time, winter dearth;
Dreamed with the earth after the harvest toil
When the warm rain creeps through the crumbling soil,
I shall give thanks for a soft grave lined 'round
With little lost dead dreams that I have found.*

Loretta Carroll, '26.

The Black and Gold

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No. 1

"Corners of the Moon"

YEARS ago, before they became disgusted with theological and political arguments and drowned themselves in the River Styx, the gods gave man an organ which was placed between the heart and the liver. Through a tiny opening, this cell secreted a liquid the color of young gold and it is the source of all poetry and all dreams in man. Now when a child is born, the yellow cell is at first tightly closed; but every time he notices something beautiful, it opens a tiny bit. If his yellow cell is quite closed when he grows up, the child becomes a banker or a politician; if it is wide open, he may be a poet or a painter.

This is the story of a woman in whom the gift of the gods flowed freely, and how her child opened the little golden door for another woman in whom the stream was sluggish.

Philip Gale, artist, died and left his young wife, Joan, with a few worthless pictures, a son three years old, and a host of dreams and memories. Joan was the sort of woman who just reaches to a tall man's shoulder. If one started out, cold-bloodedly, to describe her, one would remember nothing strikingly unusual; merely a flash of syrup and butter color—that was her skin; wind ruffling a wheat field—that was her hair—water flowing down the curve of a hill side—which was the suppleness of her body—and speckled amber, like maple leaves under water,—that was her eyes.

The child, Peter, seemed to personify all the dreams of Joan and Phillip. In his black eyes, large with the fathomless wisdom of three years, lay the answers to the questionings of Phillip and Joan. In the symmetry of Peter's body dwelt the fulfillment of the artist's conception of beauty; in the brown-gold curls and shapely head, the woman's dream of loveliness.

The chance that makes some kings and some beggars, brought Joan and little Peter to Melissa Hebe, who as yet knew nothing of the god's generosity but who was nevertheless a very capable welfare officer. Melissa was tall and substantial, with a look of strength and dignity about her. No one ever remembered the color of her hair or eyes but one carried away a vivid recollection of the strang sweet curve of her large mouth, behind which the white teeth seemed to lie in ambush and spring into view with Melissa's battle smile.

Across the shiny desk in the Welfare Office, Joan and Melissa fought for the possession of Peter Gale; Joan for the love of the child and Melissa for the good of the child. Abruptly, Joan acknowledged her defeat.

"I admit I cannot take care of Peter," she said. "My health is going; I have to be away from him all day working. I yield to the superior judgment of the state whose theory is that man lives by bread alone. Evidently mother love is in the discount."

She led Peter to Melissa. Her eyes belied the irony of her voice.

"May I introduce Master Peter Gale; sensitive, home-loving, imaginative—" she stopped and touched his hair lightly in farewell. Melissa could say nothing, even when Joan opened the door to go.

"You goin' to work?" queried Peter, forestalling the welfare officer's tardy attempt at consolation.

"Yes, Peter," managed Joan and the door closed behind her.

Melissa was uncomfortable. She felt in the wrong, somehow, although she told herself she was doing her duty. People had no right to want children they could not take care of. She sighed as she put on her neat black hat. She had planned to keep the child in her own home to drive away the loneliness and now the mother had spoiled it. Well, she would try anyhow; one woman and a housekeeper could not fill a house. Melissa felt herself growing old.

She took Peter's hand and together they went down the steps. The child looked at her confidently.

"I not goin' to the nurserwy," he announced, "Pe-ter goin' to the park an' play in the san' pile wif his shovel. I not goin' to the nurserwy."

Melissa reassured him. The little appeal which must have preceded his journey to the Catholic Day Nursery each morning, touched her. On the way home, Peter curled up shyly in one corner of the green roadster and Melissa drove silently. Not till they were climbing the steps to Melissa's house did he speak.

The wind was rustling the half dead maple leaves and Peter tilted his head and closed one eye.

"You hear the leaves talkin'?" he demanded.

"Yes," lied Melissa—and then discovered that it wasn't a lie at all.

From that moment Melissa's education began anew, with Peter Gale as head master, and in the days that followed she grossly neglected her official duties to bask in the warmth of his crooked smile—on the pretext that the housekeeper spoiled him shamefully.

For awhile, Peter grieved for his mother, but Melissa's intense devotion discerned and filled every childish need. As for Melissa, a veil of happiness seemed to protect her from the petty annoyances of the day. Gradually the child of Joan and Phillip was opening the tiny cell which the gods gave Melissa and she, feeling the golden stream, called the thing surging in her, youth.

* * * * *

One evening she came home to find Peter literally smeared with chocolate fudge. She caught him up merrily.

"Come, Peter, I have to wash your face. There's fudge on it."

"Is fudge in my tummy, too?" inquired Peter.

"Without a doubt, yes."

"Are you goin' to wash my tummy, then?" he demanded anxiously, and Melissa carried him off, protesting.

In the evening they sat before the fire. It amused Peter to lie on his stomach across the rug and watch the firelight on the book case wink at the firelight on the high boy. Melissa watched him, gloating over the grace of him, the wordless music in his eyes.

The moonlight crept into the unlighted room and danced to meet the firelight like a pale lovely woman going to the arms of a lover in scarlet.

"What's in the moon?" said Peter, suddenly.

"A moon lady," answered Melissa promptly, like a Sunday School teacher who knows the catechism.

"Is it a Moon Lady up there?" marveled Peter.

Then Melissa looked out the window at the moon and Peter's baby hand crept up and unlocked the thousand dreams that the gods placed in a woman's heart for a child loose and set the poetry stream in motion.

"The Moon Lady sends a little bridge of light to the earth, nights," she told him. "Children like Peter and the fairies, climb up to the moon. When they get there, the Moon Lady gives them buckets full of silver paint and wee brushes. Then they fly away through the soft dark and paint the stars till they shine and twinkle. Folks

down here say, "How bright the stars are to-night!" But they don't know it is just Peter and the fairies all the time.

"Yes," said Peter. "Tell some more." And one could see in his eyes that he was a long way off on the moon bridge.

So Melissa Hebe went on spinning the tales that are the heritage of children; singing the crooning lullabies of the South.



When Peter was tucked in bed, she sat before the fire and dreamed and prayed wickedly, that Joan Gale should never have Peter. Then she asked forgiveness for the thought and curled up in the armchair. She, Melissa Hebe, forgetful of size and age and dignity, curled up in a chair—and sleep came with dimpled, baby fingers.

The insistant, metallic ringing of the doorbell wakened her. She did not hurry to answer because, somehow, she sensed that it had to do with Peter and she was afraid

of losing him. When she opened the door, a squat figure with a reddish brown beard stepped into the light and said without preamble.

"You are Mis' Hebe? I am the Rabbi and wife Mis' Gale live with. Mis' Gale iss very sick, my wife haf send me for you to come quick."

Dumbly Melissa went out and got the green roadster and she and the Rabbi got in. She had known it could not last. Always at the back of her mind had been the consciousness that Joan Gale would come for her son one day. Now she was sick and wanted him. It was the same thing. Peter belonged to Joan. She kept telling herself that one thing as she settled Peter wrapped in his blanket, comfortably against her left arm.

She heard the Rabbi muttering a long way off, but the only sentence she could catch was the refrain, "I haf done what I can."

Peter was wide awake when they reached the dingy brick apartment house.

"It's Pe-ter's home," he cried jealously. Melissa bit her lip with the pain of it.

They went down into the basement and in one of rooms they found Joan. The Rabbi's wife was sitting on the bed with Joan's head pillowed on her breast. Two flickering candles made shadow pictures on the cracked walls. Melissa tried to light the gas and dispel the musty, damp darkness, and take fear from the corners of the room. The Rabbi shrugged.

"Eet iss no use. The landlady iss turn off the gas."

Peter had climbed upon the bed and Joan was stroking his hair. As Melissa came close she smiled, the old spirited smile she had given Phillip Gale, the smile Peter had inherited.

"He looks very well fed, Miss Hebe," she said, "and I believe you have loved him, too. After tonight he's yours." Across the Rabbi's wife Joan had looked at Melissa with a question in her eyes—and Melissa answered. Then Joan kissed her son and threw back her head, seeing the pity in the other woman's eyes.

"You are mistaken," she said quietly. "I have lived as I hope you will. I am not afraid to die—only a little afraid to leave Peter. To me, death is Phillip."

Melissa bowed her head, and when she lifted it, Joan was dead. The Rabbi's wife reeked of garlic; she was fat and ungainly, but she had loved Joan and Melissa would not watch her grief. She took the child and went outside.

Peter was crying, a low frightened wail. She talked to him until he grew quiet. Then Melissa Hebe gathered him a bit closer and wept, because women do weep over such things.

And the stream of young gold from the little cell that the gods gave, was wide and deep. It flowed to the very tips of her fingers, bringing on its crest the dreams, the melody, the poetry of all Melissa Hebe's twenty-eight years.

LORETTA CARROLL, '26.

Mothers

*Do you ever think of mother
standing at the door?
Doors of love and doors of guidance,
and doors of watchful care.
First we're carried to the doorway:
we will watch for daddy now,
Baby dear and darling mother,
standing at the door.*

Esther Pfaff, '26.

A Letter from Antony Aurelius

GREETINGS to the students of the schools of the world in the future, from their most humble ancestor, Antony Aurelius, who calls down the blessings of Jupiter and the immortal gods upon them.

Through the ages you have called to me and demanded a description of my home life as a patrician. Gladly shall I give it. Hence:

I being born of patrician rank, my rights as a Roman citizen were recognized as soon as I had put on the toga of manhood.

When I entered into my estate I needs must take unto myself a wife, she having already been chosen for me by an agreement between her parents and mine. We were married according to custom, and to our union were born three beautiful children, two boys and a girl.

My summer villa on the outskirts of Rome, was indeed a beautiful place, with the atrium the most wonderful part of all. In the center stood a fountain of bronze, a fawn and some water nymphs gracefully dancing. The fine spray of water was of the purest and clearest to be found. It looked as if the drops of water were tiny sparkling jewels, falling in rainbow colors in the sunlight. Surrounding the fountain were lovely violets, anemonies, and lilies, while around these wound a little path, leading to other parts of the atrium. Here in the golden sunlight I was accustomed to watch my children playing at ball or some other game, bending their graceful, slender bodies as fairy sprites do. Their hair shone like gold as if Venus herself had bestowed it.

You sent your message to me while I was living on the planet Mercury, asking me something about the daily routine of my life, hence I must hurry on to that.

Usually at night at Nero's request I feasted in the royal garden where wine flowed in plenty, and where grapes and rich fruits of marvelous beauty were placed before me. The great Nero, for he truly considered himself that, sang to us in his hideous, scratchy voice, or recited his awkward, unpoetic verses, expecting and receiving the heartiest applause, for every one desired to please him above all. Nero had the most wonderful dancers to be found anywhere, and every one was therefore entertained most enchantingly. The feasting, dancing, and merriment lasted far into the early morning, after which every one returned to his dwelling, drunk and sleepy with wine and revelry, and garlanded with blossoms, given by some timid yet daring maiden.

After sleeping through the better part of the morning—I was always up late the night before—I awoke feeling rather weary, sluggish and cross, but through the wonderful baths which I had installed, my spirits were much revived, and my body lost much of its weariness. After the bath I was laid on a table covered with a soft white cloth, and my body was rubbed with perfumed olive oil until it became aglow with vim and strength. While still under this treatment, I often received any visitors who perchance came in. We talked on various subjects relating to politics, the conditions in the Forum, any scandal, and about the possibility of a celebration in the arena with the accursed Christians.

After my treatment, I was carried into the frigidarium to cool. Here my guest and I would spend a lovely hour or so chatting among the soft cushions of Egyptian fabrics. My cooling room was a most enjoyable place, rich in hangings and draperies. In the center rose a fountain giving forth a spray of rosy radiance with an odor of violets.

