


Chsite

1919









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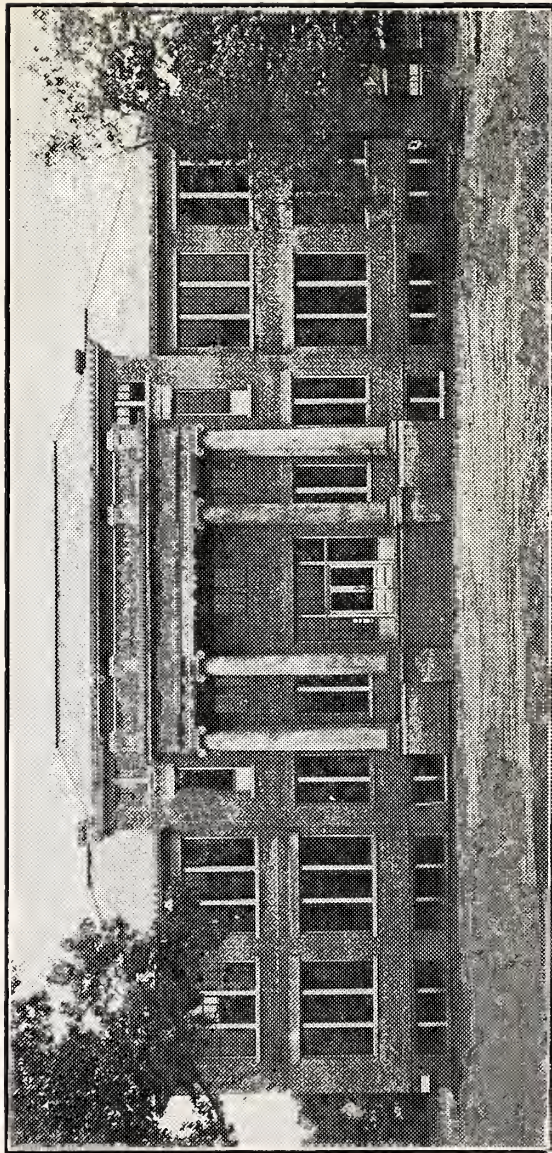
# The Chsite

VOLUME FIVE

1919

PUBLISHED BY  
MEMBERS OF SENIOR CLASS  
OF  
CARY HIGH SCHOOL





High School Building



## Greetings

*We, the Annual Staff of the '19 Chsite, realizing what an Annual means to a graduating class, have, with the co-operation of the Faculty and students, succeeded in presenting to you our fifth edition. We hope it will be a reminder of the old scenes and associations long after the passing years have taken the realities from them; and may it permit them in spirit to live again those glorious days of High School life*



MISS KILLINGSWORTH

## Dedication

WE, THE SENIOR CLASS OF NINETEEN NINETEEN  
AFTER MUCH DELIBERATION  
AND CONSIDERATION OF ALL POINTS INVOLVED  
HAVE DECIDED THAT  
MISS LILLIAN KILLINGSWORTH  
IS THE ONE AND ONLY CHOICE  
FOR DEDICATEE OF THE  
1919 CHSITE  
BY HER UNTIRING EFFORTS  
FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE INTERESTS OF THE SCHOOL  
SHE HAS SHOWN US HER TRUE WORTH  
AND PUT INTO OUR HEARTS  
A DEEP REGARD AND RESPECT FOR HER



## Faculty

<sup>13</sup>           MARCUS B. DRY, M.A.  
Principal and Teacher of Mathematics, Latin, and French

<sup>1</sup>           LILLIAN KILLINGSWORTH, A.B.  
Lady Principal and Teacher of English and History

<sup>12</sup>           J. STEWART HOWARD, B.S.  
Principal Farm Life School and Teacher of Agriculture

<sup>3</sup>           ETHEL SMITH  
Teacher of Science

<sup>4</sup>           CHARLOTTE WHITE  
Teacher of Piano and Voice

<sup>11</sup>           SALLIE BREEZE  
Assistant Teacher of Music

<sup>7</sup>           BERTY LEE BAKER  
Teacher of Home Economics

<sup>10</sup>           SIDNEY DOWTY  
Dining Room Supervisor

<sup>2</sup>           GLADYS WILSON  
Teacher of Expression

<sup>9</sup>           ADA EDWARDS  
Teacher of Sixth and Seventh Grades

<sup>6</sup>           BESS CHILD  
Teacher of Fourth and Fifth Grades

<sup>5</sup>           CARRIE BRAME  
Teacher of Second and Third Grades

<sup>8</sup>           IRMA ELLIS  
Teacher of First Grade



## THE SCHOOL COMMITTEE

The success of any school depends largely upon the Committee which it has. So it is no wonder that Cary has grown to be the school it is, for the Cary High School has always been fortunate in having the best set of Committeemen in the State. They have always been ambitious for the school, and by their untiring efforts have made the school what it is.


Dr. J. M. Templeton, a man who needs no introduction in North Carolina, has been a member of the Committee about twenty years. He is a very progressive man, and has kept the school from getting into a rut. Because of his progressive ideas, the school has maintained a high standard and kept pace with the times. It was through his efforts that the Cary Farm Life School was possible.

Mr. N. C. Hines is a most successful business man. He is a man filled with enthusiasm to the nth degree. In all things pertaining to the welfare of the school he has taken an active part, ever ready to lend a helping hand. Whatever he undertakes to do, he does.


Of Rev. W. N. Johnson, another member of the Committee, we are very proud. He is Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Board of Missions. Mr. F. R. Gray resigned in 1918 and Mr. Johnson was urged to take his place. Although he has been one of our Committeemen but a few months he has been of much value to the school.

In the summer of 1918 the Committee was increased from three to five members. Mr. A. H. Pleasants and Mr. D. A. Morgan were the two additional members chosen. The choice of these was no mistake. Mr. Pleasants is a successful farmer. He has always stood by the school, and he is a man of broad views, looking out always for the future welfare of the school. The boys consider him their friend, for Mr. Pleasants is interested in athletics and very few games are played without him being present. Mr. Morgan is also a successful farmer, the evidence of which may be seen by his well-kept home and farm. He has always been loyal to the school. He is a good citizen who stands for everything that is for the betterment of his community and school.

**CHSITE STAFF**




**POOLE**



**GATHINGS**



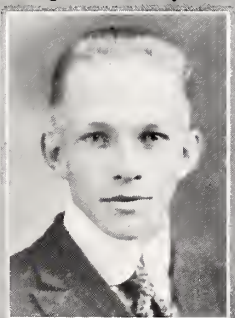
**MILLS**



**YATES**




**WILSON**



**COLE**

19



**JOHNSON**

19

JAMES GATHINGS, *Editor-in-Chief*  
 GLADYS WILSON, *Faculty Editor*  
 PARKER POOLE, *Associate Editor*  
 ANNIE LEE YATES, *Associate Editor*

ELIOT JOHNSON, *Business Manager*  
 OSCAR MILLS, *Assistant Business Manager*  
 ROY COLE, *Athletic Editor*

## A TOAST TO C. H. S.

**C**ARY HIGH SCHOOL here's to you!  
A nobler place of learning  
Can ne'er be found, though all around  
We look with eye discerning.

**H**ow we love your every rule! (?)  
And all our studies, too.  
We'll never love another school  
As much as we love you.

**S**o, as we walk the paths of life,  
We'll every one be true  
To Cary and to Cary High School;  
So, Cary, here's to you.

