



The  
Messenger  
1930









THIS BOOK DOES  
NOT CIRCULATE



THE SEEMAN PRINTERY INCORPORATED  
DURHAM, N. C.

# MESSENGER

1930



*Published Annually*

*by the*

*Senior Class*

DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL  
DURHAM, N. C.



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## Foreword

# The Messenger

Our Messenger  
comes to you in this, the  
tenth year of its service in that  
venerable Inn, The Durham High  
School. It presents to you in full, a review of  
all activities and all those who entered into them as its con-  
tribution to the annals of that ancient and honorable hostelry.  
It pictures the daily life of guests, attendants and hosts in that time-  
honored tabern, the Wayside Inn, and allows the kind reader to enter into  
the vigor, zest, and spirit with the enthusiasm of the loyal patron. It  
comes somewhat timidly as befits so new a messenger, ear-  
nestly hoping that it will live up to the high standard set  
by its predecessors, in presenting truly a cross  
section of the life of a concordant assem-  
blage, in this, the Durham High  
School, in the County of  
Durham, the State of  
North Carolina.

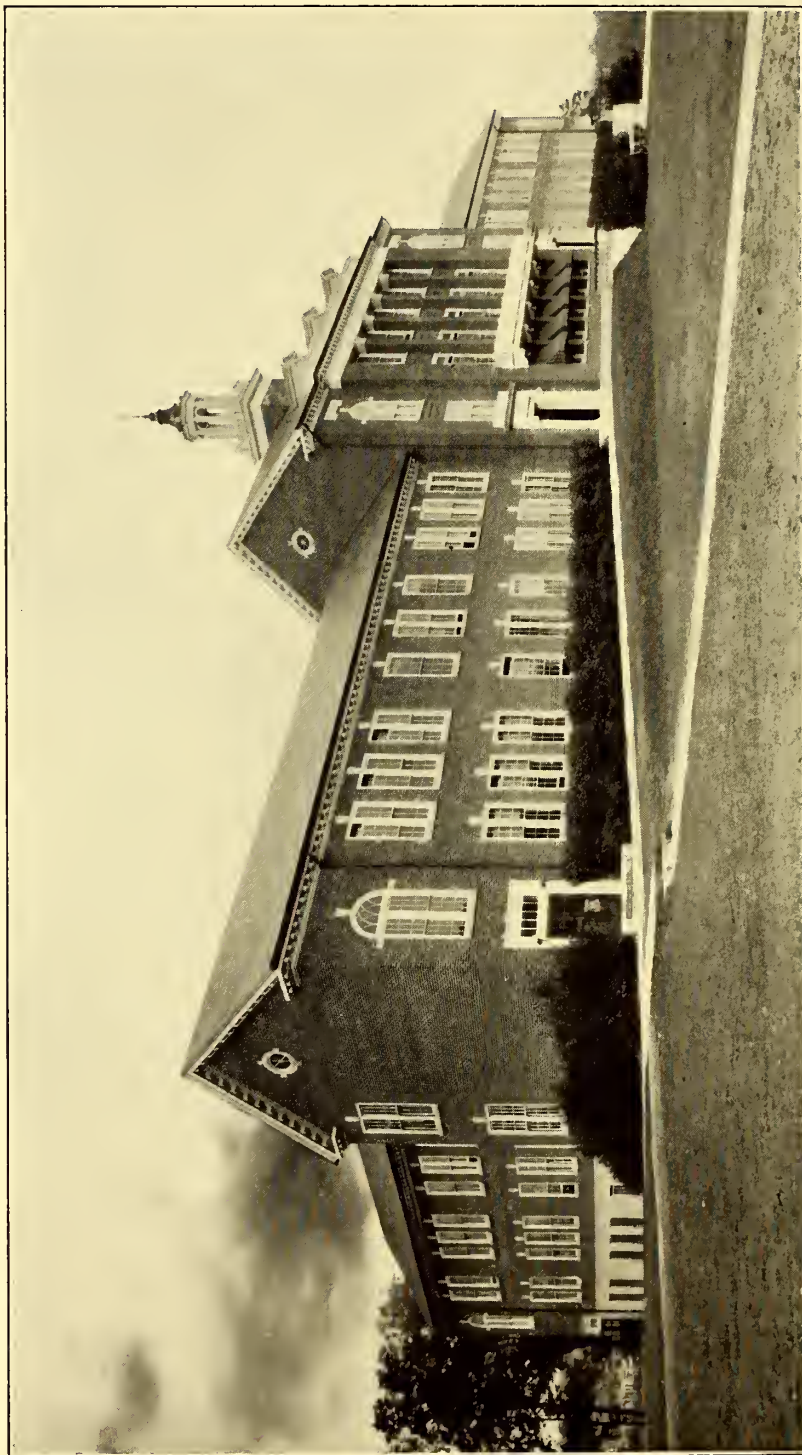
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA  
DURHAM COUNTY LIBRARY



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DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL





We  
The Senior Class  
dedicate  
The Messenger of 1930  
to

**J. DeVeaux Fanning**

who has been in hours of work a tireless leader, in hours of play,  
"a jolly good fellow," and in time of misfortune,  
an understanding helper



# The MESSENGER

presents to Travelers in Durham

**The Proprietors and Trustees**

of

THE WAYSIDE INN

**They blaze a clear trail,  
They provide all ample equipage,  
They defend loyally against enemies,**

for

*Youth in Quest of Self-Development*

at

DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL





BOARD OF EDUCATION, DURHAM CITY SCHOOLS

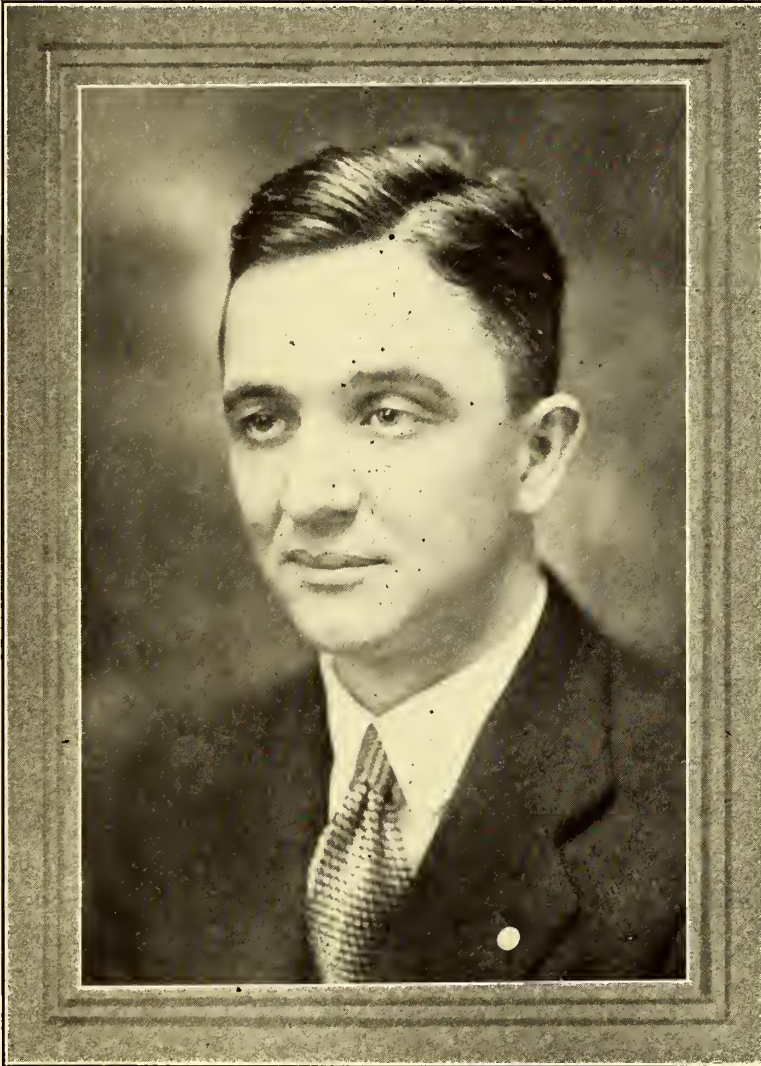
1. DR. W. H. WANNAMAKER
2. MR. K. P. LEWIS
3. MR. M. A. BRIGGS

4. MRS. F. L. WALKER
5. MR. J. T. SALMON
6. MR. G. C. WHITE



MR. FRANK M. MARTIN  
*Superintendent of Durham City Schools*





MAJ. MARION B. FOWLER  
*Assistant Superintendent—Business Administration*



Univ. Hall



Univ. Hall



Univ. Hall



Univ. Hall



Univ. Hall



Univ. Hall



Univ. Hall



Univ. Hall





Faculty





# The MESSENGER

to GUESTS at THE WAYSIDE INN presents

**Mine Host**

and

**The Keepers of the Inn**

**Jealously they guard the past,  
Diligently they improve the present,  
Wisely they build for the future,**

for

*Pilgrims Seeking Freedom through Education*



MR. W. F. WARREN  
*Principal of Durham High School*





MR. QUINTON HOLTON  
*Boys' Adviser*



MISS MARY GRACE WILSON  
*Girls' Adviser*



MRS. KNOX MASSEY  
*Secretary*



MRS. P. C. GRAHAM  
*Director of Cafeteria*













## *Durham High School Faculty*

MR. WILLIAM FRANKLIN WARREN, Principal Durham High School  
DURHAM, N. C.

A.B., Elon College, N. C.; A.M., University of North Carolina; Graduate Work, Columbia University, New York; Duke University, Durham, N. C.

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A.B., Duke University, Summer School.

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BOWLING GREEN, KY.

Bowling Green Business University, Bowling Green, Ky.; Western State Teachers' College, Ky.



# *The Register of Guest*

*at*

## *The Wayside Inn*

### The Senior Guests

#### The June Crusade

Portraits and Individual Statistics

The Crusading Song

“The Pilgrims of the Wayside Inn”

The Last Will and Testament

The History of the Pilgrims of 1930

The Forecast for the Pilgrims

#### The January Crusade (Portraits)

### The Graduate Guests

#### The Portrait Review

#### The Portrait Panels

### The Part-time Guests

#### Part-time Review

#### The Portrait Panels

### The Junior Guests

#### Portraits of Officers

#### Achievements of Guests

#### The Portrait Panels

#### The Roster

### The Sophomore Guests

#### Portrait of Officers

#### Achievements of Guests

#### The Portrait Panels

#### The Roster

### The Advance Guard of Freshman Guests

#### Portraits of Officers

#### Achievements

#### The Portrait Panel









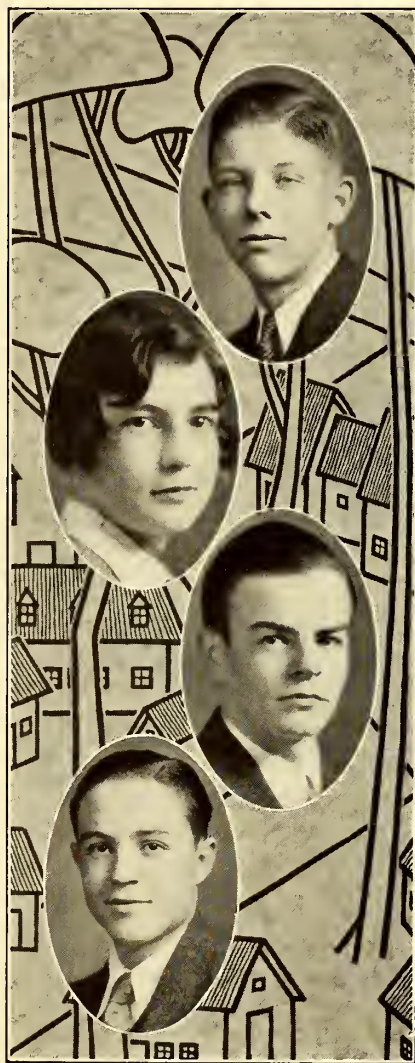
*The Wayside Inn Leaders  
of  
The June Crusade*

JONES POLLARD,  
*President*

DOROTHY UMSTEAD,  
*Vice-President*

JAMES NEWSOM,  
*Secretary*

WILLIAM McALLISTER,  
*Treasurer*





NELLIE WALDO ADAMS  
"WALLY"

*"Quiet as a mouse she makes her way  
Pleasant and friendly and always gay."*

Girls' Club 3, 4; Glee Club 3, 4; All Southern High School Chorus 3; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 95; Age: 15; Ambition: Business woman; Hobby: Math; School: N. C. College for Women; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

EDWIN W. BEASLEY

*"Truth and fidelity are the pillars of the temple  
of the world."*

Commercial Club 3, 4; Coö্প Class 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 135; Age: 17; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Business Executive; School: North Carolina State; Favorite subject: History.

NELL PAGE ATWATER  
"LADY"

*"Her hand has the cunning to draw,  
Pictures of things you never saw."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Messenger Staff 3, 4; Class Hockey 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 3, 4.

Height: 5' 9"; Weight: 137; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Commercial Artist; School: Drexel Institute; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: Art.

EDITH KYLE BARBEE

*"A rosebush full of wilful little thorns."*

Athena Literary Society 3, 4, Treasurer 3, 4; Blue Triangle 1, 2, 3, 4, President 2, Secretary 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 4; Home Room President 4.

Height: 5'; Weight: 107; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Business Woman; School: Business College; Hobby: Reading.

JOHN MACBETH BIRD  
"JAY BIRD"

*"Talent of the highest order, and such as is calculated  
to command admiration."*

Blackwell Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Hi-Rocket 3, 4, News-General 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; Debating team 3, 4; Declaiming 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 10½"; Weight: 124; Age: 16; Church: Episcopal; Ambition: Journalist; School: Duke University; Hobby: Tennis; Favorite subject: Latin.

PATTIE WHITE ADAMS  
"PAT"

*"As gentle in manner as she is sweet in voice."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4, Marshal 2; Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Hockey Team 2; Activity Stunt Cast 3, 4; Home Room Vice-President 2.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 126; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Business Woman; School: Converse; Hobby: Dancing; Favorite subject: English.





# MADGE VIRGINIA BELL

## "RINK"

*"A true friend is forever a friend."*

Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 117½; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Basketball; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

# CARL M. BISHOP

## "PUG"

*"Man is man, and master of his fate."*

Hi-Y; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 140; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Structural Engineer; School: Duke; Hobby: Football and Track; Favorite subject: Chemistry.

# LENA FRANCES BROADWELL

## "BROADIE"

*"Of manners gentle and affections mild."*

Commercial Club 1, 2, 3; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 120; Age: 17; Church: Christian; Ambition: Stenographer; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Commercial work.

# ROBERT MACBETH BIRD

## "PATRICIA"

*"With quips and cranks and wanton wiles  
He smooths the daily grind."*

Athletic Association 2, 4; Blackwell Literary Society 2, 3; Cafeteria Helper 4; Library Council 4, Vice-President 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 116; Age: 16; Church: Episcopal; Ambition: Librarian; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading mystery stories.

# BETH EMILY BRANTLEY

## "BETTIE JANE"

*"Whose little body lodg'd a generous heart."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Glee Club 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 4, Chaplain 4.

Height: 4' 6"; Weight: 82½; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: To teach English in the Durham High School; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: French.

# LOTTIE GENEVER BREWER

## "ZHOE"

*"A woman in earnest finds means, or if she  
cannot, creates them."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Blue Triangle 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Basketball Varsity 2.

Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 110; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Musician; School: Southern Conservatory of Music and Duke; Hobby: Orchestra; Favorite subject: Biology.





# ELIZABETH CAROLYN BROCK

"LIB"

*"Good works are performed by perseverance."*

Glee Club 1; Athletic Association 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 3, 4, Critic 3, Vice-President 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Stunt Cast 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 123; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Business Secretary; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: English.

# HARRY LOUIS CARR

*"Talent rules without a sceptre."*

Hi-Rocket 1, 2, 3; Messenger Staff 4, Literary Editor; Home Room Treasurer 4, President 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 124; Age: 16; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Writer or Author; School: Duke; Hobby: Philately; Favorite subject: English.

# MARY KATHERINE BROOKS

"KAT"

*"And mistress of herself though China fall."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 3; Messenger Staff 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; French Club 3, 4, Vice-President 4; Home Room President, Vice-President, Secretary 3, Secretary-Treasurer 4; Wynona Triangle 1, President 1; Library Council 4; Varsity Basketball 4; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 2, President 4, Critic 4; Queen's Court 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 125; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Librarian; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

# CLAIBORNE CATES

"CLAY"

*"A good heart is better than all the heads in the world."*

Coop Class 3, 4; Stunt Cast 3, 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 140; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Man; School: Duke; Favorite subject: English.

# MARY FRANCES BULLOCK

"RABBIT"

*"Seeing only what is fair  
Sipping only what is sweet."*

Girls' Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Athletic Association 4; Athena Literary Society 4, Critic 4.

Height: 5'; Weight: 100; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Commercial Work; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Bookkeeping.

# CARRIE BELLE CANNADY

*"A good heart is worth gold."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 4; Athletic Association 4; Commercial Club 3; Home Room Basketball Team 1, 4; Home Room Chaplain 3, 4.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 108; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: English.





## VIRGINIA DARE CATES

### "GINIA"

*"Those of few words are the best."*

Athletic Association 4; Glee Club 2; Athena Literary Society 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5'; Weight: 122; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Stenographer; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: Typewriting.

## HYMAN DAVE

### "HYMIE"

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."*

Commercial Club 3; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 3, 4; Wrestling 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Woodwind Ensemble 3; Hi-Y 3, 4; Home Room President 3, 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 170; Age: 19; Church: Beth-El Synagogue; Ambition: Civil Engineer; School: University of Cincinnati; Hobby: Baseball; Favorite subject: Mechanical Drawing.

## HERMINE ELAINE CHILDS

### "LAINE"

*"'Tis good to be merry and wise."*

Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Le Cercle Francais 4; Dramatic Club 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 4; Orchestra 1, 4; Library Council 4; Secretary 4; Girls' Club 1, 3, 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 99; Age: 15; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Musician; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading and swimming; Favorite subject: Mathematics and French.

## E. WILSON COLE, JR.

### "BUCK"

*"A man who trusts men will make fewer mistakes than he who distrusts them."*

Science Club 3; Commercial Club 3; Track 3; Hi-Y Club 4; Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 7"; Weight: 130; Age: 18; Ambition: Architect; School: Georgia Tech.; Hobby: Science; Favorite subject: Architectural Drawing.

## ESTHER MADELINE COLE

### "BOOTS"

*"Humble because of knowledge, Mighty by sacrifice."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Southgate Literary Society 3, 4; French Club 4; Athletic Association 4; Glee Club 4; Choir School 4; Stunt Cast 3.

Height: 5' 1½"; Weight: 98; Age: 16; Church: Christian; Ambition: Musician; School: North Carolina College for Women; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Music.

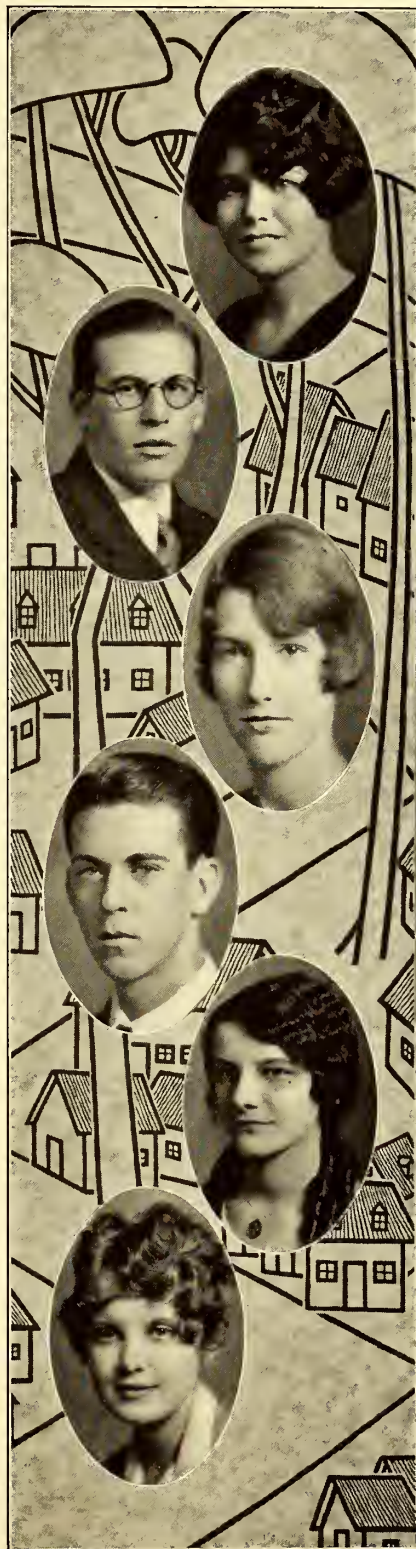
## ANNIE LOIS CHEEK

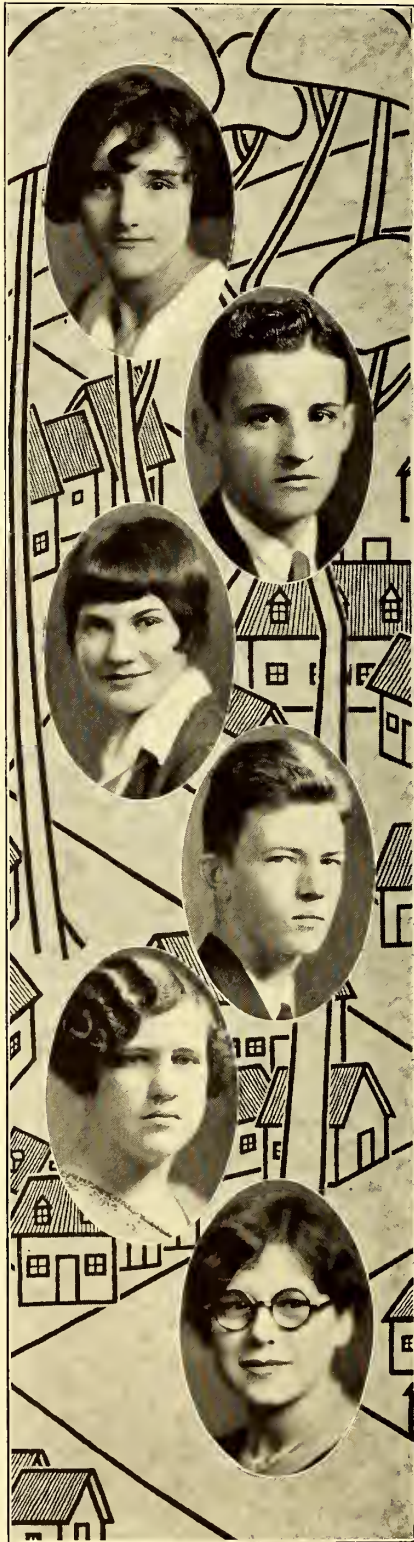
### "ANNE"

*"A winsome, wee thing."*

Dramatic Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Treasurer 4; Athena Literary Society 4; Critic 4; Girls' Club 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5'; Weight: 99; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Secretary; School: Duke; Hobby: Swimming; Favorite subject: History.





LELLA MERLE COTTRELL

"CRICKET"

*"Maiden with the meek brown eyes  
In whose orbs a shadow lies."*

O. Henry Literary Society 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 102; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Stenographer; Hobby: Swimming; Favorite subject: History.

RAIFORD FARTHING

*"Contentment is better than riches."*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 135; Age: 19.

EDNA VERNELLE COUSINS

*"Cave adds to our coffin a nail no doubt,  
And every grin so merry brings one out."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Program Committee in Session Room 2; Blue Triangle 1, 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 1, Treasurer 2, 3; Senior Basketball Team 4.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 127; Age: 16; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Dietitian; School: Duke; Hobby: Basketball; Favorite subject: French.

GUY HOLLOWAY FERRELL

"SPEC"

*"Why, then, the world's mine oyster  
Which I, with sword, will open."*

Toms-Carmichael Literary Society 1, 2, 3; Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 4, Vice-President 4; Stunt Cast 3; Dramatic Club 3, 4, President 4; Commercial Club 4, Vice-President 4; Commercial Club Cabinet 4; Football squad 2, 3, 4; Basketball Team 3, 4; Tennis 3, 4, Captain 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 4; Hi-Y Club 1, 2; Senior Play Cast 4; Home Room Vice-President 3.

Height: 6' 2"; Weight: 150; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Civil Engineer; School: State College of North Carolina; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

MARGARET BEATRICE COUCH

"RED"

*"Her avocation is to serve  
That the world may move more smoothly."*

Glee Club 2, 3; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 3, 4, Secretary 3, President 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 4; Messenger Staff 4; Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 4; Durham Choir School 1, 2, 3; Stunt Cast 3.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 118; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: English.

RUBY LEE CRUMPACKER

"RUB"

*"My firm nerves shall never tremble."*

Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 129; Age: 20; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: Mathematics.





HELEN ELIZABETH DICKSON  
"DICK"

*"Men may come and men may go  
But my tongue goes on forever."*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Queen's Court 3; Home Room Officer, Vice-President 3.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 122; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Kindergarten Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Dancing; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

LYNE STARLING FEW

*"He holds the rank no king can give,  
No station can disgrace;  
Nature puts forth her gentlemen,  
And monarchs must give place."*

Walter Hines Page Society 1, 2, 3, 4, Marshal 1, Chaplain and Treasurer 2, Secretary 3, and Vice-President 3, President 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Body Vice-President 4; Tennis Team 3, 4; Monogram Club 3, 4, Chaplain 4; Home Room President 4; French Club 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 1, 2, 3, 4, Assistant Editor-in-Chief 2, Editor-in-Chief 4; Science Club 2; Class Secretary 1, Treasurer 2; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4.

Height: 6'; Weight: 125; Age: 16; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Doctor or Lawyer; School: Duke University; Hobby: Botany, Ornithology; Favorite subject: Chemistry.

HELEN LOUISE DORITY  
"LOU"

*"Her very quietness called attention to her merits."*

O. Henry Literary Society 4.

Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 122; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Nurse; School: Englewood, New Jersey; Hobby: Sewing; Favorite subject: English.

JOE GIOBBI  
"STUMPY"

*"I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul remembering my good friends."*

Monogram Club 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 157; Age: 18; Church: Catholic; Ambition: Engineer; School: North Carolina State; Hobby: Science; Favorite subject: Chemistry.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL DAVIS  
"LIB"

*"Divinely tall and divinely fair."*

O. Henry Literary Society 1, 3, 4, Secretary; French Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Girls' Club 1, 3, 4; Stunt Cast 3; Senior Play Cast; Home Room Officer 4; Queen's Court 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 110; Age: 16; Church: Episcopal; School: Saint Mary's; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: French.

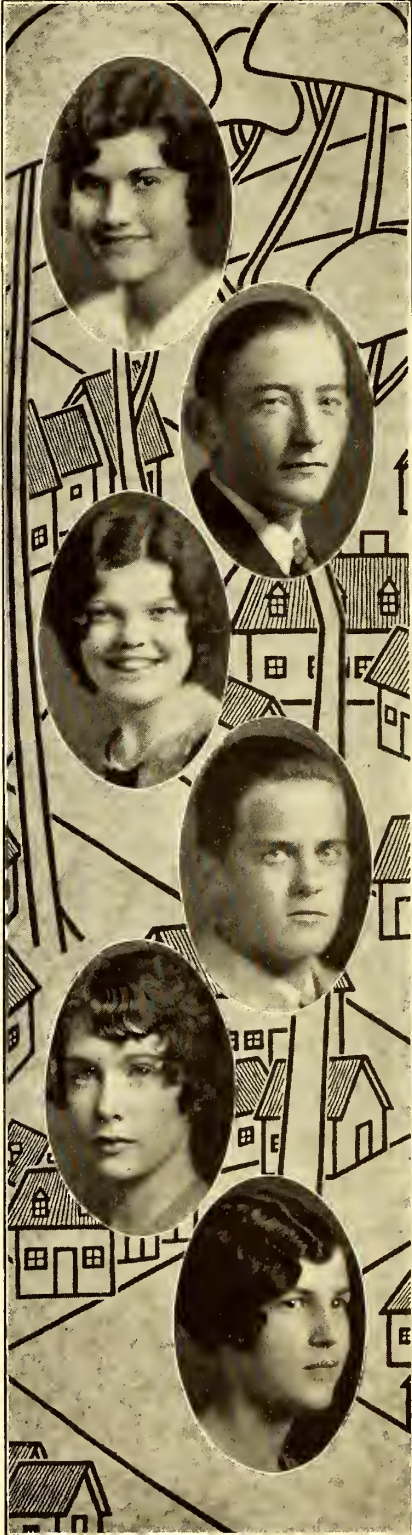
ROSA LEE DAVE

*"I would rather be sick than idle."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 2, 3; Athena Literary Society 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Hi-Rocket Staff 4.

Height: 4' 11"; Weight: 95; Age: 17; Church: Beth-El Synagogue; Ambition: Stenographer; Hobby: Typing; Favorite subject: Shorthand.





#### MARGARET SANGSTER EDWARDS

"PEG"

*"That friendly smile of hers has captivated hearts."*

O. Henry Literary Society 1; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Vice-President 3; French Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Southgate Literary Society 4; Vice-President 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 95; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; School: Duke; Favorite subject: French.

#### LOUIS PHILIP HAZEL, JR.

"JAKE"

*"Human nature craves novelty."*

Blackwell Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2; Hi-Y 3, 4; Dramatic 4; Vice-President 4; French Club 4; Hi-Rocket 1, 2, 3; Messenger 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating Team 4; Senior Play 4; Stunt Cast 2, 3.

Height: 6' 1"; Weight: 155; Age: 16; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Civil Engineer; School: Duke; Hobby: Hunting; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

#### HELEN ESTHER FORD

"HENRY"

*"She looks the world in the face  
With work and smiles she writes her place."*

Home Room Officer, Secretary-Treasurer, 4, Vice-President 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Basketball 1, 2, 3; Music Club 4.

Height: 5' 7"; Weight: 125; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; School: Duke; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: English.

#### CLAIBORNE BARKSDALE GREGORY

*"Dignity consists not in possessing honors,  
But in deserving them."*

Blackwell Literary Society 2, Secretary 3, Vice-President 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, Treasurer 4; Messenger, Assistant Editor-in-Chief 3, Business Manager 4; Hi-Rocket 2, 3; Tennis 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; French Club 4; Senior Play; Home Room President 4.

Height: 5' 7½"; Weight: 125; Age: 16; Church: Episcopal; Ambition: Lawyer; School: Duke; Favorite subject: Latin.

#### CAROLYN HALDANE FULLER

*"She moves a goddess, and looks a queen."*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 3, Marshal 3; Dramatic Club 3; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Stunt Cast 3; Girls' Chorus 3; Hi-Rocket Staff 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Chaplain 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 118; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: To graduate from High School; School: Duke; Hobby: Eating; Favorite subject: English.

#### EDNA EARL EAKES

"ED"

*"Self-confidence is the first requisite to  
great undertakings."*

Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 3, 4, Secretary 3, President 4, Treasurer 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 4; Athletic Association 4; Stunt Cast 3; Home Room Secretary 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 99; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; School: Business College; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Shorthand.





# MARY LOUISE GUNTLE

"MERWEEZE"

*"Dignity, sweetness, intelligence have met in thee."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 1; Athena Literary Society 3, 4, Vice-President Unit I, Vice-President 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 111; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Secretarial Work; School: Business College; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: English.

# JAMES HUGH HOLLOWAY

"JIMMIE"

*"Action is transitory—a step, a blow;  
The motion of a muscle, this way or that."*

Class President 3; Home Room President 3; Julian S. Carr Literary Society 2, 3, 4, President 2, Treasurer 3; Monogram Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 3; Treasurer Class 2; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; South Atlantic Tournament Team 4, Captain 4.

Height: 5' 10"; Weight: 160; Age: 19; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Coaching; School: Carolina or Duke; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

# DORIS HAWTHORNE GREEN

*"Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all  
That happiness and prime can happy call."*

O. Henry Literary Society 1, 3, 4, Treasurer 3, President 4; French Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Hi Rocket 4; Home Room Vice-President 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Queen's Court 3; Stunt Cast 3.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 100; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: English.

# WILLIAM ALEXANDER KIRKLAND

"BUCK"

*"As full of mischief, wit, and glee  
As ever a human frame could be."*

Blackwell Literary Society 3, Marshal 4, President 4; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4, Secretary 4; Hi-Rocket 3, 4; Messenger 3, 4, Editor-in-Chief 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Stunt Cast 3; Home Room Secretary 3, 4, Treasurer 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 120; Age: 16; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Business Executive; School: Davidson College; Hobby: Sleeping; Favorite subject: History.

# HELEN ANNETTE GORDON

"HECKIE"

*"If there is a virtue in the world at which we shou'd  
always aim, it is cheerfulness."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 3, 4, Vice-President 3; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4; Class Hockey Team 2.

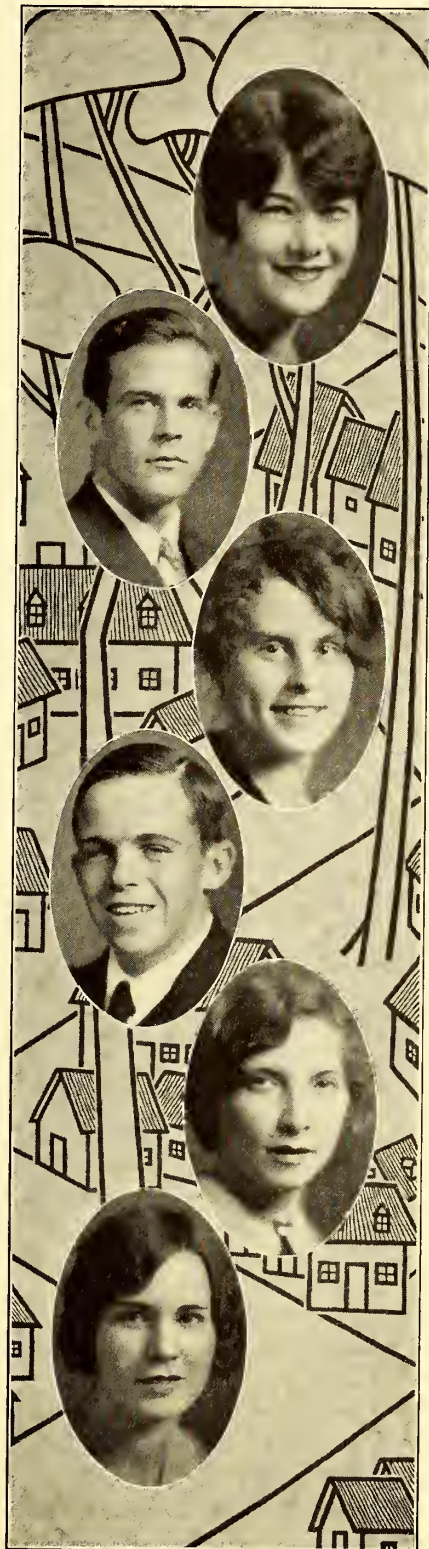
Height: 4' 11"; Weight: 97; Age: 18; Church: Beth-El Synagogue; Ambition: To be 5' 4"; Hobby: Dancing; Favorite subject: Art.