In the unctorium, or dressing room, my Egyptian slaves of the most alluring forms of grace, anointed me with rare Oriental perfumes, dressed my hair, and placed the folds of my toga correctly.

After a refreshment known as the morning meal, I was carried to my place of business on a litter and when the duties had been performed, I returned to my abode.

In the afternoon after a brief rest from the heat of the day, I was accompanied

to the arena to watch a great and thrilling fight between man and beast. Yes, Nero was sure to be there. There he was laughing and jesting with his friends, shouting with excitement at seeing the body of a Christian torn from limb to limb by the hungry lion. Most of the persecuted people bowed their heads in humble supplication to their God and calmly awaited death. Only the immortal gods know how many people have been killed in the arena; but this I know, it was the most exciting sport we had and everyone enjoyed it to the utmost.

After an afternoon at the arena we went to our homes again to don our evening togas and go once more to the home of Nero for feasting and merriment.

Now my earthly friends, do you not wish most earnestly that you had lived and enjoyed the wonderful luxuries of my time? I know sincerely that you do.

So now, farewell! May each one of you receive a blessing from Jupiter and all the immortal gods. The entire household of Antony Aurelius salutes you and the ever abiding watchfulness of Mars, the god of War, be with you. I must hurry to the planet Saturn, for my life on Mars has ended. Farewell!

KATHERINE PFOHL, '26.

The Criminals' Recompense

GEE-MA-NE! can'tcher stop wriggling; you're shaking the freckles off my face!"

"Aw, you shut up! can'tcher be still? They'll hear us and then no give-up."

"At least Flora'd think you was prettier," taunted the small boy's companion.

"I hear 'em now."

"Give-up! Give-up!"

"Aw shut-up, Tommy Hamilton, you ain't got no sense. They are yelling, 'Ten-up! Ten-up!'"

"That's all right, mister smartie, I know a jim-dandy secret."

"Base on Tommy and Billy found in the hay loft," yelled the hide-and-go-seek hunter.

"I told you; all time getting me caught. Get up! and let's crawl down. Come on!"

Billy, the ten-year old son of Mr. Hanes, the most prominent banker of the small town of Hamptonville; and Tommy, the son of Mr. Hamilton, a merchant, descended from the loft.

"Billy—oh, Bill-e-e-e, come wash your face for dinner. Bill-e-e-e—oh, Bill-e-e-e! Come here!"

"Mama's calling me for dinner; see you this afternoon. Tell the other kids I had to go."

"Bill-e-e-e! Billy Hanes! Billy Clifton Hanes! Come here," yelled his exasperated mother.

"Coming! Coming!"

A slap on the seat of his pants assured him that he had gotten there.

"Wash up, now, and hurry."

Ten minutes had passed with several commands of stop "gobbling your food." Five minutes more passed, and Billy, with a large red luscious apple, was at the back of an old shed, his meeting place with Tommy.

Now Billy was burning with curiosity about the secret of Tommy, although he had not wished to show him his interest. He had now laid before him all his precious possessions: a top, a ball, a long piece of string, the large red apple and a beautiful agate. This last possession was placed apart from the others; it occupied the most prominent place. Billy saw the black head of Tommy bobbing over the hill, so he put on his air

of unconcern. The minute of his arrival, Tommy's large brown eyes saw the beautiful agate. Oh! how he envied Billy. If it were only his.

"What cher doing?"

"Just thought I'd kinda take stock to see if I could let Willie Brown have my agate. He promised me his airplane."

"Billy, I'll tell you the secret for that agate."

"Dunno, reckon I'll do it."

Tommy took a folded piece of paper from his pocket and laid it upon the ground. Both boys on their knees read eagerly;

\$5,000 R E W A R D

for Black Slim

A Notorious Criminal

"Humph! don't see so much, only I just saw a man precisely like this picture snooping around the 'Haunted House' yesterday."

"Reckon we could capture him? Reckon we could?"

"Dunno, might go up there and take a look around," replied Tommy.

"Jest like you, all time trying to get other boys' brains busted out."

"Well, see if you can think of anything better, Mister Smartie."

That night was a beautiful moonshiny one; in the shadows of the bushes and trees the two boys were cautiously tip-toeing. First the black head, and then the red, could be seen from behind the bushes. Over the arm of Billy, hung a large white sheet borrowed from his mother's linen closet; while Tommy had a rope and hammer from his daddy's work shop.

"Tommy," you go put the rope on the post and be careful," whispered Billy, "while I explore and see if I can get in a basement window."

A few minutes later Billy was back ready to try his experiment.

"I found a way in the house. Help me with this sheet. Be quick! These ain't desirable parts, especially when a criminal is loose."

Billy was gone. He left Tommy holding the rope, ready to block the way of the criminal.

The house was dark and smelled musty; the stairs creaked as he climbed them. A look into this room and that one assured him that the criminal was not in them. There was yet one large room left. He peeped in the door and he saw there a man stretched full-length.

"O-o-o-o-ooooo!" wailed his trembling voice.

The man awoke with a start and made a rush for the door.

"O-o-ooooo-o-o-o!"

Down the stairway he jumped, two steps at a time, then for the door. Crash! he fell over the rope Tommy had fixed for him.

"Hooray! hooray! we got him. Tie him up quick!" screamed Billy.

"Say," asked the man, when he had regained his breath, "what you mean by fooling with me? You almost killed me."

Tommy and Billy's hearts skipped a beat when they recognized a police badge on the man's vest.

"Say kids, what are your names? Well, Tommy Hamilton and Billy Hanes, be at court in the morning at nine o'clock."

The two dejected figures appeared before the Juvenile Court Judge next morning.

"Your offense is most serious," solemnly stated the judge, "therefore, I give you five hundred dollars apiece for helping catch the criminal."

Tommy looked at Billy and Billy looked at Tommy.

"For helping catch the criminal!" they both exclaimed.

"Judge, we ain't caught any criminal."

"No," replied the judge, "but you waked our detective. We had information that this criminal would cross the border at midnight. If our detective had slept one minute longer the criminal would have escaped.

MAY KREEGER, '26.

Greater Love Hath No Man

IT was later than usual when I left the office—I was tired for the work was piled up in the office like cord wood, as it always is in a probation office for several weeks before Christmas. Miserable as I was, I stepped from the elevator and passed out of the building to the street.

Next number on the program found me getting up from the edge of the curb where Mr. B——— had been waiting to take me for a ride. I soon found out that banana peelings have no more mercy on the tired, worn out business man than they have on the care-not and know-nothing generation of youth. Judging from the appearance of passers-by I must have presented something on the order of a comedy for a half dozen men set up a “Ha! ha!” at me and then had the nerve enough to ask me if I were hurt. This infuriated me to such an extent that I was forced to smile rather than have to say “Good morning, judge,” and answer for an assault with intentions of my own. (These I withhold.) The two men who stayed with me and accompanied me to my room, I learned later, could sympathize with me because of experiences somewhat similiar.

Arriving at my destination coincidence number two introduced itself. It so happened that the parting at my door made it necessary for all three to produce cards that would establish an introduction. The card that I passed to each of them ran something like this:

Mr. Jesse L. Binkster,
Meldon Drive,
Charlotte,
North Carolina.
Probation Officer
Phone 3427

The tall dignified man handed me his card first and to my surprise and bewilderment I read:

Mr. Ernest J. Freille,
Winton Avenue,
Raleigh,
North Carolina.
Probation Officer
Phone 7869.

The other gentleman, Mr. Line, proved to be a friend of Mr. Freille's who had accompanied him to this city but expected to return home that night. The kindness of Mr. Freille had made such an impression on me that I invited him to lunch the next day at the Sherriton Hotel. I also thanked Mr. Line and expressed my regret that he could not be with us.

Next day my friend, Mr. Freille, met me at the hotel promptly at the hour set. We certainly did get acquainted for we talked of church, of religious beliefs, exchanged ideas and opinions of everything of any importance to either of us. I soon learned that he was the youngest of a large and well-to-do family, originally from New England. He, I think, possessed a dignified, straight-to-it attitude toward everything and everybody. I suppose he studied me just as I studied him for we became very intimate friends (and are yet). He made mention of trying to get a position with the probation offices here, saying that the terms were not much in Raleigh and he would like to make a change. I told him that we needed an assistant in our office at once and that he might apply for the position.

That very afternoon Mr. Freille came into the office. What passed between him

and the manager of the department I do not know, but I judged from the expression on his face when he came out of the private office that he got the job.

Sure enough, next morning the door opened and a hearty, "Good morning to everybody," rang through the office. I turned around and there stood my friend, Mr. Freille, ready to get up to his elbows in that pile of work. When the telephone rang he picked it up, answered it, just as if he had been there as long as any of us. We all were so astounded at his ease that we stopped and listened as he said in a clear, distinct voice:

"Probation office."

We were able to understand a woman saying: "Well, this is Miss Dickers, and I want some of you to come over to my house some time to-day—I cain't git away from the house long 'nough to come down there and I must, I'll jest have to see some of you folks to-day—it jest cain't be put off."

"Miss Dickers, are you in trouble?"

"Yes, I'm afeerd I am."

"Could you tell me anything now that might help a little?"

"No, no, jest as soon as you can I wish you would come over. I'd like for you to come if you can and jest as soon as you can."

"Yes, Miss Dickers, I'll come if you like—but what is your address?"

"It's red now but it used to be blue."

This answer, I am sure, would have halted any other person in the office but not Freille.

"Where do you live," he repeated.

This, she could interpret.

"We live in the house on the corner a block above Silver's Alley. You know where that is, don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Dickers, I think I can find it and I'll come right over just as soon as possible." But everyone of us knew as well as Freille that he did not know anything about the address given.

With this Mr. Freille hung up the receiver, made a few notes and turned around to the rest of us, who pretended to be at work. Very calmly he remarked that there had been a call for assistance and he then read the address given by the woman but said he could not find just what the trouble was. The general manager gave him permission to investigate the case, thinking it was just a small matter. I asked him if I might accompany him to the address and he said, "Sure, come along."

When we left the office I assured him that I was not trying to take the case away from him but I knew he was almost a stranger here in Charlotte and I thought I would help him find the place. He seemed very grateful for what he called thoughtfulness on my part.

After wandering about for quite a while we finally found Silver's Alley and from there we proceeded "to the house on the corner, a block above Silver's Alley." Here I looked up at Freille and told him to make the investigation and if he needed help to call for me. He started up the shackling old steps toward the porch and I turned and retraced my steps toward the office. When I arrived I found that dinner hour was in progress so I again left the office.

It was just about one-thirty o'clock when we all had settled down to work only to be interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. It was Mr. Freille asking that Mr. Binkster meet him at the National Bank at once. In five minutes' time I was with Mr. Freille and again we walked the same streets we had walked that morning. It was not long until we came in sight of the shabby, decrepid looking little house. Upon entering I found more than shabbiness. (I say I because Freille had found it before I had.) The mother and father and five children whose ages ranged from six months to twelve years were living in a three room house.

The interior, I observed was anything but pleasant. The four bare walls, and the rooms with almost no furniture made everything gloomy enough, then the moaning

and groaning from the fevered and delirious patients was "more than the strongest set of nerves could quell."

I walked over to the bed and there in the rumpled pile of dirty quilts I saw the face of a little golden-haired girl. Her figure, so fragile and pale, was beautiful, and those eyes of dark blue were sinking and the circles around them getting larger. Beside her lay her mother, who was sick too. More investigation showed me a worn-out, tired and weary looking man on a cot on the other side of the room who had been led around by a noose called tuberculosis. Now it had him down. There is an old adage that says, "troubles never come in sprinkles but in deluges," just as they had in this case.