M. H. W. '19

*The*

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L  
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S



IDA ELIZABETH HOWARD

*Mascot of Senior Class*



SENIORS

## THE SENIOR CLASS

President,           JAMES GATHINGS  
Vice-President,    PARKER POOLE  
Secretary,         MARY LYNN  
Treasurer,         PEARL PHELPS

### MEMBERS

LILLIAN ATKINS	PATTIE HUNTER	ALICE POPE
IDA CAMPBELL	ELIOT JOHNSON	HOLMES RAND
ROY COLE	MYRTLE KEITH	PAULINE SMITH
INA FOUSHEE	INEZ LYNN	BLANCHE TILLMAN
EUGENIA GRAY	OSCAR MILLS	LOVIE WOOD
ERNEST HEATER	EFFIE MORGAN	BENJAMIN WILSON
DARE HOLLEMAN	ALBERTINE MAYNARD	MILDRED WILSON
SALLIE HUNT		ANNIE LEE YATES

*Class Color:* Yellow and White

*Class Motto:* Toujours Pret

*Class Flower:* Daisy

### TO CARY HIGH SCHOOL DAISIES

Fair Cary High School daisies, young and bright,  
With Phebe's touch upon your petals set  
And knowledge of your home and school well met—  
These shall for you be symbols of life-light.  
With all of heaven's wealth you are bedight  
And, as you turn your eyes to the loftiest height,  
May your life be bright through all your ways  
And like the daisies on a dew-kissed morn  
You shall look upward and ever on,  
Lifting undaunted your eyes to heaven's rays.  
You shall all the while the world adorn,  
And a gracious unmarred memory leave when gone.

L. K.

## TO THE DAISY

Bright Flower! Whose home is everywhere,  
Behold in maternal Nature's care,  
And all the long year through the heir  
    Of joy or sorrow;  
Methinks that there abides in thee  
Some concord with humanity,  
Given to no other flower I see  
    The forest through!

Is it that Man is soon deprest?  
A thoughtless Thing! Who, once unblest,  
Does little on his memory rest,  
    Or on his reason,  
And Thou would'st teach him how to find  
A shelter under every mind,  
And hope for times that are unkind  
    And every season?

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
Unchecked by pride or unscrupulous doubt,  
With friends to greet thee, or without,  
    Yet pleased and willing;  
Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
And all things suffered from all  
Thy function apostolical  
    In peace fulfilling.



LILLIAN HATTIE ATKINS

"Nigger"

Raleigh, N. C., Route 4

*As merry as the day is long*

Age, 19 years

Height 5 feet 3 inches, weight 120

Favorite expression: "You mean huzzy"

Member of Lowell Society

IDA ORLEAN CAMPBELL

"Idy"

Raleigh, N. C., Route 4

*Nothing is impossible to a willing heart*

Age, 21 years

Height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 140

Favorite expression: "Listen here"

Member of Lowell Society





ROY ENOCH COLE

"King"

Pittsboro, N. C.

*Honor lies in honest toil*

Age, 19 years

Height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 123

Favorite expression: "Oh, you kid!"

Member of Calhoun Society  
Vice-President Society '19  
Athletic Editor CHSITE '19  
Commencement Debater '19  
Commencement Marshal '19

INA FOUSHEE

"Ina"

Cary, N. C.

*To be useful is the greatest virtue*

Age, 18 years

Height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 130

Favorite expression: "Let's go to the gallery  
and study!"

Member of Lowell Society  
Secretary Society '19







JAMES ANDERSON GATHINGS

"Shorty"

Wingate, N. C.

*The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance*

Age, 18 years

Height, 5 feet 6 inches, weight 132

Favorite expression: "Oh, boy!"

Member of Clay Society  
Secretary Sophomore Class '17  
President Athletic Association '18-'19  
Manager Basket Ball Team '19  
President Society '18  
Secretary Society '19  
Editor-in-Chief CHSITE '19  
Commencement Marshal '19  
Commencement Debater '19  
President of Class '19

EUGENIA RANKIN GRAY

"Genia"

Cary, N. C.

*Music for her is a prophecy of what life is to be*

Age, 15 years

Height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 140

Favorite expression: "That's the limit!"

Member of Lowell Society  
Treasurer Society '18  
Critic Society '18





ERNEST AUBREY HEATER

"Jack"

Cary, N. C.

*A lion among ladies is a dangerous thing*

Age, 21 years

Height, 5 feet 6 inches, weight 155

Favorite expression: "Here I come!"

Member of Clay Society

Critic Society '16

Vice-President Society '17

Critic Society '17

Treasurer Society '17

Critic Society '18

Commencement Debater '19

VIRGINIA DARE HOLLEMAN

"Bo-Peep"

Cary, N. C.

*Her life has many a hope and aim*

Age, 18 years

Height, 5 feet 6 inches, weight 127

Favorite expression: "My land!"

Member of Irving Society

Critic Society '18

Vice-President Society '18





SALLIE SUE HUNT

"Sal"

Wake Forest, N. C., Route 2

*So gentle, so mild, so merciful, so good,  
So patient, loving, loyal, true.*

Age, 17 years

Height, 5 feet 3 inches, weight 112

Favorite expression: "Good gracious!"

Member of Irving Society  
President Society '18

PATTIE ANN HUNTER

"Pat"

Apex, N. C.

*The gentle by gentle deed is known*

Age, 18 years

Height, 5 feet 4 inches, weight 130

Favorite expression: "Well, I declare!"

Member of Irving Society





ELIOT WESLEY JOHNSON

"Smiley"

Kipling, N. C.

*One who never turned his back but marched straight  
forward*

Age, 17 years

Height, 5 feet 10 inches, weight 145

Favorite expression: "Doggone!"

Member of Clay Society

Critic Society '18

Vice-President Society '18

Treasurer Society '19

Business Manager CHSITE '19

AVIE MYRTLE KEITH

"Mirt"

North Side, N. C.

*My heart is true as steel*

Age, 16 years

Height, 5 feet 5 inches, weight 130

Favorite expression: "My goodness!"

Member of Irving Society

Critic Society '18

Treasurer Society '19





MARY COLUMBIA LYNN

"Jane"

Raleigh, N. C., Route 6

*For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary*

Age, 19 years

Height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 115

Favorite expression: "Oh, shoot!"

Member of Lowell Society  
Vice-President Y. W. C. A. '17-'18  
Treasurer Junior Class '18  
Vice-President Society '19  
Secretary of Class '19  
President Y. W. C. A. '18-'19

INEZ ROXANA LYNN

"Snookums"

Raleigh, N. C., Route 6

*The cheerful grin will let you in  
Where the kicker is never seen*

Age, 17 years

Height, 5 feet 5 inches, weight 112

Favorite expression: "It's not so!"

Member of Lowell Society







ALBERTINE LEO MAYNARD

"Abb"

Apex, N. C.

*Wise to resolve and patient to perform*

Age, 20 years

Height, 5 feet 5 inches, weight 125

Favorite expression: "Please don't!"

Member of Irving Society

OSCAR DEWEY MILLS

"Cotton"

Apex, N. C., Route 3

*A pound of pluck is worth a ton  
Of luck*

Age, 18 years

Height, 5 feet 8 inches, weight 145

Favorite expression: "You tell 'em!"

Member of Calhoun Society

Secretary Society '18

Assistant Business Manager CHSITE '19





EFFIE MAY MORGAN

"Eff"

Raleigh, N. C., Route 3

*Silence is more eloquent than words*

Age, 19 years

Height, 5 feet 5 inches, weight 125

Favorite expression: "Oh, pshaw!"

Member of Lowell Society

PEARL LAWRENCE PHELPS

"Chipecy"

Roxboro, N. C.

*With all a flower's true graces*

Age, 16 years

Height, 5 feet 5 inches, weight 126

Favorite expression: "My land!"

Member of Irving Society  
Vice-President Society '18  
Assistant Secretary Society '18  
Secretary Society '19  
Treasurer of Class '19





CALVIN PARKER POOLE

"Fatty"

Clayton, N. C.

*I like the man who faces what he must with step  
triumphant and heart of cheer*

Age, 18 years

Height, 5 feet 9 inches, weight 170

Favorite expression: "You're joking!"