# RUBY LEE HALL

*"Thou dost mock at fate and ca'e."*

Girls' Club 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Blue Triangle 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 120; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Private Secretary; Hobby: Tennis; Favorite subject: Shorthand.





#### DOROTHY MAE HOLT

*"Eat, drink, and be merry,  
For tomorrow you may diet."*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; James H. Southgate Literary Society 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3; Stunt Cast 3; Home Room President 3, 4, Secretary 4; Messenger Staff 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 178; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Music Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: English.

#### HAYWOOD BOONE LATTA

"TARZAN"

*"I am monarch of all I survey  
My right there is none to dispute."*

Edison Science Club 3, Vice-President 3; Wrestling Team 3, 4, Captain 3.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 150; Age: 19; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Some phase of science, preferably Chemistry; School: Duke; Hobby: Wrestling; Favorite subjects: Chemistry and Biology.

#### SARAH WILHELMINA ISENHOUR

"MENA"

*"A flattering painter who made it her care  
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, Marshal 3, Critic 2; Library Council 4; French Club 4; Messenger 1; Hi-Rocket Staff 3; Athletic Association 2, 4.

Height: 5' 7"; Weight: 115; Age: 17; Church: Presbyterian; Favorite subject: French.

#### FRED NORWOOD LLOYD

*"He's a little chimney and heated hot in moment."*

Commercial Club 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room President 3, Treasurer 4; Julian S. Carr Literary Society 2, 3; Carr-Carmichael 4, President 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football Manager 3; Tennis 2; Tumbling Team 2; Stunt Cast 2, 3, 4; Boxing 4.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 132; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Civil Service; School: Duke; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: English.

#### MAXINE LEARY HORNER

"MAC"

*"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 2, 4; Stunt Cast 4; Athena Literary Society 4; Athletic Association 2, 4; May Day Festival 1, 2; Home Room Vice-President 3, Program Committee 3, 4; Messenger Staff 4.

Height: 5' 7"; Weight: 130; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; Hobby: Going to Places; Favorite subject: Shorthand.

#### MARGARET LOUISE HUNTER

*"Perfect simplicity is unconsciously audacious."*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 101; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Musician; School: Conservatory; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: Music.





# NORA PURCELL LEARY

*"The merry twinkling of those Irish eyes  
Lets our hearts on tiptoe."*

Messenger Staff 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 103; Age: 17; Church: Catholic; Ambition: Illustrator; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

# JAMES BURWELL MARTIN

*"A well-bred man, always sociable and complaisant."*

Science Club 3; Tennis Team 2, 3, 4, Captain 3; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 147; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Hobby: Tennis; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

# LILLIAN HESTER KING

"TINNIE"

*"Better be small and shine  
Than great and cast a shadow."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 4; Athene Literary Society 3, 4, Vice-President 3, Treasurer 3, Vice-President 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Blue Triangle 1; French Club 4; Home Room Vice-President 4.

Height: 5'; Weight: 86; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Commercial Artist; School: Duke; Hobby: Dancing; Favorite subject: Art.

# THOMAS CARL MARKHAM, JR.

"T. C."

*"For manners are not idle, but the fruit  
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."*

Blackwell Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, Marshal 2; Hi-Y 4; Boy Scouts 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 115; Age: 15; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Electrical Engineer; School: Duke; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

# EVELINE ELIZABETH KAPPES

"KAPPY"

*"Cheerio does her task from day to day  
And meets whatever comes her way."*

O. Henry Literary Society 1, 3, 4, Treasurer 1, 3, Secretary 3; Dramatic Club 4; French Club 4; Class Basketball 1, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball 1, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 4; Blue Triangle Club 3, Vice-President 3; Stunt Cast 1, 3; Girls' Club 1, 3, 4, Cabinet 4; Library Council 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 3, 4; Home Room President 4; Hockey Team 3.

Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 115; Age: 16; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Physical Education Director; School: North Carolina College for Women; Hobby: Basketball; Favorite subject: French.

# HAZEL FLORENCE JEFFREYS

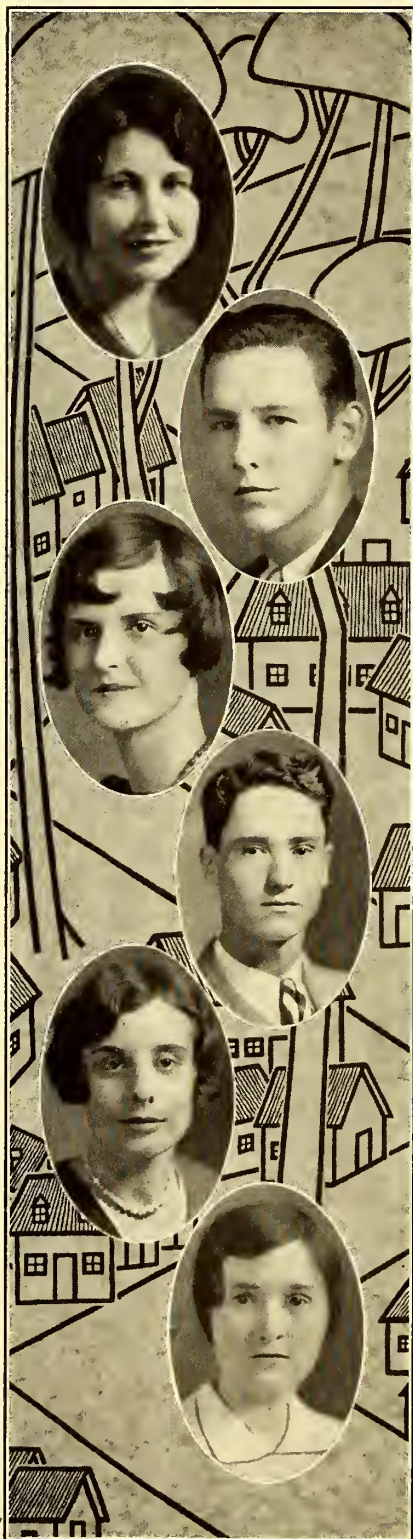
"SNOOKS"

*"Eternal sunshine smiles on her head."*

Lila Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 2; Athletic Association 1, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 153; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Embroidering; Favorite subject: Mathematics.





### ETHEL MAE LONG

*"We profit most, by serving others best."*

Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 3, 4; Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, Captain 1, 2; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls Reserves 1; Stunt Cast 3.

Height: 5' 7½"; Weight: 130; Age: 19; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Domestic Science Teacher; School: North Carolina College for Women; Hobby: Swimming; Favorite subject: Cooking.

### NED H. MAY

*"Manners—the final and perfect flower of noble character."*

Hi-Y 1, 2, Secretary 2; Toms-Carmichael Literary Society 2, 3, Treasurer 2, Treasurer Class 2.

Height: 5' 11½"; Weight: 145; Age: 19; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Building Contractor or Engineer; School: Boston Tech.; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

### EMMA FRANCES LYON

"FRITZ"

*"Summer reigns in her heart,  
Her skies are always blue."*

Glee Club 1; Athena Literary Society 4; Athletic Association 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 3½"; Weight: 123; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: History.

### MALTON JUDSON MAYNOR

*"All truth is an achievement. If you would have truth at its full value, go win it."*

Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Athletic Association 3, 4.

Height: 5' 11"; Weight: 138; Age: 19; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business work; Hobby: Swimming and fishing; Favorite subject: Bookkeeping and history.

### MAYRE INEZ LYON

"NEZZIE"

*"Let the world slide, let the world go,  
A fig for care and a fig for woe."*

Girls' Reserve 1; Blue Triangle 2, 3; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 1, 2; Lila Brogden Literary Society 3, 4; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 105; Age: 20; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Nurse or Stenographer; Hobby: Reading and playing bridge; Favorite subject: Biology.

### ELEANOR MALLORY MARKHAM

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

Lila Brogden Literary Society 1, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 3, 4; Stunt Cast 3; Messenger Staff 4; Dramatic Club 4; French Club 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 100; Age: 17; Church: Episcopal; School: Duke; Hobby: Swimming; Favorite subject: Mathematics.





# HELEN LOIS MESSNER

"JIM"

*"Her looks composed, and steady eye  
Bespoke a matchless constancy."*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 4; Commercial Club 4; Girls' Club 4; Home Room Officer 4.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 105; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Private secretary; School: Iowa State University; Hobby: Tinting photos; Favorite subject: Mathematics, Art.

# JOSEPH PICKETT McCracken

"JOE"

*"True happiness  
Consists not in the multitude of friends  
But in the worth and choice."*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Blackwell Literary Society 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3, President 4; Home Room Officer 1, 2, Treasurer 4; Hi-Rocket 4; Hi-Y 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Stunt Cast 3.

Height: 5' 10"; Weight: 130; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Some phase of science; School: Duke; Hobby: Collecting stamps, Model aeroplanes; Favorite subject: Chemistry.

# MARY ELIZABETH McDONALD

"MARY LIB"

*"Leave silence to the saints;  
I am but human."*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 3, 4, President 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 4, Club Editor 4; Office Force 3, 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 1, 2; Southgate Literary Society 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Tennis Team 3, 4; Session Room Officer, Secretary and Treasurer 3.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 127; Age: 17; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: To go abroad; School: Duke; Favorite subject: French; Hobby: Swimming.

# WILLIAM H. McALLISTER, JR.

"BILL MAC"

*"Real worth requires no interpreter; its everyday deeds  
form its blazonry."*

Football 2, 3; Monogram Club 2, 3; Track 2, 3, 4; Council Home Room Presidents 4, Treasurer 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 3; Hi-Rocket Assistant Circulation Manager 3, Circulation Manager 4; Treasurer Senior Class 4; Band 2, 3; Glee Club 2, 3.

Height: 5' 4½"; Weight: 145; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: To be a successful broker; School: University of North Carolina; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: Music.

# SARA COWAN McDEARMAN

"MAE"

*"Oh how she trips it as she goes  
On her light, fantastic toes."*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4, Marshal 4; Library Council 4; Girls' Class Basketball Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 4.

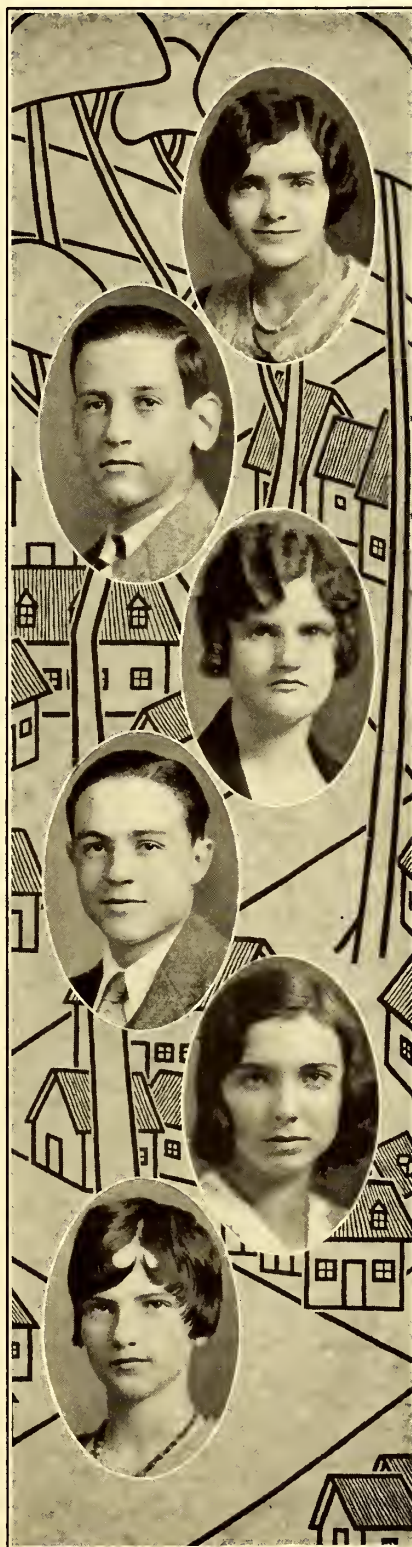
Height: 5' 7"; Weight: 124; Age: 16; Church: Episcopal; Ambition: Doctor of Medicine; School: North Carolina College for Women; Hobby: Dancing; Favorite subject: Science.

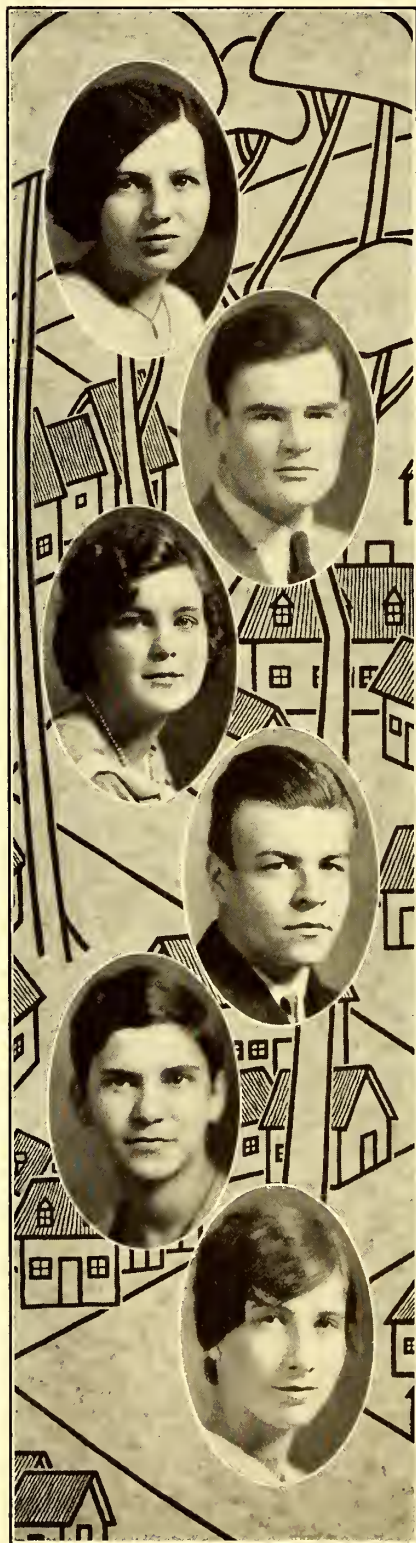
# MARIAN MASSEY

*"She's wit, she's charm, she's common sense."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Music Club 4; Athletic Association 4; French Club 4; Home Room Officer Chaplain 4, Secretary 4.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 98; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Teacher; School: North Carolina College for Women; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: French.





# ESTER FRANCES MYRICK

*"To be merry becomes you best."*

Coop Class 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 4; Football 1, 3, 4; Club 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 9"; Age: 12; Weight: 160; Church: Methodist; Ambition: To be successful in business; Hobby: Foot-tory of Music; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: French.

# RICHARD G. McGRANAHAN

*"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident to-morrows."*

Coop Class 2, 3, 4; Vice-President 4; Football 1, 3, 4; Monogram Club 4; Hi-Y Club 1; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 9"; Age: 21; Weight: 160; Church: Metho-dist; Ambition: To be successful in business; Hobby: Foot-ball; Favorite subject: History.

# CATHERINE BRITT MURRAY

"SUNSHINE"

*"Amiability shines by its own light."*

Girls' Club 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 3, 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 143; Age: 16; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Teacher; School: North Carolina College for Women; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: English.

# M. EUGENE NEWSOM, JR.

"GENE"

*"My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not decked with diamonds, and Indian stones,  
Nor to be seen: My crown is call'd content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3; Vice-President 4; Julian S. Carr Literary Society 2, 3; Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 4, Secretary 4; Football 3, 4; Track 3, 4; Wrestling 3, 4, Manager 4; Home Room President 4; Senior Play 4; Secretary of Council of Presidents 4; Stunt Cast 3.

Height: 5' 11"; Weight 160; Age: 17; Church: Metho-dist; Ambition: Lawyer; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

# ETHEL NACHAMSON

"NACH"

*"They are only great who are truly good."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; O. Henry Literary Society 1, 2; Athena Literary Society 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Girl Reserves 2; Home Room Officer, Vice-President 4; Athletic Association 1, 3, 4; Hockey Team 4.

Height: 4' 11"; Weight: 91½; Age: 16; Church: Beth-El Synagogue; Ambition: Journalism; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

# CHRISTINE VICTORIA MOORE

"CHRIS"

*"Be glad of life because it gives you a chance  
to love and play."*

Athena Literary Society 3, 4, President Unit I, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1; Commercial Club 1.

Height: 5' 3½"; Weight: 107; Age: 22; Church: Pres-byterian; Ambition: Business Woman; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: English.





### HELEN RUTH PENDERGRAPH

*"Dignity, thy name is mine and I would ever have it so."*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 3, 4; Blue Triangle 3; Orchestra 1; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Girls Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 131; Age: 16; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Nurse; School: Duke; Hobby: Cooking; Favorite subject: English.

### JOHN FRANKLIN NYCUM

"NICK"

*"And when a lady's in the case  
All other things give place."*

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3; Blackwell Literary Society 2; Carr-Carmichael 4; Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 2, 3, 4; Messenger 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Scout Troop 1, 2, 3.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 130; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Aeronautical Engineer; School: State College; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: Science.

### KATHLEEN PRESLAR

*"Her voice is soft and low,  
An excellent thing in woman."*

Lila Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletics 3, 4; Commercial Club 1.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 95; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; School: Duke; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: English.

### JAMES LONG NEWSOM

"JIMMIE"

*"He was a scholar, and a ripe good one;  
Exceedingly wise, fair spoken, and persuading."*

Hi-Rocket Staff 1, 2, 3, 4, Managing Editor 4; Secretary of Senior Class; Dramatic Club 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; President Home Room Council 4; French Club, Treasurer 4; Stunt Cast 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Blackwell Literary Society, Secretary 3, 4, Chaplain 3, Vice-President 3; Scout Troop 1, 2, 3; Senior Play Cast 4.

Height: 5' 8½"; Weight: 137; Age: 15; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Lawyer; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading interesting books; Favorite subject: Chemistry.

### RUTH GREEN O'BRIEN

*"Of an amiable disposition; skillful in  
the art of acquiring friends."*

O. Henry Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Rocket 2, 3, 4; Session Room Secretary 2.

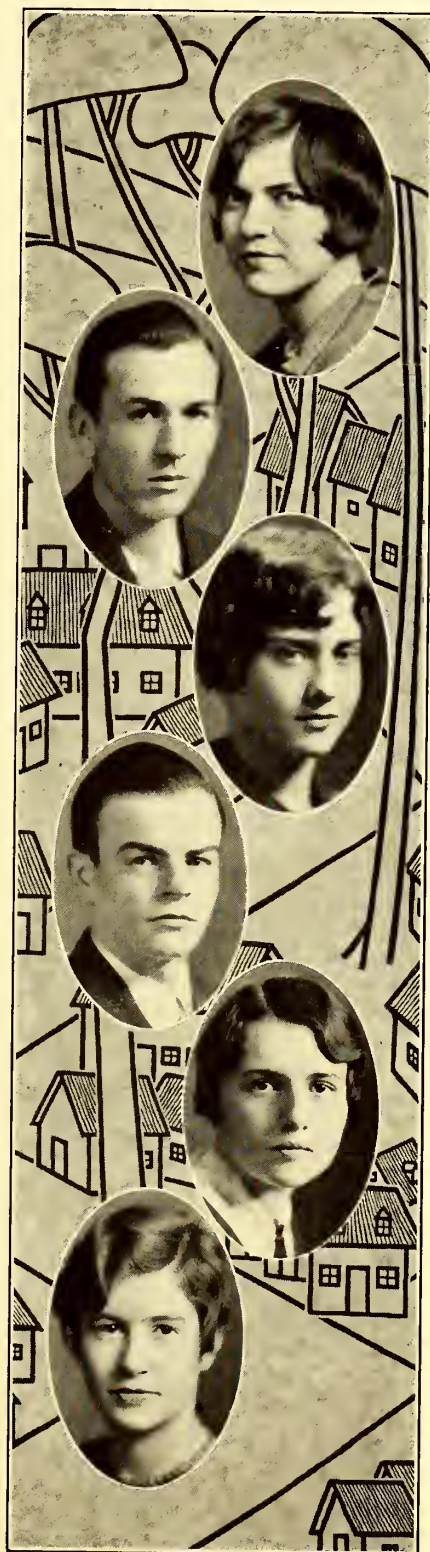
Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 104; Age: 16; Church: Catholic; Hobby: Swimming; Favorite subject: English.

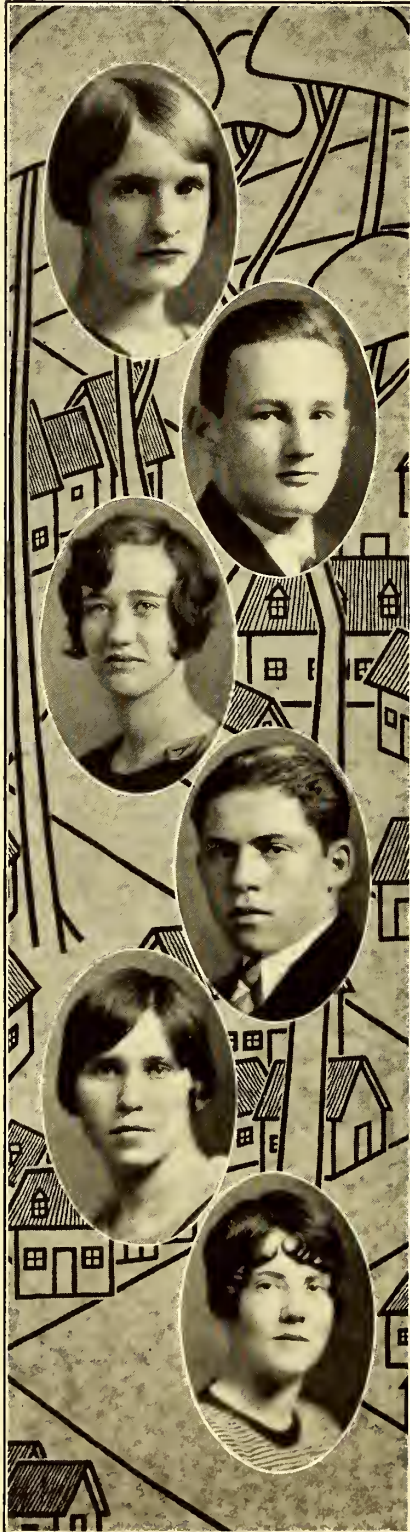
### CATHERINE TATE POWE

*"Rare is the union of beauty and virtue."*

Southgate Literary Society 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 3, Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; Library Council 4; Athletic Association 4; Home Room Secretary 3, 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 110; Age: 17; Church: Episcopal; Ambition: Pianist; School: Duke; Hobby: Shoving things under the bed; Favorite subject: French.





LUCILLE CHEEK RIGGSBEE  
"BILLIE"

*"Coolness, and absence of heat, indicate fine qualities."*

Lila Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Girls' Club 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 105; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business woman; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Art.

WORTH EDWARD PERRY  
"PERRY"

*"To spend too much time in study is sloth."*

Walter Hines Page Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 4; President 4; Band 2, 3; Hi-Y 2, 3; Athletic Association 4; Home Room President 3, 4.

Height: 5' 10"; Weight: 143; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Engineering or Chemistry; School: Duke or Carolina; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: Chemistry.

HELEN PLACYDE REAMS

*"A mind to conceive, a heart to resolve, and a hand to execute."*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 3, 4; Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Class Hockey 2, 3, 4, Captain 2; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4; Messenger Staff 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 136; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Magazine Writer; School: Duke; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subjects: English and Art.

NATHAN M. ORNOFF  
"NAT"

*"I value art—none can prize it more,  
It gives ten thousand motives to adore."*

Hi-Rocket 2, 4; Athletic Association 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Blackwell Literary Society 3, 4.

Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 119; Age: 18; Church: Beth-El Synagogue; Ambition: Cartoonist; School: Chicago Academy of Fine Arts; Hobby: Drawing; Favorite Subject: Art.

IRENE ATELIA RAGAN  
"RENE"

*"Her modesty concealed a thousand charms."*

Southgate Literary Society 3, 4, Secretary; Girls' Club 3, 4; Girl Reserves 2, 3; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' ½"; Weight: 110; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Dietitian; Hobby: Cooking; Favorite subject: Cookery.

HELEN RAGAN

*"A smile for all a greeting glad,  
A friendly, jolly way she has."*

Athena Literary Society 3, 4, President 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Blue Triangle 1, 2; Home Room Officer, Secretary-Treasurer, Chaplain 3; Commercial Club 3, 4; Girls' Club 3, 4; Messenger Staff 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 118; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business; School: Business School; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Shorthand.





## NANCY WINIFRED RIGSBEE

"WINNIE"

*"Her very quietness called attention to her merits."*

Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 3, 4, Secretary 4; Girls' Club 2, 3, 4; Rainbow Girl 3, 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 94; Age: 16; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Business Woman; School: N. C. C. W.; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: English.

## AMBROSE JONES POLLARD, JR.

"POP"

*"A combination, and a form indeed  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."*

Hi-Y Club 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 3, President 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Blackwell Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, Marshal, Secretary 2, Treasurer 3, President 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 3, 4, Assistant Business Manager 3, Business Manager 4; Athletic Association 1, 3, 4; President of Sophomore Class; President Senior Class; President Student Body 4; Stunt Cast 3, 4; Senior Play Cast.

Height: 5' 7½"; Weight: 130; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Doctor; Hobby: Reading; School: Carolina; Favorite subject: English.

## LOLA MARLER ROGERS

*"Talent, beauty, wit, good sense, are very different  
but by no means incompatible."*

O. Henry Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 1, Vice-President 3, President 4; French Club 4, Secretary 4; Dramatic Club 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 1, 3, 4; Home Room Vice-President 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Program Committee 4; Stunt Cast 3; Senior Play Cast 4; Queen's Court 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 115; Age: 16; Church: Baptist; School: Duke; Favorite subject: English.

## CLARENCE EUGENE PHILLIPS, JR.

"BIG FEET"

*"Rare, almost, as great poets, rarer perhaps than veritable  
saints and martyrs, are consummate men of business."*

Blackwell Literary Society 2, 3; Hi-Rocket, Assistant Circulation Manager 1, 2, Exchange Editor 3, Hi-Rocket City News Editor, 4; Library Council 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 145; Age: 16; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Diplomatic Service; School: Duke University; Hobby: Collecting stamps and historic documents; Favorite subject: History.

## ERMA ELLEN STRICKLAND

*"True merit, like a river, the deeper it is the less  
noise it makes."*

Southgate Literary Society 2, 3, 4; French Club 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 106; Age: 18; Church: Christian; Ambition: French Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: French.

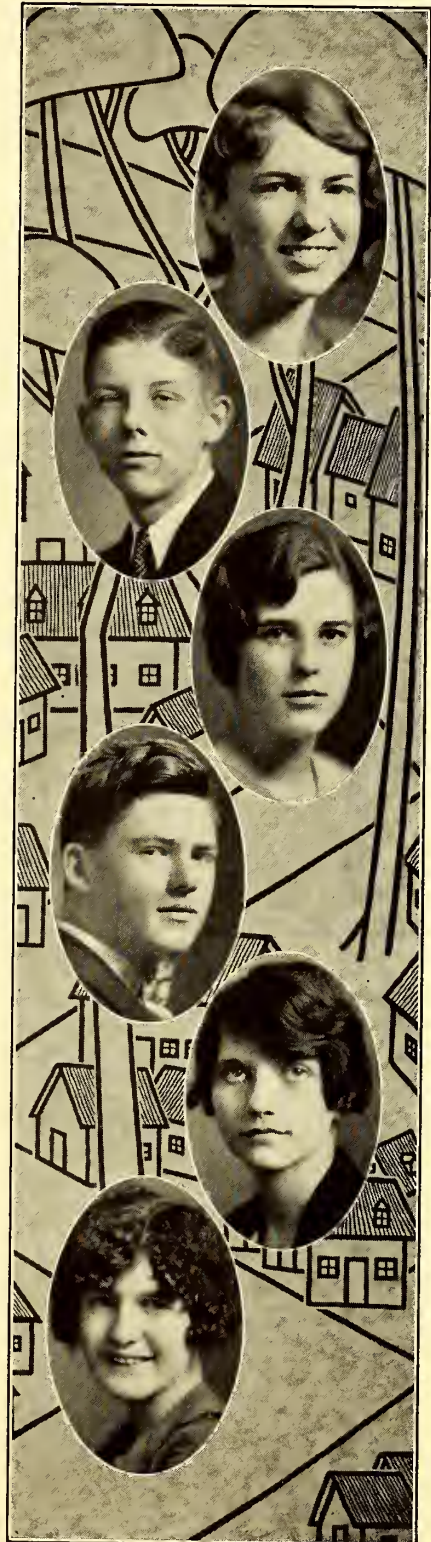
## PEGGY ANNE STROUD

"PEGGUS ANNE"

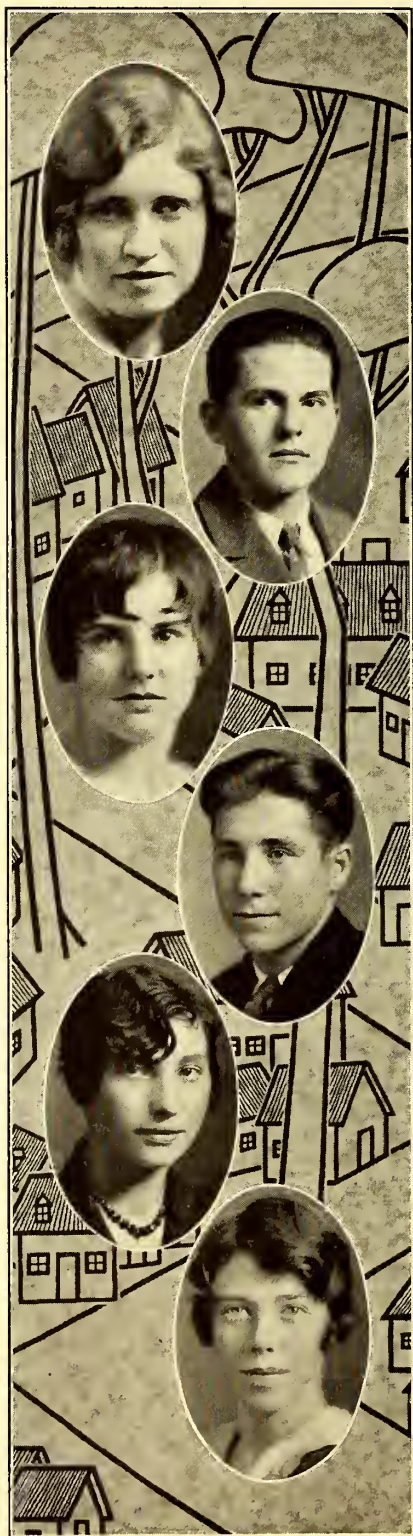
*"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven!"*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; French Club 4; Commercial Club 4; Basketball Team 4; Hockey Team 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 4; Home Room Program Committee 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 115; Age: 14; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Secretary; School: Duke; Hobby: Tennis; Favorite subject: Mathematics.







MYRTLE RHEUDELLA THOMPSON  
"RUDY"

*"A woman's natural quality is to attract."*

Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club Secretary 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; O. Henry Literary Society 4; Blue Triangle 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Queen's Court 1, 2.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 114; Age: 20; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; Hobby: Horse-back riding; Favorite subject: Bookkeeping.

GEORGE HARRISS RICKS

*"A liberty to that only which is good."*

Glee Club 3, 4; Hi-Rocket 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Play 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 136; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Medical Doctor (Baby Specialist); School: Duke; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: Science.

ANNIE RUTH TERRELL

"BABY RUTH"

*"As brimful of mischief, and wit, and glee,  
As ever a human frame can be."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls Reserve 1; Lila Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Girls Glee Club 3; Dramatic Club 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 125; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Nurse; School: Duke; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

GORDON McDONALD POPE

"DOC"

*"True happiness  
Consists not in the multitude of friends  
But in the wealth and choice."*

Commercial Club 2; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 4; Monogram Club 4.

Height: 5' 9"; Weight: 145; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Engineering; School: University of North Carolina; Hobby: Athletics.

JESSIE CATHERINE TAYLOR

*"Dignity is the sweetness of womanhood."*

Blue Triangle 1, 2; Commercial Club 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3; Athena Literary Society 3, Treasurer 4, Marshal 4.

Height: 5' 7"; Weight: 125; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Nurse; School: Walter Reed Hospital; Favorite subject: English.

MARY ELEANOR TAGGART

"TAG"

*"Sincere and true to her beliefs  
With a brilliant original mind;  
A leader who is fearless, strong and just,  
A girl of the highest kind."*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club Cabinet 3, 4; President of Girls' Club 4; French Club 4; Messenger Staff 4; Dramatic Club 4; Senior Play 4; Basketball 2; Varsity Basketball 2; Home Room President 3; Girls' Club 2, 3, 4; Vice-President of Class 2; Girls' Athletic Council 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 118; Age: 17; Church: Presbyterian; School: Duke; Hobby: Curling my eyelashes; Favorite subject: Art.



CHARLOTTE FRANCES UMSTEAD  
"TUBBY"

*"Coquetry is the champagne of love."*

O. Henry Literary Society 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 3, Secretary 4; Girls' Club 1, 3, 4; Hi-Rocket 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Dramatic Club 4; French Club 4; Home Room President 3, Vice-President 4; Senior Play Cast; Messenger Staff 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 107; Age: 16; Church: Methodist; School: Duke; Hobby: Smiling for luck; Favorite subject: Latin.

JAMES S. ROGERS  
"JIM"

*"Better than riches or worldly wealth, is a heart that is always jolly."*

Toms-Carmichael Literary Society 1, 2, 3; Secretary 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Baseball 2, 3; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Monogram Club 3, 4, Secretary 4; Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 4, Vice-President 4; Track 3; Senior Play 4; Stunt Cast 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 10"; Weight: 145; Age: 19; Church: Methodist; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

DOROTHY TEMPLETON UMSTEAD  
"UMP"

*"Genuine wit implies no small amount of wisdom and culture."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4, Southgate Literary Society 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 2, 3, President 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 2, 3, 4; Library Council 4; French Club 4, Critic 4; Secretary of Class 3, Vice-President of Class 4; Dramatic Club 4; Office Force 2, 3, 4; Home Room Secretary 2, Secretary and Treasurer 3, Secretary 4; Stunt Cast 3.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 95; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; School: Duke; Hobby: Maintaining silence; Favorite subject: French.