I went out and called the doctor. In a surprisingly short time I met him at the door and told him all; then we went in. There we found Freille trying to ease the father; the doctor walked over to the mother, looked at her and shook his head. We understood then that there was no hope for her, and as for the father, we had understood all the while. We wrapped the sick child up in the blankets. I was given the keys to the car and told to take all of the children over to the hospital and then come back.

When I returned we worked to make them comfortable. The doctor asked them if they had any relatives and they said, "No." This was all they said but they understood. Then almost in one voice the two cried out—"Our children."

Mr. Freille, the only one who could say a word, told them in a few simple yet beautiful words that the children would be cared for and made happy so that they need not worry about them.

As life was slowly ebbing out of the mother, the weary father sat straight up in bed and cried—"O God, I pray Thee to keep them; to guard them; and to lead them in the straight and narrow path to Thy Kingdom," and with this the mother and father greeted a new Dawn.

For once in my life I saw tears in the eyes of a man, a friend of mine, Mr. Freille, who said, "They've laid down their lives for their children." Then he repeated that wonderful verse of Scripture, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

ANNA CLY, '26.

Autumn's Message

*The wind is chilling fast;
The leaves are turning brown,
And soon will Winter's blast
Begin its snowing down.*

*Then woe to all you gay;
You'll die a frosty death,
But life returns in May;
You'll breathe another breath.*

*Then why should man be blue
And fear to leave this plane,
When trees, in Autumn's hue,
Fear not the death's domain?*

Clyde Brewer, 26.

Stories of the War as Told by a Grandmother of the Future

IS THERE anything that we enjoy more than hearing our grandmothers tell of the days of the Civil War "when the girls wore crinolines but didn't wear paint"—so Grandmother says? And has it ever occurred to you that we were the same age during the World War as our grandmothers were during the Civil? What will be the tales that we shall tell our grandchildren? Will they be stirring tales of the battles that were won and lost; the plans of campaigns that were changed or the lines of march that were abandoned; stories of this general that was wounded and of that captain who was killed? Will they be that kind of stories? Well, no, they will not for our knowledge of the battles and of the important events of the great War is yet to be gained. Incomprehensible as it may seem, few of us who were children during the World War know anything about the real facts of the War. Of course we know that the Kaiser was the cause of the War, and we know that we fought to make the world safe for democracy, and the Germans cut little babies' heads off and that General Pershing said when he got to France, "Lafayette, we are here," and that's just about as far as most of our knowledge goes. But after all, we shall have our little stories to tell and with a little romancing and added facts—which doubtless they will gather as the years roll on—they will make quite interesting stories too.

But facts fade and memories grow dim and here is a story that shall be told.

"Oh, yes, darlings, those were terrible days with the boys in khaki leaving every day for the battlefields of France and a German's bayonet," proclaimed Grandma to a group of interested listeners gathered around the fire.

"Terrible days, indeed," she continued, "every day a flag with a little gold star on it was hung in some poor soul's window to show that another brave boy had been killed by the cruel Germans. (Grandma had been sorry she did not have a brother they could hang up a gold star for.)

"They were awful days because while your history books may not tell you this it's really true—the Germans were fighting in this country, too! Why you didn't dare venture outdoors for fear a bomb would be dropped on your head. (She really had spent one afternoon of terror because some mischievous boy had told her that the Germans were going to come over from Germany that evening and drop bombs on all little red-headed girls' heads, and she had seen a bird way up in the sky that looked like an airplane—Oh, well, as I have said, facts fade.)

"We didn't have the fine food you have now-a-days and sometimes we didn't even have enough to eat," she continued. (Now—Grandma!). We didn't have biscuits except on special occasions and then we had to mix cornmeal with flour. They didn't taste a bit good. (She had forgotten that she could eat eight with apparently the highest enjoyment.) And on our oatmeal—oh, yes, Mary, we still had oatmeal, the Germans couldn't take that away from us—we had to eat molasses in place of sugar for sugar was very expensive—fifty cents a pound. (Memories grow dim). You children fuss because you have to eat oatmeal with sugar and cream and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Just think what Grandma had to eat. (She had really refused to eat anything with molasses on it because she always got the molasses on her face and had to wash it again before she could go to school. But, who would tell a thing like that to their impressionable grandchildren! Besides, she had really forgotten that she wouldn't eat molasses and always thought of the sacrifices she had made in regard to sugar with a great deal of satisfaction).

"Robert," she interrupted herself, "stop wasting that good cake. You children now-a-days don't appreciate cake like we did during War times. Why I can remember yet a cake that I had during the War. Oh, it was a funny cake and such a good cake, too.

You see it was my birthday and I had been very, very sick. They thought I was going to die and my mother wished to celebrate. Why, celebrate my getting well, of course. Mary, you ask such absurd questions. But you see she could not get any sugar and what would a cake be without sugar: It certainly wouldn't be a cake, would it? Well, mother was determined to have a cake, or rather I was determined to have one. I reckon I had been spoiled, being sick so long, but my mind was made up to have a cake and have it I did. You know, necessity is the mother of invention so my mother turned inventor and discovered a new kind of sugar. What do you reckon it was? It was peppermint candy. Yes sir, she bought some peppermint candy and ground it up nice and fine in a meat-chopper and sweetened that cake with it. On the outside for icing she stuck little red candy hearts. It made a pretty cake and an unusual one, too, you might say. And let me tell you I didn't waste that cake as you are doing, Robert," she concluded firmly.

"Mercy me," she cried, "it's almost nine o'clock. Time for old folks like me and young folks like you to be getting to bed."

"Oh, Grandma! it's not time for us to go to bed. It's early yet. Tell us just one more story. The one about the time you carried the newspaper," broke in a regular chorus of young voices.

"Oh, Granny, please just one more," they begged as she seemed to hesitate and cast a doubtful look towards the clock.

"Well," she conceded, "I'll tell you about the newspaper although you know the story as well as I do.

"It was in the summer of 1917 and I was spending the vacation with my grandparents in the country. My Aunt Martie (you have seen her picture in the album—she's the one with the funny wart on her nose) lived about three miles from my Grandmother's house in a large white house perched on the top of a steep hill. There was an old apple orchard in front of the house and at the bottom of the hill was a cold, clear spring where my aunt kept her milk and butter. That spring was a favorite place of mine because I had two pets there. One was a crayfish that lived in the spring and was supposed to keep it pure, and the other was an old, brown crock that was always full of cold, creamy milk. I loved that old crock so that I always relieved it of part of its burden of cream. Law, how my old tongue wanders and gets me off the track. Where was I? Oh yes, I know. It was several months after America had entered the war and every day there was a list published in the newspapers of those who had enlisted. My grandparents only received the paper once a week and you can imagine how eagerly it was awaited, for my Granny! that's what I called my Grandmother, was expecting to see that her three sons had enlisted. And one day, it was in August, she did see the dreaded, half-hoped for announcement. Her youngest son, her baby, as she always thought of him, had enlisted. We were all excited but Grandmother's first thought after she had somewhat recovered, was that some one must carry the news to my aunt. She lived so far from the main highway that the old country postman would not carry her any mail. I said that I would carry her the news, for of course she would be very anxious to hear that her brother had enlisted. It was a long, hard climb over the rocky hills to my aunt's but I did not mind that for I was carrying important news. I arrived at my aunt's and my announcement created the sensation I had hoped it would. I felt quite important for they all said that I was a brave, strong, little girl to walk that long, lonely distance all by myself. To help me on my return my Aunt went with me to the spring and said that I could eat all the pound cake and drink all the cream I wanted to. I guess she was so excited at the news which I had brought her that she didn't pay much attention to me, so I drank over a quart of milk and cream and ate about a fourth of a great big pound cake. Before I got back to Granny's I was feeling distinctly uncomfortable, to say the least. I stumbled into the house and crawled into bed and just kept on getting sicker and sicker. Granny became alarmed and sent for the doctor. She thought the excitement, together with the long, hot walk, had been too much for

me. I was treated almost like a heroine so I didn't say anything about all that cake and cream I had eaten because I was afraid that they would call me a little pig instead of a poor, brave little girl. Everybody petted me for a few days and I was having a grand time when they discovered the real cause of my sickness. Then there was a change in the atmosphere and I was given a terrible lecture. Let that be a warning to you, children, and always remember 'that your sins will find you out,' " concluded Grandma in a moralizing tone of voice.

"Now, I know that it is bedtime for it's almost ten o'clock. Charles, you put out the light and then come up stairs immediately," ordered Grandma.

Long after the children were asleep she could be heard chuckling to herself over her absurd reminiscences of the great World War.

MARGARET SPAINHOUR, '26.

The Ghost That Wasn't

WISH there was something doing in this old town," grumbled Syd Atkins. "We fellows never have any kind of adventure."

Ted, his older brother smiled. "That's because you don't seek it, Syd. Why don't you and the fellows spend tomorrow night down at the old mill?"

"Oh, I say, Ted," protested Syd.

His brother grinned. Syd quickly added, "I'll have to ask the fellows."

The fellows knew very well they'd never hear the last of it if they refused to make the trip. It wouldn't be very pleasant, for the place was supposed to be haunted at night by the spirits of several people who had been killed in or around the mill. But they had to accept the challenge. So it was that several boys made their way the next day, about dusk, fearlessly across the threshold of the old mill.

They climbed up the rickety ladder into the loft or attic. The shadows were just reaching out of the corners like long, dark fingers. It was rather weird. After making up some bunks they sat down to wait. Soon it grew very dark in the attic which had been lighted by only a pale, ghostly moon. The water sloshing against the old mill wheel sounded like the gurgle of a strangling person. The boys tried to laugh and talk, but when they got started they would hear the slosh, slosh, slosh of the water and all would become silent at once.

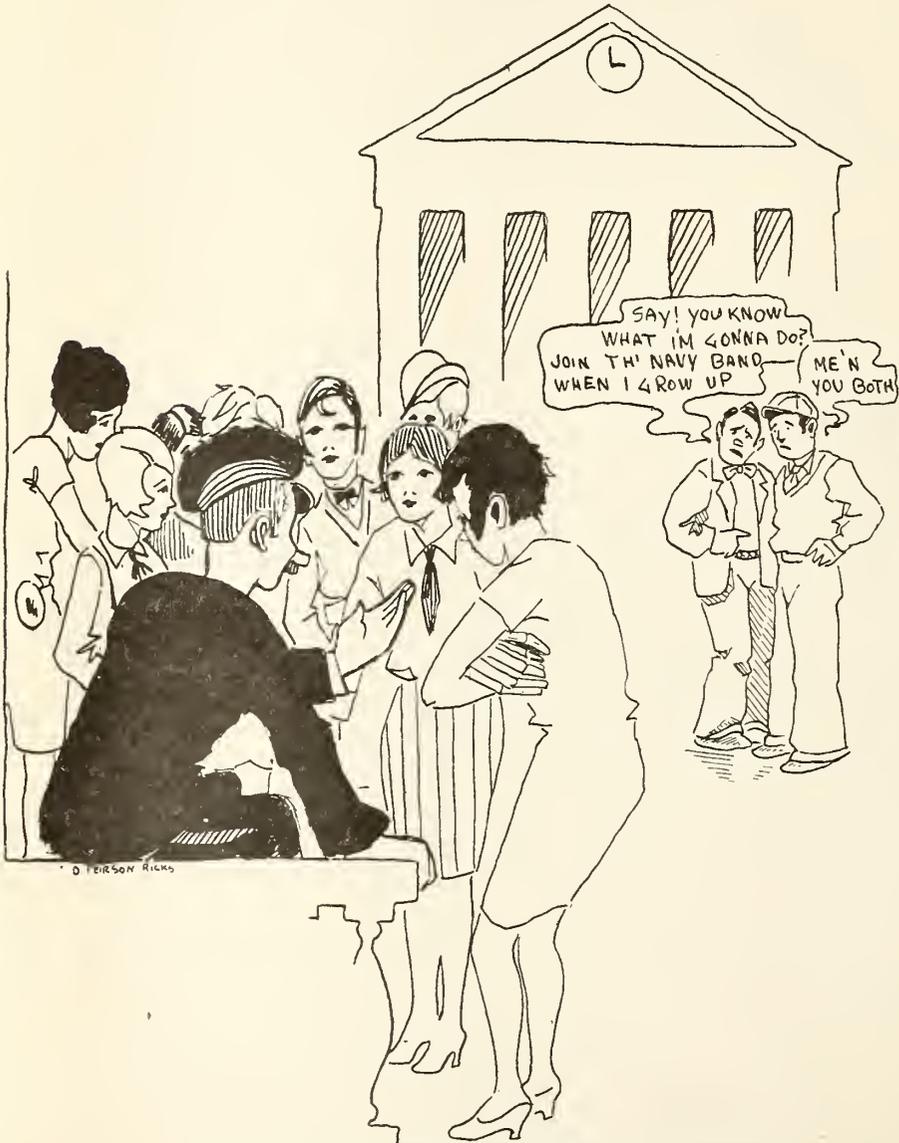
After what seemed hours the boys suddenly heard — — a footstep, then another and another; then the weird clank of a chain, then silence. Then again footsteps sounded on the floor below. The boys did not try to conceal their fright now. They all huddled up together in a corner and listened.