Member of Clay Society  
Secretary Society '17  
President Junior Class '18  
Manager Base Ball Team '18  
Commencement Debater '18  
Vice-President Society '18  
Manager Base Ball Team '19  
Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association '19  
Associate Editor CHSITE '19  
Chief Marshal '19  
Commencement Debater '19

ALICE LEE POPE

"Jack"

Raleigh, N. C., Route 4

*The noblest mind the best contentment has*

Age, 19 years

Height, 5 feet 4 inches, weight 125

Favorite expression: "I'll swanny!"

Member of Lowell Society  
Sub-Critic Society '18  
Vice-President Society '18  
Treasurer Society '19  
Treasurer Y. W. C. A. '19





CECIL HOLMES RAND

"Jek"

Garner, N. C.

*His works count most who labors every day*

Age, 16 years

Height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 120

Favorite expression: "Gee whiz!"

Member of Calhoun Society

Critic Society '18

MARY PAULINE SMITH

"Polly"

Cary, N. C.

*A mind forever varying through strange seas of  
thought*

Age, 16 years

Height, 5 feet 4 inches, weight 125

Favorite expression: "Hey-O-there!"

Member of Lowell Society

Member of Basketball Team '16, '17, '18, '19

Captain Basketball Team '19

Commencement Marshal '19





BLANCHE SELINA TILLMAN

"Blanchy"

Cary, N. C.

*She has a natural wise sincerity, a simple truthfulness*

Age, 19 years

Height, 5 feet 5 inches, weight 145

Favorite expression: "Well I-look here!"

Member of Lowell Society  
Treasurer Society '17  
Secretary H. E. Club '17  
Historian Junior Class '18  
Vice-President Society '18  
Sub-Critic '19

MILDRED HAMILTON WILSON

"T"

Abbeville, S. C.

*'Tis the mind that makes the body rich*

Age, 16 years

Height, 5 feet 4 inches, weight 114

Favorite expression: "Well, I declare!"

Member of Irving Society







JAMES BENJAMIN WILSON

"President"

Cary, N. C., Route 2

*A noble aim faithfully kept is a noble deed*

Age, 17 years

Height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 110

Favorite expression: "Let me see!"

Member of Clay Society

Critic Society '18

LOVIE LEE WOOD

"Lovely"

Cary, N. C.

*Let us then be what we are and speak what we think*

Age, 17 years

Height, 5 feet 7 inches, weight 130

Favorite expression: "I'll think about it!"

Member of Lowell Society

Secretary Society '18

Treasurer Society '18

President Society '19







ANNIE LEE YATES

"Squedunc"

Cary, N. C.

*In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor clear*

Age, 17 years

Height, 5 feet 5 inches, weight 108

Favorite expression: "Goodness!"

Member of Lowell Society

Treasurer Society '15

Secretary Society '16

Vice-President Society '17

President Society '18

Secretary Junior Class '18

Commencement Marshal '18

## WHO'S WHO IN THE DAISY FIELD

Lillian Atkins—  
A daisy with a clever mind,  
To other daisies always kind.

Ida Campbell—  
A daisy growing in domestic arts—  
The old-time skill that reaches men's hearts.

Roy Cole—  
A working daisy, sturdy and strong,  
Who has not been with us long.

Ina Foushee—  
A gentle daisy, free from guile,  
With quiet manner and ready smile.

James Gathings—  
A daisy in the field, leading his brothers,  
Setting examples to be followed by others.

Eugenia Gray—  
A daisy in the field of music, dancing,  
Creating melodies beautiful and entrancing.

Ernest Heater—  
A roving daisy, blown back from the sea,  
To join the group and a graduate be.

Darc Holleman—  
A graceful daisy, growing steadily,  
Taking a lead in the field readily.

Sallie Hunt—  
A dignified daisy, with figure slight  
And graceful enough to charm the sight.

Pattie Hunter—  
A daisy full of fun and life,  
Who minds neither work nor strife.

Eliot Johnson—  
A daisy with business facility  
That will make a man of great ability.

Myrtle Keith—  
A smiling daisy, as a rule,  
'Specially when she's out of school.

Mary Lynn—  
A neat daisy, tall and slim,  
Quiet and studious, in everything trim.

Inez Lynn—  
A daisy with a smiling face  
Who always brings sunshine to any place.

Albertine Maynard—  
A daisy brave and always true,  
Loyal as the Red, White and Blue.

Oscar Mills—  
A mischievous daisy growing there;  
Never a trouble, never a care.

Effie Morgan—  
A quiet daisy growing in the corner,  
Never criticised by the scorner.

Pearl Phelps—  
A dainty daisy, cute and sweet;  
To be with her is indeed a treat.

Parker Poole—  
An honest daisy full of wit,  
Will help a fellow with his last bit.

Alice Pope—  
A daisy in the field so bright,  
Always trying to do the right.

Holmes Rand—  
A sterling daisy with qualities rare,  
In everything ready to do his share.

Pauline Smith—  
A wide-awake and athletic daisy,  
Full of life and never lazy.

Blanche Tillman—  
A sturdy daisy, staunch and true,  
Always a good friend to you.

Mildred Wilson—  
A literary daisy, studious and bright,  
To other daisies a shining light.

Bennie Wilson—  
A daisy that bids fair to rise to fame.  
How could he be otherwise with such a name?

Lovie Wood—  
A daisy bright, unselfish, too;  
In all things right her part she'll do.

Annie Lee Yates—  
A daisy growing so modest and sweet;  
A poetess to be, with the world at her feet.

## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919

One day when I was convalescing from a long illness I wanted something to read. I chanced to come across some Annuals, and while examining them my eyes fell upon these words:

“CHSITE 1919”

The oddness of the name decided that this would be the one I should read. When I opened the volume this line greeted my eyes:

“HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1919”

And this is how it read:

### THE GROWTH OF A DAISY CLASS

'Tis March—the breezes from everywhere bring  
Daisy seed to Cary, and scatter them with a fling  
Into a meadow so strange and new,  
To be nestled in Mother Earth covered with dew.

#### *Freshman:*

'Tis April—and the soft warm showers  
Begin to wake from sleep all the flowers,  
But the Daisy seed are jostled round  
And other roots try hard to keep them down.

#### *Sophomore:*

But alas! these brave seed begin to grow  
And peeping above the earth all in a row,  
They sparkle in the sunshine and the rain—  
Thus to beautify this meadow they remain.

#### *Junior:*

'Tis May—the rich notes of the mocking-bird  
From the meadow among the flowers are heard.  
And now Daisies, with stems so graceful and tall,  
Dance to the music of breezes best of all.

#### *Senior:*

'Tis June; the meadow beautiful—a sheet of gold—  
And Daisies in full bloom we behold.  
The field is bright and happy because they are there  
For flowers with their courage are very rare.

Summer o'er—and from flowers we have to part.  
The winds once more with seed start  
Scattering them over all the Earth  
To take to others gladness and mirth.

## SENIOR CLASS PROPHECY

The air was balmy, the frolicsome zephyr was fragrant with the perfume of the flowers, the birds' rhapsodies were filled with sweet melodies. It was spring! How could one keep from being glad? It was June. I love that month! Any month is beautiful in Western North Carolina, but especially June, for then the daisy fields are in full bloom.

The daisies always bring memories of my High School days at Cary. And it was these memories that made me stroll one afternoon to the daisy field to read. I had more to read than the book; two letters from my High School classmates, Sallie Hunt and Effie Morgan. The one from Sallie was very thrilling, for she was to be married in a few weeks. And Effie wrote of her plans to take charge of a ten-teacher school.

There I sat and mused half aloud. It was nineteen hundred twenty-nine. Ten years since we were at C. H. S. I wonder where the rest of us are? I'd give so much to know. And in my day dream a fairy came with her magic wand. She invited me to come with her to Fairyland. There she would relieve my mind and show the whereabouts of the class of nineteen nineteen. I gladly went, and here is what I heard and saw in Fairyland:

A farmer in a Carolina town,  
I find Parker Poole with honor's crown.