CLARENCE SHUFORD

*"When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must',  
The youth replies, 'I can'."*

Science Club 2, 3; Commercial Club 3, 4; Coöp Class 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 7"; Weight: 135; Age: 20; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Radio Engineer; School: Engineering School of Milwaukee; Favorite subject: Physics.

HAZELINE DARE UMSTEAD  
"HAZELTEANE"

*"A face with gladness overspread,  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred."*

Southgate Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, Marshal 2, Secretary 3, Critic 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Critic 3, Secretary 4; Stunt Cast 3; Messenger Staff 4; Office Force 1.

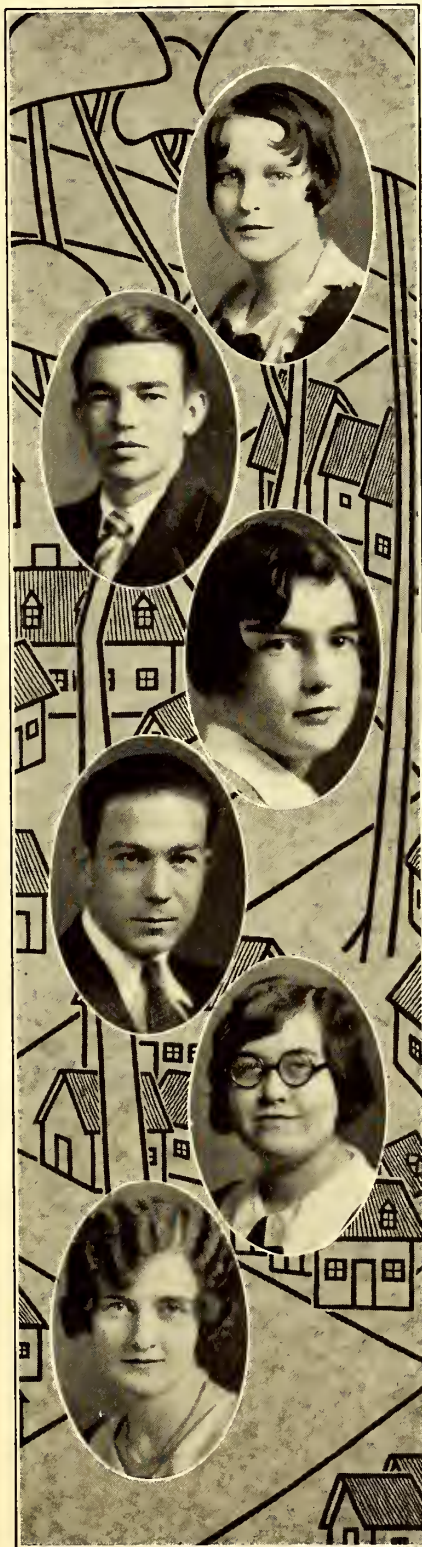
Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 136; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Stenographer or Secretary; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: English.

ALTA NELSON VICKERS

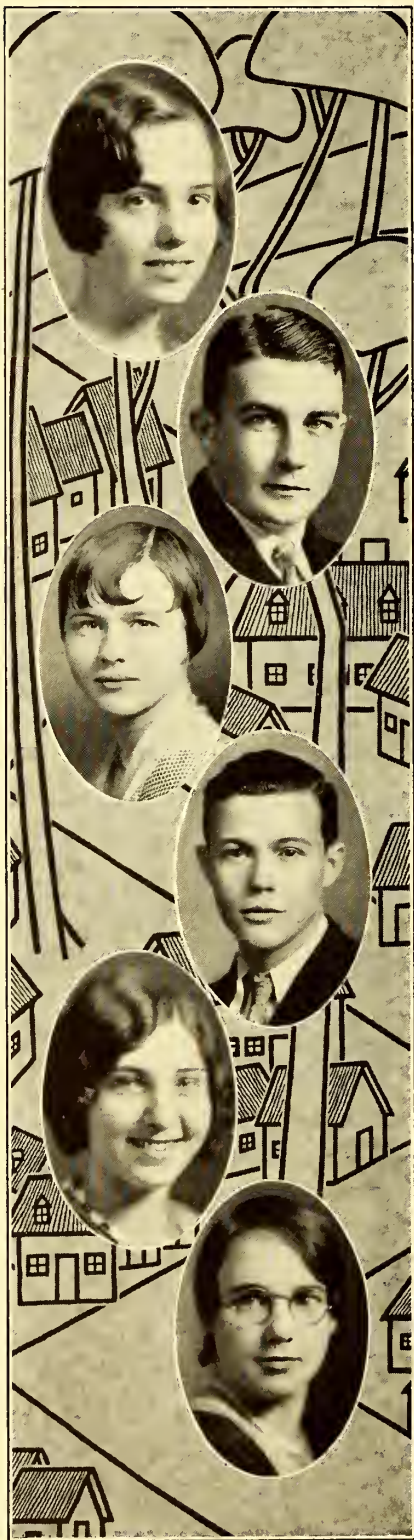
*"A mighty spirit fills that little frame."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5'; Weight: 94; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Mathematics.







## HARRIET WANNAMAKER

### "HATSY"

*"A lovely woman, scarcely formed or moulded,  
A rose with all its sweetest leaves unfolded."*

Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society 1, 3, 4, Chaplain 1, 3, President 4; French Club 4; Dramatic Club 4; Girls' Club 1, 3, 4, Chaplain 4; Stunt Cast 3; Home Room Secretary 3.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 111; Age: 16; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Interior Decorator; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: English.

## BURKE MCGUIRE SMITH

### "PICCOLO PETE"

*"I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books."*

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Music Librarian 2, 3; Woodwind Ensemble 3, 4; Hi-Rocket 4; French Club 4; Athletic Association 4; Messenger Staff 4; Stunt Cast 3; Music Club 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 165; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Musician; School: Duke; Hobby: Fluting; Favorite subject: Music.

## MARY VIRGINIA WEATHERSPOON

### "GINIA"

*"I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people."*

James H. Southgate Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4, Secretary 2, Vice-President 4, President 4; French Club 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Basketball Team 2; Athletic Association 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Senior Play Cast 4; Manager Girls' Basketball Team 3; Stunt Cast 3; Home Room Officer, Vice-President 3, Secretary 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 107; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Dietitian; School: Duke University; Hobby: Reading.

## ALTON SKINNER, JR.

### "BOUG"

*"Happy am I, from care I am free,  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

Science Club 3; Band 2, 3; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 10"; Weight: 156; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Civil Engineer; School: Duke University; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: Science.

## DORIS GREY WHITAKER

*"I am the master of my fate,  
I am the captain of my soul."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 4; Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Commercial Club 4.

Height: 5' 1"; Weight: 110; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Business Woman; School: Duke; Hobby: Dancing; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

## HEPSIE ANNIE WEATHERSPOON

### "ANN"

*"Neatness, simplicity, kindness combined  
With gentle heart, and open mind."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Girls' Reserve 1; Commercial Club 1; Athletic Association 4; Home Room Officer, Secretary 3.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 105; Age: 19; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Stenographer; School: Business College; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Mathematics.





### MARY LOUISE WILLIAMSON

*"Dignity of manner always conveys a sense of reserved force."*

Glee Club 1, 2; Blue Triangle 1, 2; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 4; Messenger Staff 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 114; Age: 16; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Business Woman; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Typing.

### FENDAL SOUTHERLAND

"FLOSSIE"

*"A wise man never loses anything if he has himself."*

Literary Society 2; Orchestra 3, 4; Glee Club 4; Athletic Association 3, 4.

Height: 5' 9"; Weight: 120; Age: 16; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Architect; School: State College; Hobby: Aviation; Favorite subject: Mechanical and Architectural Drawing.

### MATTIE LEE WILSON

*"She is calm because she is mistress of her subject—the secret of self-possession."*

Girl Reserves 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Girls' Club 3, 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 111; Age: 17; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Dietitian; School: Duke; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: Biology.

### OSWELL PROCTOR SOUTHERLAND

*"Good nature is the sign of large and generous soul."*

Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 4; Athletic Association 3, 4.

Height: 6'; Weight: 130; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Civil Engineer; School: Duke; Hobby: Reading Magazines and Newspapers; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

### MIRIAM GRIZZELLE WILSON

*"Quiet, gentle, sedate, and calm  
A girl who can weather every storm."*

Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3, President 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball Team 1, 2, 3, 4; French Club 4; Home Room President 4, Vice-President 4; Home Room Basketball Team 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 134; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Kindergarten Teacher; School: Duke; Meredith, Duke; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

### H. BRYSON TIPTON

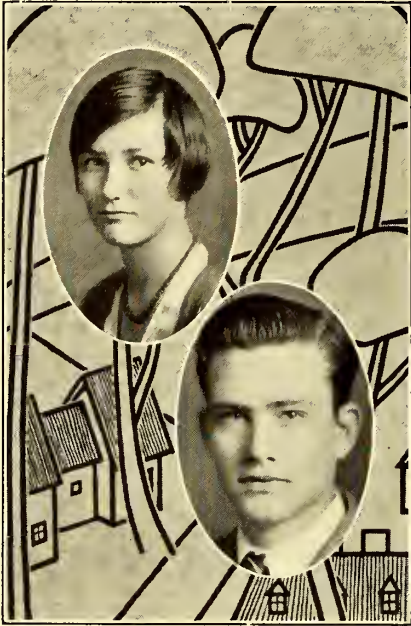
"TIP"

*"He loves chivalrie,  
Truth and honor, freedom and curtesye."*

Athletic Association 4; Walter Hines Page Literary Society 4.

Height: 6'; Weight: 145; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Doctor of Medicine; School: Duke University; Hobby: Wood Work; Favorite subject: History.





ALICE YATES WOOTEN

*"Its nice to be natural if you're naturally nice."*

Lila Brogden Literary Society 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4, Secretary 4; French Club 4; Hi-Rocket 4; Messenger Staff 4; Library Council 4, Treasurer 4; Girls' Club 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Stunt Cast 3.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 105; Age: 16; Church: Methodist; School: Duke; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

JAMES BRIAN WOOD

"DU BOIS GILBERT"

*"We grant that he had much wit  
And was not shy in using it."*

Coöperative Class 2, 3, 4; Stunt Cast 2, 3, 4; Coroso Play 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 138; Age: 16; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Poet; School: Carnegie Tech.; Hobby: Writing; Favorite subject: Chemistry.





THE CAST OF "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"  
OF  
THE SENIOR PILGRIMS AT "THE WAYSIDE INN"





*Dedicated*  
to  
*Pilgrims of 1930 at The Wayside Inn*

We are young travellers  
Here at this Inn,  
With adventures glorious  
About to begin.

Some are Crusaders ;  
Some seek the Grail ;  
Some will reach the goal  
And some may fail.

Here at this resting place,  
We tried our wings ;  
Now we must travel  
To new, strange things.

We are young travellers  
Running a race,  
Leaving our Inn behind  
For an untried place.

\* \* \* \* \*

Spirit of our Wayside Inn  
Where we spent our carefree days ;  
Brighten the hours, sweeten our thoughts,  
And enter the prayer that each of us prays.

CAROLYN FULLER



# *History of the Pilgrims of 1930*

*at*

## *The Wayside Inn*

Listen, my children, while tales are told  
Of the daring deeds and the conquests bold,  
Of the mirthful joys and the lively din  
That hold their sway at "The Wayside Inn."  
'Twas the sixth of September in earliest fall—  
Ah, many with memories fond still recall  
That first joyful step 'cross its welcome threshold,  
Where the guides for the journey their wisdom unfold.

A throng of young pilgrims with banners unfurl'd,  
With lofty ambitions to conquer the world,  
And minds fairly teeming with plans to begin,  
Had made their fist stop at the old "Wayside Inn."  
With awe they had wondered at each sight they'd seen—  
Its stately old building, its soft velvet green,  
Its air of fine culture, its beauties untold,  
Its past, its traditions, now theirs to uphold;  
And though inexperienced, young, and unvers'd—  
For of such worldly ventures this trip was their first—  
They banded themselves with the ardor of Youth  
For Friendship, for Loyalty, Honor, and Truth.

They chose as their leader to guide them aright,  
The sturdy, athletic young pilgrim, Dick White.  
In the "Inn's" friendly manner they onward were led,  
Their eyes always fixed on those vet'rans ahead,  
In speech and in manner to act as they do,  
But 'spite boldest efforts, the "green" would show through.

But ere hoary Time with his grim locks of white  
Had numbered the sands of a year's rapid flight,  
They'd caught the "Inn's" spirit, had kept to the trail,  
Had upheld their slogan, "We'll never say fail."  
With Pollard as leader, they grew every day,  
Wholeheartedly striving in work and in play;  
The rich field of studies some took as their quest,  
While the playground's gay frolics held charms for the rest.



Another glad season too-swiftly had fled  
While the pilgrims this time were by Holloway led.  
To recruit their glad ranks ere they came to mid-year,  
A group of young trav'lers rushed up from the rear.  
When aside to the gridiron the pilgrims would stray,  
Roy Phipps and his comrades bore laurels away ;  
Or when Fancy's whim brought them indoors instead,  
In pathways of fame, Holloway forged ahead.

But soon into mem'ry this glad year had past,  
And 'fore them lay waiting one season—their last  
Ere they'd leave the "Inn's" shelter to traverse the world,  
To share in its glories, plunge in its mad whirl ;  
So they fixed hearts and minds on this worthiest aim—  
To earnestly strive, not for praise or for fame,  
But for the good of the striving, the longing to win  
Best honor and love for their old "Wayside Inn."

The trav'lers in mass all united anew,  
And again as their leaders chose Pollard and Few ;  
Then some earnest pilgrims excelled in their books—  
Among these were Nachamson, Strickland, and Brooks.  
In games and in contests the whole country 'round,  
In neighboring hamlets, none equal were found,  
So to high towered cities, they journeyed away,  
To show distant peoples the "Inn's" kind of play.

They published two journals of life at the Inn.—  
For 'tis said, e'en a sword is no match for a pen.  
And Kirkland and Few, as great critics attest,  
Soon made their Inn's journals excel all the rest.  
The women each month a great gathering held,  
Lest their ranks and their prowess by men be excell'd ;  
So well Taggart led them that all were aware,  
These girls were quite able, as well as most fair.

And even in dramas, they well blazed the way,  
In the splendor and pomp of a far by-gone day.  
In satins and laces, and high, powdered hair,  
James Newsom was hailed as the gallant. "Beaucaire" ;  
Doris Greene as "Bath's Beauty" so well played her part  
That she quite captivated this young hero's heart.  
And when to the Forum the pilgrims fared forth,  
Both Gregory and Strowd proved their merit and worth.





In springtime when downy clouds floated above,  
And the young pilgrims' fancies turned lightly to love,  
'Midst beves of blossoms, rich garlands they lay,  
And crown fair Louisa their queen of the May.

But Time soon must loose e'en this strong friendship's bond,—  
Their eyes had caught visions of broad fields beyond,  
Of new roads to travel, of new friends to make,  
Of new tasks and conquests they must undertake.  
So, casting behind them a last fond adieu,  
They abandoned the old, and they sought for the new,  
But always their fond hearts will cherish again,  
Sweet mem'ries and love of that old "Wayside Inn."

LOLA MARLER ROGERS.



# *The Prophecy of the Pilgrims of 1930*

*at*

## *The Wayside Inn*

O Muse of Prophecy, sing to me a song—  
Of myriad joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,  
The fortunes, good or bad, of this great throng  
Which shall reveal themselves in coming years.  
Wilt thou, prophetic Muse, who holds the fates,  
Keep silent? Or, rejoicing, shall we find  
Herein what varied chances bring, what states,  
Though high or low, or rich or poor in kind?

\* \* \* \* \*

A flash of light! A vast and rumbling voice  
Breaks through my veil of darkness and deep thought.  
What is this light, what is this boundless noise,  
That with a wisdom deep and calm is fraught!  
O heavenly Muse! My grateful thanks I give  
To thee who condescend to give me sight  
Into the future, dark and secretive  
But now arrayed in iridescent light.  
What says that deep voice now? "O would-be sage,  
I place before thee, one by one, thy class;  
All thou shalt see, as if upon a stage  
The trade of every Pilgrim, lad and lass.  
Pulled down before thee is a veil of time,  
Of twenty years. Thou'lt see them as they'll be."

\* \* \* \* \*

I pause spellbound, and wait the Muse's start.  
And trembling, wonder what each one may win  
I wait with bated breath and heaving heart,—  
To learn our future lots. O Muse, begin!  
Proud owner of a factory in the West  
Is Eugene Phillips. His most famous shoe  
Is called the "Dainty Slipper." 'Mong the best  
Of many of his workmen are these few:  
Joe Giobbi cuts the leather which Ned May  
Has tanned with the bright sunshine of his smiles;  
The ladies always buy from Holloway,  
Who, with Jim Rogers, shows the latest styles.



C. Umstead is the girl who leads the string  
That ties Buck Kirkland's shoe. His wondrous fame  
Has come from teaching Broadway dolls to sing.  
Some of his pupils are: La Strowd, whose famous name,  
Adorns the 'lectric lights of gay Broadway;  
Bill Mac's sweet voice, de-trained by Mr. Buck,  
Has made him so infamous that the pay  
He makes his social secretary, whose luck  
To be Lib Davis has, is very much,  
And she is contemplating buying now  
The night-club which got Katherine Brooks in Dutch  
(Jones Pollard was the boy who raised the row.)  
McDonald's cafe is right across the street,  
There Plyler gives his orchestra the air.  
When Mary Lib just sometimes lets them play  
If she lapses into silence, which is rare,  
Then she'll be quiet for nearly an hour, they say.  
Just over her cafe, a studio  
Is charmingly arranged and furnished fine  
(By interior decorators well known  
Atwater-Isenhour, artists in that line).  
They are employed to decorate the homes  
Of eminence, owned by folks most élite:  
Guy Ferrell, who makes criminals beware  
As chief policeman on our friend Lloyd's street,  
So named for him who did that deed so fair  
Of giving to the city that famed school  
Of Public Speaking. The great teacher there  
Is Sir Burke Smith, whose firm and rigid rule,  
Supported by Joe Umstead, D.D.  
Is held in awe by all the pupils there.  
Some of these people are: Claiborne Cates  
And Catherine Murray, who toots her horn,  
And Eloise James, who, in speaking rates  
Almost with Malton Maynor, a speaker born.  
And Waldo Adams, Edwin Beasley, too  
A little Boddie, Perry, the Wilson band,  
Mattie and Miriam, full fine speakers two.  
These pupils are the finest in the land.  
Another to you,  
Who patronize those decorators fair,  
Is Mary Taggart, president of a clan  
Who would destroy Trouble, Work, and Care.  
Now Eleanor Markham and Elaine Childs ran  
For president of the Walker companies,





But Lola Marler Rogers won the race  
For Lola had a few press agencies,  
To help her win the much debated place.

But now the stage is dimmed. The lights are low,  
One can see none of that horde of renown

But see! A spotlight makes a rosy glow  
The veil of darkness raised that then was down,  
And out upon the platform trips a group  
Of dancing feet. I look askance at them.  
I know them well. The famed McDearman troupe!  
Our Wilbur Snipes is one, and Wallace Glenn,  
And Robert Bird, fantastically arrayed;  
Tom Markham e'en was one; but he had been  
Too good for them. So with that pretty maid,  
Our Esther Cole, together they did fare  
To make their fortune as a separate troupe,  
And with them went that famed, exalted pair,  
The brothers Southerland, the loop the loop  
Experts, the marvels of the age, so well  
Assisted by a Brewer fair, who  
Does beat the drum for them; and, too, Madge Bell,  
Does toll to Jeffreys' blooming bally-hoo.

Among the artists in the list I check  
Are Lillian King, who reigns a queen in town,  
Inez and Emma Lyon, with Mary Beck  
Pursue the light fantastic Wilkinson.

And, now we see some more who've come to fame:  
John Nycum is the second Philo Vance  
He brought to justice Willie Bird, the same  
Who made a bit by inventing a new dance.

But now before me stands this monument;  
This edifice of marble holds these words:  
"In memory of the following, whose intent  
To organize a home for lazy birds  
Is well appreciated," and we see these names:  
Lib Duke and Hyman Dave and Leyburn Jones.  
And now, more famous ones do hold these names:  
Ruth Pendergraph perfected tele-phones.  
We all know why Dot Umstead helped her too.

Now Bryson Tipton won a cup, they say—  
He beat Phil Hazel talking, hard to do,  
These famous missionaries brought hope  
To Africa and China also, these  
Our Irene Ragan, Hazeline Umstead, Pope,  
George Ricks and Stanley preach across the seas,



Louise and Doris Whitaker also,  
Virginia and Annie Weatherspoon were sent  
With Jessie Taylor, Ruth Terrell, and Catherine Powe;  
The Ragans and Margaret Couch had meant to go,  
But Partin, Ross, Brantley, and Latta, pals,  
Convinced them they should to Chicago go,  
To rid that city of her criminals.

Now some are in the William Coleman band,  
With Colclough, Lougee, Vickers, and Murray;  
They play in Claiborne Gregory's weinie stand,  
And Gunter, Hunter, Martin, Horne, there stay.

There on the corner stands the Softe Drinke Shoppe  
Of Helen Dickson. (A men's shop, of course.)  
With ease she draws the customers of pop  
And extracts money (but the extracted feel no force).

Another famous one is Ruth O'Brien  
The millionth woman to fly the sea; they say  
Our Alton Skinner hunts the Afric lion;  
'Gene Newsom likes to work and get no pay.

These champion swimmers, Moyer, Massey, Woods,  
And Erma Strickland, Messner, Helen Reams,  
And Frances Myrick, must have had the goods  
For they are named the Champion Bathtub Teams.

The scene is changed to th' Isle of Tudigo,  
Where revolutions seem to be the "thing."  
Our J. Bird leads this radical fashion show  
Of overthrowing governments and kings.

Now Hollywood shines forth upon the screen,  
And what is our amaze! Before our eyes,  
The idol of the public there is seen  
It's Philip Hazel; and close by his side  
The second Mary Pickford, Ethel Long,  
James Newsom, the scenarist, this show his pride;  
And John Cozart composed the sweet theme song.

And now is shown to me a fine large farm  
Owned by a syndicate who advocates  
Revival of the milkmaid. Strong grows my alarm,  
As my old friends go by: Virginia Cates  
And Bullock, Cannady, and I see  
The Rigsbees, Winifred and Lucile, are here  
H. Cheek, and Bishop, all surprising me.  
Elizabeth Hooper, too, is in the rear.

Now Carolyn Fuller has a good career  
For she and Margaret Edwards now are known  
As the famous girl (?) detectives, far and near.



And with them, too, is Mary Howerton.  
Now, Helen Dority and Tom Wilkinson  
Do have a gown shop on Rue de la Paix ;  
Their modeling there is very ably done  
By these whom there I saw upon this day,  
Our Pattie Adams, Lena Broadwell, show  
The latest gowns by these costumers made :  
Crumpacker-Walker. And all the people know  
Of Nora Leary and Edna Cousins, paid  
As great designers in this company.  
And now we see one of those same hat stores  
That always feature in a prophecy,  
And Wannamaker's name is on the doors.  
The last but not the least is Harry Carr,  
Whom now I see, a well-beloved man.  
As college president he's known near and far  
And people come for miles to shake his hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

But o'er my tired eyes there drops a pall  
That same deep voice breaks through my reverie :  
"The show is done at last. I've shown you all—"  
Now falls the curtain o'er this prophecy.

DORIS GREEN.





# *The Last Will and Testament*

of

## *Pilgrims of 1930*

Inasmuch as our prolixious and wearysome contention for the wresting of knowledge from this hallowed and reputable institution for the enlightenment of groping minds, is about to terminate and thus pass into the yellowed and crumbling pages of the memory-fraught history of this aforementioned establishment, and, since we deem it both prudent and appropriate to bequeath our vices, virtues, beneficial and detrimental habits and characteristics, to our young and, as yet, inexperienced successors. We, the present graduating class do, this thirtieth day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and thirty, hereby bequeath :

*Imprimis:* To the Junior Class, all our Senior privileges, however small, cherishing the hope that they may be able to keep possession of said privileges in a more efficient manner than their predecessors.

*Item:* Oswell Southerland, the mechanical genius of East Side, bequeaths his elegant puddle jumper to the office as the official conveyance.

*Item:* Estelle Spransy, the senior interrogator, bequeaths her unlimited flow of brilliant, searching, illuminating, and analytical questions to Albert Edwards with no strings attached (to the questions, not Abie).

*Item:* Conrad Plyler, syncopating director of the Central Harmony Hounds, bequeaths his jazzy inclinations and his red hot rhythm to Mr. William Powell Twaddell, presuming that the beneficiary will utilize the bequest in keeping the auditorium sleepers awake with the strains of "Tiger Rag."

*Item:* Elizabeth Davis, alluringly tall, bequeaths her queenly altitude to Dorothy Airheart, with the sincere hope that the devisee will utilize said attribute to overshadow her insignificant debating opponents.

*Item:* John Bird, taciturn and reticent scholar, to the delight and pronounced relief of his friends and associates, wills his immobile tongue to "Kappy" Roberson with the fond hope that she start talking a little at least.

*Item:* Louisa Warren, charming queen of the May, bequeaths her regal robes and royal accoutrements to her successor on the flowery throne.

*Item:* Louis Philip Hazel, Jr., herewith, hence, and even forevermore bequeaths his extreme bashfulness to that bold, bad, conqueror of the ladies, the dapper Freddie Wolf, harboring the calm assurance that it will serve as a leash on Brother Wolf's romantic tendencies.

*Item:* Katherine Brooks bequeaths her reckless "night life" (spent in study and meditation) to Sarah Howerton hoping that she may sustain her brilliant scholastic record.



*Item:* George Ricks, our retiring and diligent scholar, leaves his studious, erudite propensities to Will Lougee with the sanguine expectation that aforementioned Mr. Lougee will adopt and cherish these bequeathed qualities, for the worthy purpose of passing Miss Herr's elaborated English course, Mr. deBruyne's too-comprehensive trig, and Mr. Holton's formidable senior-defying American history.

*Item:* Lola Marler Rogers, winsome, charming miss, herewith bequeaths her chronic place on the honor roll and her all round attainments to Anna Higgs, promising young undergraduate.

*Item:* William McAllister, hopeful prodigy of the Class of '30, bequeaths his rich, melodious, Rudy Vallée voice to Euticus Renn, sincerely hoping that said Mr. Renn will not be troubled, as has the benefactor with admiring females, entranced with his heart-rending, romantic crooning.

*Item:* Mary Taggart bequeaths her charming Pennsylvania drawl to Jane Wilson with the earnest hope that it will tend to diminish the vocal activities of aforementioned devisee.

*Item:* Robert Macbeth Bird bequeaths his wide and comprehensive knowledge of everyone's affairs (but his own) to James Fortune, trusting that he will take up the personal investigation where inquiring Robert left off and carry the flag of gossip on to new and finer altitudes.

*Item:* Helen Ford, Titian haired femme, bequeaths her flaming Clara Bow tresses to Robert Crumpacker, John Gilbert of the Juniors.

*Item:* That heavenly being (altitudinously speaking, of course), Mr. Guy Ferrell, wills his beautiful, entrancing, romantic, intriguing freckles to his contemporary skyscraper, Norman alias "Monk" Livengood, with the stipulation that Mr. Livengood will not adopt said attributes to the infamous purpose of winning, bewildering, and disillusioning those timid, trusting, young things known variously as damsels, flappers, squaws, coquettes, and etc., as Mr. Ferrell, sad to relate, has.

*Item:* Sara McDearman, past master of the art of interpretative dancing, bequeaths her nymph-like form and movements to Jane Wilson with the hope that she will become an ardent apostle of the terpsichorean art.

*Item:* Ned May, Beau Brummel of the Inn, bequeaths his extensive supplies of gaudy ties, brilliant shirts, modish suits, and his advance knowledge of style fluctuations to Gerald Cooper, with the fervent reliance that he will not dazzle the so-called weaker sex with his superior wardrobe.

*Item:* Burke Smith, obese and pleasingly plump flutist, bequeaths his ruby-red lips and his cherub-like complexion to Lida Ruth Yow, cherishing the hope that said beneficiary will cease the promiscuous use of cosmetics.

*Item:* Charlotte, third from the left in the Unstead quartet, bequeaths her profound knowledge of the ethics of coquetry to Trulu Strickland with the stipulation that the devisee will not attempt to subdue to excess the members of the opposite sex.



*Item:* James Newsom, the boy with the ebon locks and inexhaustible supply of green shirts and ties, bequeaths said pieces of wearing apparel to be distributed among the Freshman Class to be used as class insignia.

*Item:* Claiborne Gregory, last of the long line of Gregory, bequeaths with lavish generosity, his inspiring mastery of forensic endeavor to Samuel Eisenberg, and may he bring many public speaking awards to this venerable institution.

*Item:* Carolyn Fuller, blond head-hunter (mankiller), bequeaths her subtle attractions for the male sex to Jenny Sue Kernodle, hoping that aforementioned beneficiary will not break too many hearts which will no doubt be as clay in her merciless hands.

*Item:* C. Eugene "Gunboat" Phillips bequeaths his tremendous understanding to sylph-like Cortez Roberson inasmuch as aforementioned Mr. Roberson seems in dire need of such foundation.

*Item:* Buck Kirkland, diminutive but powerful MESSENGER executive, bequeaths the trials and tribulations of annual editing to whomsoever may succeed him in that difficult and laborious position.

*Item:* Jim Holloway, the "Red" Grange, Walter Johnson, Bill Werber, Charlie Paddock, and what not athletically of Central High, endows Roy Phipps with his powers on the field, the court, and the diamond.

*Item:* We, from purely altruistic motives, bequeath Murads to all the aforementioned devisees, in the event that there arises a need for nonchalance after the perusal of this document.

*Lastly:* We do nominate and appoint, with a view to the future, Mr. W. F. Warren, Junior, and Mr. E. W. Hatchett, Junior, executors of this, our will, and desire that our estate be allotted to our devisees with as little trouble and delay as may be, desiring their acceptance thereof as all the token we now have to give them, and leaving it to said devisees as to the method to be employed in the obtaining thereof, and we do revoke all former wills and publish this to be our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hand and seal this thirtieth day of May, nineteen hundred and thirty.

By us, the Senior Class, of the year last above written.

Signed, sealed, and published in our presence, and signed by us in the presence of the said Senior Class, and at their desire:

Witnesses	{	<i>Lyne Fetz,</i> <i>Harry Carr,</i> <i>James Newsom,</i> <i>Jones Pollard, President.</i>
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# *The Farewell Song*

of

## *The Pilgrims of 1930*

*Tune:* God of Our Fathers

Hail! Durham High School, whose strong guiding hand  
Brought us thy children to this promised land  
Where all await a chance for service high.  
That each may build and bonds of friendship tie.

From deep set fear and superstitions sway  
Through faith and light we have been led away  
By wise instruction planned to meet each need;  
Truth is our law, and service is our creed.

Wise, firm and tender guide along the way  
Each night of doubt has turned to fairest day!  
Now armed with courage and a purpose high  
We march away in strength new work to try.

Praising thy name in gratitude we sing,  
Our love and pledges now to thee we bring!  
That wheresoever duty may us guide,  
Our thoughts and acts shall be thy conscious pride.

ELIZABETH HOOPER.



Midyear







*Mid-Year Leaders*  
*at*  
*The Wayside Inn*

*President*

CHARLES PARTIN

*Vice-President*

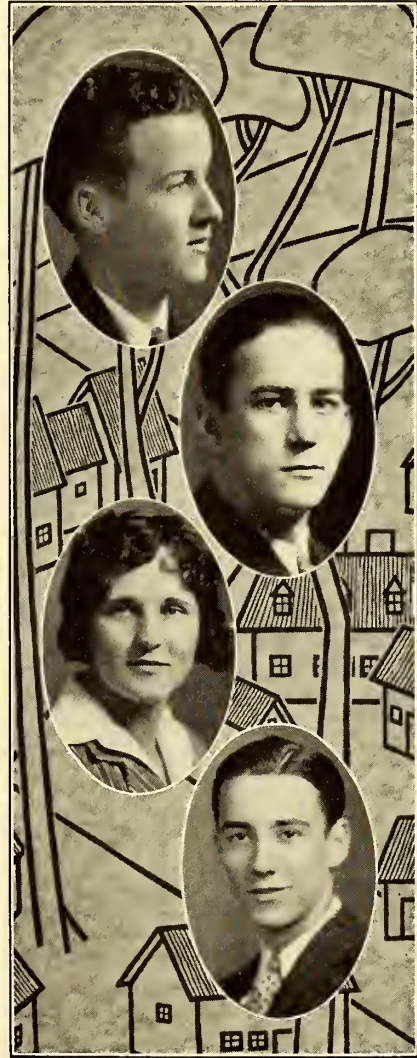
CONRAD PLYLER

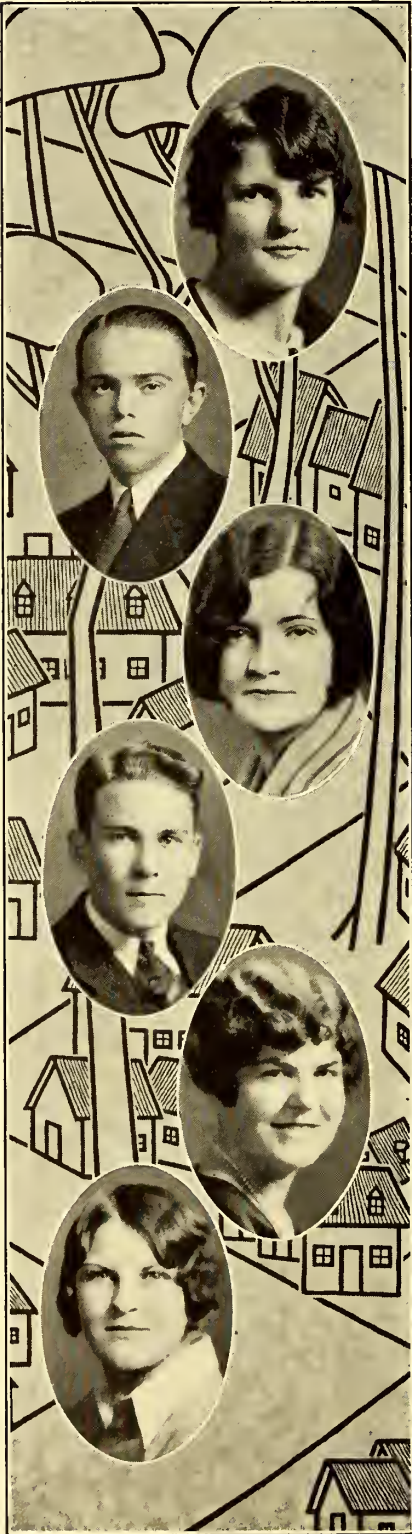
*Secretary*

LOUISA WARREN

*Treasurer*

THOMAS WILKINSON





### SALLIE RUTH COLCLOUGH

"RUFUS"

*"Silence is more eloquent than words."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athena Literary Society 3, 4.