"Gee," whispered Syd, "it's coming up the ladder."

Sure enough the footsteps could be heard slowly mounting the ladder. The ladder creaked, the chain clanked, and the boys quickly dived under some quilts, and hugging the cover tightly over their heads, awaited their doom. The footsteps ceased for a moment, then started again. A creak, a footstep, a clank of the awful chain, and a head appeared above the opening in the floor.

"Boys," inquired Ted Atkins sweetly, "have enough cover?"

JOANNA CRIM, '28.



WHEN THE NAVY BAND CAME

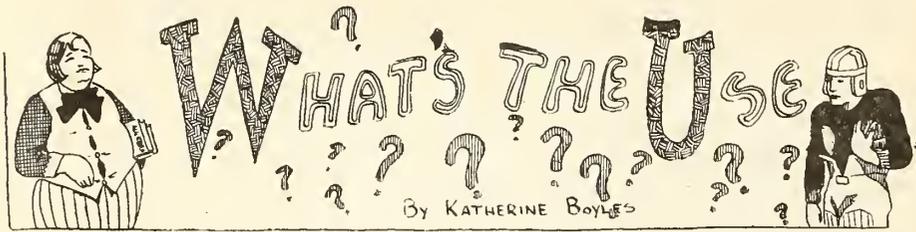
Viewing the Poet Milton From a Moral, Intellectual and Religious Standpoint

I HAD never realized what beautiful thoughts could be put into poetry in such a perfect and clear manner, until studying the "companion poems", "Lycidas", and "Comus" by the poet Milton. Nor did I realize what a Master-mind was until I had received the meaning of each of these poems. But perhaps it would be well to mention that knowing little beforehand of the true character of Milton, I have learned a great deal about Milton, the man, merely from studying carefully four of his greatest poems.

First, we find that Milton was a man of high moral character, and that he admired high morals in others. In the poem "Comus", I think, the morals of this master poet are clearly shown. From the description of the midnight revelry led by Comus, Milton uses such adjectives and explanatory clauses that the reader cannot help but see the poet himself despises such merriment and gaiety; that the baser things to which man has lowered himself are only worldly pleasures for physical enjoyment; that from such things man, as a result, becomes degraded. The phrase " 'Tis only daylight that makes sin" shows that Milton had experienced some adventures which showed him that in the light, only the right would prevail. Through the beautiful character of the Lady, we find that Milton was a strong opponent of deadly drinks; wines and liquors only set afire the mind and body. Through this same character we are shown that the poet believed in temperance in all things. That is one of the greatest standards man may have.

By all means, in reading these four great poems, one could not help knowing that a powerful intellect, a perfect genius, and an experienced, highly educated man could be the author of such beautiful lines and thoughts. A continual reference to Greek mythology and ancient customs reveals the fact that a close study and association with the old classics existed as a part of the poet's education. The poet's imagination shows us that only a great God could have given such an intellect and understanding. Not mere study of books and lessons from teachers could have cultivated such a vivid imagination. A close observation of nature, science and human lives, perhaps might develop in some ways this great power. The command Milton possessed over the English language is astounding. Beautiful, expressive adjectives, verbs, or adverbs are the descriptives he used. In reading the poems I noticed these especially. What wonder appears as we read the marvelous descriptions of nature! What glorious pictures are placed before our eyes! How entralling to live through those scenes painted so vividly for us! A close observance of nature's glories is the only means which could help put into words some of God's great "Out-of-doors". An education then in the natural of the world is also attributed to Milton's intellect.

• A lesson, and to me it is the greatest, is the prevalence of right over wrong, which we find in every one of the four master-pieces. Milton communed with God. How great is the friendship between man and the divinity? Through Milton's walks in the fields, wood, or wherever he went, that Supreme Being must have dominated, impressing upon that mortal mind the bounty, beauty, and goodness given to mankind, for the purpose of glorifying God in all walks of Life. Milton looked to God for strength; he looked to God for inspiration; he looked to God most of all for his talent, and thus praised Him by making use of his gift. How can one help seeing the religious side of Milton's life?



IT WILL really be impossible for you with the sylph-like forms to sympathize with the pathetic heroine of the following tale. Only one who has lived on turnip greens and rolled a mile and back every night can appreciate her hardships.

To other people Mary Jane Jones was a nice, jolly, fat girl—no more. To herself she was a princess imprisoned in *avouirdupois*. It was very nice to be Vice-President of the Student Council and have the English teacher read her poetry aloud in class but it was quite another thing to always be a “wallflower.”

It would be untrue to say that Mary Jane was not popular. Everybody liked her but—well, to make a long story short—the boys cared for her only in a crowd, say, of a thousand.

Mary Jane entered High School with high hopes which fell at the Freshman party. “During the course of the evening,” as the Society editor would say, “progressive conversation was enjoyed for more than an hour.” Mary Jane conversed with herself in the dressing room where she progressed not at all. Secretly and tearfully she vowed that before the Sophomore party she would weigh one hundred and sixty-four pounds, minus thirty-nine pounds.

All to no avail. The Sophomore party found Mary Jane tipping the scales at one hundred and sixty-four pounds plus. It would have been different had she been tall and muscular, but no, she was not over five feet and had small bones as well as no muscle whatsoever.

True is the old saying of that adage that “heroes are made, not born.” Mary Jane’s failure only served to strengthen her determination. She lost sleep night after night but at last the great idea came. If she could spend the whole summer out of town and away from her family she would grow thin. And she knew the very place to go!

Just as the clock struck two-thirty a.m. she got out of bed, tiptoed downstairs, and wrote a letter to Great-aunt Judy.

It would be quite different up there in the country. Aunt Judy would understand and would not insist on Mary Jane’s eating unless it was necessary. At home the family always made fun of her if she left the sugar out of her tea or refused any butter.

In less than a week Mary Jane received Aunt Judy’s letter asking her niece to come up the day school closed and stay as long as she liked. According, on May 25 Mary Jane boarded the train for Pineville. Little did her native town guess how she, now a fat girl with a triple chin, would look on her return.

Aunt Judy was wonderful. She never had desserts and sent Mary Jane horseback riding every day. It was hard at first. The hunger pangs were awful and the horse was a veritable nightmare. Nevertheless, slowly but surely the “princess imprisoned in *avouirdupois*” began to be released. Mary Jane lost ten pounds in less than three weeks and by the last of July she was only pleasingly plump. Only August was needed to complete the transformation and it did. Contrary to your expectations, skeptical readers, Mary Jane stuck it out to the end.

Before her return home she had to have a complete new wardrobe, and believe it or not, a thirty-two fitted her loosely. Her complexion was “peaches and cream,” her bobbed hair short and curly. Altogether she was petite and lovely. Sh-h-I am

not betraying a confidence but the newspaper picture of the school star half-back became worn with much handling.

Long had Mary Jane worshipped the black-haired hero, who had never so much as glanced her way.

Her return home on Saturday night, September 2, was greeted with incredulous gasps. Mr. Jones himself recognized his daughter only after a close scrutiny. Mary Jane's brothers looked, winked, and ran to spread the news.

As is often the case in middle-sized towns practically everybody of any importance attends the same church. The black-haired half-back sang in the choir. When Mary Jane entered the church, exactly ten minutes late, he was the first one to see her. I say the first one because by the time she was half-way to her seat all eyes were glued upon her. It is an unusual thing for a girl to lose fifty-five pounds in one summer and turn out to be the prettiest sixteen-year-old in town.

Already the boys were making dates for the Junior-Senior reception. The half-back resolved to ask Mary Jane that very night, but alas, after the sermon Mary Jane was surrounded by a crowd ten persons deep and he did not have a chance. However, he determined to see her the next day, before any of the other fellows got a bid.

That night, before going to bed, Mary Jane began to have curious pains in her slim young jaws. Filled with a horrible suspicion she went in the pantry and bit into a peach, very juicy. Horrors! What a dreadful feeling. Her whole throat was drawn into a knot. Surely it could not be the mumps!

But it was. The next morning Mary Jane awoke with a "mump" on each side and one under her chin. Before noon her eyes were invisible and her face rounder than it had been when she was still a jolly, fat girl. Untrue to form she was not at all sick and went on the veranda to spend the afternoon in the hammock.

"Ere the clock struck four," as the poets say, there was a chunching on the gravel outside. Mary Jane looked over the banister and saw wonder of wonders—the black-haired hero, "with a noble purpose stamped upon his brow." Fascinated, she forgot her terrible affliction, and gazed at him wonderingly, with her swollen face over the head of the hammock.

The hero stepped up on the porch and looked around him to see if there were any signs of the slim, curly haired, vision. His eyes fell upon the hammock. With a gasp he backed off the porch and hurried down the walk. A passer-by heard him mutter, "I might have known it was a dream. Hereafter, I'll manage to keep awake in church."

A Medley

WHEN the first Beam of Daye streamed over the Hill, a Wray of sunshine stole over the Green Fields and over the Brown Wall into the Chappell of the Church, where the Pope was singing a Carroll. The Shepard watched the Martin in its robe of Royal purple, soar through the Blue Southern skies, over the Barnes and toward the West, where a Gray Hayes hung Lowe over the Forest Wood. The bees awoke to sip the Honey from the Rose. The spider shifted in its Webb. The farmer heard the rooster Crowell in the morning air. The Mary Spry Young Miller awoke with a Payne when the Plaster fell on his head. His Ford wouldn't start until the four Katzin the motor were taken out and put into the Hall. He found he had no Moore gas and couldn't Turner 'round on the Stonestreet, so he pushed it into a Lane. A Sailor stole his Cash from his Vest pocket. He put his hands on his Hipps and exclaimed in Earnest, "What Wright has he to take my money and not Phillip McCann with gas? If I could get a Holt of him, I would chain him to a Buie, fill his eyes with poison Ivey; and I hope it Burns him up. That would Cook his hash and put a Brandon him."

CALVIN WRAY, '27.

The Cedar Grove

John Henry Boner

*Full many a peaceful place I've seen,
But the most restful spot I know
Is one where thick dark cedars grow
In an old graveyard cool and green.*

*The way to the sequestered place
Is arched with boughs of that sad tree,
And there the trivial step of glee
Must sober to pensive peace.*

*How oft I trod that shadowy way
In bygone years—sometime while yet
A grass with morning dew was wet,
And sometimes at the close of day.*

*And sometimes when the summer moon
Hung like a slumberous midnight spell—
Sometimes when through the dark trees fell
The sacred whiteness of the moon.*

*Then is the hour to wander there,
When moonlight silver tree and stone
And in the soft night wind is blown
Ethereal essence subtly rare.*

*At such an hour the angels tread
That hallowed spot in stoles as white
As lilies, and in silent flight
They come and go till dawn is red.*

The Cedars

(The old cedars in the Moravian graveyard
were cut down in 1918.)