Before the court room, in graceful style,  
James Gathings wins cases all the while.

There is Albertine, with her gentle nature—  
A trained nurse with a wonderful future.

Pattie Hunter, the first in our State yet  
In the race for Senate—our Suffragette.

Eliot Johnson lives there on a hill,  
A surgeon of ability and great skill.

Some pedagogues with pupils green,  
Lillian and Dare make their intellects keen.

Two musicians I behold, with fames,  
Mary and Eugenia—those familiar names.

Ah, a pretty queen now rules in state—  
Our own Pearl Phelps until of late.

Ida and Blanche are writing a book  
To be used in school to teach girls to cook.

Guess whom I see in a Chatham town?  
Roy Cole selling groceries by the pound.

And there is Holmes, very highly paid  
Editor-in-chief of the Saturday Blade.

Annie Lee is still in quest of knowledge  
For she is studying at Vassar College.

There! Someone roams the country wide  
It's Ernest Heater and his bride.

Inez Lynn, with a brush in her hand,  
Nothing in Art too hard to understand.

A library so stately and big in Tennessee  
And Ina the Librarian is whom I see.

Her highest ambition she's realized at last  
For Pauline holds a gym diploma fast.

A stately lady with nod and beck—  
'Tis Alice Pope keeping house for "Peck."

And in keeping with our belief  
A famous reader is Myrtle Keith.

From Mobile Bay to the Bay of Fundy  
There is Bennie Wilson a "Billy Sunday."

A children's worker filled with zest  
Is Lovie Wood lecturing out West.

With an ideal voice, and sweetest strain,  
There's Mildred singing her glad refrain.

With a big cigar, Oscar smokes away.  
Why? He's made president of a bank today.

She moved her wand—the spell she broke—  
And I was happy when I awoke.



LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT  
OF THE CLASS OF 1919—CARY HIGH SCHOOL

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA }  
COUNTY OF WAKE }  
CITY OF CARY }

For and in consideration of the ones we leave behind, we, the class of '19, after four years of toil, trials, joys, and sorrows, have successfully reached the stage of Seniority, and we do declare ourselves to be of sound mind and this to be our last will and testament.

We transfer and convey unto our parents, Cary High School and Faculty, the following:

*Item*

- I. To the joy of our parents we relieve them of the burden of paying our padded accounts which heretofore greeted them at the end of each month.
- II. We bequeath to Cary High School many successful years in the upbuilding of education in the county and State: the many footprints of the '19 class on the well-beaten path from the dormitory to the school building, and the faithfulness of the class of 1919.
- III. To the Junior class we will the CHSITE debt of 1918 and a year of peace and happiness after our departure.
- IV. To the Sophomores we will a portion of our sympathy and love.
- V. To the Freshmen we will all of our hardships, troubles, and trials.
- VI. We bequeath to Professor Dry our gratitude and a vote of thanks for steering our ship so successfully through High School waters. Also some long lectures on Influenza.
- VII. To Miss Killingsworth, our Lady Principal, we bequeath a vote of thanks and appreciation for her friendship, interest, and sacrificing service for our happiness and comfort.
- VIII. To Professor Howard we will half interest in the boys' study hall.
- IX. We bequeath to Miss Dowty a thousand thanks for furnishing us with the Staff of Life; and a crowd of honest girls and boys who will not steal sweet potatoes and bread from the table.
- X. We bequeath to Miss Baker a sailor honorably discharged from the Navy; and all the dirty dishes and pans in the laboratory and bad stitches in sewing.

- XI. We bequeath to Miss Smith a class that will always be ready for tests, and that will never skip a Physics class.
- XII. We bequeath to Miss White a life safely insured in the Jefferson Standard Insurance Company.
- XIII. We bequeath to Miss Wilson a long and tedious job that will last during walking period.
- XIV. To Arnette Bryan we bequeath a goodly portion of Sallie Hunt's dignity.
- XV. To Dwight Johnson we bequeath a few of Myrtle Keith's perpetual smiles.
- XVI. To Lucile Johnson we bequeath one of Lillian Atkins' curls.
- XVII. To Ruth Buffaloe we bequeath a little of Mary Lynn's powder.
- XVIII. To Junior Bagwell we bequeath the vocal talent of Oscar Mills.
- XIX. To Dewey Bailey and Carlyle Wheeler we bequeath the right to use Pattie Hunter's and Ida Campbell's front seats in the choir.
- XX. Pearl Phelps, Albertine Maynard and Pauline Smith bequeath their love and all their remaining possessions, such as perfume, powder, paint, and beauty to the Faculty.

In the presence of honorable witnesses we set our hand and seal to this our last will and testament, this the 25th day of April, A.D., nineteen hundred nineteen.

(Signed) CLASS OF NINETEEN.

Per INEZ LYNN  
LILLIAN ATKINS,  
*Attorneys.*

JUNIO RS



## JUNIOR CLASS

### OFFICERS

<i>President</i> .....	WILLIAM PARKER
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	ERNEST STEPHENS
<i>Secretary</i> .....	MABLE WILSON
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	GEORGE UPCHURCH
<i>Historian</i> .....	HELEN CLEMENTS
<i>Poetess</i> .....	LOUISE HARTSFIELD

### MEMBERS

ELSIE ATKINS	CARLYLE HURST	SUSIE REAMS
DEWEY BAILEY	FOY JOHNSON	FRANK SEYMOUR
RUTH BREEZE	LUCILE JOHNSON	LYDA SMITH
ALBERT BROWN	ALMA JONES	PAUL SHAW
REBA BUTTS	LETHIA JONES	RUTH SIMPKINS
MATTIE CAMPBELL	MELZA JONES	WADE STANCIL
BESSIE DAVIS	SUDIE JONES	HELEN STROTHER
RUTH DEWAR	MAGGIE JONES	TRUBIE THRAILKILL
HELEN ELLIOTT	LULA HELEN JORDAN	LEARY UPCHURCH
NINA HARTSFIELD	GRACE KING	MARY WOMBLE
OPEL HEATER	LUCY LEE	MYRTA WOODARD
CHARLES HONEYCUTT	CLERON MARKS	LILY WRENN
	NANNIE REAMS	

*Motto:* Labor Omnia Vincit  
*Colors:* Navy Blue and White  
*Flower:* Violet

## JUNIOR JINGLES

Most Musieal—Helen Elliott	Prettiest—Helen Clements
Most Interesting—Lucile Johnson	Laziest—Leary Upchurch
Neatest—Lyda Smith	Wittiest—Lula Helen Jordan
Best All Round Boy—Ernest Stephens	Most Stylish—Maggie Jones
Best All Round Girl—Ruth Simpkins	Sweetest—Lily Wrenn
Best Writer—Wade Staneil	Cutest—Myrta Woodard
Biggest Flirt—Charles Honeycutt	Most Dignified—Sudie Jones
Best Society Workers— { Nina Hartsfield	Most Literary—Melza Jones
{ William Parker	Most Sarcastic—Mable Wilson
Most Ambitious—Cleron Marks	Most Attractive—Louise Hartsfield
Most Conceited—Grace King	Most Popular Boy—Dewey Bailey
One Who Studies Least—Frank Seymour	Most Studious—Susie Reams
Smallest—Foy Johnson	Most Sincere—Luey Lee
Largest—Opel Heater	Most Athletic—Mary Womble

## CLASS POEM

Dearest friends and classmates,  
Our Junior year has passed.  
We have achieved our highest ambition—  
We are "Dignified Seniors" at last.

'Tis true it was hard for some  
To climb that hill so steep,  
'Tis called Exams; we know it well,  
For it has caused many to weep.

With the teachers to aid  
In Physics and Math  
We are now ready  
To start on our "Senior Path."