Height: 5'; Weight: 103; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Teacher; School: North Carolina College for Women; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

### JAMES BODDIE

*"What care this body for wind and rain  
When youth and I live in it together."*

Commercial Club 4.

Height: 5' 10½"; Weight: 127; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Hobby: Hunting.

### FLORA ELIZABETH DUKE

"LIB"

*"There is no wisdom like frankness."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4, Cabinet 3, 4; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Blue Triangle 1, 2; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 109; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Elementary Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Collecting different nationalities of dolls; Favorite subject: Art.

### HANNON H. CHEEK, JR.

"BUCK"

*"Of an amiable disposition; skillful in the art of  
acquiring lasting friends."*

Football 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Commercial Club 3, 4; Carr Carmichael Literary Society 4.

Height: 5' 10"; Weight: 150; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: History.

### DECIE MARIE DOWDY

"DIKE"

*"Those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor."*

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 135; Age: 21; Church: Methodist; Ambition: nursing; Hobby: Tennis; Favorite subjects: Latin and French.

### KATHLEEN RAE BRYSON

"BINKIE"

*"Life's a pleasant institution  
Let us take it as it comes."*

Athena Literary Society 3, 4; Girls' Club 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 8"; Weight: 135; Age: 16; Church: Presbyterian; School: Brenau; Hobby: Swimming; Favorite subject: Mathematics.





# ELIZABETH OVERTON HOOPER

*"Of many charms, to her as natural,  
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to the ocean."*

Cornelia Spence Literary Society 1, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Rocket Staff 4; Commercial Club 4; Blue Triangle 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary 2; Treasurer 4; Home Room Secretary 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 7"; Weight: 115; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Nurse; School: Duke Medical School; Hobby: Art; Favorite subject: Art.

# JOHN COZART

"JOHNNIE"

*"Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway  
And fools who came to scoff, remained to pray."*

Coöperative Class 2, 3, 4, Marshal 4, President 4; Commercial Club 2, 4; Monogram Club 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 1; Baseball 1, 2, 3; Football 1; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 10"; Weight: 152; Age: 19; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Business Executive; Favorite subject: Physical Education.

# MARY ELOISE JAMES

"LOUIE"

*"To the steadfast soon  
Come wealth and honor and renown."*

Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society 4; Girls' Basketball; Blue Triangle 1, 2, 3; Athletic Association 3, 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 122; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: English Teacher; School: Duke; Hobby: Tennis; Favorite subject: English.

# ERVIN GLADSTEIN

*"Begone, old Care, and I prithee begone from me;  
For i' faith, old Care, thee and I shall never agree."*

Toms-Carmichael Literary Society 1, 2, 3; Blackwell Literary Society 4; Commercial Club 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 9"; Weight: 168; Age: 19; Church: Beth-El Synagogue; Ambition: Business Administrator or Lawyer; School: Duke; Hobby: Bridge; Favorite subject: History.

# ELOISE MAE HORNE

"BUBBLES"

*"She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud."*

Athena Literary Society 3, 4, Chaplain 3; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; French Club 4.

Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 103; Age: 16; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Stenographer; School: Business College; Hobby: Dancing.

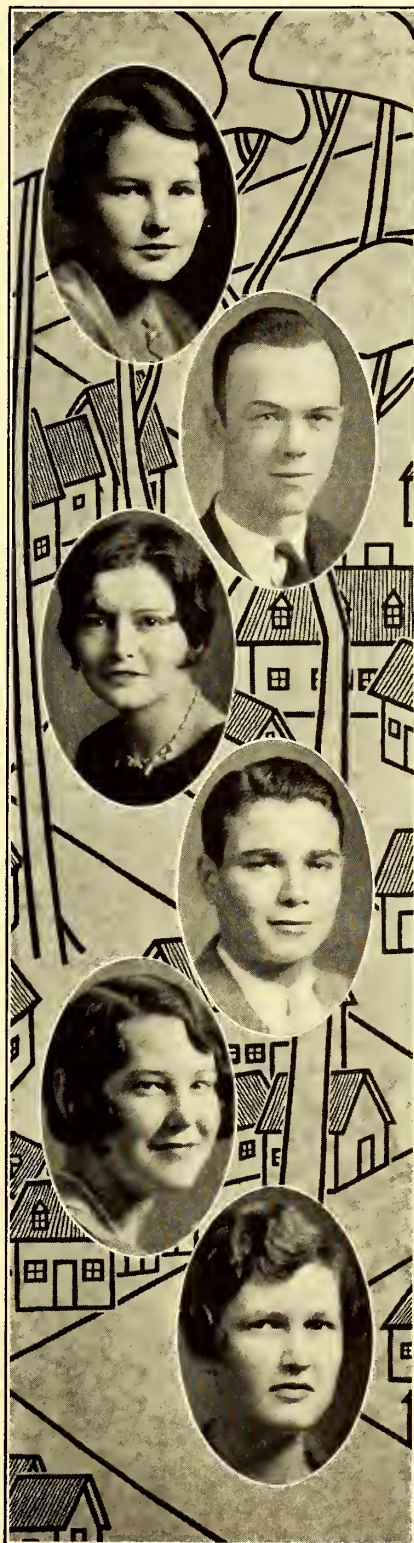
# MARY LANSDALE HOWERTON

"DIGGER"

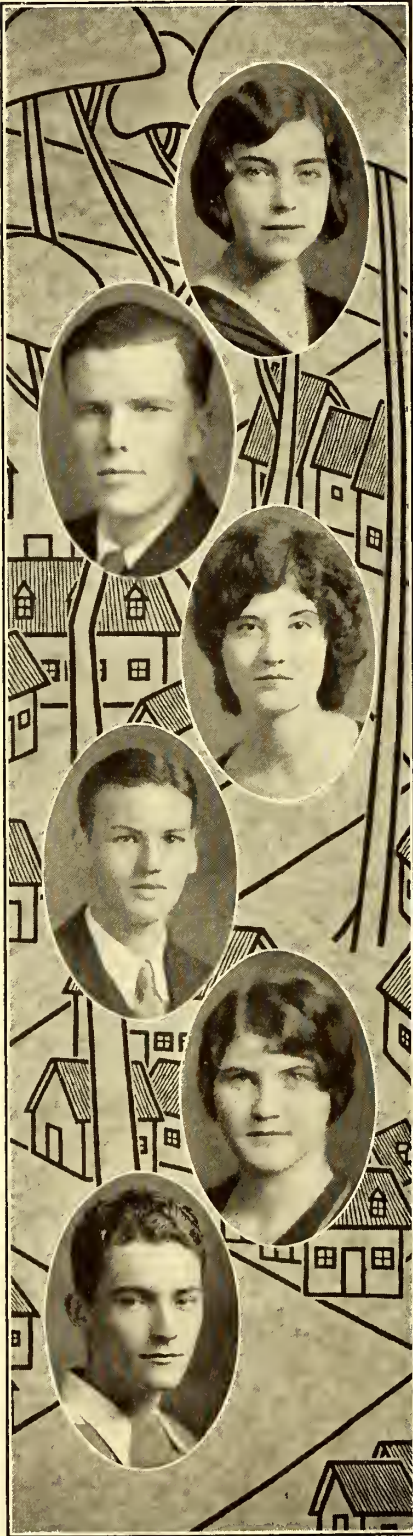
*"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure,  
and pleasure my business."*

Lila Brogden Literary Society 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3, 4; Glee Club 3; Commercial Club 4; Stunt Cast 3; Home Room Vice-President 3.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 110; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Dietitian; Hobby: Miniature Golf; Favorite subject: Art.







LILLIAN IDA MOYER

*"My crown is colled content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."*

Athens Literary Society 4; Girls' Club 3, 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 103; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Stenographer; School: Business College; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: English.

WALLACE DIXON GLENN

"SLIM"

*"So much is a man worth as he esteems himself."*

Commercial Club 3, 4; Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 3, 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4.

Height: 6'; Weight: 143; Age: 19; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Aviator; School: Duke; Hobby: Camping; Favorite subject: French.

EVELYN NESBETH RAGAN

*"Well-turned silence is more eloquent than words."*

Home Room President 1; Commercial Club 1, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2; Literary Society 1, 2, 4; Blue Triangle 1, 2.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 108; Age: 20; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Nurse; School: Duke Medical School; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Art.

EDWARD LEYBURN JONES

"JONES"

*"The lad hath a rare and subtle wit,  
Reserved for those he loves."*

Edison Science Club 3.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 131; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Business; School: N. C. State; Hobby: Bookkeeping; Favorite subject: Science.

MADGE EVELYN RIGGSBEE

*"Life is not life at all without delight."*

Girls' Club 3, 4; Girls Reserve 1, 2.

Height: 5' 4½"; Weight: 121½; Age: 18; Church: Christian and Missionary Alliance; Ambition: Foreign Missionary; School: Missionary Training Institute, Nyack; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: French.

JOHN WILSON GRIFFIN

"GRIF"

*"There's much devilry beneath this mild exterior."*

Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Blackwell Literary Society 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball 2; Band 1, 2, 3; Orchestra 1, 2, 3.

Height: 5' 9"; Weight: 134; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Interior Decorating (Designing Florist); School: Duke; Hobby: Dancing; Favorite subject: French.



MYRTLE GRACE WALKER

"HOT SHOT"

*"Size is not everything"*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 2, 4; O. Henry Literary Society 2; Athena Literary Society 3, 4; Glee Club 3; Science Club 2.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 93; Age: 20; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Nurse; School: Watts Hospital; Hobby: Sewing; Favorite subject: Science.

JOHN WILBUR SNIPES, JR.

"KITE"

*"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy."*

Track 3; Basketball Manager 4; Hi-Y 1; Commercial Club 4; Monogram Club 4; Baseball 4.

Height: 5' 5"; Weight: 120; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Architect; School: North Carolina State; Hobby: Attending Athletic Sports; Favorite subject: Industrial History.

EVELYN LOUISE WARD

"ESE"

*"Ah! quiet lass, there are but few  
Who know the treasure laid in thee."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Lila Brogden Literary Society 4; Girl Reserves 1, 2.

Height: 5' 2"; Weight: 125; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Business Woman; School: Piedmont Business College; Hobby: Reading; Favorite subject: Mathematics.

CONRAD NORFLEET PLYLER

"COON"

*"A man of wit and merry sayings."*

Athletic Association 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Page Literary Society 4; Marshal 4; Instrumental Ensemble 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 2, 3.

Height: 5' 11½"; Weight: 158; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Musician; School: Peabody Conservatory; Hobby: Music; Favorite subject: Music.

MARY LOUISE STANLEY

"LOU"

*"She doeth little kindnesses  
Which most leave undone."*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Home Room Secretary 2.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 101; Age: 17; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Music Director or Teacher; Hobby: Reading and Music; Favorite subjects: History and Music.

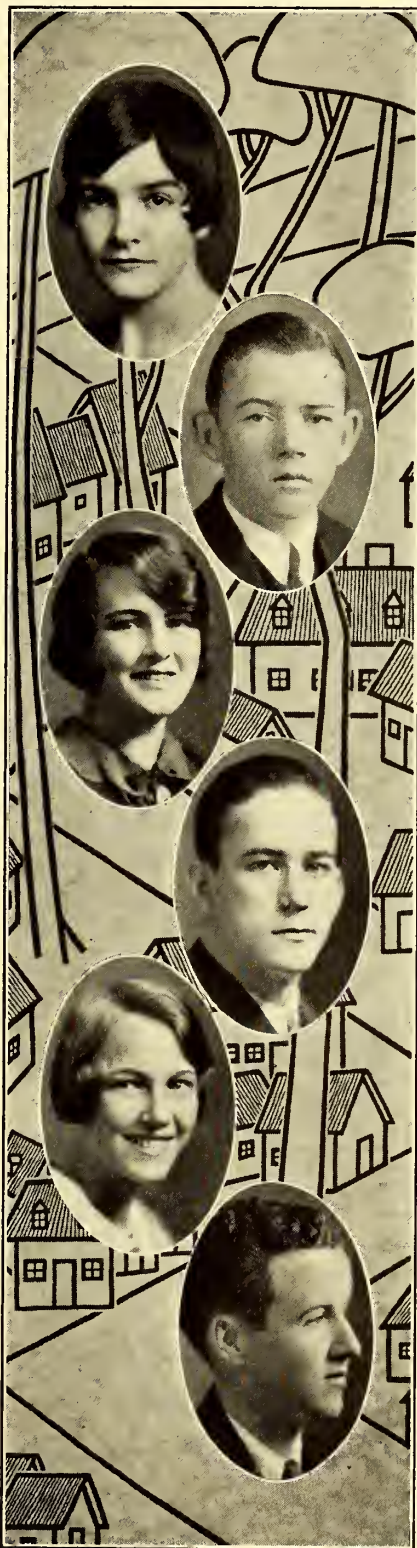
CHARLES D. PARTIN, JR.

"CHARLIE"

*"And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman."*

Julian S. Carr Literary Society 1; Toms-Carmichael Society 2; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Band 2, 3, 4; Music Club 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 4.

Height: 5' 11"; Weight: 145; Age: 17; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Business Man; Hobby: Playing in a dance orchestra; Favorite subject: History.







LOUISA CORNELIA WARREN  
"JANE"

*"Woman is a miracle of divine contradiction."*

Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Commercial Club 1, 2, 3, 4; President 4; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Association 2, 3; Home Room Treasurer 1, 2; Secretary-Treasurer 3; Vice-President 4; Treasurer 4; Queen's Court 2; Coroso Play 4; Senior Play Cast 4; May Queen 4.

Height: 5' 3"; Weight: 100; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Business Woman; Hobby: Dancing; Favorite subject: Shorthand.

JOSEPH MARTIN UMSTEAD, JR.  
"JOE"

*"I am Sir Oracle and when I speak  
Let no dog bark."*

Toms-Carmichael Literary Society 1, 2, 3, President 3; Carr-Carmichael 4; Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Dramatic Club 2, 3, 4; Stunt Cast 2, 3, 4; President of Class 3; Football 2, 3, 4; Baseball 4; Track 2; Golf 4; Senior Play 4; Dramatic Club play 3.

Height: 5' 11"; Weight: 168; Age: 18; Church: Methodist; Hobby: Athletics; Favorite subject: History; Ambition: To sign a check worth a million dollars; School: Carolina.

MARY ELIZABETH WOODS  
"LIB"

*"Her joys are as deep as the ocean,  
Her troubles as light as its foam."*

Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Cornelia Spencer Literary Society 2; Athena Literary Society 3, 4; Vice-President 4; Athletic Association 3, 4; Dramatic Club 3; Commercial Club 3, 4; May Day Festival 1, 2; Stunt Cast 4.

Height: 5' 4"; Weight: 118; Church: Methodist; Ambition: Stenographer; School: Duke Summer School; Hobby: Swimming; Favorite subject: English.

THOMAS NOELL WILKINSON  
"TOM"

*"He was a gentleman from sole to crown,  
Clean favored and imperially slim."*

Commercial Club 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 4; Wrestling 3, 4; Boxing 4; Carr-Carmichael Literary Society 4; Edison Science Club 3.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 118; Age: 18; Church: Presbyterian; Ambition: Commercial Artist; Hobby: Oil Painting; Favorite subject: Art.

SULA LOUISE WHITAKER

*"She speaks, behaves, and acts just  
as she ought."*

Athena Literary Society 3, 4; Athletic Association 4; Glee Club 2, 3; Girls' Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Height: 5' 6"; Weight: 130; Age: 18; Church: Baptist; Ambition: Nurse; School: Watts Hospital; Hobby: Hiking; Favorite subject: English.





THOMAS HARRIS

Postgraduate





## The Post Graduates

The registrar of the Wayside Inn enrolled as returned guests, who were assigned to the Post Graduate room, very interesting, enthusiastic folk. From our own Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia and far away Michigan and Iowa they met with enthusiasm to pursue for the especial purpose of perfecting themselves in the art of business efficiency.

At the first gathering of the group, under the leadership of the adviser, Miss Ethel M. Solloway, the members chose Elwood Horne as their President for the first semester; and Howard Odom for the second semester. These boys have given much time and effort to the activities of the class and have been instrumental in promoting a spirit of coöperation and loyalty among their classmates.

The class was well represented in a group of students who computed for and won honors in the District and State Contest in shorthand.

For the first year shorthand a loving cup was won by Sallie Bett Barnhill, Francis Thomas, Jack Matthews. This team had an average of 99.5. In this team Sallie Bett Barnhill won the gold medal offered for the most accurate paper, and Francis Thomas won the silver medal.

For second year shorthand a loving cup was won by Iris Regan, Rosa Lee Dave and Edna Earl Eakes with an average of 99. Iris Regan won a silver medal for second place, in accurate shorthand.

The first bow they made to the public as a group was in the play "Laff That Off" in which Elizabeth Mosely and Iris Regan played the feminine roles under the auspices of the Coroso Players. They then demonstrated their interest in all the other guests so journeying by purchasing season tickets to all the part time activities and subscribing to the Wayside Inn newspaper, *The Hi-Rocket*.

The first thing the guests did on their arrival at the Inn was to elect the following officers to direct their activities during their stay:

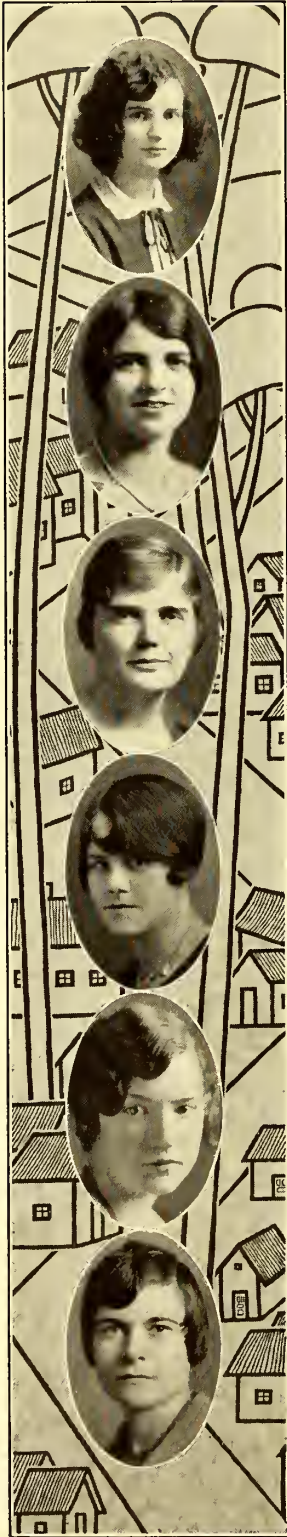
### FIRST SEMESTER

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	Elwood Horne
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	Marion Sneed
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	Mary Vann Hart
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	Placyde Thompson

### SECOND SEMESTER

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	Howard Odom
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	Evelyn Buchman
<i>Secretary</i>	. . . . .	Charlotte Corbin
<i>Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	Sallie Bett Barnhill





Gladys Atkins

Jack Mathews

Sallie B. Barnhill

Virginia Dalton

Evelyn Buchman

Lois Emory

Hazel Cole

Josephine Fuller

Olive Dennis

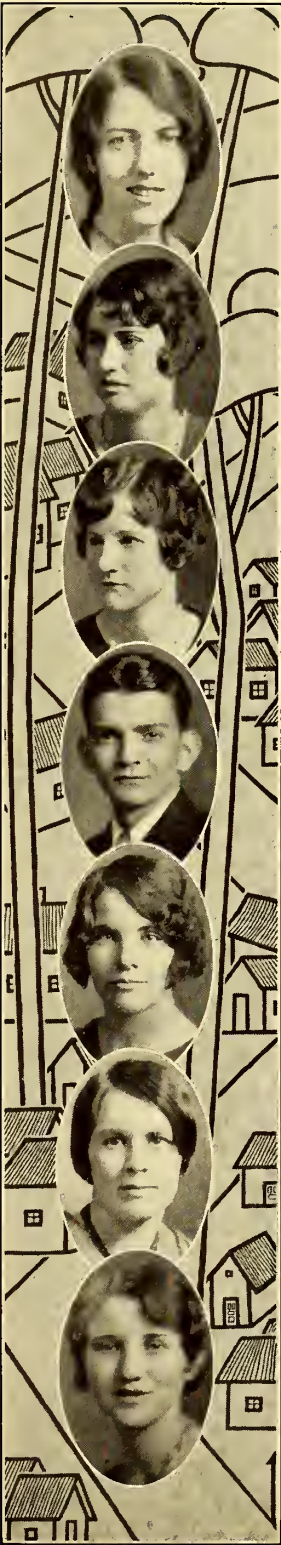
Ina Lee Collins

Lucile Hicks

Charlotte Corbin

Elwood Horne





Elizabeth Mosely

Clara Murray

Louise Murray

George H. Odom

Margaret Pierce

Janie Pruitt

Placyde Thompson

Iris Regan

Isabel Singleton

Marian Sneed

Elizabeth Stewart

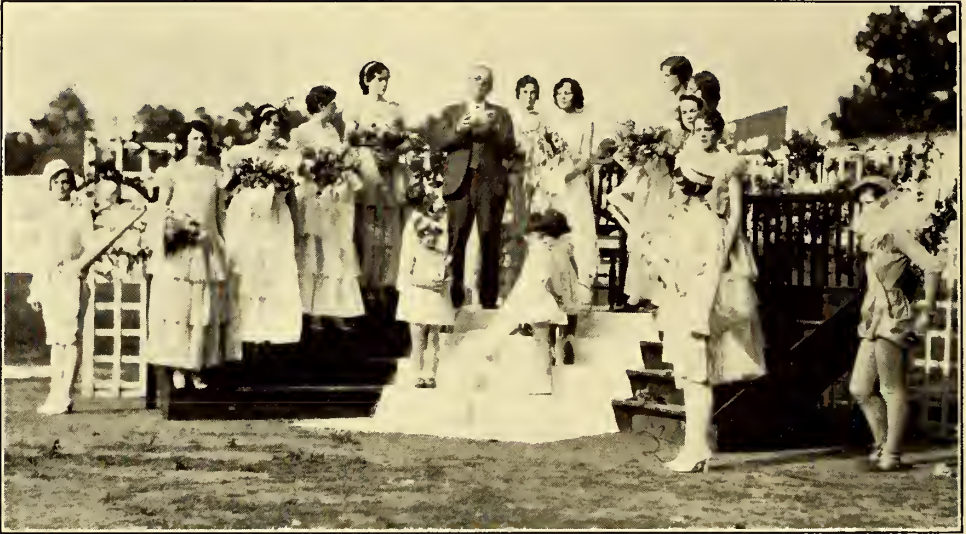
Jennie B. Suttle

Frances Thomas

Lillian West







MAY QUEEN  
Louisa Warren

KING OF MAY DAY  
F. M. Martin

MAID OF HONOR  
Lola Marler Rogers

ATTENDANTS

Mary Banks McPherson  
Tempe Newsom  
Mern Plyler  
Mary Elizabeth Barbee

Elizabeth Davis  
Katherine Brooks  
Aune Mebane  
Margaret Upchurch

HERALDS

Charlotte Umstead

Dorothy Umstead

CROWN BEARER

Billy Lewis

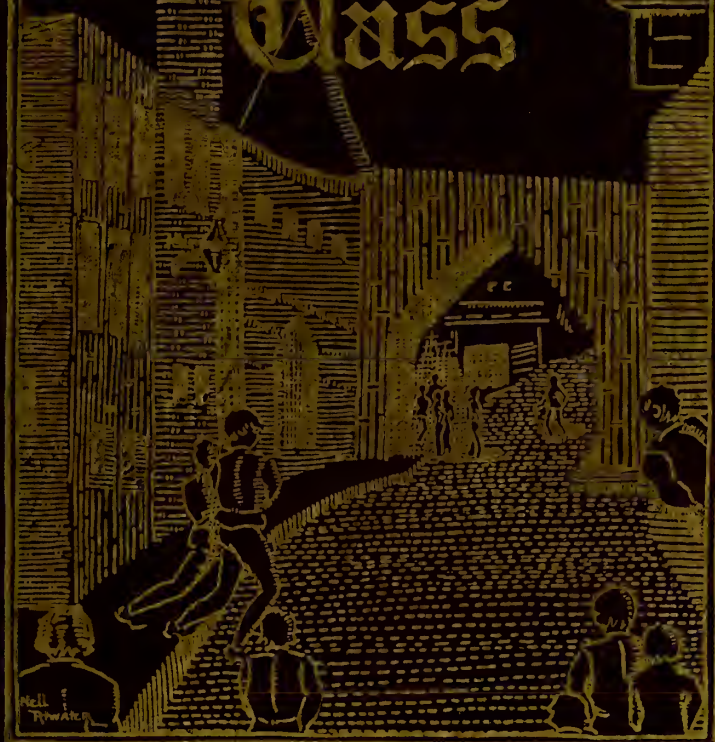
FLOWER GIRLS

Isabel Lewis  
Betty Howard

Lucille Rose  
Janet Gowan

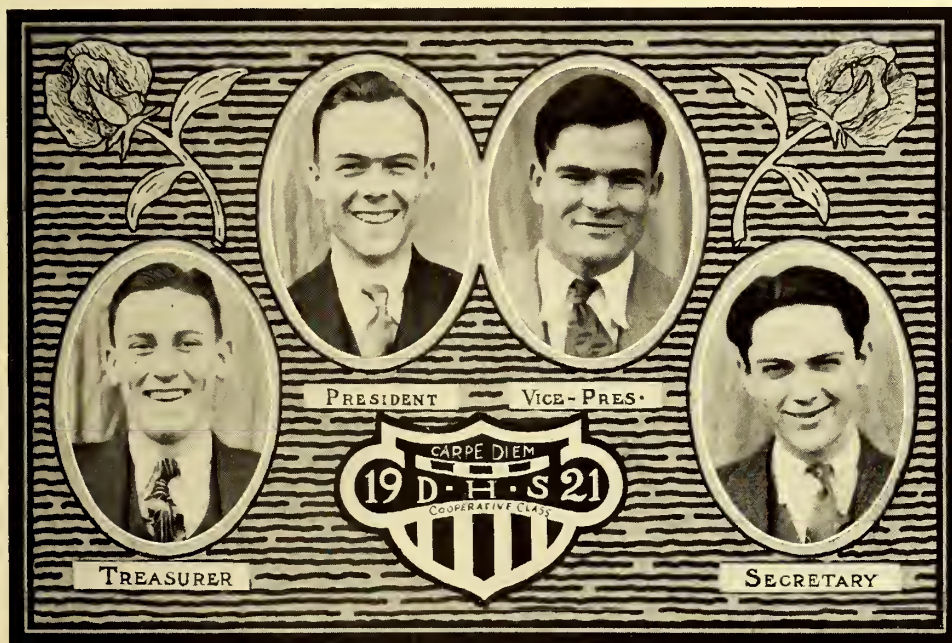


# Cooperative Class



Well  
Private





John Blalock, John Cozart, Richard McGranahan, Vernon Strickland

## The Part-Time Guests

*Motto: Carpe Diem*

Among the groups are the part time guests who are known in the Inn as the Coöperative Class. Under John Cozart, the very able president, each member has striven to give one hundred percent service to his own group and to all guests assembled in the Inn. In the academic work each day and in the fine spirit displayed in every outside activity, the group has added other stars to its crown of yearly achievements.

Under the direction of Miss Mary Grace Wilson, an honorary member of the class, some excellent work was done in the Coroso play, "Laff That Off," by Taylor Speed in the role of "Remorse," Paul Porterfield as "Art," and Ben Woodall as "Leo." Excellent character portraiture was presented by Brian Wood who took the part of "Mike," the old man of the play; by Claude Harris who was "Tony," the iceman; and by Johnie Blalock who, as "Jimmy Valentine," was a vaudeville actor.

The class meetings of this year have been very helpful and enjoyable. A number of alumni members have attended these gatherings. Several guests have given interesting talks and entertainments. Refreshments have added zest to these "Gatherings of the clan."

The Coöp. Chapel program for the year took the form of a burlesque class meeting. The "star" speakers at the meeting were Claiborne Goss and Walter Riggsbee. Bob Hobgood and Ben Woodall furnished most of the fun for this program.

The outstanding social activities for the year were: the initiation and camp supper at Sacarus, the Christmas dinner party at the Malbourne Hotel, and the spring social at Camp Sacarus, all of which proved enjoyable occasions.













Virginia Harward, Sec.; Joe Umstead, Pres.; Roy Phipps, V.-Pres.; Will Lougee, Treas.

## *The Junior Guests*

Weary and foot-sore from summer vacations, a large group of travelers stopped one Wednesday in September at the red brick inn known as Durham High School. These travelers, called Juniors, after a few days of adjustments, settled down for their third winter at the reputable resort. The chief spokesman elected by the crowd seemed to be Joe Umstead, assisted by Roy Phipps, Virginia Harward, and Will Lougee. When Umstead deserted for another class called Seniors, Roy Phipps took his place, and Albert Edwards filled the vacant vice-presidency.

Entertainment was never lacking in this group. Will Lougee, Baron Whitaker, and J. B. Jones held records in football and Stroud Tilley and Albert Edwards in basketball. Dorsey Burgess and Wallace Goodwin represented the class in baseball, leaving wrestling to Jack Erwin, James Mann, Woodrow Wilson, and Dan Edwards.

The girls also received a share of athletic glory when Tempe Newsom, Julia Gray, Julia Holman, and Mary Yarbrough were chosen for the girls' Varsity Basketball team. Kappy Roberson and Kern Ormond upheld the spirit of the class with their peppy cheer-leading.

Nor was the brain of the class neglected while the brawn was so fully developed. On a six-weekly slip, termed the Honor Roll, Fred Wolf, Margaret Edwards, Margaret Lewis, Catherine Isenhour, Mabel Carden, Mary McPherson, and Julia Holman were often listed. Dorothy Airheart and Wharton Young, two travelers of the same illustrious group, won out in the home finals for the Aycock debating team. Catherine Isenhour was granted first place in the State Latin contest.

This group's debut into society was also made during the memorable stay at the Inn, when the Juniors and Seniors united to have a Harvest Festival on Hallowe'en night. Another brilliant social event was the annual entertainment the Juniors held in honor of the Seniors.

After a happy and successful year at the Inn, the students decided to return again next year and occupy the first class apartments, reserved for Seniors only.



GUESTS—JUNIOR GIRLS





GUESTS—JUNIOR BOYS





## Junior Guest Roster

Agner, Pauline	Gladden, Margaret	O'Briant, Ruth
Aiken, John	Goodwin, Wallace	O'Connell, Kermit
Airheart, Dorothy	Gray, Julia	Oldham, Harvie
Anderson, Lawrence	Gresham, John	Ormond, Janet
Anderson, Norman	Haines, William	Ormond, Kern
Apperson, Mildred	Harris, Eleanor	Parker, Fannie
Atkins, Leslie	Harris, Myra	Parrish, Lilly
Austin, Wayne	Harton, Flora Mason	Pendergraph, Blanche
Ayres, Marion	Harward, Virginia	Perry, Ruth
Barbee, Catherine	Hawley, Winfred	Phipps, Roy
Barbee, Louise	Hayes, Della Mae	Pollard, William
Belvin, Frances	Higbee, William	Predy, Laura
Belvin, Joyce	Higgs, Margaret	Preston, Walter
Belvin, Piper	Hobby, Marjorie	Reeves, Myra
Bishop, Nellie	Hobgood, Burke, Jr.	Register, Irene
Boothe, Katherine	Holder, Myrtle	Rigsbee, Catherine
Brady, Maurice	Holloway, George	Roberson, Kathleen
Bronson, Charles	Holman, Julia	Rogers, Virginia
Breedlove, Bess	Hooker, Susan	Ross, Wilson
Britt, Josephine	Hopkins, Wilson	Russell, Thomas
Brogden, Doris	Horner, Emma	Shepherd, Milton
Brogden, Rebecca	Horton, Mary	Sher, Fannie
Brown, Vernell	Howerton, Sara	Sherron, Elizabeth
Bryan, Eugene	Isenhour, Catherine	Simpson, John B.
Bryan, Grace	Jaffe, Ruth	Smith, Mary
Buckles, Isabelle	Johns, J. B.	Smith, Melvin
Buckles, Virginia	Jones, Lois	Smith, Tressie L.
Bugg, Everett	Jones, Jessie	Sparks, Roy
Burcham, Frances	Johnson, Ruth	Stallings, Verious
Burgess, Dorsey	Julian, Lloyd	Stephens, Frances
Burnette, Camella	Kaplan, Eva	Stone, Bowling
Cain, Moselle	Kernodle, Jennie Sue	Stone, Harry
Carden, Mabel	King, Josephine	Stone, Nancy
Carden, Ruth	Knight, Brooks	Strickland, Ellen
Ceatham, Bessie G.	Knott, Elizabeth	Strickland, Trulu
Clothier, Robert	Langley, Howard	Swain, William
Cobb, Harriet	Lassiter, Donald	Swartz, Rose
Cole, Aubrey	Leighton, James	Tatum, Thomas
Cooper, Gerald	Leslie, Otis	Taylor, Thurman
Copley, Delia L.	Lewis, Goldie	Teer, William
Crabtree, Lilas	Lewis, Margaret	Terrell, Jule
Crumpacker, Robert	Little, Lucille	Titley, Stroud
Davis, Myrtle	Livengood, Norman	Upchurch, George
Dawson, Marvin	Lougee, Will	Vickers, Flonnie Mae
Day, Lois	Mann, James	Vickers, Victor
Dickey, Louise	Markham, John	Warner, Melvin
Dixon, Clarice	Mason, Herbert	Weatherly, Nina
Dority, Hazel	May, Ruth	Weatherspoon, Marian
Edwards, Albert	Maynard, Eileen	Wegener, Ermengarde
Edwards, Dan	Milam, Llewellyn	Welton, Aline
Edwards, Margaret	Mills, Ray Henry	West, Alene
Eisenberg, Samuel	Mize, Mageline	Whitaker, Baron
Elliot, Carl	Moore, George	Wilkinson, Margaret
Erwin, Jack	Moore, Theo	Wilkinson, Thomas
Evans, Thurston	Motley, Louise	Williams, Clarence
Fleisher, Irving	Murrell, Harry	Wilson, J. Woodrow
Fortune, James	McPherson, Mary Banks	Wilson, Magdaline
Freedman, Lena	McCullers, Otho	Wolf, Fred
Fulford, Ada	Newsom, Tempe	Woods, Louise
Gantt, Eva	Nycum, Clara	Wright, Virginia
Garrard, Louis	O'Briant, Ethel	Yarbrough, Mary
Gibson, Bettie Mae	O'Briant, Nellie Sue	Yow, Lida Ruth



Sophomore







Thurman Ross, *Sec.*; Anne Mebane, *Pres.*; Herbert Carlton, *V.-Pres.*; Frank Satterfield, *Treas.*

## The Sophomore Guests

After spending one year of patient training in their new environment around the Inn, the group of guests called Sophomores returned for a second season at the resort.