*See the cedars, dear old cedars!
In the fire light's ruddy glow—
Cedars that have been laid low,
By the woodman's powerful blow.*

*I can see them in my heart's mind,
See them as one sees things, blind:
See them come and see them go,
In the fire light's softening glow.*

*Then, too, I see my loved ones pass,
As though looking through a glass;
Loved ones whom the cedars guarded,
Those from whom we've long been parted.*

*Cedars, I still love your mem'ry!
I will love while life shall last—
Love the strength that held you fast,
While guarding all my loved ones passed.*

Esther Pfaff, '26.

Jack Passes

JACK BROWNE climbed the last stair to his room. "Why didn't I pass that Latin test?" he said to himself.

As he opened the door, his room-mate, Dick Newsome, greeted him with, "Hello, Jack how did you come out on that Latin test?"

"Oh, I flunked of course," answered Jack. "The prof. said my case was almost hopeless, but he's going to give me one more chance tomorrow since I passed so high on the other subjects."

"Well, old boy, you can pass it," said Dick. "Get your books and I will go over it with you."

"No, thanks. I have a date with Dorothy Vaughn tonight," Jack replied. "Goodbye to you and your books."

Dick settled down to a quiet hour of study. After a while he began wondering why Jack had flunked that Latin. He was a fine fellow, but he would not study. Deciding to find what the trouble was, he picked up Jack's calendar. He opened it and read—Mon.—Date with Alice. Tues.—Dance at Bob's. Wed.—Dot's party. Fri.—Theater. "Something must be done for that boy," declared Dick half aloud.

In the meantime, Jack had reached Dorothy's house. She met him at the door with, "I'm so glad you've come, Jack. I just bet Alice Whitely one dollar that you passed all of your tests. Don't you dare to tell me that you didn't, Jack Browne."

"I am sorry, Dot, but I flunked Latin. Professor Smith will give me one more chance tomorrow, though?" he answered sadly.

"Well of all things! How did Dick come out?" she inquired.

"Dick got an A, as he always does," he answered. "He wanted me to break my date with you tonight and let him help me with my Latin, but I could never do that. You know I could not."

Dorothy stamped her foot on the floor and said, "Yes, you could, too, Jack Browne. I am ashamed of you. You are the laziest, most stupid person I have ever seen, and from now on you may consider your dates with me broken. Now I am out a dollar just because of your triflingness." Turning, she left Jack standing alone in the room.

Once more Jack climbed the stairs of his room. There was a light burning, for Dick was still studying. He opened the door and went in. Dick looked up astonished. It was only eight o'clock and here was Jack back from Dorothy's.

"You look worried, old pal. What is the trouble?" he asked of the down-faced boy.

"Well, one thing is that Dot's out with me. She bet Alice a dollar that I passed all my subjects and I flunked Latin. She said that I could not have another date with her until I had passed the test. Say, old boy, will you help me with it?" he asked anxiously.

"With pleasure. Pull up that chair," Dick answered.

At twelve o'clock that night the reading lamp was still burning and Jack was still studying. Dick had been in bed for two hours and Jack decided that he had better go to bed if he wanted to pass that test next day.

Next morning Jack was up long before the sun. He had studied Latin until he could almost see it floating around in the air. When Dick raised up in bed, Jack said to him, "Well, old boy, I almost know this stuff by heart. I think I will pass with an A plus after all this studying, don't you?"

"I'm betting on you, all right," Dick replied.

That night Jack came home dancing. "How about the Latin test?" Dick questioned.

"I passed with a B plus," cried Jack. "Professor Smith said I did have some brains after all."

Just then there was a knock on the door and Sam, the janitor called out, "Mr. Jack, you is wanted at the 'phone."

"Whoopee! just in a minute, Sambo," he cried excitedly.

Jack went down the stairs two steps at a time.

"Hello", he said.

"Hello, Jack, this is Dorothy," said a sweet voice. I heard you passed your Latin with a B plus. You wonderful boy! Please forgive me for my silly harshness yesterday, will you? Oh, by the way, have you forgotten what to-day is?"

"My word, to-day is your birthday, isn't it? Latin has driven everything else out of my mind," he answered.

"Listen, Jack, there is a girl here who is just crazy to meet Dick. Be sure to bring him along."

"I'll be there in five minutes!" he shouted.

He entered his room and clapped Dick on the shoulder.

"Get your duds on, old fellow. There's a girl down at Dot's who wants to see you in five minutes."

"Now you're not joking, are you, Jack," Dick asked.

"Of course not," Jack answered hurriedly.

"Well get my new suit out, please, and stop looking at Dot's picture, or we will be late at the party."

STELLA BOGGS, '28.



A Fortune in a Book

IN the annals of the old French aristocracy just preceding the Revolution, one will find the name of Jayme, Comte de Davonniere. The name is connected with no outstanding achievement, nor is it often found among the lists of those attending the great social events of the period, for Davonniere was a quiet, unassuming man.

It was said that he was a very rich man, and he must have been because he had inherited vast estates from his father. But he always had the appearance of a poor man and his estate was in a most delapidated condition. What had become of his money? It was quite a question among the gossipy aristocracy and still a greater question among the nearby peasantry.

The servants in the Davonniere household were like cowed beasts. They were awed by their solitary master's moroseness and indifference and were held to obedience by his terrible temper. But the outbursts of his cruel temper angered the servants and there was always an undertone of sullenness, of stubbornness, and of rebellion in their service to their master.

There was one great joy in Davonniere's self-centered life, and that was the study of birds. In the early morning he walked thru the woods of his estate watching his birds. Twilight also found him there and midnight often found him in his great library reading of these selfsame birds. This study of birds was the center of his being; it was his only interest in life. Other people, judging from the neglect of his possessions, believed he had lost his fortune and that he was trying to find forgetfulness in this study. Others said that he was a miser and had hidden his money; and still others, influenced by his great peculiarities, said that he gone mad. No one knew.

When the French Revolution broke out, the servants' undertone of rebellion became their dominant tone. They gave him real flames in return for the fires of his temper. They allowed Davonniere to escape with only an armful of his precious bird books that he gathered from a special shelf in his library. As he reached the foot of the hill, he turned—to see his home in flames, and somewhat to the South, also in flames, the woods! His birds' woods!

In the wild excitement of the night Jayme de Davonniere was forgotten. The cruel flames that took his home, at the same time wiped out the marks of his cruelty from the minds of his former servants. Only one thing they remembered and that was the question—What became of the Davonniere fortune? For many years the peasants searched but they found no trace of it. It became merely a legend.

* . * . *

On September 23, 1925, Jack Allen, a student of art in Paris wandered into a second-hand book shop. Struck by the curious illustrations in a book on ornithology by Bilon, he purchased the book for a penny. When he reached home and began to study the book he found that nearly all of the leaves were glued together at the top and bottom, and it seemed that there was a paper between them. In order not to tear the inside slip, Allen steamed the pasted edges. Between each of the glued sections he found a large franc note. The notes, altogether, amounted to quite a little fortune. The yellowed title page of the book bears the name Jayme, Comte de Davonniere.

LESSIE BROWN PHILLIPS, '26.

“Three Would-Be Musketeers”

FRIDAY dawned as fair and lovely as any Friday there had ever been in the whole universe, and to Pat Patterson, it was just about the most important. His red head and black feet hit the floor simultaneously that morning at seven-thirty, which in the routine of Pat's rising hours was a record indeed.

“Hurry, hurry,” was all his intensely absorbed mind could dictate, and at least forty-five minutes earlier than was his custom, he arrived with a jump of six stair steps at the feet of his utterly astonished mother. He darted to the dining-room, but a table devoid of any food met his eyes. “Where's the breakfast, ma?” he demanded.

“The biscuits and ham are still in the oven, and besides do you realize, Pat, that you are forty-five minutes ahead of yourself?”

“Course, that's the way things go around this house. I'm always havin' to wait for people. Seems like I'm 'bout th' only one ever gets ready around here. I wouldn't wait for that breakfast but I guess I need a little sump'n to eat, beins' I got lots to do to-day. Might as well be gettin' my junk together,” and with this resolve, he entered the den of “Pat Patterson, Esquire, dealer in gun-powder, pop-bottle lids, cigar boxes, and marbles,” occupying the attic of the Patterson home.

After opening with great pride several of his complicated secret locks, he pulled forth from their depths several cans of sausages and sardines with a box of cakes and crackers, and three delightful looking bottles of orange crush. These commodities were carefully placed in a small packing box along with a box of matches. He felt in his pocket and carefully fondled the lone dime and nickel which remained after the purchase of the supplies.

At that moment his mother's voice was distinctly heard by Pat from the depths of his private chamber.

“Pat, your breakfast's ready. Come this minute or you'll be as late as ever to school.”

Seizing his box under one arm and his many too few school books under the other, he made his way to the dining room.

“Pat, what do you have in that box?”

“Aw, nothin', how cum I can't never carry my private packages 'round 'thout everybody askin' me all kinds o' questions? But—I reckon if you got t'know, it's eats for our campin' trip.”

“What camping trip, Pat? You seem to forget that I've heard nothing about it.”

“Aw, shucks,—well, Willie Adams and Pete Dixon and me's gonna sleep out in th' woods to-night and cook our supper 'n everything. Pete, he's got the tent and Willie 'n me's gonna git his bud's cot and blankets an' we're goin' right smack after school.”

“But, Pat, I'm afraid it's not safe for you boys to go alone.”

“How cum it aint? Aint we big enough t' take care o' our ownelves? Anyway, we got lanterns an' lots o' things.”

“I still don't think it's wise for me to let you go, Pat, but do for goodness sakes be careful.”

With a wild flourish of his hand, Pat was out of the door and on his way to school. As he came to the intersection of Gray and Walnut streets, he shouted Willie's name at the top of his voice. This whoop brought from the large house on his left, a plump, red-faced boy laden with a light folding cot and a generous supply of sleeping equipment. As the two reached Pete's house, they whistled and shouted in unison, and in response, Pete, bearing the tent and poles, came bounding from the front door, and the three happiest souls in Warrenton were fast approaching the least of their worries, the brick school building.

At nine o'clock the history class had started its recitation and question after question was popped at Pat. To his own astonishment Pat could not answer a single

one. English, spelling, arithmetic and geography were yet to come, but the fact that he knew none of these did not seem to disturb him in the least. The truth of the matter was that Pat had to stay in one whole hour that afternoon for history, and that unwelcome fact was weighing heavily on his mind. If only Pete and Willie were strong enough to withstand those terrible questions hurled at them by Miss Wall, Pat felt sure that he, with the aid of his friends, could effect his escape from the grim walls of that second story prison.

The day dragged on; class after class, and Pat heaved a great sigh of relief for every question that either of his companions answered; and by lunch time, he was confident that Pete and Willie had crossed the danger line, as only geography remained, and surely the Fates would be kind enough to deliver them from that. But woe to Willie; his sentence was the same as that of Pat's.

However, Willie was the hopeful, persevering type and with the aid of an open geography book, he was fast scribbling down notes for Pete, in the hope that by thus increasing Pete's store of knowledge, he might make sure of his and Pat's last and only means of escape.

Three o'clock came and all the class save Willie and Pat marched gaily out to an afternoon of play. It was Pete who was to bear the burden. He didn't have to stay in, therefore he was the one to get the others out, and how he was going to manage it was more than Pete knew at that moment.