This year we have stood together,  
A loyal and happy band;  
May next year be still happier  
The last in our High School Land.

L. M. H. '20

SOPHOMORES





## SOPHOMORE CLASS

### OFFICERS

*President*

HELEN DRY

*Vice-President*

WILLIAM SWAIN

*Secretary*

ONIE LEE DANIEL

*Treasurer*

DENNIS UPCHURCH

*Motto:* To do with our might what our hands find to do

*Colors:* Blue and White

*Flower:* Hyacinth

### MEMBERS

URBAN RAY  
MYRTLE REAVIS  
WILLIAM SWAIN  
AMANDA TILLMAN  
OREN TILLMAN  
EMILY TAYLOR  
BAXTER UPCHURCH

DENNIS UPCHURCH  
MARY WATTS  
DOROTHY WOOD  
AZZIE WOODWARD  
CLARENCE BRASWELL  
HELEN DRY  
ONIE LEE DANIEL

WILLIE LEE EDWARDS  
SCHLESINGER FOUSHEE  
HAZEL HILL  
ROBERT KEITH  
CORINNA LOCKAMY  
MANDA LEE MORGAN  
ANDREW MORGAN

## SOPHOMORE SAYINGS

What would happen if—

Helen Dry got a demerit?  
Mary Watts should break a rule?  
Onie Lee Daniel should miss getting her mail?  
Dennis Upchurch could escort a girl home?  
Someone should beat Robert Keith's time?  
Schlesinger Foushee could not answer a question?  
Andrew Morgan got a date for a reception?  
Myrtle Reavis lost her spring hat?  
Emily Taylor lost her face powder?  
Manda Lee Morgan's hair should come down?  
Baxter Upchurch should stop talking to the girls?  
Willie Lee Edwards should know his spelling?  
Hazel Hill got any taller?  
Frank Davis should lose his dignity?  
William Swain should not be noticed?  
Dorothy Wood should smile?  
Urban Ray should have to go to the study hall?  
Oren Tillman should study his lesson?  
Corinna Lockamy should speak to a boy?  
Azzie Woodward's hair should turn black?  
Clarence Braswell should get his first date?  
ALL THE SOPHS SHOULD PASS?

## CLASS SONG

(PARODY ON "SMILES")

There's a class that does some courting;  
There's a class that does the work;  
There's a class that always write some letters;  
There's a class that wouldn't dare to flirt.  
There's a class that tries to do the right thing,  
That the eyes of the Faculty may see  
And the class that I'm so very proud of  
Is the Sophomore class for me.

M. E. W. '21

FRESHMEN



## FRESHMAN CLASS

### OFFICERS

*President*  
GEORGE GREASON

*Vice-President*  
GLADYS JOHNSON

*Secretary*  
JUNIOR BAGWELL

*Treasurer*  
CAREY DODD

*Class Motto:* The bottom, but climbing

*Class Color:* Purple and White

*Class Flower:* Violet

### MEMBERS

EVELYN ALLEN  
JANE BEAVERS  
MARY BOWLING  
ARNETTE BRYAN  
EDITH CLEMENTS  
JESSIE DAMPIER  
NEEDHAM DANIEL  
NUMA FRANKS  
PEARL GARNER

MARY ALICE GRAY  
HARLAN HAYES  
ETHEL HORD  
FRED HUNT  
ELSIE JACKSON  
DWIGHT JOHNSON  
ELIZABETH JONES  
MILDRED JONES

ALLINE MATTHEWS  
CLARENCE MATTHEWS  
CLEO MATTHEWS  
ROBERT MOORE  
LESTER POOL  
JOHN TURNER  
VENA UPCHURCH  
CARLYLE WHEELER  
ANNIE WILLIAMS

## FRESH FUN

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS HOME

CARY, N. C., September 7, 1919.

MY DEAR DAD:

Cary school is funny. They have got bells ringing every few minutes and we is supposed to do a different thing every time they rings. I been here a week and aint done nothing yet but try to get the bells straight. thats why I aint written before. I been too busy. I thing Im agoing to like it hear. The fellows is real good to me specially some of them is. They comes and talks to me about elay and calhoun. i aint found out who they is yet but i got to join one of them. i have got a rite nice roommate. He borrows my pensils and say we can use all our books and save munny but i aint saved none yet every bock we done got so far he says i better pay for to help us from geting our muneey maters mixed up. You better send me some more muneey to help me from geting my Muneey matters mixed up.

September 15, 1919.

I done found out who elay and calhoun is they is school sotiyeties. ive done jined one. wanted to jine both but they wouldnt low me two. I didnt have no good time at the first meating they done somethin to us they call nitiate if the next meating aint no better i am going to try to get out of it. we have got some rite good teachers but they aint got sense enough two no how much importent things we is got to do out of skool. that dces take up the time we mint to stedy in. Just before exaziminations I is gcin to stedy up all the nite the weak before and stedy and make good marks so you going to be proud of me. the boys says that is the way they does? i been reeding a book named dere mable so i will stop the way that feller do.

yours till you here otherwize

your son

JACK.

p. s. please send more muneey.



# Just the Same

Cartoonist, Sgt. Bill Williams - 472<sup>nd</sup> Engineers.





# ORGANIZATIONS



THE HOME ECONOMICS CLASS



THE AGRICULTURAL CLASS



THE MUSIC CLASS





## EXPRESSION CLASS

ELSIE ATKINS  
 GRACE ATWATER  
 RUTH BUFFALOE  
 EDITH CLEMENTS  
 ETHEL COPELAND  
 JESSIE DAMPIER  
 JAMES GATHINGS  
 EUGENIA GRAY  
 MARY ALICE GRAY  
 ELLIOT JOHNSON  
 GRACE JORDAN  
 ROBERT KEITH  
 GRACE KING  
 OSCAR MILLS  
 ANDREW MORGAN  
 PARKER POOLE  
 HOLMES RAND  
 FRANK SEYMOUR  
 TRUBIE THRILLKILL  
 BAXTER UPCHURCH  
 GEORGE UPCHURCH  
 MABLE WILSON

The Muse of Eloquence and the Muse of Liberty, it has been said, are twin sisters. A free people must be a race of speakers. The importance of speaking to a true national life and to the forwarding of all reforms can hardly be overestimated, but it is no less necessary to the development of the individual.

Expression is the manifestation of life, and speaking in some form is vitally necessary to a consciousness of personal power.



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



# SOCIETIES



IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY

## IRVING LITERARY SOCIETY

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Vice-President, DARE HOLLEMAN  
Secretary, ESMA WALTON  
Assistant Secretary, PEARL PHELPS  
Critic, MYRTLE KEITH  
Treasurer, RUTH BREEZE

#### *Spring Term*

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Vice-President, MILDRED WILSON  
Secretary, PEARL PHELPS  
Assistant Secretary, RUTH BREEZE  
Critic, ONIE LEE DANIEL  
Treasurer, MYRTLE KEITH

### MEMBERS

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RUTH BREEZE  
JUNIOR BAGWELL  
RUTH BUFFALOE  
ARNETTE BRYAN  
MADELINE BASHAW  
MARY BOWLING  
REBA BUTTS  
ETHEL COPELAND  
JESSIE DAMPIER  
CARRIE DAVIS  
ONIE LEE DANIEL  
WILLIE BURT FULLER  
SALLIE HUNT  
DARE HOLLEMAN  
PATTIE HUNTER  
NINA HARTSFIELD

LOUISE HARTSFIELD  
LUCILE JOHNSON  
SUDIE JONES  
MYRTLE KEITH  
ALBERTINE MAYNARD  
PEARL PHELPS  
VIVIAN PHILLIPS  
NANNIE REAMS  
SUSIE REAMS  
LYDA SMITH  
HELEN STROTHER  
EMILY TAYLOR  
VENA UPCHURCH  
MILDRED WILSON  
LILY WRENN  
ANNIE WILLIAMS  
EMMA WOMBLE



CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY

# CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY

## OFFICERS

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Vice-President, WILLIAM PARKER  
Secretary, WADE STANCL  
Treasurer, GAIL BARKER

### *Third Quarter*

President, WILLIAM PARKER  
Vice-President, ROY COLE  
Secretary, OSCAR MILLS  
Treasurer, WADE STANCL

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GAIL BARKER  
CLABRON BARBEE  
THOMAS BRASWELL  
DEWEY BAILEY  
CLAUD CRISP  
ROY COLE  
NEEDHAM DANIEL  
WILLIE LEE EDWARDS  
GRADY GARDNER  
EDISON GARDNER  
CARLYLE HURST  
FRED HUNT  
MELZA JONES  
DWIGHT JOHNSON  
ARMSTEAD JONES  
OSCAR MILLS  
CLERON MARKS

LEX MARKS  
GRADY MASON  
WILLIAM PARKER  
ROBERT PARKER  
LESTER POOL  
HOLMES RAND  
FRANK SEYMOUR  
WADE STANCL  
ERNEST STEPHENS  
OTHO SCOTT  
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JOHN TURNER  
GEORGE UPCHURCH  
BAXTER UPCHURCH  
DENNIS UPCHURCH  
FRANK UPCHURCH  
CARLYLE WHEELER  
LATTIE YATES  
CLARENCE YOUNG



LOWELL LITERARY SOCIETY



# LOWELL LITERARY SOCIETY

## OFFICERS

### *Fall Term*

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Assistant Secretary, MARY LYNN  
Critic, EUGENIA GRAY  
Sub-Critic, FOY JOHNSON  
Treasurer, BLANCHE TILLMAN

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Vice-President, MARY LYNN  
Secretary, INA FOUSHEE  
Assistant Secretary, INEZ LYNN  
Critic, HELEN CLEMENTS  
Sub-Critic, BLANCHE TILLMAN  
Treasurer, ALICE POPE

## MEMBERS

ELSIE ATKINS  
LILLIAN ATKINS  
EVELYN BARBEE  
JANE BEAVERS  
NINA BROADWELL  
MATTIE CAMPBELL  
IDA CAMPBELL  
BESSIE DAVIS  
HELEN DRY  
RUTH DEWAR  
JESSIE DAMPIER  
HELEN ELLIOTT  
MARY ALICE GRAY  
PEARL GARNER  
ETHEL HORD  
OPEL HEATER  
LELA BELLE HOWARD  
HAZEL HILL  
ELSIE JACKSON  
GLADYS JOHNSON  
MAGGIE JONES  
ALMA JONES

LETHIA JONES  
MILDRED JONES  
ELIZABETH JONES  
LULA HELEN JORDAN  
GRACE KING  
LUCY LEE  
ALLINE MATTHEWS  
MANDA LEE MORGAN  
MYRTLE REAVIS  
TESSIE SCOTT  
RUTH SIMPKINS  
PAULINE SMITH  
AMANDA TILLMAN  
NANNIE WALDO  
MARY WATTS  
MABLE WILSON  
OLIE WILLIAMS  
ZURA WILLIAMS  
MARY WOMBLE  
DOROTHY WOOD  
AZZIE WOODWARD  
MYRTA WOODARD



CLAY LITERARY SOCIETY

# CLAY LITERARY SOCIETY

## OFFICERS

### *First Quarter*

President, JAMES GATHINGS  
Vice-President, ELIOT JOHNSON  
Secretary, ANDREW MORGAN  
Treasurer, DAVID PLEASANTS

### *Third Quarter*

President, PARKER POOLE  
Vice-President, CHARLES HONEYCUTT  
Secretary, JAMES GATHINGS  
Treasurer, ELIOT JOHNSON

## MEMBERS

HERBERT ALLEN  
CLELON ALLEN  
RAYMOND BRANTON  
CLARENCE BRASWELL  
ROBERT BREEZE  
FRANK DAVIS  
CAREY DODD  
SCHLESINGER FOUSHEE  
NUMA FRANKS  
JAMES GATHINGS  
GEORGE GREASON  
BONNER HALL  
HARLAN HAYES  
ERNEST HEATER  
CHARLES HONEYCUTT  
NORMAN HOLLEMAN  
ELIOT JOHNSON  
RAYMOND JORDAN

ROBERT KEITH  
CLARENCE MATTHEWS  
ROBERT MOORE  
ANDREW MORGAN  
DAVID PLEASANTS  
PATRICK PLEASANTS  
PARKER POOLE  
URBAN RAY  
PATRICK ROSS  
PAUL SHAW  
WILLIAM SWAIN  
MYRICK THARRINGTON  
BERNARD TILLMAN  
OREN TILLMAN  
WILLIAM TIMBERLAKE  
LEARY UPCHURCH  
DAVID WHEELER  
LYMAN WILKINS  
BENJAMIN WILSON

CALHOUN COMMENCEMENT DEBATERS

1919



ROY E. COLE



WILLIAM PARKER



FRANK SEYMOUR

QUERY

*Resolved, That a system of compulsory military training in schools and colleges should be adopted in the United States*

CLAY COMMENCEMENT DEBATERS

1919



CALVIN P. POOLE



JAMES A. GATHINGS

*Affirmative :*

CALHOUN SOCIETY

*Negative :*

CLAY SOCIETY



ERNEST A. HEATER

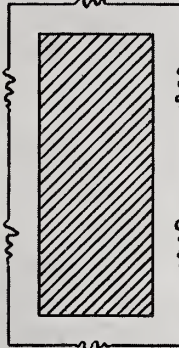
# ATHLETICS



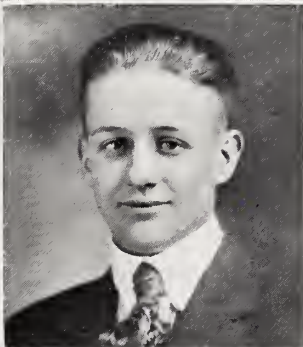
# ATHLETIC OFFICERS



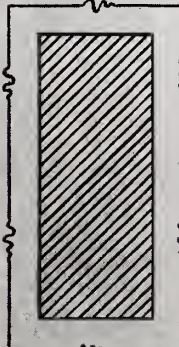
GATHINGS



POOLE



GREASON



UPCHURCH

JAMES GATHINGS.....*President*  
 GEORGE UPCHURCH.....*Vice-President*  
 PARKER POOLE.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

## BASKETBALL

GEORGE GREASON, *Captain*                      JAMES GATHINGS, *Manager*

## BASEBALL

GEORGE GREASON, *Captain*                      PARKER POOLE, *Manager*



## BASKETBALL

LOUISE HARTSFIELD  
*Sponsor*



### THE TEAM

FRANK SEYMOUR  
PARKER POOLE  
TOM BRASWELL  
CLARENCE MATTHEWS  
JAMES GATHINGS  
GEORGE GREASON  
OSCAR MILLS



# GIRLS BASKET- BALL

- MYRTA WOODARD
- JANE BEAVERS
- CLEO MATTHEWS
- PAULINE SMITH
- ELSIE ATKINS
- HELEN DRY
- ELIZABETH JONES
- MARY WOMBLE
- EVELYN ALLEN
- RUTH BREEZE
- LUCILE JOHNSON



PAULINE SMITH, *Captain*



MARY WOMBLE, *Manager*



ELIZABETH JONES, *Treasurer*





## BASEBALL

### THE TEAM

WADE STANCL  
DEWEY BAILEY  
DWIGHT JOHNSON  
WILLIAM SWAIN  
PARKER POOLE  
GEORGE GREASON  
TOM BRASWELL  
CLERON MARKS  
JOHN TURNER  
FRANK SEYMOUR

HELEN ELLIOTT  
*Sponsor*



LITERARY  
DEPARTMENT

## THE TERRORS OF SCHOOL LIFE

To face the many rules and hardships of school life requires immense courage and power on the part of the student. Each day brings forth something new, such as rules, lectures, announcements, and various things.