Exercising their official duties, learned in their first year at the Inn, they early elected officers for their group, so that the whole class of second season lodgers would be united under one head. Bill Berry was chosen as president, with Anne Mebane assisting him. Thurman Ross was elected to keep a record of the activities of the group, while Jack Satterfield was entrusted to lead them through pecuniary difficulties.

At the departure of President Berry, who planned to reside for the remainder of the year at another hostelry, Anne Mebane capably filled the vacancy.

After the tavern had settled down to regular routine, the Sophomores, with that superior air so characteristic of them, but which, happily, is only affected, began to take an active part in various activities.

Into athletics they entered heartily; James Bryan, Woodrow Hayes, and Herbert Carlton won honors in football, while J. B. Cook and Cecil Yates upheld the reputation of the class in basketball, and, assisted by Sam Hobgood, also in baseball.

Nor did the learned side of the class exist in obscurity, for many names appeared on the Sophomore Honor Roll, and many second year guests entered into the various clubs. The band and glee club also received their share of this illustrious group.

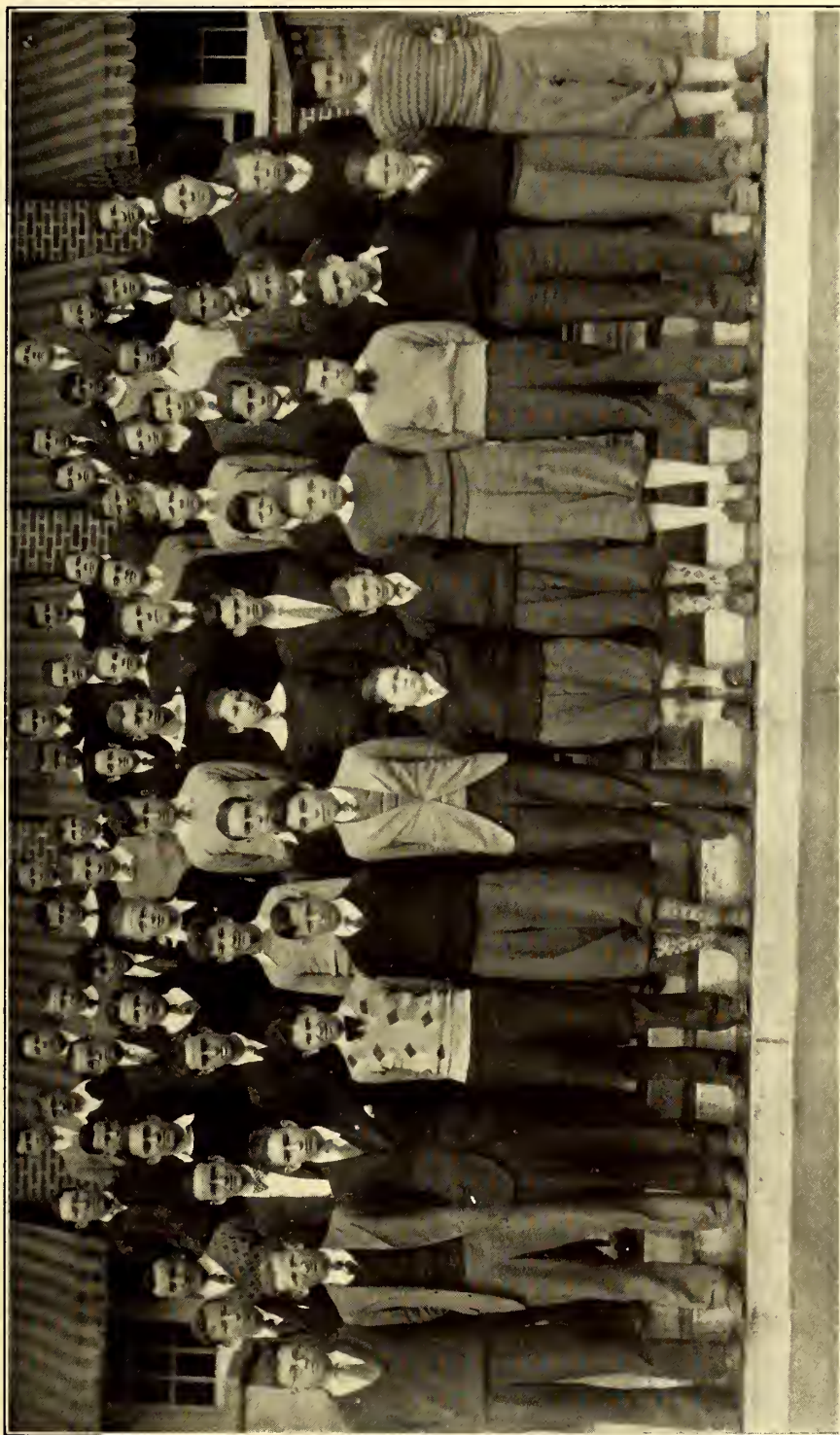
The crowning event of the second year group was their social debut held at the Inn. The majority of the class and faculty attended, and the affair was an enjoyable and brilliant social success.

But what group of guests could fail to make an illustrious record, when they were under the tutelage of the home room hosts and hostesses who kept the class in the straight and narrow path? Mrs. Gholson, Miss Hampton, Miss Holland, Mr. McKay, Mr. Whaley, and Mr. Bryant showed the utmost kindness and sympathy in helping make the best Sophomore class to ever pass the portals of that famous tavern, Durham High.



GUESTS—SOPHOMORE GIRLS





GUESTS—SOPHOMORE BOYS





## Sophomore Guest Roster

Adams, Maude	Gattis, Clara	Phipps, Frances
Aldridge, Julian	Gentry, Elmo	Pickette, Florenec
Anderson, Mareia	Gray, Inez	Pollock, William
Baldwin, James	Gunter, Walton	Powe, Pauline
Barnette, Edna	Harris, Paul	Preston, Edson
Basil, Howard	Harris, Turner Lee	Renn, Eutieus
Beasley, Elizabeth	Harton, Dorothy	Renn, Rudolph
Beaseley, Mary	Hayes, Woodrow	Repass, Jack
Beek, Dorothy	Henderson, James	Riddle, David
Boyette, Earlddeen	Henley, Edward	Roberson, Cortez
Bray, Virginia	Hessee, Billy	Rosenstein, Florence
Bright, Lewis	Hobbie, Allie	Ross, Thurman
Broek, David	Hobgood, Sam	Rust, Juanita
Brooks, Clariee	Holder, Lafford	Sanwald, Anita
Brooks, Virginia	Holman, Loehard	Satterfield, Frank
Brown, Lueille	Holman, M. Farnsworth	Satterwhite, Virginia
Bryan, James	Hooker, George	Savage, George
Carden, Fannie	Hooker, Lela	Sigley, Harry
Carlton, Frances	Horton, Martha	Skinner, Ben
Carlton, Herbert	Howard, Alta	Smith, Dorothy
Carlton, Percy	Howe, James	Smith, James
Carpenter, Charlton	Ivey, Mary Frances	Spain, Howard
Carrington, Gilbert	Jacobs, Donnie	Stadium, Abraham
Cheek, Herbert	James, Helen	Stanbury, John
Cheek, Mary Elizabeth	James, Lois	Stoner, Virginia
Cheek, Thomas	Johnson, Elmer	Suggs, Bernest
Clark, Annie Louise	Johnson, Martha	Talley, Paul
Clark, Sarah	Julian, William	Thomas, Winifrey
Clarke, William	Kirkland, Herbert	Tilley, Frank
Cobb, Jaek	Kirkland, Philip	Tilley, Virginia
Coble, Thomas	Kirkland, Phyllis	Trice, Dorothy
Cooke, J. B.	Lee, Carl, Jr.	Troxell, Helena
Corbin, George	Levin, Joe	Umstead, Louise
Couch, Raymond	Levitt, Joe	Umstead, Paula
Couneil, Thomas	Little, Valeria	Underwood, Mina
Cousins, M. T., Jr.	Llewellyn, Douglas	Upehureh, Margaret
Cozart, Bessie	Long, Franeees	Walker, Phillip
Daniels, Mamie	Long, Hazeline	Walters, Margaret
Delamar, Carl	Lueas, Paul	Walters, Roy
Dixon, Margaret	Lunsford, Laura Ellen	Ward, Helen
Dunn, Burwell	Lyon, Ruth	Whitaker, Eugene
Dunn, Maude	Mebane, Anne	Whitaker, Pearl
Eakes, Adele	Mebane, Cummins	Whitaker, William
Eakes, Walton	Mims, Woodrow	White, Mary
Edwards, Charles	Morris, Elizabeth	Williams, Beulah
Edwards, Douglas	Moss, Franeis	Williams, Helen
Eisenberg, Sophia	Mulholland, Hazel	Williams, James
Elliott, Ben	O'Briant, Weyburn	Wilson, Henry
Fason, Theodore	Parker, Margaret	Woods, Henry
Ferrell, George	Parrish, Mary	Woods, Margaret
Fleisher, Helen	Patterson, Ruth	Woody, Franeees
Fuller, Mena	Peed, Carl	Worrell, Mary
Gaddy, Virginia	Pendegraph, Hazel	Yates, Ceeil
Gallagher, Mary	Perry, Howard	Yomg, Eileen
Garrard, Edith	Perry, Raymond	Zuckerman, Esther









Annie Laurie Newsom, Pres.; Merne Plyler, V.-Pres.; Woodrow Morton, Sec.;  
Ralph Dermott, Treas.

## *The Freshman Guests*

One bright September morning, a large and somewhat wide-eyed group of travelers arrived at the old brick Inn, to spend their first season at a large, first class hostelry. These pilgrims were welcomed heartily by the Innkeeper and old lodgers and registered for a winter sojourn at the famed resort.

They early formed themselves into a sort of club, that they might be united in facing problems their first year would bring to light, choosing as president, Annie Laurie Newsom; vice-president, Merne Plyler; secretary, Woodrow Morton; and treasurer, Ralph Dermott. Appropriately, befitting their humble nature, they chose as colors green and white.

This assemblage entered whole heartedly into the organizations formed by older guests, as the literary societies, glee clubs, and athletic association. Some of the feminine members of the group formed themselves into basketball teams, waging interclass contests; they even beat a team of older guests.

The literary and business inclined, though, went in for the tavern's publications in a big way, Mary Elizabeth Bitting, C. C. Mulholland, Margaret Izard, Annie Laurie Newsom, Walter Budd, Margaret Franck, Gilmer Mebane, and Philip Russell being notable on the Hi-Rocket's roster. Also, thrift and fire prevention prizes were won in the group.

However, the group was determined to have its fun. So along toward the latter part of the year, they gave a social, which was well attended and much appreciated.

The group is now settled, and is getting to be a regular veteran class, making a fine record for itself. It has great hopes for the second year, with the addition of the truants which left earlier in the season, and will soon be welcoming with that affected air of Sophomore arrogance, the group of bewildered young Freshmen which will enter the hostelry next season.



FRESHMAN GUESTS











## Editorially Speaking

THE MESSENGER, for a decade the annual publication of Durham High School, is a volume which is purely a product of the student body, corrected and advised by faculty members.

This volume is written, is edited, and is supplied with cuts by members of the Senior Class. They issue the book as their last great work for their high school *Alma Mater*, but with the purpose in mind of making it a volume of lasting interest, not only to the Seniors, but to the undergraduates, to the faculty, and to the citizens of Durham.

In former years the annual has been a decided success, and last season the MESSENGER, edited and managed by Nat Gregory and Jack Still, was honored with first place in its field in the national contest held at Columbia University. This year, we, the editors, have striven to uphold this high standard set by our predecessors and to issue an annual which will in every way measure up to that which is expected of it.

In giving to the public this, the tenth volume of the MESSENGER, the end of a decade of successful publication at the Wayside Inn, we, the editors, would have been faced with an insurmountable obstacle in presenting a true and interesting portrayal of student life and activity in this Durham High School, had it not been for the willing coöperation of all those whom we called upon for help.

We wish to take this opportunity to thank these people for their unstinted contribution of time, thought, and energy in attempting to make this volume a standard of excellence of oncoming MESSENGERS.

The contributors to the annual have worked hard, long, and earnestly. The typists have uncomplainingly transcribed copy upon application.

Mr. Warren, whose advice has been exceedingly useful, contributed time and valuable experience.

Mr. Fanning has guided its publishing through all its pecuniary difficulties, bringing the project to a successful conclusion.

Miss Herr has given direction and advice invaluable in the preparation of copy for the various literary works in the book.

Miss Allison and her classes faithfully labored, preparing cuts, that make this volume an artistic triumph.

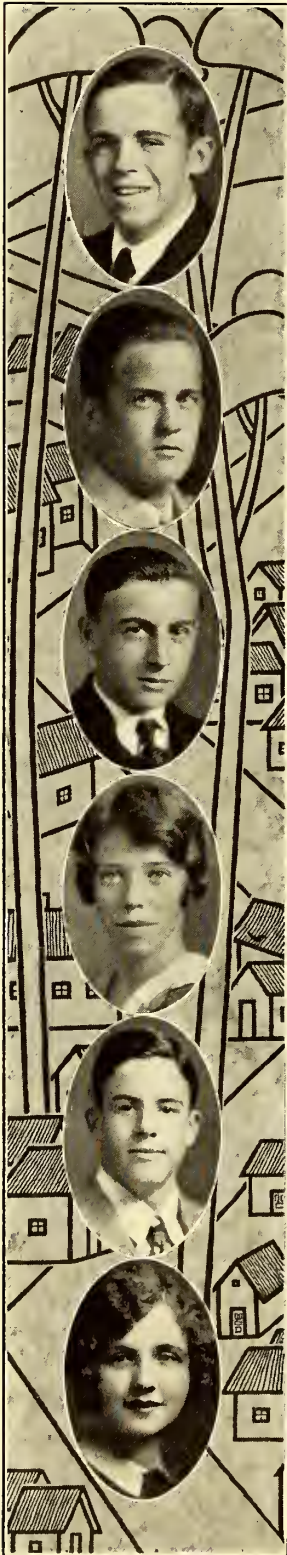
Home room teachers and club and class officers contributed material otherwise difficult to procure, while other persons contributed helpful advice and criticism.

To all who helped make this book possible we express our hearty appreciation of the work, time, and thought contributed to this publication.

Speaking in behalf of the editors of this volume, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

HARRY CARR, *Literary Editor*,



## The Messenger Staff

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*Business Manager*

HARRY CARR  
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MARY TAGGART  
*Chief Statistician*

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*Business*

Burke Smith  
*Literary*

Katherine Brooks  
*Literary*

Elizabeth Davis  
*Literary*

Ned May  
*Club*

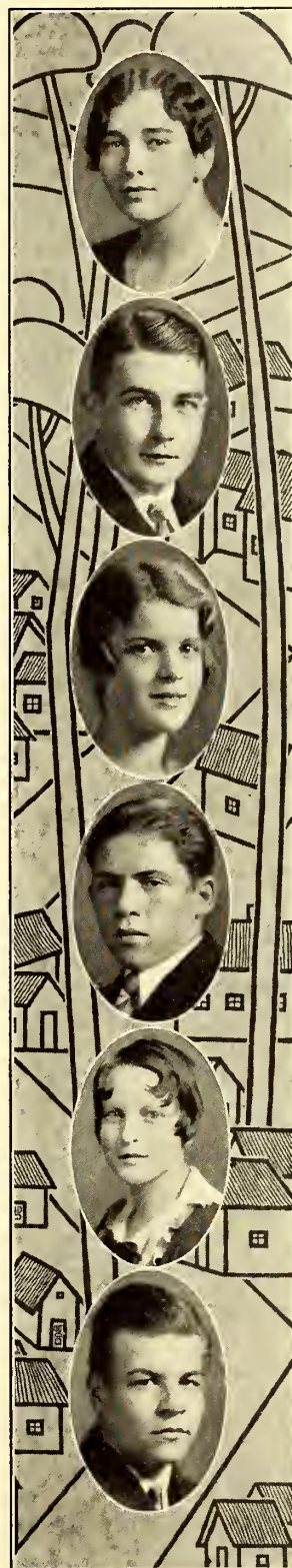
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*Literary*

Nora Leary  
*Literary*

Eugene Newsom  
*Literary*





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Helen Reams  
*Literary*

John Nycum  
*Literary*





## *The Banquet Hour*

In the late spring after the close of a strenuous day the guests assembled in the banquet hall of "The Wayside Inn" at the invitation of Mine Host Warren in celebration of the completion of a very happy and successful year within the venerable tavern.

The dining hall had lost its every day appearance because the skillful hands of Mrs. P. C. Graham had transformed it into a bower of spring. The garden was fragrant with flowers and lit by the soft glow of Chinese lanterns.

The warm atmosphere, the myriad of twinkling lights, the colorful costumes of the guests, the happy voices mingling with the notes of the Inn band made the scene one long to be remembered.

After the guests had been beautifully served, they were given a royal welcome by the Inn keeper, W. F. Warren in behalf of all the hosts, to whom Jones Pollard responded in behalf of the assembly.

At this time he presented the pilgrims of the Inn who were soon to depart on pilgrimage in quest of individual adventure for power and service, and they paid tribute in song and story through the following responses :

1. Song

### *To Alma Mater*

Guests

(Tune "Mistakes")

Through Freshman days,  
To Senior ways,  
How could we know  
We'd love you so.  
Now if we may,  
Some words we'll say  
To our dear Durham High School.

#### CHORUS :

We'll think of you, Alma Mater,  
When leaving for higher courts ;  
We'll think of plays we have played here,  
Scenes we've seen here, friends we've made here.  
We'll think of all that you've taught us—  
All that is good and true,  
And we'll ne'er forget the best school of all,  
And that, Durham High, is you.

Four years we've worked,  
We've never shirked ;  
Much now we know,  
From you we'll go ;  
Scenes, walks, and friends,  
Joy without end,  
We will always remember.

LILLIAN H. KING.





2. In Retrospect

*The Luncheon Hour*

Dorothy Holt

In the closing hours of the morning,  
When noon-time begins to lower,  
Comes a time in the day's long program,  
That is known as "The Luncheon Hour."

I hear in the halls around me  
The patter of fleeting feet,  
The sound of dishes clattering,  
The voices harsh and sweet.

From my place I see in their faces,  
Wreathed over with hunger and care,  
A longing for food so delicious  
As our cooks alone can prepare.

A bustle and then a murmur,  
Yet I know by their satisfied looks  
They are eating and talking together,  
Wholly forgetful of books.

A sudden entrance is noted!  
A sudden turn of the head,  
Reveals a charming, sweet presence,  
Mrs. Graham, her smiles how they spread!

She walks among the assembled  
And greets them everywhere;  
Such hospitality she shows them,  
They are freed from every care.

They devour the food before them,  
And say that they like it well,  
Then happy they go to workshops  
At the ringing of a bell.

Do you think, O Wayside travelers!  
Since I have told this tale,  
That you could ever forget the days  
That you spent here in full sail?

You'll keep them fast in your memory,  
And will not let them depart!  
For you'll put these dear experiences  
In the bottom-most part of your heart.

And there, these associations,  
Will rest as years pass away;  
Till age recounts to inquiring youth  
The scenes of each happy day.



3. A Solo

*To The Senior Guests*

Katherine Brooks

Who've been wishing for the May?

*The Seniors!*

Who dig through Chaucer to Millay?

*The Seniors!*

So have no leisure time to spend;

Who over Muzzey's facts do bend,

Who're stabbed most by Virgil's pen?

*The Seniors!*

Who work with tangents and cosines?

*The Seniors!*

Who get first place in lunch lines?

*The Seniors!*

Who occupy the central seats,

Who have best views of every feat,

When in assembly all do meet?

*The Seniors!*

Who are building castles in the air?

*The Seniors!*

Who presented *Monsieur Beaucaire*?

*The Seniors!*

Who have their share on Honor's roll,

Who in grey caps and gowns will stroll,

To graduation—now their goal?

*The Seniors!*

4. A Toast

*To A Convalescent*

Doris Green

MRS. P. C. GRAHAM

School's not itself when you're not here;

We miss the sunshine of your face;

There is no one, however dear,

Can ever fill your empty place.

Our hearts look forward to the time

When again you'll take your place—

Accept 'till then this little rhyme,

To tell you how we miss your face.

5. A Toast

*To My Successor*

Dorothy Holt

Here is a toast I want to drink to a senior I'll never know—

To the fellow who's going to take my place when it's time for me to go.

I've wondered what kind of a senior he'll be and I've wished I could take his hand

Just to whisper, "I wish you well, old man," in a way he'd understand.

I'd like to give him a cheering word that I've longed at times to hear;

I'd like to give him a warm hand clasp when never a friend seems near.

I've learned my lessons by sheer hard work, and I wish I could pass it on,

To the senior who'll take my place some day when I am gone.



6. A Toast

*To My Mother*

Elizabeth Hooper

In the heart of a lily God found one day  
A wee bit of gold that He'd hidden away;  
He pondered o'er what was the best thing to mould,  
So he made a good woman with a heart of pure gold.

That good woman, sent by God from above,  
Was given to me to cherish, to love;  
And though often away from her bosom I roam,  
I'll always return to the jewel at home.

Though the years may pass in a steady flow,  
And though from her cheeks the roses may go,  
In my eyes her beauty will never fade,  
For she's the best little mother that  
God ever made.

7. A Toast

*To Our Leaders*

Carolyn Fuller

The time has come when we must leave  
Our Alma Mater and all our friends  
And launch forth into some strange seas  
Of new large shapes and new ideas.  
How brave we feel, and yet how shy  
We really are, and hesitate to go  
Out among strangers to win a place.  
There are tears in our eyes as we say good-bye  
To those whom we love, that have helped us try.

We honor them all, they are those whom  
We owe the most, for they have cheered  
With a ready smile, dark days for each  
Of those whose paths were void of sun.  
Whose hands have always been stretched out  
To give an understanding clasp to those  
Whose nerves were trembling. Always gay  
Any sympathetic, we remember them as our  
Unfailing friend and hope that they  
May call us friends also. Tribute  
We pay, sincere and strong from all who go.

8. Song

*To Durham High*

The Guests

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

We're here to praise dear Durham High  
With Senior dignity,  
So come and sing with all your might  
And all your loyalty.  
For four long years we've been right here,  
And we have much to show,  
Join in the song we sing tonight,  
The last before we go.

LILLIAN KING.





## *An Interlude*

At the doors of the dining hall, the newsboys waited with a special bulletin from the Wayside Inn print shop issued by the advertising department of the newspaper "The Hi-Rocket." The daily announcement was published to acquaint every one with the details of the many items in the facsimile below.

### *A Wayside Inn Bulletin*

April 1, 1930

1. The management of the Wayside Inn will in no way be responsible for loss of valuables—chewing gum, lipstick, and yo-yos included.

2. New arrivals at the tavern will please notify the Inn Keeper or his secretary, the lovely Mrs. Pierpont Morgan.

3. Madame M. E. McDonald announces the opening of her new Wayside Studio for the development and strengthening of the vocal organs.

4. A revised edition of the 18 day diet has recently been published by the Inn's dietetic authority, Miss Dorothy Holt. On sale now.

5. A special sale will be held in "Hazel's Novelty Shop" on Mr. Hazel's latest patented device, "A Date Book For Forgetful Boys." Come early and get an autographed copy.

6. Louise Dickey and Charlotte Umstead are working in collaboration on the great classic, "The Philosophy of Winning Smiles."

7. Burke Smith, flute virtuoso, will tie Maude Adams in the dainty feminine role of "Peter Pan" played June 30.

8. Miss Elizabeth Davis is the latest walking advertisement model for, "Locomotion on Springs." Give her a ring. U-028.

9. Miss Peggy Ann Strowd was recently elected to the prominent position of the Sweetheart of Alpha Sigma Epsilon. Authority on Sweethearts.

10. "Patricia" Bird is working on a second "Opera," "Clinking Cash," which is on the cabaret program.

11. "The Dance of the Silver Specie," by Eugene Phillips, a pupil of Salome McDearman is featured every evening at the Wayside Dinner Hour.

12. Katherine Brookski playing with George "Beeddy" Rickski, predecessors of Garbo and Barrymore, in the great Russian hit "Poliskyerccziski" for 25c.

13. (Censored!!!)

14. Lyne Starling Few, the great child prodigy noted for his simple expressions and clear vocabulary, has just completed a primer for the first graders.

15. The Dramatic Club will present a true bill of one act plays at the auditorium theatre entitled,

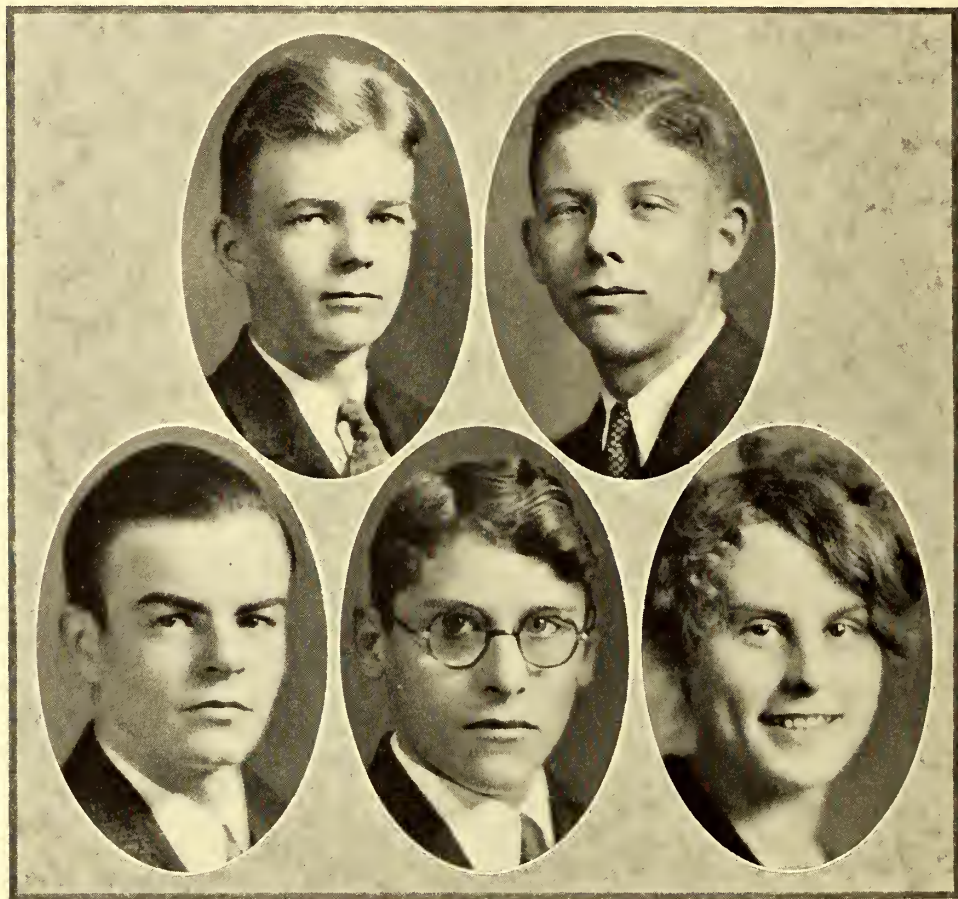
"Love Conquers, or Filthy Phil's Revenge."

"The First Robin, or "Cut Throat" Kate at the Cross-roads."

"Bob Merriwell's Victory, or Where is Bettina?"

"Sweethearts, or the Box Car Episode."

N. B.: Miss Lola Marler Rogers and Miss Mary Taggart were rushed to the Inn's brain specialist, Oswald Southerland, upon the completion of this bulletin. Latest report: "Both patients doing well."



*Lyne Few, Editor-in-Chief; Jones Pollard, Business Manager; James Newsom, Managing Editor; John Bird, News General; Doris Green, Literary Editor.*

## The Hi-Rocket

The Hi-Rocket, the "Tattler" and "Spectator" of the Wayside Inn, has, since it was first set off by the Senior guests in 1921, shot far into the field of progress, and has left in its wake not only knowledge and experience for the workers on its staff, but also state and national honors for the Inn.

This year, under the capable leadership of Lyne Few, as the editor-in-chief; Jones Pollard, as business manager; James Newsom, as managing editor; John Bird, as news general; and Doris Green, as literary editor, it returned from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association with medal for third place in its class, C. In 1926 it came out in first place in the State contest, and last year at the C. S. P. A. Convention it took second honors.

It is owned and operated by a hard-working and clever group of guests, with a literary staff which collects and writes the articles of literary value, a news staff who scours the Inn and surrounding village for fresh and interesting news, a business staff which directs all the paper's business, and circulation staff, which consists of the "newsboys" who put the paper before the guests, villagers, and other Inns.

The material for its columns is collected, compiled, corrected, and published entirely by guests who compose the staffs, and their elder advisers. Its own subscriptions and advertisements make it strictly self-supporting, and there are no journalistic classes to swell its numbers or lighten its labors.

Its purpose is mainly to give the guests on its staffs an outlet for journalistic talent and business acumen and experience, responsibility and cooperation, but it also offers the Inn and village an excellent example of a successful project and an interesting juvenile newspaper.

Its able and invaluable advisers are Miss Marguerite M. Herr, general and literary adviser; B. F. de Bruyne, business adviser; Mrs. Graham Edgerton, assistant literary adviser; Miss Mary Allison, art adviser.





PUT ACROSS  
"MONSIEUR  
BRAUCAIRE"

# The Hi-Rocket

CONQUER  
CHARLOTTE  
LOOPERS

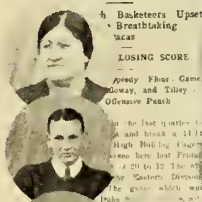
From the Town Embraced the World Around—The Friendly City

VOLUME XI

DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL, DURHAM, N. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1930

NUMBER 21

## BULLDOGS DEFEAT RALEIGH COURTERS IN CLOSE CONTEST



Basketballers Upset  
Breath-taking  
Ties



LOSING SCORE  
Raleigh 24, Durham 21



For the last quarter  
the Bulldogs led by  
a score of 21 to 17.



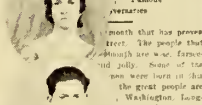
PHOMORES  
PICTURE FINANCE



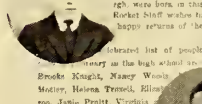
class had a regular  
meeting in the library  
last night.



ANTS HAVE  
AY IN FEBRUARY



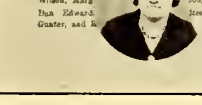
Yellows Arrive During  
Vacation



month that has proved  
fruitful for the school.



Central High School  
has a number of people  
visiting in the high school.

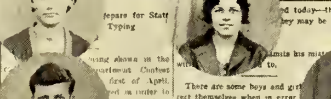


Brook Knight, Harry  
Wright, and others.

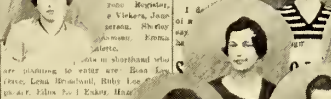
## D. H. S. Dramatic Club



Members Under  
Club One of  
the Central



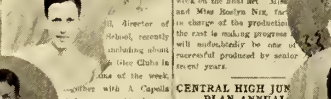
There are some boys and girls  
who are interested in the club.



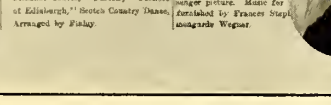
It is a pleasure to have  
the club members.



The following are the  
members of the club.



Central High School  
has a number of people  
visiting in the high school.



Brook Knight, Harry  
Wright, and others.

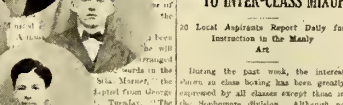
## Local Pupils To Attend New York Press Meeting



Charlotte Next  
The Durham  
Team, by  
the way,  
were at  
the  
Conference  
champion  
title to  
the  
University  
Gymnasium,  
and the  
outstanding  
of the season  
to the end  
of the  
teams.



FAMOUS  
The Durham  
Team, by  
the way,  
were at  
the  
Conference  
champion  
title to  
the  
University  
Gymnasium,  
and the  
outstanding  
of the season  
to the end  
of the  
teams.



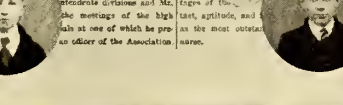
During the past week, the interest  
in the class boxing has been greatly  
expressed by all classes except those in  
the sophomore division. Although no  
paid bouts have yet been held, the class  
boxing seems to be between the  
junior and senior, the Sophomores have  
not been practically eliminated.



ON FEBRUARY  
Dr. George, Miss  
Ephraim  
Adams



Warren and Superintendent  
Lincoln in Conference  
at the  
School



Central High School  
has a number of people  
visiting in the high school.

HI-ROCKET STAFF  
OF  
THE WAYSIDE INN





## *The After Dinner Hour*

The dinner over, the guests left the dining hall and retired to the warm seclusion of the tavern library.

The library was surrounded by high bookcases containing many and various books of history, adventure, science, poetry, and a myriad other interesting and familiar subjects. There Mrs. Stackhouse, who spent much time and effort in keeping the domain quiet, clean, and orderly, presided as hostess to those present.

On the racks were various periodicals, whose gaudy and beautiful covers added a bright note to the room. High on the walls above the cases, hung large oil paintings in subdued colors and heavy gilded frames.

High windows formed an entire side of the spacious room, throwing the sunlight in golden rays across the orderly rows of tables and chairs.

There, cheered by warm radiators and glowing sunlight, the guests took seats around the broad tables. The quiet and peace of the place entered into the guests and all sat in contemplation for a moment or so, except for sighs of satisfaction from the more corpulent members of the party who had just climbed the long stairs.

Many people were there, of various humors and wide experience, guests from all over the world and in all walks of life. Each had his tale to tell, but each was waiting for some other to begin to toss the crystal ball of conversation.

### *The Jurist*

There was among them a Jurist, whose hair was gray, but who was not old. Immaculately clothed, he sat meditating near the window in the circle of guests, gazing off into the sky.

Soon, without removing his gaze, he spoke as to himself, "The law is a peculiar thing."

Scenting a topic of conversation in this, several guests eagerly responded, "Yes?"

"Well, yes," pronounced the Jurist. "The law makes no point of difference whether a misdemeanor results from passion or is a deliberate crime, or whether a legal offense is a result of ignorance or a purposeful sin."

"No?"

"And often the instigator of a crime, though known, goes unpunished, and sometimes even receives benefits, while the actual, though irresponsible criminal is sentenced, and there is no law to remedy the situation."

"Have you examples?" asked a guest, fishing for a story.

"Yes, one, in particular; I will narrate the circumstances if I may."

"Certainly, proceed."

"Thank you."

### *A Tale of Chance and the Cheat*

The defendant looked sheepishly down at the worn and hollowed floor of the police sergeant's office, scarcely evidencing the fact that his recent arrest on a charge of assault and battery with intent to kill had so disgracefully branded him a very dangerous character.