He did not, however, waste much time, and sitting on the front steps of the school building, he scribbled off a note to Pat, whom he knew occupied a back seat. He also knew that Miss Wall would probably be in the office for a few minutes immediately after school, so tying the note to a string, he slung it violently into the window and waited in absolute silence for his response. A moment and Pat's red head revealed itself and his usually strong voice uttered a hoarse "all right."

Miss Wall returned long enough to announce to her culprits that she must attend a teachers' meeting and that at three-thirty, Miss Wommack would come to take charge. Until then, however, they were "to study and remain perfectly quiet."

Upon her departure, this information was immediately transferred to Pete, who listened anxiously beneath the window. What must be done must be done before three-thirty, so Pete set out in a run to Mrs. Young's, who lived not quite a block from the building.

Gaining her consent to use her ladder, he bore it to the school house and placed it under the south window of Miss Wall's room, which faced on the alley. Climbing the ladder, he reached the window and with two trips had managed to land the camping supplies and utensils safely at the bottom. He was followed closely by the stealthy descent of his two companions, and by three-thirty, the "three musketeers" were well on their way to the camping grounds.

Their destination was reached about four-thirty after a hot, dusty walk, and the boys immediately settled down to work.

With supper over, they retired to their tent for a gay hour of jokes, discussions and so-forth, which, alas, ended too shortly. In the midst of Willie's ghost story, a sharp bark was heard, followed immediately by another and another. The startled adventurers jumped, and for a time each concealed his fear within his own breast, but when from the depths of the woods there appeared flickering lights and gruff voices, it called for action and it called for quick action on the part of the boys.

"Climb a tree," whispered Pat, under his breath, with trembling knees and hair on end. His companions were by far too frightened to answer, and creeping noiselessly from the tent, they made for the nearest tree.

Pat and Pete, more deftly than usual, ascended a protecting persimmon tree, but stout Willie was not wont to do tree climbing, and so concealed himself in an accommodating clump of bushes.

No sooner were they settled than a sniffing, barking set of dogs encircled that self-same tree, and in less than three minutes an assembly of men, flashlights,

and lanterns arrived upon the scene, and amidst an uproar of shouts and barks and yells, the flashlights were turned upward into the tree, disclosing the terrified faces of two erstwhile heroes to the astonished gaze of the hunters.

There issued from the tree at this moment a shaky exclamation.

"Gee, pop, don't shoot, it's us!"

At this earful of information, Willie disentangled himself from his thorny hiding place just in time to see George Patterson, Henry Dixon and Dave Warren pull their would-be 'possum from the tree.

LOUISE CRIM, '26.



War With the Belgians--1925

IF Caesar had fought his battles with the Belgians in 1925, the account of them would have probably run like this:

While Caesar was in Transalpine Gaul, Ambassadors came to him from the Belgians for the purpose of arranging a football game with the Romans. Caesar quickly called a council, and the date of the game was agreed upon.

On the day of the game Caesar led his men upon the field amid the cheers of the Roman people. After the signal was given, the game began. The Romans quickly drove back the enemy, and the Belgians lost the ball on downs.

Then the Romans gained ten feet over the line of battle, and the next play, Sabinus ran twenty-two yards for a touchdown. The Roman people shouted with a great voice but on the play our men were holding the enemy, so the referee penalized the Romans. When they noticed this the people of Rome became very angry, and began to throw javelins at him. Finally the referee was killed. After a new one had been selected the game was resumed.

After they received the ball, the enemy sent their cavalry as an aid to their own men. When the Belgians saw this they were greatly encouraged, and drove back the exhausted Romans until they were no more than three yards from the goal. When Caesar noticed this he drew up the cavalry in front of the goal, and sent the tenth legion as an aid to our men.

After they had fought for more than six hours, our men at last scored a touchdown by the means of a forward pass to Crassus, who, after receiving the pass, ran eighteen yards for a touchdown. Rufus scored the extra point by means of a neat dropkick.

The Belgians now made one last resort to conquer our men. They sent a legion of Fords as aid to the fleeing Belgians, but the Fords soon ran out of gas, their tires were punctured by the tacks, which, as we have sown before, were placed on the field by the seventh legion. When the Belgians saw this, they surrendered.

The people of Rome shouted with great voices, and a day of thanksgiving was decreed by the senate. So in this game the Belgians were defeated. They not only promised to give hostages, and obey the commands of the Roman people, but also that they would arrange for our men a football game with the Suebi. After these matters were accomplished the Belgians returned to their homes.

The line up of the game was as follows:

Romans—7		Belgians—0
Sabinus	L. E.	Dunnorix
T. Labienus	L. T.	Adiatunus
Piso Aquitanus	L. G.	Vercingetorix
L. Cotta	C.	Drgetorix (Capt.)
T. Gracchus	R. G.	Ambiorix
G. Volusenus	R. T.	Vercassivellaunus
P. Crassus (Capt.)	Q. B.	Hannibal
Horatius	R. H.	Catamantaloedis
Diviciacus	L. H.	Teutomatus
Rufus	F. B.	Viridovix

Scoring touchdown—Crassus.

Extra point—Rufus, (dropkick).

Substitutes—Rome: Tenth Legion, and the Cavalry.

Belgians: Chariots, Calvary, and the Fords.

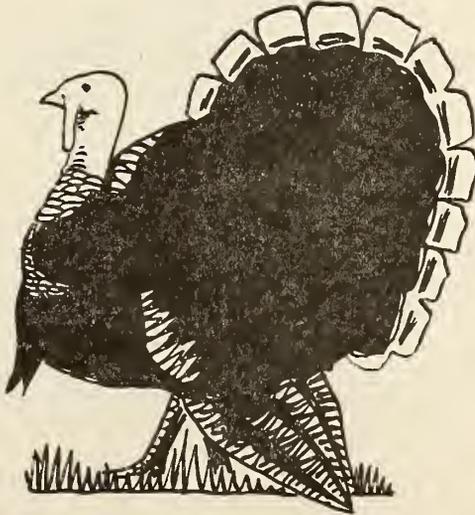
Time of game—8 hours, 5 minutes.

Referees—Donno Taurus of Helvetians (killed in action) and Galba of Suessiones.

**Lines Written After Spending Five Hours Trying
to Compose a Sonnet**

*When I considered all the time I'd spent,
Just trying to write one little sonnet;
How I sat and worked so hard upon it,
I was sure that the Master never meant
That I should ever to sweet verse be bent
Or by those rhymes should try to earn my bonnet.
Now fame comes only to those who've won it,
And I shall be obscure but quite content
For God has made a few to rise to heights
But more he placed among their fellowmen
To do the homely tasks of life on earth.*

Lessie Brown Phillips, '26.



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Editorials

A WORD

After fourteen years of sojourning between drab grey covers, we have emerged from the cysallis in this our fifteenth year, broadened (and we hope deepened). Truly, our "wings are of yellow gold," not to mention the black lettering. We want to remind you that there is just as much gold between the covers as on the outside; rough gold, perhaps, but the part of ourselves we are giving you. The magazine is your voice; if we misinterpret, we want your criticism. We solicit your contributions at all times, keeping in mind that the purpose of the Black and Gold has ever been to serve the school.

"--AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

Of our inalienable rights: life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, most of us willingly endanger either life or liberty in the effort to secure unhampered "pursuit of happiness." We all are after this vision we call happiness, but too often for the little happiness we pay the big price and we lose the greater happiness because we have nothing left to pay.

It is well to cultivate the art of finding happiness in work, the sheer pleasure of bringing all the faculties to bear upon a difficult problem and solving it.

One of the less expensive routes in the pursuit of happiness lies along the way

of observation. There is a potent brand of happiness and a surpassing peace in sunsets and sunrises and storms. A great many people casually watch the reflection of the sunset color on a window or the wind shield of a car. They have only to turn to find the marvel of sky colors spread across the heavens, but they go on watching the little patch of gold on the glass.

In the morning, as you cross Peter's Creek, watch it running madly past to warm itself. Pause at the foot of the hill and look at the Auditorium, stately, and white columned, against the sweep of cloud. If you come to school quite early, you may see the frost on Hanes Field and the morning mists melting away from the pines.

It is one way to pursue happiness and you will find that Algebra and typewriting go a bit easier when you almost catch the object of your pursuit.

L. C.

WILL! WILL YOU?

Is your will what it should be, or don't you have one? If you are without a will, you must be lost. I mean a will or determination to win. There are two kinds of wills. One is a last will and testament of a person that is about to pass on. The other is the determination or ambition of a real wide-awake live wire. After you write your last will, the chances are you will not need the other will about which we want to think.

Your determination to be something will not be needed any longer. You will have done all that you were able to do and your time is past. If you had the will to be the smartest person in your class and graduated before you attained your coveted position, your will turned into a testament. On the other hand, if you reached your goal you would feel proud of yourself and make another resolution. It is said that the determination not to die kept many a man alive after the World War.

So it is, in school and out of school. A determination not to fail has kept many a boy from failing. A determination to make good and hold a position has given many a boy a responsible job.

In the last New York State Fair there was a race for decrepit cars. One boy in his ambition to win, got an old Ford out of the junk heap, welded the cylinder casing, put in over head valves, jazzed up the motor, gave it a kick in the slats and sent it out on the track to race against a Stutz, Studebaker, and two other Fords. Needless to say the Ford in question won. Why? Because it had been set back so far and had been snowed under so many times that the kick in the slats startled it into winning. So it may be with any high school or college student. You may be covered with work and barely stand on the fence of passing when one of your subjects draws the red ink. You are hit so hard by the blow that your will power comes to the front and wins in the end. You will have to work. Maybe your enamel has been cracked and will have to be welded, but you will come up. Is your will what it should be? You have a will some where. Will you dig for it?

"O well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long."

N. H.

PINE WHISPERS

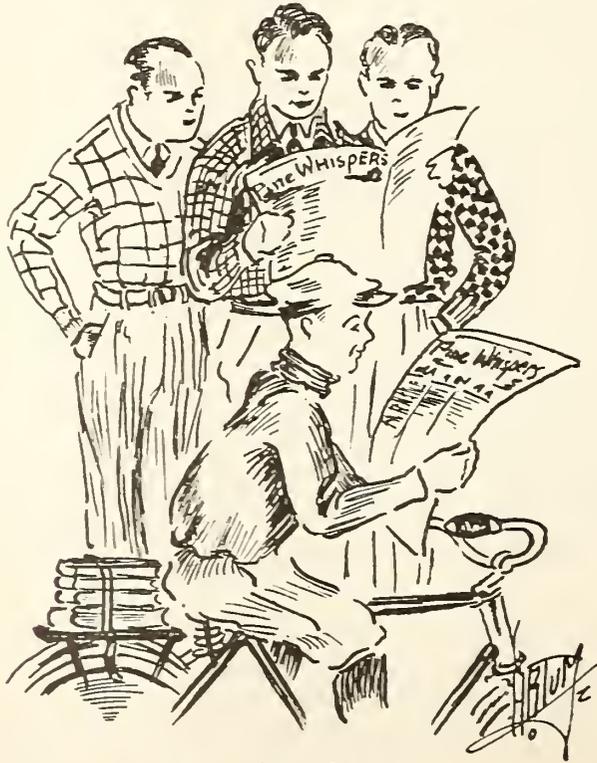
The Black and Gold extends hearty congratulations to its sister publication, Pine Whispers. We feel that the whole student body is justly proud of the newspaper's success. Particularly, do we call attention to the recent Calvin H. Wiley edition which was widely distributed throughout this city and the state. The variety and excellence of the material, the typographical correctness, and the attractive arrangement, made this issue one of the finest examples of school journalism we have seen.

A change in the general form of Pine Whispers this year has greatly improved its appearance. The sheet is larger and carries five columns; the drawing at the top of the front page has been omitted; and the newspaper is closely modeled after standard current publications. The paper has adopted the policy of using a great many cartoons and pictures.