Let me tell you about some of the things that happen in one day. One tiny bell plays a big part, and is nearly always at the bottom of our troubles. When I first entered boarding school I was awakened one morning by a bell ringing so loudly that it almost deafened me. I ran to the door at once, thinking something was on fire. When I dashed into the hall what should I see but the Lady Principal ringing this bell. She explained to me that this was the rising bell and time for me to dress for breakfast, so I began dressing very slowly, thinking I had time enough; and when I was about half dressed another bell rang. Everybody rushed out into the hall. I asked what that was, and the answer was: "That is the breakfast bell." I went back and put on my shoes, just tying them without lacing.

Things went on very smoothly at breakfast until we ate all the biscuits and had to wait for more to be cooked. While we were waiting the lady that supervised the cooking came in and said, "Girls, you are not allowed to speak while in the kitchen." When we were almost through eating the hostess at our table came in. I began wondering how much she could eat and how long it would take her. While I was looking at her somebody said, "Lookout!" So I looked out the door, and about that time a glass of water spilled on me, but I had to sit there as if nothing had happened. I always looked toward the table after that when I heard "Look out!"

At nine-forty-five the bell rang again, and this was called the "School bell." We were all lined up back of the school building and told to "Stand straight, keep the line straight, and keep time." I didn't know what to keep time with, so I stood still, and I immediately heard somebody say, "If you don't mark time you will get five demerits," so I began marking time, and when we got nearer the building a teacher was clapping her hands and saying, "left, right, left, right." I soon found that I was wrong, but could not change going up steps.

When we entered the auditorium the music teacher was on the stage, calling the choir out, one by one. They marched to the stage and began scrambling for the back seat. Then they began singing. I was very much amused to see the Principal keeping time with his book. This he did by tossing his book up and down. Some ended the song with "amen," while others were taking their seats. After this came the devotional exercises.

The Principal asked if there were any announcements, and all responded with announcements about lost books, and there were so many that I decided it would be a bookless school, and I took mine and kept it grasped tightly in my hands for fear it too would disappear. The music teacher, though, had forgotten her daily announcement, so she stood up and said, "Please pay for your sheet music." This



reminded the Principal of his daily announcement, so he said, "and bring your money for Current Events." There was another about a little disease called influenza. He explained the symptoms of this and how to prevent it, and ended up by saying, "No students will be granted the permission to go home week ends." I didn't understand this, because some of the members of the Faculty went to a neighboring city nearly every night. They ended the exercises by cranking up the grafonola and having a "selection," as the Principal said.

We were all sent to other rooms for our recitations. My first lesson was English, and the teacher began by saying, "We will have an examination on Burke Monday, and I am going to make it as stiff as possible," and we had already been wishing that we had never heard of him.

The next bell was the "dinner bell," so we had peas, cabbage, bread, and water again, and this time everybody was on time.

As I did not have any lesson in the afternoon, I decided that I would stay in my room. I began looking at the things in it, and about the first thing I saw was a big card filled with rules. I wondered if they were the same that we had heard before, so I began reading and found them to be a list entirely new, and one read, "Girls must not stay in their rooms during school hours; if any girl is found in her room she will be demerited." About this time I heard somebody in the hall, and then one girl said, "It is the Lady Principal!" I didn't know what to do. As I was near the closet I took that for my hiding place until I heard a girl on the first floor yell out that the Principal was gone.

After school the bell rang, and somebody said, "Walking bell." Of course I ran to see the bell walk, but when I got there it was the girls who had to walk. I happened to get on the sick list and did not go. I went back to my room thinking myself lucky. The Lady Principal soon came with all kinds of medicine, and I knew that I was going to be put to bed. I had to act my part, so I took several things, but I did hate to, and I haven't been sick since.

We all had to go to study hall that night, and that was the worst thing of all—go to one of the class rooms and sit on hard seats for two hours. The others knew how to do, so they told me to take something to eat. I took peanuts, candy, apples, and other things. But they soon gave out, and some of the girls fell over on the seats asleep, while others tumbled over on the floor. The teacher was very much interested in something and did not see them for a long time. When she did discover this she made us go and wash our faces. I didn't know whether she had found out that some of us hadn't performed this task that morning or not.

When we were again in our rooms we had so much to talk about that we had not finished when the lights went out, so we kept on talking, if it was dark. One of the teachers soon came out and said that those who were talking must report to the Lady Principal, but we decided that she could never find out who it was, so we just got quiet and soon were sleepy. We were snug in our beds and almost asleep when we heard an automobile stop near the building and voices were heard.

Soon they began to play the piano, and played so loudly and so long that I thought we were not going to have a chance to sleep any. I guess they thought we slept very soundly, and I wonder if they had to report to the Lady Principal. I think they should ring a bell next time she plays and have a music bell. That poor little bell did have so many names. And that school did have so many rules, and this ended one of those school days with so many horrors—and one that never will be forgotten.

M. B. W. '20



GIRLS' DORMITORY

## JOKES

Visitor (at girls' dormitory): "Will you please pass the salt?"

Pearl Phelps: "Yes, ma'am."

Visitor: "Oh, go ahead and help yourself, you need it."

Parker Poole (in chapel): "Say, Eliot, move your head, I want to see Junior sing."

Holmes Rand (reading Virgil): "Thrice I strove to put my arms around her and—that is as far as I got, Professor."

Mr. Dry: "Well, Holmes, I think that is far enough."

Miss Killingsworth (on Ancient History): "Here is a very interesting article on Carthage."

Arnette Bryan: "Please read it, Miss K., as I couldn't find much about him in my history."

Mr. Dry (in chapel after Billy Sunday preached in Raleigh): "Now all those that did went to Raleigh, report to me."

Eliot Johnson: "Bennie, what is the greatest ambition of your life?"

Bennie Wilson: "To call a graceful King (8) my own."

### A SENIOR'S INVENTORY OF THE SCHOOL YEAR

Been broke—136 times	Stole bread from table—199 times
Had money—5 times	Rules been suspended—6 times
Went to Raleigh—98 times	Talked to the girls—101 times
Had permission—5 times	Excused for sickness—13 times
Had a bath—10-2 times	Been sick—1 time
Became witty in English—3 times	Skipped class—(uncountable)
"Rode" on Exams—7 times	Worked on Annual—all the time

If you can't laugh at the jokes of this age you can at least smile at the age of the jokes.

Oscar Mills: "Shut up, James. I can't hear myself think."

James Gathings: "Excuse me. I have lost my eye teeth and can't see what I say."

Miss Smith: "Does any one wish to ask any questions before we start this Physics lesson?"

Alice Pope: "Yes, ma'am. Where does it begin, where does it end, and what does it contain?"

Prof. Howard: "Now boys, I have told you this once before, but that is one good thing about this class. No matter how often I tell you a thing I can always tell it again after a week or so without fear that anyone will remember it."

Roy Cole (on English): "Miss Killingsworth, I do not pretend to know how to read poetry."

Miss Killingsworth: "Well, I am not trying to make you think you do."

William Swain: "Got change for a dollar?"

Tom Braswell (fishes out two halves): "Yep."

William Swain: "Loan me a half."

Lyda Smith: "The man I marry must be a hero—brave, daring, and gallant; he must have enough to support me comfortably; must have a country home, and above all, be honest."

William Parker: "That's all very good; but this is love, not a department store."

Lucile Johnson: "G. H., there are some pencil marks on your face that have been there a week."

G. H. Greason: "Don't rub them off. That is the date I washed my face last."

Baxter Upchurch (after talking for ten minutes about the things he had seen and done): "And say, last week——"

Louise Hartsfield: "Oh, lace up your shoe string Baxter, your tongue is hanging out."