The conspicuous individual who had put an end to his heinous intent was explaining his prowess to that one person who makes the criminal wish he had become a preacher—the police



sergeant. This personage, arched up from behind his pulpit-like desk, sneeringly eyed the defendant from head to foot, and growled in a withering tone, "Humph! Well! fellow! whadaya got to say fer yerself?"

The dangerous criminal only looked up sulkily at his questioner, and stared again at the floor.

The sergeant was quite taken back that his fear-striking tone had such small effect, and so, clearing his throat with a few ruffled "harumphs," he said, less harshly, "Well! ahem! ah! you may explain yer case yerself!"

This seemed to arouse an air of hope in the prisoner's downcast mien, and he stood for a minute, silent, as if trying to collect his thoughts and feelings to make a satisfactory story. Then he launched off on his tale.

"Gentlemen, I am a slave of Chance. My most impelling and forceful emotions are founded around this—"

He stopped abruptly as he noticed the brow of the sergeant darken, then, realizing his error, he continued: "Gentlemen, in other words I am a gambler, an extreme gambler. Whenever I have the opportunity, I dive into large bets. I do not know why; there is no special reason. The fact remains that my desire overcomes me, and—there I am, betting.

"And so it was with this longing calling me, that I was returning from a long trip, through the country, with Martin Downsvale, owner of the Meadowland Dairies. I was thinking of some way to appease this urgent call, when I happened to glance out at some cows on a distant hillside. This reminded me of an old game, counting the cows, and I immediately wagered Mr. Downsvale five thousand dollars that I could count more cows on my side of the road, till the end of our trip, than he on his.

"At first he was startled, but after a moment's thought, readily accepted, begging that we change sides, due to the fact that he had a slight pain in his neck which would be strained in viewing his present side."

I readily gave him my side, and from then on we were busy counting cows, our accuracy being vouched for by our companions. Our luck was poor in the first of the game, but as we rode on the cows came fast. Over hills and dales, in meadows and pastures, we counted them, big, small, spotted, everything. For a while we forged along evenly, then I found that my score had increased till I was ten cows ahead of him. Even higher I crept, but, he seemed not overly worried at the possibility of losing five thousand."

Here the defendant paused, a dull anger kindling in his eyes. His hands clenched slightly, as though something of the past had aroused his hatred. It was clear that though he had been able to conceal his real emotion in the early part of his recountings, this recollection had stirred up his feelings. He stood thus for a moment, then continued.

"Soon we were reaching our destination, and I was grinning inwardly over the huge bet I was going to collect, when my opponent gave a great shout, and began counting so fast that his score shot up to and far ahead of mine. I turned quickly, and, gazing from his side of the car, saw, grazing peacefully before me in a huge pastureland, hundreds and hundreds of cows. My opponent had won! I drew back in and almost fainted, while my grinning enemy continued his speedy counting, every tally sounding my defeat. Then in my rage I pulled my pocket-knife, and—I stabbed him! *I stabbed the foul cheat!!!*"

The prisoner shouted these words with a supreme effort, and, seeming to have concluded his story, stood heaving with uncontrollable hatred and rage. The sergeant sneered down at him in disgust and, yawning with boredom, grunted to the officer to lock the fool up.

"Wait!" shouted the defendant, tearing his arm from the sergeant, "I haven't finished!"

"Well!" said the bored sergeant, "Go-'way!"

The prisoner with an effort subdued his burning emotion, then, his fists tight-clenched at his side, and his whole body quivering, he rasped through set teeth, all the hatred and rage of his passions pouring from between his half-closed, trembling eyelids:—

"Those were the pastures of the Meadowland Dairies!!!"



## The Aviator

Also among the motley group there was an Aviator, clad in armor of Khaki cloth, a soldier who had fought in muddy Flanders, who had thirsted in the Philippines, who had winged high above the blooming guns of the Bosphorus.

Only one arm had he, and his face was scarred, the lasting marks of vicious guns, of unsteady wings. His face was grim. The eyes seldom smiled, forever hardened by sights they had seen in times of struggle, sights of strong young men in the glory of youth, hardened criminals "doing their bit," bent old peasants straggling out of ruined villages, all impartial victims of relentless, seeking shells.

Touched by the story of the Jurist, he seemed to arouse himself from a reverie as that worthy ceased.

"You have spoken well," said he, "your story touched the lighter vein, filled the cup of hilarity. I, too, have a tale. It is a different tale, laid high in the sunny blue skies of France."

"Please tell us your story."

The Aviator paused, looked far off into the clouds and began his tale.

### A Tale of Galahad of the Air Corps

The intolerable rain, which had been coming down for weeks, beat against the corrugated iron roof of the room in which Tom Jackson paced restlessly up and down. He was a young college student of about eighteen who had come to this damned mudhole called France with the idea of making the world safe for democracy. A month previous he had been graduated from a flying school near Paris; he had been sent direct to "D" flight from there and had turned out to be a wonderful flyer and fighter. The restlessness that his pacing portrayed was his eagerness to return to flying, which the weather was holding up.

He ceased his pacing to and fro to sit down and write a letter to his mother. "Mother, this air fighting isn't so bad. Of course it is terrible to think that one either kills or is killed, but there seems to be a kind of chivalry or understanding between the opposing forces. The aviators on both sides seem to be trying to model the life of a Sir Galahad or some other of Arthur's knights." He looked up and saw peering over his shoulder, "Mike" Kelly, the fight commander.

"Sir Galahads! Are we? Well, well, now, isn't that nice? Knights of the Round Table. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Tom said nothing, but one could see that he did not like the ridicule.

Two weeks later, after the rain had quit and left the weather suitable to flying, the flight took off on a down patrol. As was the usual procedure, on the way the patrol broke up and went stalking individual game. Tom came in with his plane shot up badly, but he said nothing of the fight.

A few days later a French artilleryman reported seeing a plane from "D" flight bring down two enemy planes. The commander could not imagine who had brought down the planes without a request for verification. Mike, remembering the letter in which Tom had mentioned Galahad, asked as a taunt instead of a question, "Sir Galahad, did you, by any chance, bring down those planes?"

"Ycs."

"You did? Well, why, the d—! didn't you ask for a verification, so they could be added to your record?"

"It's bad enough having to bring down the poor fellows, and I don't think so much of the idea of counting them and bragging about the men you've seen go down in flames as a result of your marksmanship."





"Mike" decided things had come to the place where he had to take them in his own hands. He went to headquarters and reported the "Sir Galahad" incidents. The colonel said it was pretty bad, counting the foes brought down just to get credit for their death. Mike became angry and stormed out. The colonel smiled and said to himself, "Pity there are not more men trying to model their lives to Galahad's."

After a few more incidents of this kind, in one of which Tom let an observation plane fly back to safety because its observer had no ammunition, Mike openly expressed his disgust at such action.

One morning, after the breakup of a patrol, Mike ran into a flight of four enemy pursuit planes. He had brought down one of them when Tom arrived upon the scene. Then Mike's guns became jammed and his plane was in condition so that he could not maneuver. Tom got one of the remaining three, and there followed a running fight in which another enemy plane went down in flames. Tom found he had shot his last round of tracer at the third plane. The German seeing this lack of defense, dived for the unprotected planes. Tom waved his hand to Mike and turned the nose of his plane into the German's line of flight.

They collided head on at about two hundred miles an hour. The two planes, travelling at such a rate of speed, seemed to merge as they began their dance of death to the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another American mother's star sleeps "somewhere in France," guarded by a marble shaft erected by a certain Michael Kelly. The monument bears this inscription:

ERECTED TO THE MEMORY  
OF A  
MODERN SIR GALAHAD  
WHO IN SAVING ONE LIFE  
GAVE HIS OWN

GUY FERRELL.

## The Athlete

As the soft voice of the Aviator concluded, with all the guests silent and retrospective, a bronzed young Athlete in a darkened corner attracted attention to himself with the remark that a little interlude to lighten the atmosphere would not be out of place.

The young man was tall and heavy, with brown curly hair surmounting a bronzed and sloping forehead. Pug nosed, with high cheek bones, square jaws, slightly bowed legs, and broad shoulders, he was the picture of the hardened sportsman. His battered countenance spoke of struggles, fast and terrific, fought on hard or muddy battlefields, his torn and twisted ear of some ancient bloody encounter, on some hallowed gridiron.

"What have you to tell us?" inquired a young artist.

"Very little that would upbuild the mind, but much that would alleviate the gloom of the grave," smiled the Athlete. "May I proceed?"

"Certainly."

He lay back comfortably in his chair, and with his hands clasped lovingly over his stomach, he began his story.

## A Tale of Momus and the Mentor

The meet with Highland was only an early test for State College, the beginning of what was to be, Coach Ashe hoped, the greatest gridiron year State had ever had. There was just one possible weak spot in Ashe's line-up—the left end. The Highland game would prove whether he had two good wing men, or just one.



For Richards, the captain, a ten second man, was a natural football player, a heady, fast end, and a sure tackler. His speed and power had made him an all-conference wingman. However, Ashe had only one man with even possibilities for a fair left end. His name was Lee; he was rangy, powerful, with blonde hair, good humored eyes, and slightly flushed cheeks.

The coach watched him warm up, and, as the whistle blew, saw him take his position, then, later, rush down the field with the kick off. "We'll see now," said Ashe.

The first quarter went off easily, with straight, hard football, but, towards its end, the coach began to frown. Lec was playing correctly, but getting off slowly, disinterestedly. He was playing without heart, without spirit.

The rest of the game went off the same way, and, though State won decisively, Lee gave an exceedingly poor exhibition of himself.

"It beats me," the coach murmured to his captain after the game, "how a man with that much ability isn't a better player than he is." The tall captain nodded.

The weeks passed, and State College mowed a clean swath through the conference. She swamped Williams, sank Georgia, foundered Southern. But Lee had helped little; he had stalled against Georgia, fumbled with Sewanee, weakened before Williams. He had been worked hard by the coach, had practiced more, but had never once shown the heart—the exultant spark, that might develop him into a football star.

Grainger, Eastern champion, and traditionally a good football school, was sending a great team south that year. Two years before, she would not have considered a match with State, but State's star had risen.

She came to the Grainger meet with an unmarred record and a campus that was football mad for the first time in its history. At two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, two teams lined up on a field surrounded by a stadium jammed with rooters. It wasn't every year that a great State machine met a great Eastern school.

Barron was the unconquerable super-halfback of the visitors. Stop him, and hero worship was in order. But this was not to be thought of—Bruce Barron, a shifty, man crushing, irresistible driving force on a powerful football machine.

The game began and went through two quarters without any spectacular demonstration by either side. Coach Ashe frowned. He had a substitute at left end, a substitute he had been grooming for weeks. Still, however, the position was very weak—even weaker than ever, Grainger gaining consistently around that wing, till the score stood 19 to 6, in favor of the Easterners.

The second half opened with a flashy run back by Barron, and, in a few swift plays, the score stood 25 to 6. Then State tightened. Swift passes, Captain Richards receiving, gained many yards and a touchdown. Then a costly fumble by Grainger in the shadow of the goal post was carried across. Here, with the score 25 to 19, the feeble rally ended, and the third quarter was over.

Desperately, the coach sent in Lee—Lee, the boy without heart, without spirit.

On the first play of the quarter, Grainger punted to Lec in midfield, who was downed in his tracks. Several deceptive plays. Little gain. Grainger's ball. Barron back . . . sharp signals . . . the great Grainger machine hurtling around Lee's end. Lee was clipped by the interference, and Barron went by for eight yards.

As the teams lined up, right halfback Barron and left end Lec exchanged glowering glances. Signals . . . right around left end again thundered the mighty Barron, behind two-man interference. Powerfully, Lee fought through, and, at full speed, like two blonde young Titans, Barron and he came together, with a crack that was heard in the stands. Barron dropped the ball, and in a trice Lee was upon it.

On the bench, Coach Ashe was jubilant. Lee was fighting at last!

A million fans heard a radio announcer as he spoke, "State's ball . . . first and ten on the twenty. . . . Score: Grainger, 25; State, 19 . . . four minutes to play . . . great game, folks!



... about fifty thousand persons here. . . . Oh! there it goes! It's a reverse end play, Lee with the ball! Boy, but does that baby run! He's passing the fifteen! the ten! the five!— Oh, down on the—let's see—the three yard line! State's ball, first and ten on the three. Oh, man! but that was a pretty run! The stands are going wild . . . this Lee looks rejuvenated; he's playing straight, hard, fiery football."

Out on the field, twenty-two men, in whom lay the hopes and fears of thousands of fans, were lining up.

Rowe, State fullback, plunged . . . no gain. . . . Another driving center rush . . . one yard . . . referee's whistle . . . Rowe was out . . . "Pulled muscle," muttered a doctor . . . a substitute for Rowe.

Captain Richards came over to Lee and the substitute. "Lee," he said, "I noticed that hard tackle you pulled. I'm putting my money on you, I'm switching you to fullback. Hurry up, get in there, Jacobs."

Quick signals . . . a flashing pigskin, and Lee plunged, head low, neck straight, into a heaving mass of sweating, fighting men. Faintly, the time keeper's game-ending whistle.

Fifty thousand fans stood silent while the referee untangled the twisted mass of bodies. Then the white clothed official waved his arms, and the State stands went wild. Little old State College had tied the Eastern champs, with an even chance to win.

The ball went back two yards. They would try to buck the line for the deciding point. As a last desperate measure, Barron was switched to the weakening center to stop the drive.

Lee became a tight lipped automaton. He glanced at the square, set countenance of Barron . . . Signals . . . Right into Barron's stolid face Lee plunged. Like a plow horse he pushed—pushed—pushed, till he was stopped dead. With a contented smile, with the referee's whistle sounding in his ears, he looked down at the white chalked strip six inches behind the grounded ball.

As a rabid State student body carried off, amid cheers and exultant shrieks, the battered but cheerful Lee, the coach shouted in his ear above the clamor, "Fine work, Lee . . . knew you'd finally get your spirit up and put your heart in the playing!"

"Heart, nothing," grinned Lee, "Bruce Barron is my half-brother."

JOE GIOBEL.

## The Photographer

As the Athlete ended his tale, in the quiet that followed, a Photographer entered the room, carrying a big black box and portfolio.

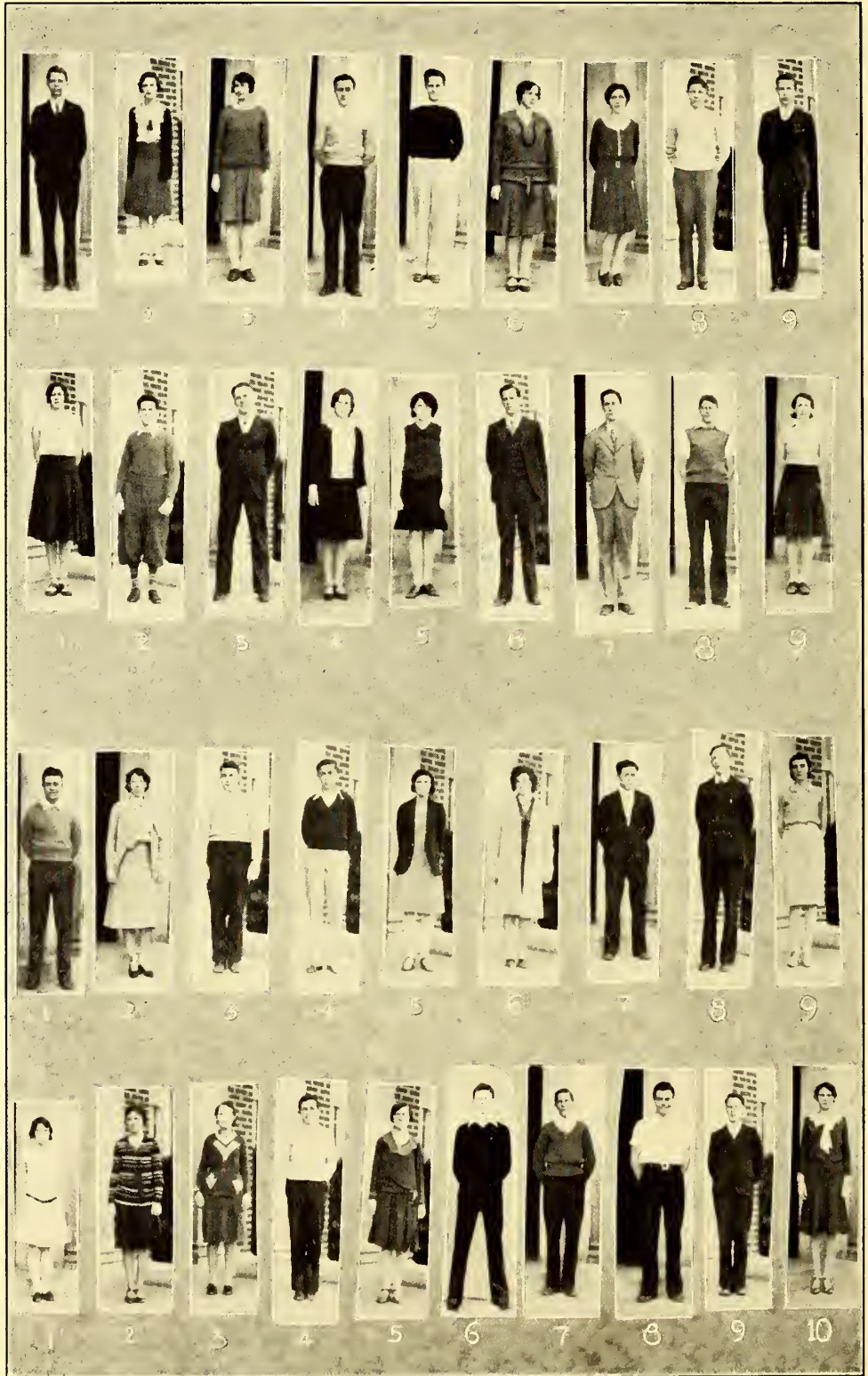
He sat the box down and opened the portfolio.

"I," he said, "am a Photographer. Lately, I have been at work in your Inn, taking pictures of the most famous in their separate lines.

"I have them all, tall and short, large and small, boy and girl. And before I leave, I wish to show them to you and to tell you who they are."

He opened his portfolio and took forth some photographs, which he exhibited to the assembled guests and explained why each was selected for the roll of "Honorable Rogues at the Wayside Inn,"







# *Honorable Senior Rogues*

in

## *The Wayside Inn Portrait Gallery*

First Row—(across):

1. Lyne Few—Most Influential Boy, Best Informed Boy.
2. Lillian King—Lightest Girl.
3. Katherine Brooks—Most Studious Girl.
4. Charlie Partin—Most Courteous Boy.
5. Claiborne Gregory—Most Dignified Boy.
6. Dorothy Holt—Heaviest Girl.
7. Lottie Brewer—Most Musical Girl.
8. Jones Pollard—Best Executive, Best All Round, Most Dependable, Most Popular Boy.
9. Ned May—Best Groomed Boy.

Second Row:

1. Nell Atwater—Most Athletic, Tallest, Most Artistic, Laziest Girl.
2. George Ricks—Most Studious Boy.
3. Joe Umstead—Laziest Boy.
4. Lola Marler Rogers—Most Charming, Best Girl Debater.
5. Peggy Strowd—Baby Girl.
6. Jim Holloway—Most Athletic Boy.
7. Conrad Plyler—Most Musical Boy.
8. John Bird—Best Politician, Most Talkative, Best Public Speaker, Most Radical, Best Debater.
9. Carolyn Fuller—Prettiest Girl.

Third Row:

1. "Gene" Newsom—Handsomest Boy.
2. Mary Taggart—Most Influential, Biggest Bluff, Best Public Speaker, Most Appropriately Dressed, Best Executive, Wittiest Girl, Most Popular.
3. Burke Smith—Heaviest, Most Musical Boy.
4. Harry Carr—Best Boy Writer.
5. Louisa Warren—Best Actress.
6. Mary Elizabeth McDonald—Most Talkative, Most Radical Girl.
7. Nathan Ornoff—Most Artistic Boy.
8. Phil Hazel—Biggest Boy Bluff, Baby Boy.
9. Wilhelmina Isenhour—Most Dignified Girl.

Fourth Row:

1. Beth Brantley—Shortest Girl.
2. Eleanor Markham—Most Conservative Girl.
3. Charlotte Umstead—Most Optimistic Girl.
4. Buck Kirkland—Shortest, Most Business-like, Wittiest Boy.
5. Margaret Couch—Most Dependable, Most Business-like Girl.
6. Guy Ferrell—Tallest Boy.
7. Robert Bird—Most Conservative.
8. James Newsom—Most Optimistic, Best Actor.
9. Tom Markham—Lightest Boy.
10. Doris Green—Best Informed, Best Girl Writer.



## The Briton

The Photographer finished his exhibit, and the room was in a hush, then there spoke up a man who had gone unnoticed while others held the stage.

"I," he said, "am from Britain." He paused, and flicked an imaginary speck from his coat. "The Americans impress me much with stories of America and the American spirit, I do not, however, wish you to forget England and the English."

"Nor do we wish to do so," said the Jurist. "Will you tell us a tale of England?"

The Briton lay back comfortably in his chair, an unopened volume in his lap. "I will gladly do so."

"Since one of the most characteristic and interesting things about England is her history, we will visit the realm of Clio for our tale. I will ask you to imagine yourself transported with me to the period of the Hundred Years War."

The guests settled themselves, and the Briton began his tale.

### The Briton's Tale of the Strange Story of Walter

Two men worked in the cook house of the bulky French galley; the one, old, stocky, and with a slight limp, shelled peas at a low table, while the other, young, tall, and slender, mixed dough for huge biscuits before an open window.

Cool sea breezes entered through the window, from a blue, cloud-swept sky, arching a sparkling green ocean. In strange contrast was the other scene, however, also visible from the window. This scene was of panting, sweating, half-naked slaves, chained in two tiers of fifty men each on either side of the ship, all pulling at their separate oars. Pulling, pulling, pulling—in regular clocklike rhythm to the beats of the mallet of the master up in the bow. Ceaselessly, vigilantly, the galley master walked the narrow catwalk, whip in hand, every little while bestowing resounding, cruel lashes on some luckless devil.

Walter stood by the open window and watched the latter scene. Though he had been on board long enough to become inured to such procedure, his heart still cried out for such punishment of his brothers.

For he was English, too. Born in Bath, raised in Dover, he was English to the bone.

"You say you were captured in a battle?" asked the cook, in French.

"Yes, at Auvergne," replied the boy, in such of the language at his command. "They would have sent me to the galleys, but I was too young."

"You are young," said the cook. "Do you have a family?"

"Yes," said Walter, looking at the misty horizon, "I have an old mother who lives in Plymouth. I had a brother, too, but he was always getting into trouble and running around at night. One time he went away and had the family coat of arms tattooed on his arm. That hurt mother a lot; but it broke her heart when Charles disappeared one night and never came back. Some one said that he joined King Henry's navy."

"Father had been sick for a long time, and he died soon after that, so mother and I are the only ones left. Then King Henry started this war and I joined the army."

"You've seen a lot for a young fellow," said the cook. This life isn't the best, but you're pretty lucky—luckier than you think—to escape the galley pit."

Days passed, lengthened into weeks, weeks into months, which soon became years, all passing away faster than Walter could keep their count.

Walter, though still young, became middle-aged. He became broken; he forgot the language of his country. Others forgot his record. Then, when the old cook gave up the ghost in an attack of fever near Fécamp, Walter, unquestioned, was made head cook, with all the freedom belonging the office. Still, however, no thought of escape entered the humble mind.

He walked the cook house floor; did his work; asked no questions and answered none; had no ambition; dreamed no dreams; mused not, nor was mused upon.

He heard vague rumors of a little French girl named Jeanne, who had turned the tides for France. He heard that the King of France had died, and that King Henry had died too. Forgotten names all, they awoke no memories, aroused no hopes, gave rise to no new thoughts in the brain long since broken, shaped to fit the confines of his narrow world, between the galley pit in front and the deck behind.

Then came a day when, seeking among moldy stores in the rear of the cook house, he found a shiny, crystal piece of something.

"Aha," he said, without enthusiasm, "this is glass, I remember the name."

Then he remembered something else. This little bit of crystal, when beaten and ground would soon become a fine white powder, soft to the touch, but a powder which caused queer things in a man when accidentally taken into his food.





Then he went away and began making the dough for his loaves. All the while he kneaded the dough he thought of the little shiny, clear crystal, and of the fine, soft, white powder.

Such thoughts gave rise to others; thoughts of a cozy little thatched hut near the piers at Plymouth, a little hut grown about with flowers, flowers tended by an old, gray-haired woman, who still waited for her boy to come home. Precious thoughts they were, thoughts he had long considered forgotten, thoughts that had not throbbed in his bosom since the first sad days with old François in the self same cook house.

The loaves baked, he and the cook's boys served them with meat, fruits, and wine to the officers on the poop deck; with meat and wine to the galley masters and inferior officers; with meat and water to the soldiers; and with water—mostly water—to the slaves.

Then a new thought entered the awakening brain. The loaves! They went to every man on board! Not a man but who ate of the loaves!

That night Walter lay on his pallet with dreams in his head, dreams which formed into a resolve. "I'll do it!" he exclaimed. "I'll leave this 'cursed ship and go back to Mother! Oh, Mother, your boy is coming home! Just wait for him, Mother! He's coming! If he has to move heaven and earth and the navy of France, he is coming!"

His purpose resolved, his soul burned for accomplishment; he arose in the middle of a sleepless night, went to the eupboard, got out a heavy mixing bowl and a butcher knife with a heavy handle. He broke up the little piece of glass and began grinding it in his improvised mortar. Until early morning he worked, until he had almost a mugful of fine, soft, white powder, which he hid in a safe place until an opportunity presented itself.

Days passed, and still the cup of powder remained hidden. Then, one calm winter day, the galley sailed into the harbor of Dieppe to take on powder for the brass cannon and the soldiers.

From his window, Walter could watch the longshoremen climb the gangplank with the small kegs, then disappear into a darkened hatch in the bow. Walter knew this hatch. It opened down into the armory, water tight, piled high with powder and ammunition. It was always battened down tightly, but now it was open, for the first time in his memory except in an engagement.

For the evening meal, Walter prepared carefully a large supply of dough, seasoned secretly with a cupful of soft, white powder. The loaves were baked, and, by the time they were served, Walter's plans were complete.

By midnight, every man on the ship would be helpless. Then with a heavy knife and a torch, he would sally forth, easily slaying who should bar his path. He would hurry up the catwalk, up the stairs up forward, light a fuse to the armory stores, and then down the gangplank and far into the country when the great ship exploded.

The crew ate much, and, after a time, called for water. Soon, many complained of indigestion, and others were awakened from sleep by sharp, shooting pains. In the dark, Walter heard screams, moans, and heavy, rasping breathing. He merely waited. He merely smiled and waited.

By early morning, before day break, all was still. Then Walter ventured forth, torch and knife in hand, down the eatwalk. Many of the slaves, he noticed, still breathed, but slept soundly. They hadn't got enough of the bread to cause any dire results.

His hardened heart failed to be impressed by the poor devils, though, and he continued down the eatwalk.

Near the end, however, he noticed a strong, handsome corpse, which had something peculiar on its arm, stretched over an oar.

Slowly, Walter paused and looked at the arm. On it was tattooed a coat of arms—his own coat of arms!

He fell across the cold, lifeless body and sobbed silently, then slowly, with a feeble torch, he climbed the stairs rung by rung, head bowed by troubled thoughts.

Silently, he rose and stood over the open hatch. In the glimmering of his torch, he could distinguish high piles of small kegs in the gloom below. He paused. He lifted his head and hands to heaven, and, muttering a phrase to "Mother," he dropped the torch into the darkness of the hatch.

\* \* \* \* \*

On shore two men babbled excitedly.

"W-h-what happened out there, in the-the-the harbor, just then?" asked one hurriedly.

"Oh," said the other, "a French prison galley just blew up. Nothing unusual."

HARRY CARR.

## The Doctor

Also there was in the group the Inn Doctor, a man of kindly visage, with steel blue eyes and neat grey hair. He wore small nose glasses, a stiff white collar, and an immaculate gray suit.



He sat near the center of the group, his eyes fixed on the floor, and, as the voice of the Briton was stilled, he took advantage of the silence that followed to make his statement in a quiet voice.

"You tell your stories," said he, "of various lands and sundry peoples, of olden times and strange situations, but, almost daily in my practice, I meet tales of curious happenings, cases of odd circumstances that rival the tales of the most unusual peoples and places."

He paused and gazed meditatively out of the window. One of the guests eagerly spoke, "I have often heard of such cases, but have heard the entire story of few of them. Could you tell us a tale from your experiences?"

"Gladly," said the Doctor. "I have one story in particular, as it concerns one of my intimate friends. If you will bear with me I will narrate it."

## A Tale of the Peacock Lady

Look out across the valley to that great hill yonder. Do you see a white road shining like a silver ribbon against dark green velvet? Just a short bit of it shows through the great forest. That same silver ribbon leads to a house of mystery, a great old mansion which does not look mysterious at all, but rather like what it was built for—a house of joy and happiness.

About two generations ago, a very rich man—a very close friend of mine, by the way—brought his beautiful wife here to get her away from the city. She was on the verge of a nervous breakdown; the doctors, including myself, feared for her mind.

I ran out nearly every week end to see them, and stayed in their beautiful home, which well deserved the rather pretentious-sounding name of Covington Manor, although the town-people appropriately called it Peacock Farm.

Mrs. Covington had a great and strange love for peacocks. Her personality seemed to be built around these birds—her moods, her deep rich beauty, her walk, everything. This love of hers for that particular bird rather amused me. I am afraid even the lady's nature was paralleled to that of her precious pets. She could be very gracious when she knew her beauty was being admired, but should one thing occur that did not suit her, her voice would rise like a peacock's to scream her displeasure at being crossed. Yes, even Mrs. Covington's voice carried out her likeness to the peacock. Instead of the soft throaty voice one would expect in a woman of Mrs. Covington's patrician beauty, a harsh, raucous sound surprised the ear when she talked. But she seemed to know it. She was the very prophet of the old maxim, "Silence is golden," except when her anger was roused, and then, nobody could stop her. I sometimes feared for her sanity, her heart, and her lungs, when she suddenly gave vent to a nasty mood. Poor Bob Covington! He grinned and bore it. I could not see how a man of his type could have married such a vixen.

Mrs. Covington was a firm believer in the occult and communication with spirits of the dead. I had even heard her tell her husband that if he married again, and his new wife changed any of her home, she would come back and haunt him.

A few years after their coming to live in that house, Mrs. Covington died as a result of one of her fits of anger and her strange will entrusted her money (of which she had plenty) to her husband, as guardian of her peacocks!

As I expected, Bob's grief did not last long. I was pleased when, in less than a year, I was called upon to be his best man in his marriage to a pretty little widow of a sweet, gentle nature.

Two months later I dropped in to surprise the happy couple. But, instead of the jovial Covington I had known, I found a haggard wreck of a man, his cheeks sunken, his eyes and his figure shrunken to a skeleton of his former self. I supposed a long illness the cause, though neither he nor his wife mentioned any sickness in the family. I said nothing, however, being sure that Bob would tell me his trouble in his own time.

I was not mistaken, for the next day he asked to have a private talk with me. We went into the library.

I waited for him to begin, which he did without any preliminary.

"Jack, I know you've noticed my appearance. I look like a sick dog. Well, I am—sick. I tell you, man—"

A raucous scream interrupted his speech. I caught a glimpse of a peacock strolling on the terrace. Covington shuddered and clenched his hands in a scared sort of way.

"That's another thing. Those—peacocks. They're driving me mad! Molly didn't want to go back to the city when we were married, and she wouldn't let me move the peacocks away. She thinks they're picturesque and decorative. Decorative! If she only knew—but man, I can't tell her. She wouldn't understand. Oh, I can't stand it! I'm going crazy!"



"Wait a minute, old man! Hold on! You can't let a few peacocks upset you this way. You—"

"But that's not all, I tell you! Listen! You remember what Alice used to say about haunting me? Well, she does. Ever since Molly changed that—"

"Now Bob, don't be an ass! If I didn't know you I'd say you—"

"But listen, won't you? I'll go mad if I don't tell somebody!"

He hesitated to get control of himself; then continued, "A few days after Molly and I returned from our wedding trip we started changing things around, and one of the first things Molly did was to have that long porch on the side changed into a bedroom suite. She wanted to live downstairs because she doesn't like large houses. They were *swell* rooms when she finished with 'em. But, listen.

"You remember how Alice hated changes? You remember how she said—"

I became exasperated. "Hold on! Keep on the ground! What on earth has Alice and a new bedroom suite got to do with your looking like a skeleton? Seems to me—"

"That's what I'm telling you! Alice is haunting me! She walks at night in my room! I tell you, she—"

"Bob Covington, you're a fool! Now listen here! This country quiet has got on your nerves. What you need is a little city hustle and noise. You and Molly take time out and go and cut up in the city for a while. That'll clear your mind of these imaginary hoo-dooes of yours. Ghosts! Bah! An overworked imagination—that's it! Ghosts! *You!*"

"But—"

"Shut up, I say! If I didn't know you—Go on! I'll take care of the house while you're gone. Stay as long as you like. Ghosts! Bah!"

Thus keeping him silent by frequent repetition of a scornful "Ghosts! Bah!" I had him promising that he and Molly would leave next morning.

They did, and I smiled to myself, smugly confident in my good judgment.

That night I slept in Bob's new bedroom where Alice's ghost had walked. Bob was right. It was a "swell" room. But the four large windows had not been screened, so I could not keep the lights on long, for fear of being bothered by moths and other troublesome insects.

I awoke about midnight with a creeping sensation. I sensed something—somebody—in the room.

Now I am not a nervous man. But I confess I felt strange. I thought I heard a soft rustling noise moving about the room—the sound of a woman's skirts! I waited a while. Then laughing at myself, I sat up. The noise had stopped, and I could see nothing by the light of the bright mellow moon that poured its soft light through the wide-open windows. All was silent.

Then, out on the terrace a peacock screamed.

The next morning I was inclined to laugh at the incident.

But that night I had the same sensation. Was I as bad as Bob? No—his story had just got on my nerves, that was all.

All the same I planned to stay awake the next night. I lay awake and listened for the sound. At about the same time as before, I heard a soft rustling sound, a woman's skirts, swishing daintily along the smooth floor. But there was no sound of footsteps! I lay still and listened keenly. Slowly, softly, the silken cloth rustled on the floor. Suddenly I sat up in bed and gave a loud yell!

The most unearthly noise I have ever heard, earsplitting, horrible, issued from that Something at the foot of the bed—a Something *I could not see!*

And then, still screaming violently, a gorgeous peacock angrily hurled itself from the window through which it had entered! I had the windows tightly screened the next day, and Bob Covington believes to this day that I am a great nerve specialist.

And that same peacock's feathers adorn some lady's fan.