We wish to congratulate the Editor-in-chief and his assistant for the splendid editorial page in the newspaper. We do not believe it can be surpassed anywhere in this state among high school publications.

Pine Whispers and the Black and Gold are not rivals, but share the popularity of the student body. Under one adviser whose interest is divided equally between the two, the staffs of the publications share the work on both magazine and newspaper. But if we were rivals, after fourteen years of monopoly, we should look to our laurels.

L. C.



"Such popularity
must be deserved."

School News

CALVIN H. WILEY LITERARY SOCIETY

The Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society this year is the largest organization of its kind that has ever existed in the history of this school. From a little group of forty boys it has grown to the point where it has to be divided into two sections in order that all who desire may benefit from its training.

In 1922 it was found necessary to restrict membership to the three upper classes because no room could be found large enough to hold the one hundred members. The room is now large enough, but the membership is too large for the best results to be secured in the old organization. For this reason two sections have been formed, a Junior-Senior and a Freshman-Sophomore. These divisions will meet separately once a month and together once a month.

The officers of the Junior-Senior section are Walter Johnston, president; Gowan Caldwell, vice-president; George Lentz, secretary; Ned Heefner, treasurer; Robert Watkins, sergeant-at-arms; Earl Stryker, press reporter.

The officers of the Freshman-Sophomore group are: William Wilson, president; Richard Chamberlain, vice-president; Hoke Flynt, secretary; Robert Gorrell, treasurer; Donald McMichael, sergeant-at-arms.

The general officers for the society as a whole are: Durant Pinkston, president; Tom Cash, vice-president; John Davis, secretary; Emil Shaffner, treasurer; Russell Plaster, sergeant-at-arms; Allie Blum, press reporter.

ENGLISH CLUBS

At last the Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society has a powerful rival in the form of eight English clubs. The girls of the school have long petitioned for a sister organization to the boys' society and their wishes have been gratified in a unique way.

The clubs meet twice a month on Thursday at chapel periods. They have various purposes to meet the various needs. They have all been organized and are in good working order.

The Tar Heel Club—Miss Wiley, sponsor; Fritz Firey, 11L2, president.

The Thursday Morning Book Club—Miss Mary Belo Moore, sponsor; Martha

The Book Lovers' Club—Miss Nix, sponsor; Ruth Young, 10L2, president.
Singletary, 9BL1, president.

The Penelope Club—Miss Hobbs, sponsor; Ruth Crouse, 8BL1, president.

The Story Tellers' Club—Miss Hodges, sponsor; Virginia Vogler, 8BL1, president.

The Magazine Club—Miss Stephenson, sponsor; Lucy Pannill, 11L1, president.

The C. P. C. (Contemporary Poetry Club)—Miss Northrop, sponsor; Margaret Spainhour, 11L1, president.

The Dixie Lore Club—Miss Herndon, sponsor; Lois Ferguson, 10C1, president.

THE G-Y CLUB

The G-Y's were a little late in the election of officers this year, but they have all been elected now, with the exception of the treasurer. The president elected was Pauline Cly; the vice-president, Margaret Siewers; the secretary, May Kreeger. All the committees have been appointed, and they hope to put on a big program for the year, under the leadership of their efficient president.

An enthusiastic meeting was held the first of the year, at which it was decided to

carry on a "Come Clean" campaign in cooperation with the boy's Hi-Y. During this campaign, there were speakers from the North Carolina College for Women, from the University of North Carolina, and from our own school. Mr. Guy Phillips of Salisbury made the final talk of the "Come Clean" campaign. All of these speakers brought valuable messages to the students, and were a great assistance in the program. Members of the G-Y Club also led discussions in the different girls' sections on the true meaning of "Clean Scholarship", "Clean Speech", "Clean Sportsmanship", "Clean Habits", and "Clean Life." This program was considered a big success, for the students entered into the spirit of the campaign, a great number signing the "Come Clean" pledge cards.

At the World Fellowship banquet, given at the Zinzendorf Hotel, the girls of the G-Y turned out in full force, dressed in the costumes of Japan, China, Russia, and Scotland, serving the people everything from Chop Suey to American apple pie.

The Club has not decided upon a regular time for the meetings yet, but all the members are eager to start to work, and to live up to the purpose, "To promote Christian fellowship in the home, school, and community."

THE HI-Y CLUBS

The Hi-Y Club means the co-operation of the High School and the Y. M. C. A. in the formation of an organization that will benefit not only the boys who are members but also the school and the community.

The purpose of the Hi-Y organization is to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character.

This year the clubs are unusually strong and have a set of officers well suited for these important positions. Ned Heefner is the President of the Senior Hi-Y, M. W. Norfleet is the Junior President, and William Wilson is the Sophomore President.

LE CERCLE FRANCAISE

For three years the French club has struggled for recognition. Now, in spite of former difficulties, it has begun the year with a membership of forty-one members.

The club meets at the same time that the English clubs meet and is under the supervision of Miss Heilig, whose perseverance in its establishment has been well rewarded.

At its first meeting the club was organized and the following officers were elected:

President—Sara Efrid.

Vice-president—Isidore Denmark.

Secretary and Treasurer—Josephine Cummings.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Winston Hi Players were ready for work at their first meeting this fall. The following officers were elected last spring: D. Peirson Ricks, President; Fritz Firey, Vice-president; Mell Efrid, Secretary and Treasurer.

A number of interesting programs have been given at the club meetings.

A one-act comedy, "Dixon's Kitchen", was put on at chapel period Friday, November 13. It was decidedly successful, despite the unlucky date.

The Players are under the direction of Mr. Leonard V. Huggins, a Carolina Playmaker of last season. The Club feels itself unusually fortunate in securing his services.

THE POINT SYSTEM

The Point System is the plan used by nearly all colleges and universities and many high schools, in one form or another, for controlling the nomination, election, and distribution of offices in the extra-curricula activities, and for the awarding of various scholastic honors.

By the end of the 1924-25 term, the officials of our own high school realized that some such system would be necessary for regulating the many activities in this school

in the future. To take care of this need, Mr. Moore and members of the faculty drew up a plan for a Point System. The plan met with the approval of the leading members of last year's Senior class, including Joe Carlton, the most sought after office-holder the school has had in many years.

At the beginning of the present school year, members of the Senior and Junior classes "were called into conference with Mr. Moore" and the plan discussed. The next day in Chapel, these students gave their reaction to the student body. Apparently these students were in favor of the plan, but even they did not seem to understand it very well and so were unable to "sell" the system to the students.

A few days later a committee, composed of one member from each home room section, was elected to study the constitution of the plan and then to attempt to make each section understand it. There is no doubt that this was the right principle, but the wording of the constitution was so complicated and so ambiguous that no one could understand it thoroughly. As a result, the committee partially failed in its purpose.

The plan, as studied by the committee, was based upon points. All the school activities were divided into four groups, athletic, literary, social, and music. Each



activity under the groups was worth so many points. A student could be a member of three of these four groups, so long as he did not exceed his allotted number of points. The points were arranged according to grades. An F average entitled the holder to 10 points; an A average had a variable of from 36 to 50 points. If a student were content with one major and one minor office, he could take his maximum number of points; but if he accepted two major offices, he could hold only his minimum number of points. The plan was entirely too complicated for the student body to grasp.

But, nevertheless, it was decided to hold a meeting of the student body and let the plan be discussed by the students themselves. As to discussion, this meeting was a great success. The constitution was discussed from every conceivable angle and so many flaws were found that it was decided to amend and simplify it.

This plan was carried out, and a few days later, a new system was advanced for the student approval. The new plan was based not upon points, but upon subject averages. An F average was allowed two activities; an A average five activities. A student, regardless of his subject average, could hold one major and one minor office, or two minor offices.

This plan was finally accepted by the students and is now in force in the high school. Its effect has already been felt in the elections of the Literary Society and the Senior elections.

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

The band and orchestra of the High School are being built up again this year, and members of the Music Department are very enthusiastic over the advancement which they have made up to date. Both of these organizations have appeared before the public this year and have given very good programs.

The outstanding performance of the band and orchestra was given in High Point. The two organizations displayed the ability of the musicians and the effort which the city of Winston-Salem is putting forth to develop musical talent in this vicinity.

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

The eleven members of the National Honor Society, who were elected last spring, were recently inducted into membership at Chapel period. It is the first time in the history of our High School that we have had an active membership in the society. The service in Chapel was conducted by Mr. Moore and the oath was given by Miss Wiley. Miss Dobson read the Constitution. Miss Moore explained the purpose of the society, and Miss Leiger presented a beautiful copy of the emblem. The members are: Durant Pinkston, Norman Miller, Maye Kreeger, Lucile Norman, Lucile Vest, Fritz Firey, Pauline Cly, Carolyn Nash, Lessie Brown Phillips, Alphonse Daye, and Katherine Boyles.

ARMISTICE DAY

Armistice Day was fittingly celebrated at our high school. Mr. Gribbin, Commander of the local chapter of the American Legion, spoke to the student body and the new flags were presented to the school by representatives of the Girl Scouts and 11S Loyalty Club. Mr. Latham accepted the flags, stating that the presentation of new flags would be a part of the annual program. The climax of the program came when the flags were raised by the Girl Scouts and a committee from the Loyalty Club.

THE NAVY BAND

The Navy Band, in its recent visit to Winston-Salem, left behind it in the Twin-City an enthusiastic throng of admirers.

This band, the one which plays for the president, is made up almost entirely of artists, many of whom have studied under the old masters of Europe. Mr. Benter, the leader, is also exceptionally fine.

The Band gave two delightful programs, a matinee and also a night performance. The selections were well chosen and brought forth great applause from the audience. These were followed by many attractive encores.

The students of the city schools and those of the Winston-Salem people who enjoyed it, consider the Navy Band one of the best of its kind, and will look forward with great pleasure to hearing it, should it ever visit our city again.

NEW GYMNASIUM

Our beautiful new gymnasium is our pride and joy. It answers a long felt need in our athletic activities and is the "last word" in convenience and equipment. Rooms for physical education classes, lockers, showers, swimming pool, and basketball facilities are welcomed by the department of physical education and the student body.

Athletics

Boys

FOOTBALL

A very successful season has been experienced so far by the Black and Gold this year, the team having won all the games scheduled and the first two of the preliminary games in the championship series. The games that have been played have been tough and most of them have been hard fought.

Coaches Musick and Prince have taken a squad that went through a very disastrous season in 1924 and built a team that has all the earmarks of a championship aggregation. From last year's squad there were left eleven letter men: George Lentz, captain of this year's team, Robert Watkins, Sam Buie, Howard Bates, Lewis Harper, Billy Poley, Lindsay Jordan, Bob Blackwood, Russell Plaster, Miller Wray, and Luther Ernest. Around these men the coaches have built a line that has no equal, and a backfield that is above par.

The line up has included several men from last year's reserve team that are showing up in great style. Tom Cash, Joe Petree, and Francis Payne have all distinguished themselves during the season.

The Black and Gold or the Golden Tornado, as it has begun to be called, has met six teams so far. It has scored 154 points and had six points scored on it. Spencer High School in the first game of the season managed to score a touchdown after grabbing a fumble from behind the Black and Gold scrimmage line. This is the only score to date, but the team has some mighty hard battles to fight.

The most consistent player for the Black and Gold in the backfield has been Sam Buie, letter man from the 1924 team. Tom Cash, Red Watkins, and Bob Blackwood have been showing up well in the line, while the punting of Russell Plaster has been good. Howard Bates has been performing in stellar style.