Miss Killingsworth: "Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

• Helen Elliott: "For the same reason the hen crossed the road. You can't catch me on your old riddles."

A green little upstart, in a green little way,  
Some chemicals mixed just for fun one day.  
Now the green little grasses tenderly wave  
O'er the green little upstart's green little grave.

I was seated in the parlor  
And I said unto the light  
Either you or I, old fellow  
Will be turned down tonight.



## AN AMERICAN SOLDIER'S ESCAPE

It was in a prison cell in Germany. The prisoners, most of whom had become accustomed to their misery after so many days of it, lay sleeping on the filthy straw. There was a dull sound of snoring.

At the only door to the cell stood a young American, listening intently. He alone among the prisoners appeared to be awake. Apparently being satisfied with the situation he stole noiselessly to the opposite side of the room. Getting on his knees he dragged away some straw and disclosed a small opening in the brick wall. Then he took a sharpened glass crystal from his pocket and began work. After scraping the mortar from between the bricks, he pulled them out one by one and piled them on the ground beside him. Jack Carter, as he was known to his comrades, had been in the prison only a few days and had not given up the hope of escaping. His fellow prisoners, from long experience, advised him to accept his fate, and tried to discourage him, knowing that even if he escaped from the prison, which was doubtful, there was only one chance in a hundred that he could ever get back to the American lines alive. But Carter refused to listen to them.

After working for about an hour he was rewarded with a whiff of fresh air which told him that he had at least a crack open. Working with renewed zeal by midnight he had made a hole barely large enough for a man to crawl through. Once more he went to the barred door. Hearing no sound he returned and, after some trouble, dragged his body cautiously through the opening. Once on the outside, he lay flat on the ground for a few seconds, then carefully began to crawl towards a large building which loomed up on his right. The day before he had been working behind this building, and had discovered a small break in the charged wires. With this in mind he had laid his plans.

Suddenly he heard muffled sounds which seemed to come from the other side of the building, and stopped at the corner to listen. Then he heard a whinny, and remembered that the house was used as a barn, and that the horses of the guards were kept under a shed at one end. With a sigh of relief he continued and soon found the spot he had marked. From his pocket he drew a match he had bribed from one of the guards. Holding his hand to shield it from the air, he struck it carefully. The light flared up for an instant. Before him was the place he had seen. Anxiously he stared at it—then he turned away in despair. Between the two posts new wire was stretched, strong, flawless and, worst of all, charged heavily with the fatal electricity.

Then out of the still black darkness came another whinny, this time much nearer. Carter scarcely dared to breathe. Around the corner of the barn he saw a dark form. Then he felt a horse's breath in his face. Putting up his hand, he felt a broken halter around the horse's neck. Then he remembered. It was his first day in the prison when he had heard two Germans talking about a horse that

could take a fence better than any other for miles around. The "Captain" they had called him, and had praised him. They had also said that this horse had been captured from the English and gave them so much trouble by getting loose that they had often threatened to kill him. Carter decided that this must be the horse.

Carter loved horses and had ridden all his life. As he lay on the ground with his hand on Captain's mane, a desperate plan formed in his mind. There was one place in the charged wire fence which surrounded the whole group of buildings where it was hardly higher than a man's head. This happened to be at the point farthest from the prison. The top strands had been taken off and used for repairing another place. Of course he could not scale it without help, but what about the horse?

It was the work of a few minutes to get to the place, and Carter and Captain made it with scarcely a sound. The hoofs of the horses used by the guards were kept muffled so this was not so difficult. Once there, he examined the ground and surroundings as well as he could in the dark, and led the horse back. Seating himself on the animal's back he gave a sharp command. The horse started off obediently, and Carter felt him gathering himself for the spring. The next instant he felt them go up in the air—then he stood on the ground *outside* the prison wires, and hugged the dumb rescuer. He had risked all, and gained all.

For many days Jack Carter and his faithful horse traveled towards the American lines. They had many narrow escapes, for of course the Germans pursued them, but finally they reached the lines safely. And the Germans at the prison camp never saw either of them again.

M. H. W. '19.



## AN ADVENTURE WITH A BLIZZARD

In a little town in the mountains, a girl was hurrying along the street, looking anxiously about. She appeared to be about sixteen or seventeen years old, with very dark hair and eyes.

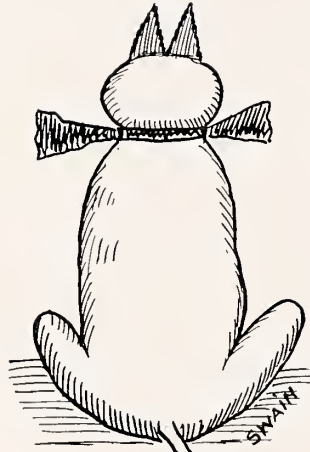
The reason for her being in town, this near sundown, was because she had ridden over on what she considered a very important errand. She had planned a party that night, and the old colored man that was sent after the supplies had brought back about half of them. As a result she had to come after them herself. She had mounted her favorite horse and started to town after them, and now she was ready to start back, and no horse could be found. She was sure that she had tied the horse when she started in the store, but where could it be now?

The sun was now about an hour high. Could she walk three miles in an hour? She decided to try it. Instead of going the usual road she thought she would take a short cut and follow a little path in the woods. Paying no attention to the black clouds that were forming, she trudged onward. The sun was setting beyond the mountains before she noticed how cold it had turned. She suddenly became aware that it was snowing. She knew that a blizzard was starting. It would be useless to try to go on, because she would soon lose her path in the blinding snow. To stay where she was meant death. She knew not what to do. She kept fighting her way through the snow, not knowing where she was going. All at once it seemed that a cabin loomed up before her. She stumbled up the steps, went to the door and turned the knob. To her great surprise the door opened, and she walked in. The cabin was furnished with two beds, several chairs and a table with some books on it. She found a lamp and some matches on the mantel. She was about to light the lamp when she heard two men coming up the steps. She scrambled under the bed some way—she hardly knew how, while the two men approached. They made up a roaring fire and lit the lamp. The men seemed to be very well pleased with some good luck they had had. She heard money jingling, and she heard them counting it. She then heard one of them telling his experience. It made her heart stand still to hear it. These men were robbers. She hardly dared to move, she was so scared.

The blizzard had not proved to be so destructive, after all. It was now nearly over. The men went into the other room to cook supper, and took the lamp with them. This was her opportunity. She slipped out from under the bed as quietly as possible, and out the door. There was a shed out in the yard. Two horses were under it, and one looked very much like her own; on a closer examination she found that it was hers. These men had seen her tie it that afternoon, and had slipped it while she was in the store.

She mounted and was soon at home. Everybody was there for the party, and her adventure made it even more interesting.

The next day these men were arrested, and lots of money was found stored away in a secret place in the cabin. There is no doubt as to whom this went.



**THE END**

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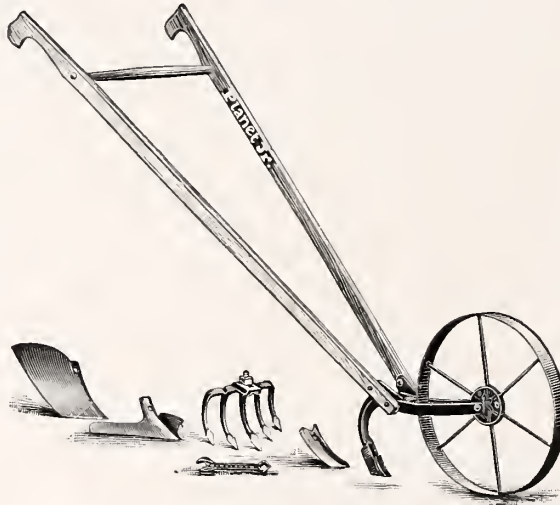


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