DORIS GREEN.

## The Poet

As the Doctor finished his narrative the audience was left smiling.

Then, the Jurist recognized among the group a young poet whom he knew.

"Will you read to us," he asked, "some mosaics from your recent work?"

"Gladly," said the Poet.

She rose, and with a small leather book in her hand, she began to read to the listening guests.





## Mosaics of Verse

### Night

This moon, and the spicy pines,  
Crickets' songs, and I alone  
Watching shadows surge and fall  
Into waves.—Can this be peace?  
This inveterate monotony  
Of chirpings and gliding shapes,  
Or is it just an interval  
Of nothingness between two fantasies  
Of glaring light and faces taut with toil?

CAROLYN FULLER.

### Delight

If you have never known the thrill of flying a kite,  
If you have never swum up-river, alone, at night—  
Then you have never lived, nor known what is sheer delight.

If you have never seen a moon through young peach trees,  
Or lain face-down on a hill in a stiff March breeze,  
You have not lived. Be quick, catch life before it flees!

CAROLYN FULLER.

### Dye

Splash of scarlet;  
Wheat grown tall:  
These are eager  
Colors of fall.

Patch of poppies;  
Field of wheat—  
This is beauty  
Prone at your feet.

CAROLYN FULLER.

### Whim!

I'd like the evening sky  
For curtains in my room;  
For carpet I should want  
Fresh grass that crickets haunt;  
And crocuses in bloom,  
Can't you see  
That would be  
A lovely little room—  
A truly lovely room?

CAROLYN FULLER.

### Rain

Pavements glisten with bold reflections  
Of tree trunks' dripping slime;  
A whirl of wind flaps awnings,  
And denies the passing of time.

CAROLYN FULLER.



## To the Pilgrim Fathers

Here's to you!  
Brave men and true!  
You faced all disaster  
And conquered a wilderness;  
You brought your religion  
And founded our faith;  
From your worthy beginnings  
This great nation grew.  
Strong Pilgrim Fathers,  
Here's to you!

CAROLYN FULLER.

## On Education

(With apologies to Milton)

When I consider how my energy's spent  
'Ere half my days in this great school and old,  
And those studies which have me in their hold,  
At their command; though my pen more bent  
To write therewith my papers and present  
Creditable work, lest teacher, grading, chide.  
"Does life exact all work; no leisure give?" I fondly ask.  
But knowledge, to prevent that murmur  
Soon replies, "Education is man's blessing,  
And schools to offer that boon are up-built,  
Who best make use of their great gift, best profit in it.  
Its chance spread. Thousands, in accepting,  
Progress far, in fields of culture, with great ease.  
They never learn who only stand and fret."

—JAMES LONG NEWSOM.

## A Girl I Would Like to Be

At night, as I sit by my window  
And look at the stars up above,  
I dream of the girl I should like to be,—  
The dream I adore and love.

Way off in the west two brilliant stars  
Each twinkle and smile at me.  
They seem to be my dream girl's eyes  
Instead of the stars, that I see.

On the big round moon as a canvas  
Ambition paints for me  
A pulsing, life-like portrait  
Of the girl I'd like to be.

Her hair is bright and curly;  
She is fearless, dauntless, brave;  
Her attributes of womanhood  
Are everything I crave.



Her eyes so calm and steady,  
Seem quite ready to meet  
The eyes of the world, as she trips along,  
Always on dancing feet.

I see her there so clearly.  
In her eyes there's a twinkling light,  
And, then, a cloud comes drifting down,  
And she's quickly gone from my sight.

And often I wonder if out of the sky  
Which looks like an inky black sea;  
The girl I see will step as the one,—  
That girl I would like to be.

LILLIAN KING.

## Spring

With the early morning dawn,  
Out upon the rainbow lawn,  
The pastel colored flowers nod,  
As if to give their thanks to God;  
The Easter lilies, pure and fair,  
Are swaying in the fragrant air;  
The sky above is blue and clear,  
And all the world is full of cheer.  
The music of the bells that ring,  
Is mingled with the buds that sing,  
And each little blossom seems to say  
"Greetings on this spring-time day!"  
And so to you, oh Spring, so gay  
That brings the warmth and flowers of May—  
We love thee so, for thou art fair  
With all thy beauties, oh, so rare!

HELEN GORDON.

## What The Embers Told

In the warm fire's dying embers,  
The old faces I remember,  
Loom, recalled by memory.  
Treasured recollection sweet.  
Reminiscences of years,  
Long past; through moist blinding tears,  
I see them as they come and go,  
Within the ember's dying glow.

In the slowly dying embers,  
O'er all the faces, one old face,  
Looms before my eye.  
I heave a deep repressed sigh  
Unusual, homely, beauty, rare,  
Brown eyes 'neath gray, long flowing hair.  
Within her arms I sleep, it seems,  
Before the embers, in my dreams.

CLYDE DUNNEGAN.





## An Interlude

Here the guests were interrupted by the entrance of a representative de luxe of the Wayside Inn Publishing House who distributed the following sample pages of the newly compounded compendium that will come from press very soon. It will be a welcome and rare addition to the reference books of the modern language library.

The comments of the guests will be placed on reserve in the "Who Said That?" files of the Library Museum.

### Sample Pages of Unabridged High School Dictionary (Censored)

(With all due apologies to Samuel Johnson)

ATHLETE, *pr.* Ice man on winter vacation; scholastic hero.

AUDITORIUM, *adv.* Place where free advice is cheerfully given; taking-off place for amateur orators.

BELL, *v. t.* (pl. fire alarm). Ancient instrument of torture, hence,—bothersome device for wake students at regular intervals.

BON JOUR (There is some discussion as to whether this is derived from Scandinavian meaning *pea soup*, or is merely French for *howdy*). *adj.* or *adv.* Limit of average French student's vocabulary. *interj.* or *prep.* Term applied to member of the faculty.

CAESAR, *pr.* Reason why boys leave school.

CAFETERIA, *conj.* Soup dispensary. Popular curb market for Graham products.

CHEERLEADER, *interj.* Amateur contortionist. *adv.* Species of anthropoids. *pr.* One who amuses the fans by bodily contortions and queer vocal effects when the game is dull.

DRAMATIC CLUB, *collective n.* Group of amateur tragic comedians.

DRUM MAJOR, *v. t.* Freakily dressed individual who distracts attention of onlookers from sour notes of band.

EDITOR, *prep.* One who goes to printer's when his class is to have a test.

GEOMETRY, *v. t.* Miss Watkins insuppressible delight.

GLEE CLUB, *conj.* Group of students who enjoy tormenting others.

HAZEL, *pr.* A delicious nut.

HERR, *pr.* Third person objective personal pronoun, feminine. First person grammatically in High School.

HOLIDAY, *n.* Only time Seniors stay awake all day.

JOHN, *adv.* Colorful response to the three bell signal.

LOCKER, *collective n.* Convenient receptacle of unlimited capacity for borrowed books, used and unused paper, et cetera, ad infinitum. *interj.* place where you left your French book. *v. i.* English for *armoire*.

LUNCH LINE, *pr.* Practice for sprint stars.

MINUET, *prep.* Invention for Beaucaires, Beau Nashes and Lady Rellertons to show their superb steps off to an advantage.

NIX, *prep.* Slang expression for don't.

NUISANCE, *v. t.* (See quiz) Synonym for blue cards, girls, and the like.

ORCHESTRA, *v. t.* Useful discovery to drown noises of incoming Sophomores at assembly.

OSWELL, *interj.* One who asks questions.

PROGRAM, *adv.* Harmless local anaesthetic.

QUESTION BOX, *prep.* (see Oswald).

QUIZ, *adj.* Guessing contest.

SCHOOL SPIRIT, *n.* The feeling which urges us to sit shivering on the bleachers while the Bulldogs are being beaten.

SESSION ROOM, *adv.* Place where blue cards are distributed and money is collected.

SHAKESPEARE, *pr.* Reasons why students get gray.

STUDENT, *adj.* Ironical term applied by Freshmen to upper classmen. *pr.* One who pays book rent and uses the rented articles.

TEACHER, *v. t.* One who keeps students from sleeping, chewing gum, or passing a course.

TEST, *n.* Same thing as quiz, only more so.

WIND, *pr.* The force of nature that puts the sand in sandwich.



## The Southerner

There was also in the assembly a Southerner, a taciturn and quiet individual, who avoided the center of the throng. Clad in conservative clothes, neat and worn with ease, he sat back in a darker section of the chamber, and as the Poet ended her contribution, leaving her audience smiling, the Southerner spoke.

"If you will permit me," he said, "I would like to tell you of my native land."

"I come from the South, from the land of long summer sunshine and short, mild winters; from the land of rolling fields and sleepy rivers. In my land live a free and simple race. They exist and move among the Caucasians; living their own lives, living their own joys, living their own sorrows. They have their beliefs—strange beliefs they may be, but beautifully so; they have their own codes, they have their own free existence, different from any other extant."

"Will you tell us a tale of that race?" asked the assemblage.

"Yes," said the Southerner, "I will; it will be short, and it will be simple, but it will be true to the race."

### A Tale of One Who Attained in Death

Tuc-a-luc was not to get upon the large, brass bed; it was forbidden territory. Sue had taught him that soon after she had taken him under her care when his mother died. A switch, ever hanging at her side, served as a constant reminder. The bed was Sue's best piece of furniture, therefore only she must lie on it. Tuc-a-luc must not place his hands upon it; he must not even go near it.

But oh, how he adored that shiny brass bed, polished daily by Sue's hands and covered always with spotless lincn. To him it seemed made of gold. How he longed to rest his little body beneath the soft covers while his heart throbbed out in blissful sleep. He was tempted just to put his hands on it when Sue, his grandmother, was away at the big house cooking. But no, he must not do this. He could never tell when Sue would come home for something; and well he knew the penalty of disobedience. At night, while sleeping in the small, wooden bed, he dreamed he was on the big brass one riding through the heavens. Such was his admiration and longing, and it gradually increased, finally becoming so intense he could hardly bear it.

One summer day, when as usual Sue was at the big house cooking, Tuc-a-luc was all alone. He lolled around on the low front porch half asleep in the warm sunshine, as is the habit of the negro child. Now and then he crept to the edge, but instinctively drew back in fear of falling to the ground. Finally, weary from play, he fell asleep. After about an hour, Tuc-a-luc awoke with a start.

Dark clouds filled the sky, blotting out the sunshine, while a furious wind whipped the branches of trees. Rain was being blown upon the porch in sheets while the loud cracking of thunder shook the earth. Scared speechless, Tuc-a-luc ran into the house. Driven to desperation, his eyes fell upon the large, brass bed. It was his only refuge. Sue always lay upon it during a storm. Why shouldn't he?

He ran for the bed and had hardly placed his little hands on the head preparatory to climbing up when, with a loud crash of thunder, he fell prostrate to the floor.

On coming home after the storm, Sue found him just as he had fallen. She alarmed all the other colored folks in the immediate neighborhood with her cries. A doctor was hastily summoned, but all to no avail. Tuc-a-luc was dead; he had been killed by lightning. Tenderly, they lifted his little body and placed it on the bed by the side of which he had fallen.

Next day the funeral was attended by everyone on the plantation including the white owner for whom Sue cooked. Now and then during the sermon, the superstitious negro preacher, who had taken as his text the fifth commandment, seemed overcome with awe. Feigning composure, he proceeded to administer the rites which "the great Gawd had instructed him to so do," but each time his eyes fell upon the bed on which Tuc-a-luc's body was resting, the words



seemed to swell in his throat. Finally, as if under the spell of some strange hypnotic power, he dropped his Bible, which fell to the floor with a resounding thud, and to the horror of the rest of the negro attendants, he drew back from the bed muttering incoherently. This bringing the ceremony to an impromptu close, Tuc-a-luc's little body was lifted from its resting place, the only goal to which he aspired in life and now attained, lowered into a rude wooden coffin, and, followed by the rest of the procession, carried to the plantation graveyard where it was buried.

Today, the rust eaten brass bed stands in a corner of the room, covered with countless cobwebs and the dust of years. Around it a newer generation play but all give it a wide berth, none daring to place their hands upon it.

CLYDE DUNNEGAN.

## The Northern Visitor

This story recalls to me scenes of my recent visit to a lovely southern town.

From tall skyscrapers etched in the white of falling snow, from the noisy hum of great cities, and from the bleakness of the north I have travelled to the old historic town of Charleston-by-the-sea. Here among charming southern manors and lovely gardens I wandered until I came upon a deserted estate, and, still around the great old house lingers the pomp and splendor of former days.

### A Carolina Idyl

The aromatic, cool leaves of the great sweet gum slept in the balmy sunlight over the lambent, still waters of the old river; and the waters slept; and the wildwood stretching away in glimmering beauty, slept. I had been drowsing, but was suddenly awakened by a brown thrasher, who swayed on the topmost limb of an enormous locust tree, pouring forth his unpremeditated song, free and wild. With these clear flute-like tones piercing the fragrance of early morning, I began my wanderings over an old forgotten plantation.

Through winding woodland paths bordered with dilapidated shacks of former slaves; to charming gardens filled with azaleas, tea-roses, and larkspur, I strolled until I came upon the low rambling manor, which stood half fallen in decay.

The once spacious hall, now dim with age, led to a formal reception room, covered with dust and patterned with cobwebs, where impetuous gallant paid court to the powdered belles of the day. Beyond, vast gun rooms where, by candle light, duels were fought and juleps passed to the gentlemen of the time. Through room after room, I wandered until I came to the cool veranda which looked down the long drive and from gigantic, live oaks hanging moss swayed in the breeze like the long gray beards of venerable southern gentlemen.

## The Artist

The soft, liquid drawl of the Northerner ended, and again the motley assemblage was shrouded in a profound quiet.

As the last great glory of the day began to mount upon the towering clouds and spread in flaming bands across the evening skies, a young Artist rose from his chair and walked to one of the many windows and gazed in deep meditation at the splendor.

The Artist was clad in a paint-daubed smock, covered with countless smears and splashes of variegated colors. His hair was tousled, and upon his cheek was a little smear of violet, all showing that he had been but recently among his paints.

Then he turned from the window, took his seat, and, without removing his gaze from nature's canvas, he began to speak.

"I also have a story," he began. "It is a simple story, and it is short, but, to me, it expresses something which the petty masterpieces of humanity cannot compare. Will you bear with me?"

"Certainly, tell us your story."





## - A Tale of the Triumph of Nature

It was growing late in the afternoon, and a slender youth with his paints and easel leaned wearily against a tree. Scrambling over the cliffs and tramping through the woods had made him very weary, as he was not used to such overexertion; yet his fancy kept running back to the morning.

He had been at the cave very early to paint the sunrise. Sitting there on a boulder he had felt the misty wind blow his hair and had heard the low boom and pounding of the vast ocean, but these were just the background of his picture. Slowly, the gray had turned to dull pink. This was swept away by the light of dawn, and then came brilliant pinks, and the sparkling colors of the rainbow, until at length, first slowly, then faster, had come the round, red ball of fire that he had come to paint. The rocks sparkled; the sky growing deeper blue, seemed veiled in mystery; the sea dull and calm, was resting. The paints were forgotten.

When the great brightness was gone and the sun had become a merciless burning ball of fire, the painter retreated to the cool of the forest. Now he was waiting for the sunset.

It came. Over the tops of the trees it came. The sky was still blue; the ocean still struggled in that treacherous way; the wind still sang its varied song, a song of rest and peace. It grew softer and was soon humming as a lullaby. Though the birds still summoned to each other, the saucy note of the day was missing, and love and promises fairly overflowed their twittering.

The ocean continued to roll, but with a different tone, for it struggled, it threatened, it writhed, and the calmness that belonged to the day was forgotten. As the sun sank lower, the sky grew bluer, and the clouds massed together like feathers in a pillow. At length the sun slowly melted into the heavens.

From the highest boulder the man watched. Gradually the shadows crept in. For a time there was silence. Even the ocean seemed to pause in its maddening race.

Again the painter had failed.

EVELYN KAPPES.

## The Dramatists

As the last tale was finished, the hospitable Innkeeper, Mr. W. F. Warren, entered the silent room and announced to the assembled guests that, if they would enter into the auditorium, a surprise would be found there.

The guests then rose and filed into the spacious chamber. Blue velour drapes hid the windows, while a massive blue curtain of the same material was draped from the proscenium arch, concealing the stage. In the orchestra pit, Coon Plyler's saxophone wrestlers held undisputed sway, delighting the audience with lilting melody.

The programs, printed in the Inn's shop, were distributed. Upon these programs was written:

### The Pneumatic Club presents

#### *Like You As It*

By Jake Willspeare

(A one act play laid in the low life of a great city)

Directors: Greta Garbo Holton and Cecil De Mille Nix.

#### Cast of Characters:

Shieky .....	William Kirkland
Sheba .....	Charlotte Umstead
Waiter .....	Philip Hazel, Jr.



Gunman .....Guy Ferrell  
 Percival .....Oswell Southerland  
 Jones .....Lyne Few  
 Sylvester .....John Bird  
 Policemen .....Joe Giobbi, Thomas Markham, George Ricks  
 Dogs .....Eugene Phillips, Melvin Warner  
 Fleas .....Hyman Dave, Burke Smith

Then the footlights were switched on, the overhead lights extinguished, and the curtain drew back slowly. The show was on.

### LIKE YOU 'AS IT

#### *Dramatis Personae:*

SHIEKY, young gentleman of Metropolita  
 GUNMAN, a thief  
 SYLVESTER, Mayor of Metropolita  
 JONES, a newspaper reporter  
 PERCIVAL, a tough  
 A Waiter  
 SHEBA, young lady of Metropolita, friend to SHIEKY  
 Policemen, Dogs, Fleas

#### SCENE: METROPOLITA, a night club

*Enter SHIEKY and SHEBA*

SHEBA: The place doth have the air of underworld.  
 Here are gathered runnion thieves and dark,  
 Foreboding men.

SHIEK: And beauteous ladies; all  
 In search of recreation wild, forbid  
 By law and government.

SHEBA: We'll sit and watch,  
 And, mayhap, drink of the forbidden vine.

*(Enter WAITER)*

SHIEK: To some dark secluded nook where we may sit,  
 Observe, and later dance: where we  
 May see and not be seen.

WAITER: I see; you see,  
 I seldom see some seer but seeks the same.

SHEBA: Methinks this waiter hath not want of wit.

SHIEK: 'T may be, or else, he hath dire need of it.

WAITER: Here shall ye be seated and it please you:  
 Partake of our good hospitality.  
 Here am I to serve you. Mention but  
 Your slightest Bacchanalian wish, be it  
 But in the law it shall be granted.

SHIEK: In the law?  
 Very well; for me, I'll take a whiskey  
 And soda, drink divine! The lady takes  
 Absinthe.

SHEBA: Oo-oooh!

WAITER: Very well, it shall be done

*(Exit WAITER)*



SHEIK : Look about you and behold each villain  
Character : see yon dark man in suit  
Of blue ; see under cover of his coat  
The steel blue automatic ; yonder dame  
In silken gown, and glittering gems ; and yon  
Dark visaged criminal in e'ning dress ;  
And that quaint, adipose old gentleman ;  
All voluptuous, seeking merriment.

SHEBA : Nestle closer, boy friend, I feel  
That I am passing cold.

(Enter WAITER)

WAITER : I bring thee cheer :  
The lusty bev'rage from th' enchanted vine,  
Blended with the bright carbonic fluid :  
Sip, and sigh, and mourn the passing night ;  
Refresh yourself ; the cost is light, the e'en  
Is young, the underworld is just awoke.  
God rest ye merry, gentlefolk.

SHEBA : Methinks  
The lad is tipsy. But, for me, I drown  
My tribulation in the Bacchanalian  
Liquid sunlight.

SHEIK : Aye, and I.

SHEBA : And I,  
Again. Absinthe doth reek of 'Lympic charm.  
Methinks I see old Ganymede a-singing  
To a lamppost.

SHEIK : Yes, and I. Whoopee !  
Ere we begin the long, long pilgrimage  
Into the unknown void 'neath the table,  
I must leave the requisition of  
The hostel here for him who waits  
On table : ten minute but costly bits  
Of argent ! Truly all things come to him  
Who waits !

(Enter GUNMAN)

Alack-a-day !

GUN. : God rest you merry,  
Gentlemen. But raise your hands above your heads,  
And I'll do all the rest, forsooth.

SHEIK : Alas ! the villain robber comes to rob  
Me of my specie.

GUN. : Up with thy hands above  
Thy head, and give me aught that thou possess !

SHEIK : Argnt and aureus have I none,  
But such as I have I give to thee.  
Take thou this token, all I have. 'Tis good  
For one lone ride on clam'rous subway. Take it ;  
It is all I have.

GUN. : What ? All thou hast ?  
Alack-a-day ! Thou conjur'st up sweet mem'ries  
Of the past. There was a time when I,  
Then the dandiest beau in Brooklyn—young and





Handsome, gay was I in those fair days—  
 When I would walk on Sabbaths in the park  
 With my own sweet light o' life. (*Sobs*) Oh,  
 I remember how the money rolled away. (*Sobs freely*)  
 My son, hast thou not e'en the fare for transportation  
 To thine own abode, or for thy belle?

SHIEK: Nay, not for my sweetness, nor for me,  
 H've I the carfare home. (*Sobs*)

SHEBA: . . . . . Alas! (*Sobs*)

GUN.: . . . . . Weep not,  
 My lady. Well might I appreciate  
 Thy dire predicament. (*Weeps*) For oft myself  
 In such sad tribulation myself have found;  
 Here, take this curr'ncy and oblige, though it  
 Be all I have. Take thou also this silver  
 Watch, and this, and this, and this, take thou  
 Cheerfully all my currency and all  
 My worldly goods. Make thou thyself cheerful  
 Happy and content. (*Weeps freely*)

(*Noise from without*)

And here, take this, my pistol, in thy right hand,  
 It is worth much money to the owner ('tis to me),  
 And that is all I have of worth.

(*Enter POLICEMEN*)

FIRST POL.: Oho! what have  
 We here? Do I some scurvy hoodlum see,  
 Some carrion watch, or is it mere imagery?  
 This runnion with the pistol drawn, and holding  
 In his hands his purloin'd loot, upon him,  
 Boys! Forsooth he is the thief!

SHIEK: . . . . . But I—

SECOND P.: Forebear! Upon him boys, I say!

SHEBA: . . . . . But he—

FIRST P.: Be calm, we will arrest this dang'rous crook,  
 Upon him boys!

GUN.: . . . . . Take him away, for he  
 Is dang'rous. He accosted us and did  
 Command that we give up our finery.  
 Away, I'll take my lady home.

SHEBA: . . . . . Oo-ooh,  
 Hurry up my boy friend.

SHIEK: . . . . . Alas!

THIRD P.: . . . . . Upon him boys!

(*Exeunt*)

HARRY CARR.

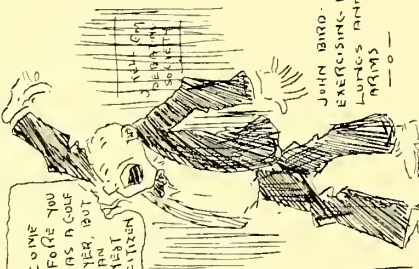
# THE YOUNGER SET



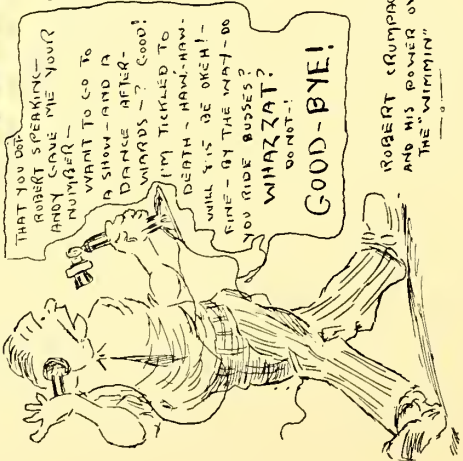
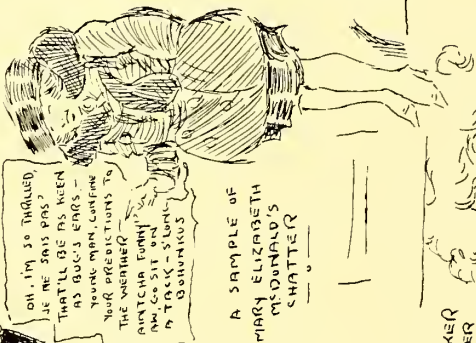
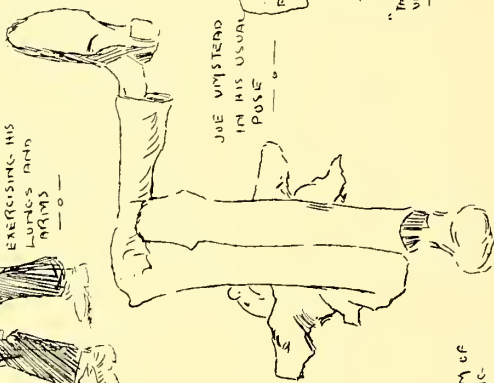
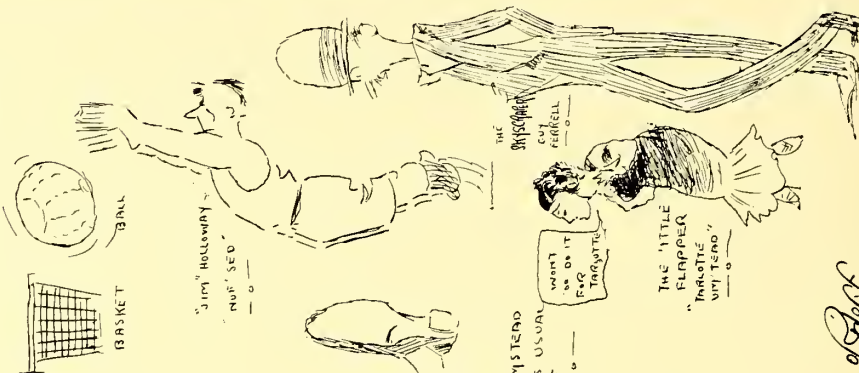
HANDSOME "BILL" COLEMAN



PHIL HAZEL—  
WITH HIS  
FOOLISH QUESTIONS



JOHN BIRD—  
EXERCISING HIS  
LUNGS AND  
NAILS



ROBERT CRUMPACKER  
AND HIS POWER OVER  
THE "WIMMIN"

WIT  
WITH APPLAUS  
TO ALL CONCERNED



## The Vaudeville Hour

As the last story was finished, the guests were agreeably surprised by the entrance of a group of immaculately clad black faces, led by an interlocutor, one Guy Ferrell, to the music of the Harmony Hounds of Conrad Plyler.

As soon as the group was seated, Mr. Interlocutor arose, and in stentorian tones, addressed the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have before you the Much Faster Minstrel, the talk of seven states and the Republic of Minnesighs! We are going to entertain you with jokes, with skits, and with songs!

"On with the show!"

Then the stage was cleared, and at the rear a curtain was drawn back, revealing a solemn scene.

Stiff and stricken with a scared expression upon his pallid countenance, helpless Ned May stood before the black draped wall, while the stranger moved silently before him and then took careful aim at the motionless scholar. Surely the young man was not going to sit there and be shot without a struggle! No, he grimaced and twisted arms and legs, anxious to be free. But the stranger in the black hood was merciless; he aimed slowly, steadily, and quoth from the depths of his ebony hood, "Keep still." Then, a slight compression of the finger, and all was over for the poor student.

"Call for the pictures Friday," he said as Ned left the studio.

---

"Mr. Interlocutor," said Lyne Few, rising and coming to the front, "Can I tell the joke I got a prize on last summer?"

"Sure," said Mr. Interlocutor, "it must be fine if you got a prize on it."

"It was in the farthest Artic. Snow, ice, and cold blue sky spread as far as eye could see. The American aviator plodded wearily across the broken waste back to civilization. Coming to a rift in the ice in which water shone clear and blue, he sat down with a sigh and pulled out his calendar. It was Saturday night.

"Grimly resigned to duty, he began to undress, then to bathe himself with Ivory (99 44/100% pure) Soap. Soon, being through, he placed the soap on a ledge of ice and dived below the surface to rinse off the lather. While he was in this position, a polar bear came up and, surveying the scene, finally ate the cake of soap.

"The American rose to the surface, then, glancing around he cried, 'What! No Soap?'"

---

Again the curtain at the rear was drawn back, this time revealing a scene in a ball park.

The score was 6 to 5 in favor of the visitors. It was the last inning, and with two out and the bases loaded, Slugger Sploch came to bat for the home team.

The pitcher slipped over a fast strike. The stands groaned; it looked bad for the home team. One ball. The stands cheered. Every man on base took a slight lead off his sack and dug in his cleats, as the pitcher shot over a ball which Sploch fouled into the stands.

Many fans arose and began to leave the park; the day seemed hopeless. Two balls. The few remaining onlookers cheered. Three balls. Each baseholder again took his lead off his sack preparing for a dash home, as the home team hoped and prayed for Sploch.

Sploch gripped his bat lazily, and, in a cold sweat, the pitcher wound up. He shot the ball hard across the plate.

"Strike three!" said the umpire.

"I'm glad that's over," said the pitcher, walking to the kennel.





For the third time the screen was drawn back, this time exhibiting a very romantic scene.

The parlor is darkened, and, on a sofa are seated a pretty young woman and a nice looking young man. Their hands are clasped and they sit very close together. They embrace. Neither breaks the romantic silence. Suddenly, the door opens, and a traveling salesman enters carrying a grip, discards his overcoat, hat, and muffler. Then he notices the couple upon the sofa. Hissing through set teeth, he draws a revolver and fires at the still silent embraced pair.

The young man falls dead.

Then he fires again, and the young woman falls dead.

The murderer then switches on the lights and surveys the sanguinary scene.

"My stars!" he cries, "I am in the wrong apartment!"

---

"Say, Mr. Interloc'," said George Ricks, "Can I tell you a story?"

"Sure, Sambo," said Mr. Interlocutor. "What kind of a story is it?"

"It's a detective story, Mr. Interloc'."

"Well, go ahead, Sambo."

"It's about the Hooperdink murder case."

The Prince of Burgundry had been murdered.

"No?" you ask. Yes.

Detective Henshaw, of the Jones' pearls case fame, hung up his telephone and whistled. Here was his big case at last.

He put on his iron bowler and waltzed out, arriving twenty minutes later at the palatial Hooperdink residence. He played "Valencia" on the doorbell, offered the butler a Garcia Grande, walked in, and asked to see the body.

He was shown to the rear of the house, down two flights of steps, outside the house, and down behind the barn.

"No wonder he was bumped off if he strayed out here," soliloquized Henshaw. Then he saw the whole case at a glance.

A poisoned pup, a fox terrier, lay dead in a dog kennel, over which was lettered "The Prince of Burgundy."

"The Prince," said the butler. "Mrs. Hooperdink offers three hundred dollars reward for the murderer," he added.

"Thanks, I'll look around." Henshaw studied the terra firma. Soon he noticed a little torn piece of green paper. Picking it up, he read on one side, "R-16." On the other side were more enlightening words, but he did not look on that side.

Henshaw stood for twenty-three minutes in an attitude of profound deliberation (intoxication). At the end of that time he announced grandly to three sparrows, a pint-sized lap dog, a tumble bug, and any others that might have been in his audience, that he "had it."

With this cryptic phrase, he hired a taxi and rode to R Street, house 16, which proved to be an old style, brown stone mansion.

He went up the steps, saw the doorbell button and then knocked. A rather stout woman answered. "This is a boarding house, isn't it?" asked Henshaw.

"Yes, how did you guess?"

"The doorbell's out of fix. May I come in?" He entered, and after a few minutes' questioning learned that a cross-eyed Chinaman with a wooden leg, who roomed on the third floor back, had borrowed a bottle of strychnine the night before, and had come in at about three o'clock that morning.

Ten minutes later he took a cross-eyed Chinaman with a wooden leg down to police headquarters and made an appointment to meet Mrs. Hooperdink one week from next Tuesday and receive a check,



At the appointed time, Henshaw was on hand and ready to begin festivities.

"Yes," he said to Mrs. Hooperdink, "the Chinaman confessed that he had sworn to poison all fox terriers with an uncle named Algernon, when he was thirteen years old. He confessed the murder and he was hung last Thursday. And all on account of this." He produced the green piece of paper with the fated address, "R-16."

"Why, that's funny," said Mrs. Hooperdink, "that was the number of our seat at the show last week.—Here's your cheek."

"Thanks," said Henshaw, backing out. "Come around and see us some time."

Outside, Henshaw turned the piece of green paper over, and read on the other side, "Admit one—Winter Garden Theatre—Presenting, 'Naughty Riquette'."

He sighed and threw the fateful ticket stub away.

The Interlocutor again rose and spoke: "Miss Wannamaker will relate by request, 'The Legend of the Surnames'."

In her quaint manner with the soft drawl she began:

Old *King Cole* of *Cannady* reclined on his royal *Couch* clad only in his coat of arms, the *Green Griffin* and *Lyon*, waiting for the royal *Taylor* to finish the royal pants.

Soon a *Duke* came in with a *Few Reams* of mash notes to the *King*.

"Quit your *Messner* around! Go soak your head," ordered the *King*.

"In what water?"

"*Atwater!*" said his Highness, pointing to one of the nearby *Brooks*.

Then, the royal pants being ready, the *King* sallied forth to the banquet *Hall* of the royal *Maynor*, just as the dinner *Bell* rings.

Many of his *Cousins*, some *Dukes*, earls, and even the *Pope* were present. *Bird Hunters* had furnished *Snipes* from nearby *Woods*, and rabbits from the royal *Warren*. *Skinner*s had worked long on *Bullocks* and *Pollards*. *Hoopers* furnished a hogshead which the *Brewers* filled with *Perry* wine.

At the entrance of the *King*, the *Bishop* asked a blessing, and all became lusty *Crum-packers*. Some peasants from the *Hamlette* knew not *W'eatherspoon* or fork should be used, but they ate *Moore* than ever before. They became *Leary* with the wine as they became *Fuller*, eating *Long* and heartily.

The dinner was interrupted as a butler spoke to the *King*, "There's some *Boddie* coming down the *Hill* in a *Ford*. He looks like a black *Smith*."

"What *Ford*?" said the *Latta*.

"*Shuford!*"

"Call out the *Garrison!* Maybe he's a tramp from the *Southerland!*"

The man from the South, outside, tried to *Ferrell* his pennants, as he stopped his *Carr*, then entered the *Hall*. At the *King's Beck*, he said, "I'm *Dave Edwards*, and a *Coleman*. I *Eakes* a living *Overby* the tenth *W'ard*. I *W'annamaker* sale. Wonder *Howerton* ton of coal would do?"

"No, there are too many *Coles* here, now!"

Abashed, the *Massey Coleman* left.