The record is as follows:

Date	Score
Sept. 26—Winston-Salem vs Spencer	27-6
Oct. 2—Winston-Salem vs High Point	13-0
Oct. 10—Winston-Salem vs Greensboro	7-0
Oct. 17—Winston-Salem vs Charlotte	6-0
Oct. 24—Winston-Salem vs Greensboro	20-0
Oct. 31—Winston-Salem vs Elkin	25-0
Nov. 7—Winston-Salem vs Mount Airy	35-0
Nov. 14—Winston-Salem vs Statesville	21-0

SOCCER

For the first time in the history of the high school a soccer team has been put into the field and it has been meeting with marked success. Only two games have been played and they have both been victories. The High Point highs have been the victims in both these games. One of the contests was played in High Point, while the other was played at Hanes Field.

A total of four goals was scored in both games, being equally divided in each game. The team is being coached by L. W. Crowell, director of Physical Education among the boys. His untiring efforts have been rewarded by the splendid showing made by the team.

Girls

The Girls' Athletic Association is afraid that the manufacturers of rouge will bring a suit against them in the near future, because it is the cause of a decrease in their sales. So many of the girls are realizing that the best quality of rouge—and by far the most becoming—is not rouge at all, but just the natural color that comes as a result of vigorous exercise in the cold crisp air. In case the suit should be tried soon, each sport is ready with its defense, written or memorized. Listen to their arguments and foretell the outcome.

TENNIS

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am only tennis, clothed in my fall tournament outfit. Perhaps that is why you do not know me, because, you see, my fall tournament outfit is a new thing in your high school. I think I scored success, even though this is the first time I ever appeared to you in the fall. When my coming was announced by my manager, Janet Lowe, a large number of girls were eager to meet me. When I finally arrived, a few merely flirted with me for one afternoon, but the majority fell in love with me and came to play every day. My courts were literally covered all the time.

"The joke of it all is that my visitors ran and played so hard in the fine air that when they looked in a mirror, they thought that their faces were dirty; but when they tried to wash it off, they discovered that it was not dirt at all but a perfect "rosy bloom" which outclassed the best rouge made! And free of charge! But it isn't my fault that I'm so attractive and the girls like me so much. Therefore, Gentlemen of the Jury, the manufacturers have no right to sue me."

HOCKEY

"Gentlemen of the Jury, more girls have visited me than any of the other sports. In fact, I was so very popular that I built four separate homes in which to entertain the overflow, and for each one I had a specified day on which I was 'at home.'

"One day I decided to take the most accomplished from each of the homes and form four hockey teams, one representing each of the four classes—Freshman, Sophomores, Junior, and Seniors. After a number of inter-class games, the Senior team was declared the champion of the school and to them was awarded the loving cup given by Miss Summerell and Miss Royal.

"My argument, however, in this suit is that the girls get their color from so much running up and down the field, and since I did not write the rules by which I am played, I plead innocent, not being responsible for the decrease in the sale of rouge."

SOCCER

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am practically new in this high school. Perhaps, I am better known in the physical education classes than elsewhere. However, I am at present making my debut and I have my future before me instead of a past behind me. In the face of this fact, it is clear that I had no part in the so-called 'outrage.'"

(In an undertone he speaks as he takes his seat, "But they can look, when I get started, to see their sales cease entirely.")

HIKING

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I admit that I am probably the biggest cause of the girl's new discovery. But as long as I dwell in the high school I shall do my best to give that result. However, my defense is that the girls who chose me for their sport are the ones to be sued, or even better yet, my managers. If they did not plan such attractive hikes the girls would leave me alone. Trips to my new log hut (donated by Nancy Reynolds) at Reynolda, and sight-seeing walks are too inviting for me to be left in the background."



Alphonse Daye: Something is preying on Nutt's mind.

Tom Cash: Don't worry. It will die of starvation.

Glenn V.: I hear you're going to take up aviation.

Eugene S.: No, aviation is going to take me up.

Mr. H.: Your son talks a lot, doesn't he?

Mr. Wilcox: Yes, he was vaccinated with a phonograph needle.

Henry S.: I stayed near Niagara for two years.

Lucy B.: Did you like the falls up there?

Henry S.: No, but I did like the summers.

W. Johnston: Did you sprain your wrist when you fell over the cliff?

D. Wilcox: No, I had my hands in my pocket.

Mr. Macon: Harry, the text says that America was discovered in 1492 A. D.
What does A. D. mean?

Harry Shaner: I think it means after dark.

D. Linville: What makes your dog howl so?

J. McMillan: Laziness.

D. Linville: Laziness? How does that make him howl?

J. McMillan: Well, you see he's on a tack and too lazy to move.

Clyde B.: Miss Poteat, I got rather a geographic report.

Miss Poteat: How's that?

Clyde B.: Five C's. (seas).

Slim: I'm going to marry a girl who can take a joke.

Jim: Don't worry. That's the only kind you can get.

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Miss Heilig: (In French class) John, take that chewing gum out of your mouth.

John M: Aw, Miss Heilig, let me keep it. It helps me to pronounce.

Hubert Hill: (Talking about a piece of music in the orchestra) "I wonder what time it is?"

Ralph Williard: "It is one o'clock."

Miss Mary: Boys, you may have a half second in which to speak.

Roscoe Taylor: We have on the bulletin board a memorial to the submarines that have drowned.

I wonder if Hyman is the God of Love.—(Shachtman)

Student: "What is a synonym?"

Second Student: "It is a word you use when you can't spell the other one."

—Exchange.

Miss Heilig: "Now you will have to think on this test."

Alec McAllister: "Miss Heilig, I can't think."

Student: "They call me maple syrup."

Second Student: "What else can they call a refined sap?"

—Exchange.

Graydon P.: "Say, Henry, you had my girl out last night."

Henry S.: "That's all right, I may want you to do me a favor some time."

Deer Pa, I am fine. How you was? I wish you would send me a nickle, but wait a minute. Maybe you better make it a dime—a dime weighs less in the mail.

Just so,

Abie Urban

Mr. Huggins: "Yes, people's names were formerly taken from their best trade."

Student: "Was your family's trade hugging?"

What Royal House did Prince de la Football Team descend from?

In France, love is a comedy; in England, a tragedy; in Italy, an opera; in Germany, a melodrama; in America, a business affair.

—Exchange.

Miss Mary: "Who is your home room teacher, Pierson?"

Pierson Ricks: "Miss Moore."

Miss Mary: "You mean Miss History Moore?"

A GLIMERICK

Young Bagwell known as Padrewski,

One day feeling frisky.

Was playing bad for the band,

No one could understand,

So he was given a good talking to, by Mr. Kutschinski.

Did Tom Cash start the original CASH STORES?

History Student: Who was the best track man that ever lived?

Track Man: Don't know.

History Student: Bill Bryan. He ran for thirty years without a stop.



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"I take my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat potion ob de Scriptures whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to the Fessions."

A lady passing along the street one frosty morning, saw a little fellow scattering salt upon the pavement, for the purpose of melting the ice.

"Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "that's real benevolence."

"Oh, no, ma'm," he replied. "It ain't benevolence—it's salt."

"Where are you going to fly when you get an airplane?"

"Why, in the air, of course."

"I see that a lot of Italian eggs are being imported into England."

"Well, I hope they aren't the lays of ancient Rome."

"In Europe aviators are killed quite often."

"Yes, but in America they are killed only once."

Miss Mary says that her home room section cannot offer any jokes; because there are none in it.

"Don't you realize how dangerous it is to be up in an airplane?"

"Yes, but think how much more dangerous it is to be up without one."

"Have you ever been flying before?"

"Yes, I was in an explosion once."

AUTO OBITUARIES

Lies slumbering here, one William Blake,
He heard the bell, but had no brake.

Here's Mary Jane—but not alive,
She made her car do forty-five.

Ed Jones is lost to earthly wiles,
He tried a curve at fifty miles.

Freshman: "Our football team has a Royal Prince for a coach this year."

Second Freshman: "Yes, and it has Musick to practice by every day also."

Senior: "Where do you bathe?"

Freshman: "In the spring."

Senior: "I asked you where, not when."

—Exchange.

Sophomore: "All fools are positive."

Junior: "Are you sure?"

Sophomore: "I'm positive."

—Exchange.

"What's the longest sentence in the world?"

"Life Imprisonment."

—Exchange.

College Youth: "How did you become such a wonderful orator?"

Senator: "I began by addressing envelopes."

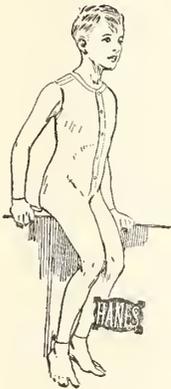
—Exchange.

When the coach gets tuned up, and the team is not doing well, they get Musick.

Boys, its time to put on your "HEAVIES"



Elastic Knit Underwear



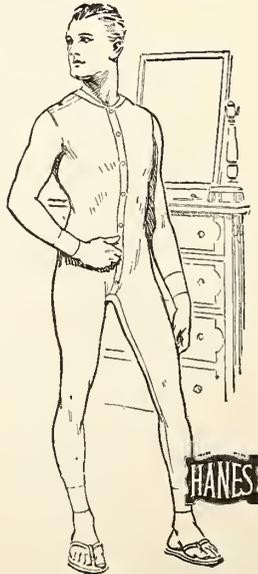
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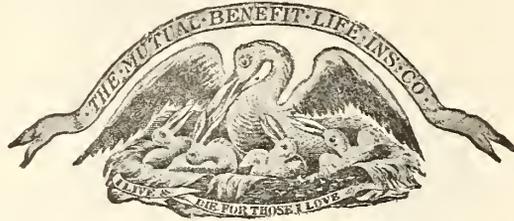
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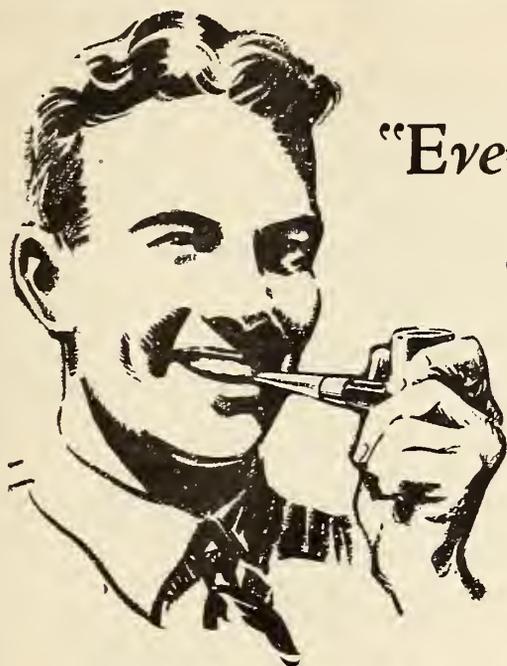
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Get on the sunny side of life with a jimmy-pipe and P. A. Tie a tidy red tin to trouble. Smoke the one tobacco that's got everything you ever wished for—Prince Albert. Quicker you get going, the sooner your worries will be over. Men who thought they never *could* smoke a pipe are now P. A. fans. You'll be a cheer-leader too!

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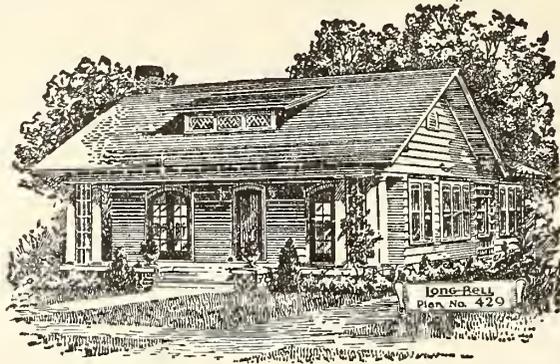
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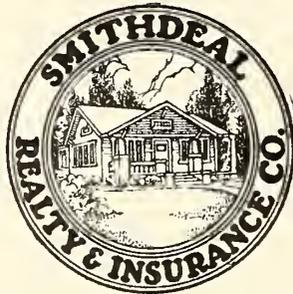
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