Long winded *Plyler* then got a *Holt* on the situation, and, since he *Newsom* very good stories he began a speech. Bored, munching *Hazel* nuts, the diners walked out into fields. Listening to the *Martins* in the *Glenn*, they lay on one of the hay *Ricks*.

"Say! That's *Myrick!*" said a farmer from the *Maynor*. "You've got a lot of *Check!* Stop that *Childs'* play!"

The *Walkers* reentered the *Hall*, as *Horners* blew their *Hornes*, announcing the end of the feast. Before *Partin*, *Duke James* arose, "I *W'annamaker* request," he said, "Let's give three cheers for the *King!*"

"How would two do?" asked a man named *McDonald*.



Mr. Interlocutor arose and spoke to Leland Garrison, "Rastus, you look sad and conscience-stricken. Haven't you a confession to make?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Interloc'. Here goes :

#### AS I THOUGHT OF JANE

##### BEFORE

"Never were greater gifts bestowed  
By the Maker's hand divine;  
Never was fashioned of mortal clay  
A creature more sublime.

##### AFTER

"Indifferent now you'll pardon me,  
Since that really fateful day.  
When you prepared to go so free  
To the camp for girls in May.

"Always had I worshipped you  
So slender, graceful, tall;  
But pride of my life, though you adorn  
Any place your footsteps fall—  
You were never designed for pants!"

When the curtain rose the Buck and Wing Sextette sang the old ballads and danced to the strumming of the banjos thus :

There is a young Katherine named Brooks,  
She blushes at George's sweet looks  
But then it is said,  
She'd e'en lose her head  
Before she'd surrender her books.

There was a French teacher named Nix  
Who got herself in a fix;  
She was thrown from a sled  
Was supposed to be dead,  
But 'twas one of her acrobat tricks.

There was a young lady named Jane,  
Who was afraid to get out in the rain;  
Lest her beauty she'd mar.  
So Ed came in his car,  
And the rest is really quite plain!

John N. does have a friend Kappy  
And they two are really quite happy.  
When they have a fuss  
There's never a muss—  
For they make up so quick and so snappy.

There was a young Hazel—quite nutty;  
In the hands of a "Dot" he was putty—  
And so every night  
He put up no fight  
When she tells him to leave at nine—"thutty."

There's a lady in room one-fifteen  
Who has plenty of sense in her bean.





But either she's lazy,  
Or her mind is quite lazy.  
For on studying, Fuller's not keen.  
  
There is a young fellow named Joe,  
If you get in his way there is woe.  
Oh—he is all right—  
But his temper—good night!  
Keep away from young men they call Joe!  
  
There was a lank laddie named Jim  
Who handled a ball with much vim.  
Many goals he did shoot,  
With some fouls to boot,  
And two pretty trophies did win.

---

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you have heard our skits, enjoyed our songs. We hope you like the things we've heard and are now telling about this fine audience of Inn guests:"

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Carolyn Fuller: "I've changed my mind."  
"Lib" Davis: "Well! Does it work any better?"

---

Mr. Umstead: "I hear that you are always at the bottom of the class. Can't you get any other place?"

Joe Umstead: "No, all the others are taken." (Faint applause.)

---

"Witch" Hazel: "May I hold your Palmolive?"  
Olive Voile: "Not on your Lifebuoy, Ivory formed."

---

Fresh: "What's the odor in the library?"  
Senior: "That's the dead silence they keep there."

---

Miss Holland: "Why did you spell pneumatic, "newmatic" today?"  
"Jane" Warren: "The "k" on my typewriter wasn't working."

---

Phil Hazel: "I like to be alone with my thoughts."  
Dorothy Umstead: "Don't you get tired of the solitude!" (No applause.)

---

Mr. deBruyne: "Two halves make a whole."  
Dozing second string man: "And the fullback goes through."

---

Carl Bishop: "Do you know how to make a peach cordial?"  
Thomas Wilkinson: "Sure; send her candy." (Prolonged applause.)

---

Peggy Strowd, having attended a science lecture by Mr. Fanning:  
"Did I understand you to say that deep breathing kills microbes?"  
"I certainly did say that many microbes are killed by deep breathing," replied Mr. Fanning.  
"Then can you tell me, please," Peggy asked, "how one can teach the microbes to breathe deeply?"

---

"Yes," boasted James Rogers, "I'm a thought-reader. I can tell exactly what a person is thinking."

"In that case," said Joe Umstead, "I beg your pardon."



Miss Michaels: "Please follow the program now."

Gene Newsom: "Where is it going?" (Discreet yawns.)

Fred Wolf (dreaming he is performing chemistry experiment): "First I'll take some sulphuric acid, and then I'll take some chloroform."

George Corbin: "That's a good idea."

Burke Smith: "What is it that lives in a stall, eats oats, and can see equally as well at both ends?"

Jones Pollard: "By me."

Burke: "A blind horse."

Buck: "You know, dear, I've been thinking over our argument and I've decided to agree with you."

Charlotte: "Well it won't do you any good. I've changed my mind."

A cable from Mary Banks McPherson to her father:

OUR MASCOT BILLY GOAT SERIOUSLY ILL FROM EATING COMPLETE LEATHERBOUND SET OF SHAKESPEARE STOP PLEASE SEND ADVICE

Dr. McPherson cabled back from Europe: AM SENDING THE LITERARY DIGEST BY RETURN MAIL.

Coach Stuessy (in anger): "Say, why didn't you run for a touchdown, you?"

Jim Holloway: "Because I saw the photographer was not looking." (Faint snores.)

Mr. deBruyne (after accident): "Do you remember the number of that car that caused the accident?"

Slightly muddled Senior: "I forgot the number, but I noticed that if it were multiplied by fifty, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

T. C. Markham: "My dog took first prize at the cat show."

Bryson Tipton: "How was that?"

T. C. Markham: "He took the cat."

Lyne Few, (who always insisted that the word "news" is plural), asked the reporter "Monk" Livengood: "Are there any news?"

Monk: "Not a new." (Loud snores.)

Mr. Warren was seen perambulating down the street one bright Saturday morning pushing a baby carriage.

"Out airing your son, Mr. Warren?" inquired Jim Rogers.

"No," replied the principal with a barely perceptible pause, "No—I'm out sunning my heir."

Oswell Southerland: "When Estelle Spransey was taking her first ride on the train, the conductor came through the car yelling, 'Tickets, please,' and after some embarrassment she handed him her ticket."

"Soon after, a train boy came into her car crying, 'Chewing gum,' Estelle then turned to her companion and said, 'Goodness do I have to give that up too?'"

As the last laughter died away, the curtain slowly came together again, and the blackfaces filed out of the chamber. Then, growing somewhat sleepy, the tired guests rose, and, each bidding goodnight to the rest, they filed off, closing this chapter of school life.



# The Wayside Inn Calendar

for

## Pilgrims of 1930

*Presented by the Senior Guests on the eve of departure lest posterity forget  
the activities of that famous group.*

Sept. 4. After a three months closed season the Inn was opened to a hearty and fresh looking crowd of old and new guests.

Sept. 10. One of our most taciturn and dignified guests, Eleanor Markham began her refreshed series of loud shrills in the halls.

Sept. 17. The Athletic Campaign was put across "in a large way" by our sport-loving and loyal guests.

Sept. 27. Our cultivated diplomat, Lyne Few, began his yearly repetition of "curses" for the coming term.

Oct. 3. The first "explosion of school facts" was issued in the form of our Hi-Rocket.

Oct. 10. Our chief politician, Jones Pollard, began receiving his official honors for the coming year, as president of the student body, etc.

Oct. 30. A few O. Henry novices appeared wearied over the after effects of a "quiet" initiation.

Nov. 1. A few not quite so energetic guests began to recuperate from the effects of the grade status for the previous six weeks.

Nov. 9. The whole Inn was thrown into a riot over the fact that Ervin Gladstein had remained awake during English.

Nov. 13. In a quiet but carefully planned riot the guests overthrew the hosts and hostesses and assumed the offices of power.

Nov. 14. The grid-iron gladiators of the Inn overcame their ancient and hereditary foe, Raleigh, 6-0.

Nov. 19. The guests overcame their self-consciousness for an evening and were honored by the presence of their parents.

Nov. 26. The guests, wearied of work, heartily welcomed a cheerful observation of Thanksgiving.

Dec. 6. The loyal guests helped the Coroso Players to "Laff That Off" in grand style.

Dec. 9. The hardwood loopers journeyed to "The Hill" for a tussle.

Dec. 17. The elder class paused to humbly offer "The Gift Supreme" to the Christmas audience.

Dec. 19. Our unrelinquishing supply of envy of our fellow guest, Oswald Southerland, was at last terminated for a while when our friend actually heard what Miss Herr was saying.

Dec. 20. The heavy restraint on our conscience finally grew to such a great extent that a "book inspection" day was declared.

Dec. 22. The long and heavy strain of work finally gave way in favor of the "Yuletide" holidays.

Jan. 2. The Inn, hosts and hostesses welcome the refreshed guests back to work.

Jan. 7. The unwelcome and somewhat unexpected mid-year plagues began. Nuff said.

Jan. 15. Four of our musically talented guests "trumpeted," "fluted," etc. over W.P.T.F.

Jan. 21. Our chief host declared war on the elder guests by means of the Senior Examination with white flakes.

Jan. 30. The dream of the guests was at last realized when nature blanketed the ground.





Jan. 31. The white flakes softened some hearts and a holiday appeared.

Feb. 1. The guests paused to record the casualties caused by the recent frolics. O'Brien and Wannamaker laid up for repairs.

Feb. 2. The superstitious element. Guests were terrified at the sight of the ground hog's shadow.

Feb. 5. Several "guestesses" displayed their ability in basketball by a tussle with the varsity.

Feb. 10. The guests received a new and yet welcome companion in the person of Mr. Hoban.

Feb. 18. Four of our forensic artists displayed their ability in auditorium in the form of the Aycock debate second preliminary.

Feb. 22. The beauty of many prominent guests was "struck" for the benefit of the MESSENGER.

March 6. The Inn basketeers retained our prestige by conquering Charlotte for the State title.

March 13. Several literary representatives of the Inn began a delightful trip toward Gotham and brought back some bacon—a first and third prize.

March 14. The celebration of the year for the "guestesses" was given in the form of a social event for the Girls Club. *No boys asked.*

March 28. James Newsom alias "Monsieur Beaucaire" was proved before a large audience.

April 1. The guests almost declared a holiday for Miss Wilson because everyone was present and on time.

April 4. Our four chosen forensic artists displayed their works—two won, two lost. Scrap about *tangibles* and *intangibles*.

April 7. A drain on the pocket-books of the guests, especially the Seniors, by the first payment on the MESSENGER.

April 10. The most optimistic members of the elder class ordered prospective invitations.

April 11. Two of our talented chemists, Leland Garrison and George Ricks, won prizes in the State Chemistry Contest.

April 12. Our representative basketeers won *one game* in Chicago.

April 17. Our ardent Wrigley admirer, Wallace Glenn, forgot his daily supply of gum.

April 23. Our baby guests celebrated at a "green paint" social.

April 24. The work of the guests was thrown on the mercy of the public in the yearly exhibit at Junior-Hi.

May 2. The guests ventured to El Toro park to attend Queen Louisa's court and its festivities.

May 6. The Press Clubs enjoyed the refreshment of Camp Sacarusa. No ill effect from the Chaplin menu have been reported.

May 12. The elder guests donated for their remembrance some articles for the beautification of our environment.

May 22. The spring semester plagues terminated. Some fatalities reported.

May 23. The elder guests celebrated what was probably their last social gathering in the form of an exquisite Senior Banquet.

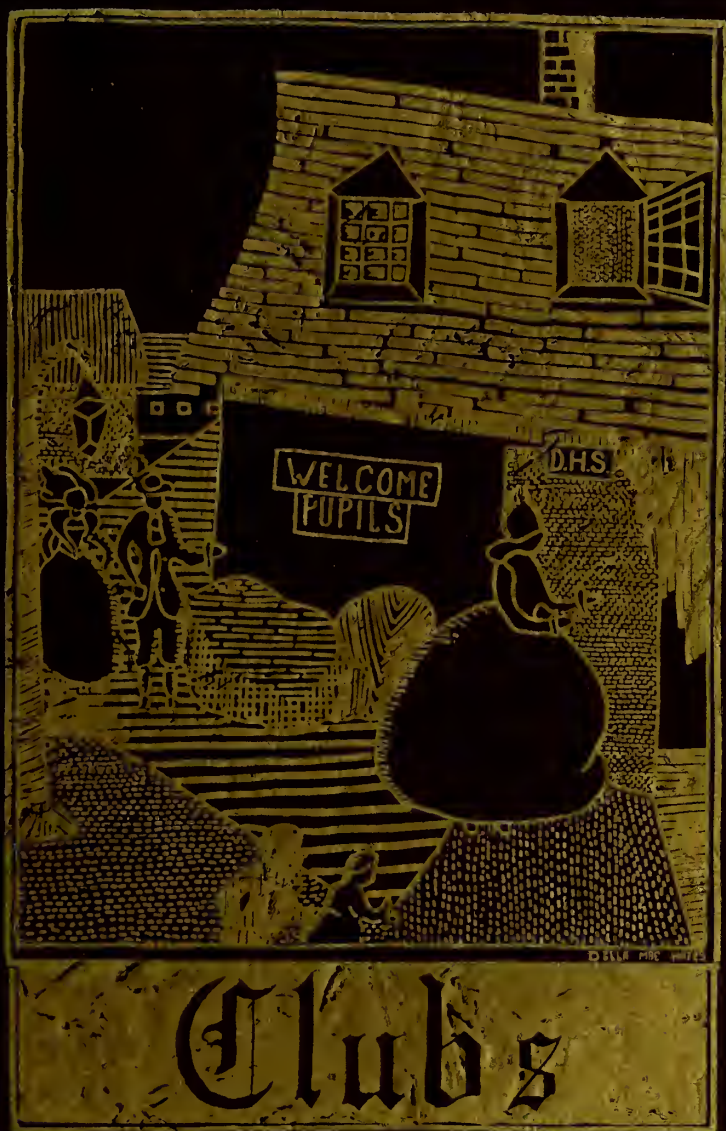
May 27. The Woman's Club found the oratorical ability of some talented guests.

May 28. Every one had medals, letters or certificates pinned on who could get them.

May 29. The Senior Guests learned their faults and foibles in a Class Day Program.

May 30. *Le finis*—Are we blue? Don't be silly.

*The loving service of Elizabeth Davis' diary and Phil Hazel's clever pen were enlisted in this compilation.*









## Indoor Pastimes

In the Wayside Inn, the guest is offered many chances for social contacts, for the improvement of public speaking, and for the training for citizenship, through the various clubs and societies existing in the tavern so that leisure time may be spent with pleasure and profit and talent developed.

There is a period of forty-five minutes before the lunch hour each day, and every day some organization holds its meeting in this period. These meetings are held by the various societies from one to four times a month. Night meetings may be held with the permission of the parents, if the time allotted at the regular meeting is found insufficient.

Each of these organizations have an adviser from the faculty, who is interested in the work and willing to spend time in furthering it.

The clubs cover almost every phase of student life, supplementing the regular curricula.

The oldest movement in the school and still perhaps the strongest is that of the Literary societies. The Blackwell society, for boys, founded in 1905, was one of the first student organizations at Durham High. The Cornelia Spencer society, for girls, followed a few years later. During the last few years seven others were formed, two of which later merged. These literary societies encourage debating, declaiming, and other forms of public speaking.

In the absence of journalistic classes, those interested in following such lines can secure, by dint of hard work, positions on the staffs of the *Hi-Rocket*, the tavern's bi-weekly newspaper, or the MESSENGER, the annual publication.

Those taking music courses are open to join such organizations as: the band, the orchestra, the boys' and girls' glee clubs, the choral clubs for mixed voices.

The girls under special advisers are formed into a club for the promotion of higher ideals and for the promotion of executive training among their sex.

Since some students are interested in training themselves along histrionic lines, in the absence of classes along that subject, the Dramatic Club was formed. This organization has proved popular among the guests.

One of the newer additions to the list is the French Club, organized as its name implies for the promotion of better conversational French among the students more proficient in that subject.

During the last season there was formed by the tavern librarian a Library Council, composed of students interested in library work, and affording first hand contact with its problems.



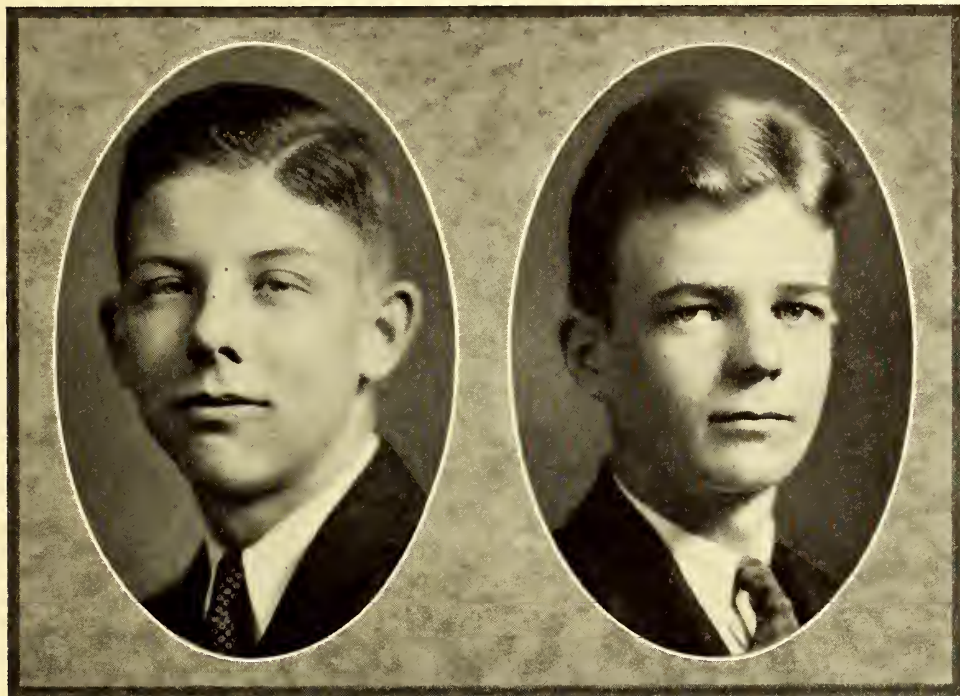
As many guests are interested in the commercial subjects, they have organized themselves into a large club for the furtherance of such knowledge. The Commercial Club is in three units and is advised by four hostesses.

For part-time guests, those who find it advisable to work part of the time, and who wish to continue their stay at the resort, the Coöperative Class has been formed with meetings once a month for business and for pleasure. From the latter two organizations grew the Coroso Players, a dramatic club which aims toward the increase of histrionic knowledge and the fostering of dramatic talent.

The Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., in order to promote character building have formed in the school among the boys and girls respectively, the Hi-Y Club and the Blue Triangle.

Athletes who have earned a letter in any sport at Central High are free to join the Monogram Club, formed for the encouragement of sportsmanship and the strengthening of scholarship.

From among all this varied group of activities, the guest may select those in which he is most interested, and devote his extra time to such endeavors. Thus, the jaded student is afforded pleasant mental relaxation from the textbooks, and is given something to work for in his school life. In the following pages will be found a more complete and detailed picture of what is going on outside of the six hours spent daily in that institution.



Jones Pollard, *Pres.*

Lyne Few, *V.-Pres.*

## *Student Government*

The proprietors of the Inn, realizing the necessity of coöperation with the patrons for the good of all concerned, have worked out a system of coöperative government for the guests.

In accordance with this system the guests unite into a club, electing a president and a vice-president from the Senior Class, to preside over the whole body.

In the last year, another step toward a more complete government has been achieved, by the formation of a president's council, composed of the president of the various home rooms.

As yet, the duties and powers of this council and of the student officers are light and limited, yet the process is gradually developing into a more perfect system. At present the officers work in coöperation with principal and faculty in various activities, select session room program topics, and so have practice in administration.

Early in the season, the guests voiced as their choice for the student presidency Jones Pollard, a popular senior, with Lyne Few, another able leader, running a good second. Inasmuch as the gentler sex was not represented by either of these two, Mary Taggart, president of the Girls' Club, was appointed to uphold the rights of that necessary element among the consuls and quaestors, while James Newsom and Lyne Few acted as presidents of the student council.

This form of government has proved rather successful even in its primary stages, and, as different additions and increases in power will be enacted every year or so, an almost perfectly working government will be achieved.

The senior class this year leaves these offices to the Juniors to fill and enlarge upon, exhorting the incoming executives to continue to promote hearty coöperation and friendliness between classes, students, and faculty.





## Blackwell Literary Society

*Motto:* Faciendo Facere discimus

*Adviser:* Mr. Quinton Holton

A very popular society among the guests is the Blackwell. Under Mr. Holton, the adviser and one of the proprietors of the Inn, the society has had a very successful year. Being the oldest society of the Inn, the Blackwell has distinctly held its place. In the recent Aycock and Triangular debate preliminaries three of the four successful debaters were Blackwell boys. This society is expecting to enter into declamation and oratory contest this year as usual. The Blackwell Society holds one meeting each week, having day and night meetings alternately. In the annual Guilford College declamation contest, Claiborne Gregory, a member of this society won first place.

The officers for the first two terms were as follows:

<i>Office</i>	<i>First Term</i>	<i>Second Term</i>	<i>Third Term</i>
President .....	Jones Pollard	William Kirkland	Joseph McCracken
Vice-President .....	James Newsom	Claiborne Gregory	Phil Hazel
Secretary .....	Baron Whitaker	Wharton Young	Wharton Young
Treasurer .....	Woodrow Wilson	Woodrow Wilson	Woodrow Wilson
Chairman Ex. Com. ....	Claiborne Gregory	John Bird	Baron Whitaker
Marshal .....	William Kirkland	Baron Whitaker	James Newsom
Chaplain .....	Wharton Young	Phillip Russel	Phillip Russel



## Library Club

*Adviser:* Mrs. J. M. Stackhouse

Of all the holstery the most delightful part is the salon, commonly known as the library. This is a quiet retreat where the guests may refresh their minds, made weary by endeavors.

The hostess, Mrs. Stackhouse, with the aid of her council, composed of selected guests, serves the guests with the best of mental food. This hospitable group, known as the Library Council, was first formed in the fall of 1929 and it has since been an important factor in putting the library on a more efficient basis.

The following officers were chosen for the 1929-30 council:

President: Lola Marler Rogers.

Vice-President: Robert Bird.

Secretary: Elaine Childs.

Treasurer: Alice Wooten.

Adviser: Mrs. Stackhouse.

The members of this council were chosen because of their particular ability and fitness for the work. They are as follows:

Alice Wooten  
Elaine Childs  
Sara McDearman  
Catherine Powe  
Wilhelmina Isenhour  
Robert Bird

Eugene Philips  
Lola Marler Rogers  
Mary Banks McPherson  
Dorothy Umstead  
Katherine Brooks  
Eveline Kappes

Mildred Mitchell





## Carr-Carmichael Literary Society

*Adviser:* Mr. E. W. Hatchett

This society was formed in the Inn in 1929. Although it is the youngest society in the Inn it is one of the largest, having fifty members on roll. This society is a combination of the Julian S. Carr and the Toms-Carmichael Societies, both active groups in the school activities last year.

The society has as its adviser Mr. Hatchett, a very capable man. To him the society owes much for its rapid growth and success during the year.

The program committee has given a variety of programs during the year which have proved very interesting.

The officers for the year were elected as follows:

<i>First Term</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Walton Gunter.....	<i>President</i> .....	Fred Lloyd
Guy Ferrell.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	James Rogers
Eugene Newsom.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i> .....	Everett Bugg
Will Lougee.....	<i>Marshal</i> .....	Joe Umstead
Edward Crutchfield.....	<i>Chaplain</i> .....	Howard Spain





## Hi-Y Club

*Advisers:* A. E. Jenny, W. F. Warren

Not permanent guests of the Inn but frequent visitors there, is the group known as the Hi-Y Club. This group is composed of older boys who seek in their inward life and outward conduct and through coöperative effort with others, to make effective in the life of the world the standards of character set forth in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ.

This club is found not only in the Wayside Inn, but is a nation-wide organization. The Hi-Y Club of the Wayside Inn was organized in 1918, the first in North Carolina. Beginning with a small group it has grown rapidly and has become a leading organization of the Inn.

The Club holds its weekly meetings on Tuesday evening from 6:15 to 7:45. The programs are very interesting because of their variety. During the year four social events took place.

The officers chosen for the year were:

<i>First Term</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Jones Pollard.....	<i>President</i> .....	Melvin Warner
Gene Newsom.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Kern Ormond
William Kirkland.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	John Stanbury
Claiborne Gregory.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Norman Livengood



DRAMATIC CLUB



## Dramatic Club

*Advisers:* Miss Aura Holton, Miss Rosalyn Nix

The guests in the Inn are often entertained by the Dramatic Club. Many a tiresome day in the Inn is enlivened by clever little one-act plays presented by this group.

Meetings are held once a month in the library of the school, and programs of dramatic interest are given. Short plays, dialogues, pantomines and dramatic interpretation feature in these programs. The club is the dramatic nucleus of the school from which all other school organizations draw for chapel programs and public performances of all kinds.

The chairman of the standing committees are:

Program . . . . .	Louise Dickey
Costume . . . . .	Mary McDonald
Scenery . . . . .	Julian Aldridge

The object of the club is to encourage and strengthen dramatic ability and it has been very successful and popular during this school year.

The officers for the year 1929-30 were:

<i>President</i> . . . . .	Guy Ferrell
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	Phil Hazel
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	Alice Wooten
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	Carl Lee





BAND



ORCHESTRA





CHORAL CLASSES



COMMERCIAL CLUB CABINET

## The Commercial Club

*Motto:* He can who thinks he can.

*Colors:* Rose and White.

There were, in the Inn, guests who, interested in the commercial life, worked and learned to become adept in the varied fields of commerce. These guests, interested in the promotion of business knowledge and executive training, formed themselves into a club, which they called the Commercial Club.

These industrious guests numbered so many that it became necessary to divide them into three different groups. The first of these called themselves the Martini, as they were under the care of the hostess, Miss Martin; they were composed of guests returning for their third and fourth seasons. The second group, the Hollanders, were guests in their first and second season at the resort, and were under the watchcare of the hostess, Miss Holland. The last group, the Bishoprics, were guests of nearby hostelries, intending to come to the Inn in ensuing seasons, being under the supervision of another capable hostess, Miss Bishop. These three groups were united under the leadership of the general manager, Miss Solloway.

This club was very active, due to the interest of the industrious guests composing it. It united with the Coöperative Class in producing an entertainment for the patrons of the hostelry, "Laff That Off," a play which was directed by Miss Mary Grace Wilson, the adviser of the female guests. In the cast of the play were the following members of the Commercial Club: Louisa Warren, Elizabeth Mosely, Annie Lois Cheek, and Iris Regan.

During the season, district typewriting and shorthand contests were held, and the club was well represented in each.

Also during the year, the alumni of the organization, in remembrance of training and benefits received by their affiliation with the club, presented it with a book case for the offices of the commercial department of the resort.

The social life of the club as a unit was centered around its seventh annual banquet, held in the dining hall of the hostelry, the principal speaker being Mr. W. B. Umstead. A lecture was also given by Mr. M. E. Newsom to the class in the year.

The officers of the organization for the past season were:

*President* .....Louisa Warren  
*Vice-President* .....Guy Ferrell

*Secretary* .....Rheudelle Thompson  
*Treasurer* .....Annie Lois Cheek





COMMERCIAL CLUB



## Walter Hines Page Literary Society

*Motto:* Let knowledge grow; let life be enriched.

*Adviser:* Miss Marguerite M. Herr

A very popular society among the guests is the Walter Hines Page Literary Society. Under the encouragement of its adviser, as an aid to self development, the society has taken an active part in all extra-curricular activities. The definite aim of the society is to improve public speaking and to develop better citizenship among its members.

The society meets twice monthly, one meeting during the school day and one at night. At these meetings the programs consist of debating, declaiming, lecturing, jokes, impromptu speeches, and practice in poise and voice control. Many topics of national and educational interest are discussed at these meetings in order that the members may keep up with the current events.

This year the society tied for third place in Activity Stunt Contest with "The Mechanical Age."

The officers for the year are as follows:

<i>First Term</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Lyne Few.....	<i>President</i> .....	Worth Perry
Carl Lee.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Roy Phipps
Worth Perry.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	Jack Satterfield
Verious Stallings.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Carl Lee
Milton Shepherd.....	<i>Chaplain</i> .....	Ben Skinner
Jack Satterfield.....	<i>Marshal</i> .....	Conrad Plyler





## The Blue Triangle Club

*Advisers:* Mrs. Belle G. Gholson  
Miss Lida G. Bishop

The closing of the year 1930 brings to an end another successful year for the Blue Triangle Club. This group composed of the feminine guests of the Inn is a medium for furthering social relations between the girls and helping those less fortunate than themselves.

The Blue Triangle is a part of the Girls' Y. W. C. A. The three sides of the triangle represent the mind, the spirit, and the body. The aim of the club is to enrich the lives of the girls by developing these three sides.

Every year it is the custom of the club to send a representative to conferences held in the western part of North Carolina. The girls earn the money for financing this trip themselves.

Among those noted for their active work are:

<i>President</i> .....	Nellie Bishop
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Rosa Swartz
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Mary Carlton Gallozer
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Elizabeth Hooper





Ethel Nachamson, *Sec.*; Mary Gunter, *Pres.*; Helen Gordon, *V.-Pres.*; Catherine Barbee, *Treas.*

## Athena Literary Society

*Motto:* Today, not tomorrow.

*Advisers:* Mrs. Egerton, Mrs. Gholson.

The faunkest as well as the largest society organized in the Inn is the Athena Literary Society. The group has for its purpose, the improvement of public speaking and the making of worthwhile citizens of its members.

This society met with much enthusiasm among the guests and membership increased so rapidly that it was necessary to make a division into two units.

The bi-monthly programs have consisted of debates, recitations, impromptu talks, and reports on worthwhile books. The advancement of the society has been shown in many respects. Several members took part in the inter-society debate, and the declamation contest, and the stunt given on Activities Night won second place with "The Kingdom of Nonsense."

Under the excellent leadership of the following officers the society has had a very successful year.

<i>First Term</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Edna Earl Eakes.....	<i>President</i> .....	Mary Gunter
Mary Gunter.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Helen Gordon
Margaret Couch.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	Ethel Nachamson
Edith Barbee.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Catherine Barbee
Jessie Taylor.....	<i>Marshal</i> .....	Edna Earl Eakes
Catherine Barbee.....	<i>Chaplain</i> .....	Martha Johnson
Ethel Nachamson.....	<i>Critic</i> .....	Edith Barbee



ATHENA LITERARY SOCIETY





## Cornelia Spencer Literary Society

*Motto:* "All things excellent are as difficult as they are rare."

*Adviser:* Miss Lelia Hampton.

The oldest girls' organization which was formed at the Inn is known as the Cornelia Spencer Literary Society. Its purpose is to promote scholarship and ability in public speaking, and to make worthwhile citizens of its members.

The members of this club take much interest in the other activities of the Inn. During the present year Jane Wilson led the society in debating, and did good work in "tryouts" on the triangular debating contest, while Peggy Anne Strowd brought much honor to the society by winning second place in finals at the annual Guilford College contest. On award day a medal is given to the member of the society who has done the best all-round work during the year.

"The Thirteenth Door" is the title of the stunt presented by the Cornelia Spencer girls at the annual Activities Night.

The officers for the present year have been:

<i>First Term</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Katherine Brooks.....	<i>President</i> .....	Sara McDearman
Annie Laurie Newsom.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Annie Laurie Newsom
Jane Wilson.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	Jane Wilson
Bessie Gibbs Cheatham.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Bessie Gibbs Cheatham
Sara McDearman.....	<i>Marshal</i> .....	Margaret Frank
Mary Banks McPherson.....	<i>Critic</i> .....	Katherine Brooks





## The James H. Southgate Literary Society

*Motto:* Qui non profieit deficit.

*Adviser:* Miss Belie Hampton.

The folk of the Inn have seen another year pass, and the Southgate Literary Society is about ready to close its records and enter upon its fifth year of active work. Under the leadership of Dorothy Umstead and Virginia Weatherspoon, presidents during the first and second semesters respectively, the society has carried on with the same enthusiasm which has characterized it since it was organized four years ago. The point system which was adopted last year has proved very successful, for the gold star which is awarded annually to the one making the greatest number of points, has furnished an excellent incentive for work. Last year this distinction went to Dorothy Umstead.

The programs this year have been good, including a study of poetry, current books, parliamentary procedure, debates, readings, and social meetings.

The officers for the year 1929-30 were:

<i>First Term</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Dorothy Umstead.....	<i>President</i> .....	Virginia Weatherspoon
Catherine Powe.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	Irene Ragan
Mary Elizabeth McDonald.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Mary Elizabeth McDonald
Hazeline Umstead.....	<i>Critic</i> .....	Dorothy Umstead
Louise Umstead.....	<i>Marshal</i> .....	Louise Umstead



Lola Marler Rogers, *Sec.*; Mary Elizabeth McDonald, *Pres.*; Katherine Brooks, *V.-Pres.*;  
James Newsom, *Treas.*

## Le Cercle Français

*Advisers:* Miss Grace Weston.  
Miss Rosalyn Nix.

Quelques uns des invites étaient de l'origine française, et d'une commune idée et ils ont formé Le Cercle Français l'année dernière. Les hôtes qui ont fait les grades excellents pendant les premières six semaines étaient priées de joindre le cercle. Cette année on a invité les voyageurs qui ont démontré l'intérêt dans l'étude de la langue française. Il y en avait soixante membres.

Les séances a lieu une fois par mois, le premier jeudi, et durent quarante-cinq minutes. On a les programmes en français tout à fait, les discours, les lectures, les discussions, et les affaires. On croit que les membres reçoivent beaucoup d'aide du cercle parcequ'on y peut avoir l'emploi usuel de la langue et il n'y a pas assez de temps pour cela dans les voyages. On a de petites contestes, des casse-têtes, et des énigmes avec des prix pour les gagnants. Les officiers pour l'année étaient :

Le président : Mlle. Mary Elizabeth McDonald.  
Le vice-président : Mlle. Katherine Brooks.  
Le secrétaire : Mlle. Lola Marler Rogers.  
Le trésorier : M. James L. Newsom.  
Le critique : Mlle. Dorothy Umstead.





LE CERCLE FRANÇAIS





GIRLS' CLUB CABINET

## The Girls' Club

*Advisers:* Miss Mary Grace Wilson, Miss Susie G. Michaels, Miss Ruth Lyon

One of the most unique organizations at the Inn is the Girls' Club which is composed of all the female occupants residing at the Inn. This group was organized primarily in the interest of the girls, but has expanded until it envelopes every phase of interest pertaining to the Inn.

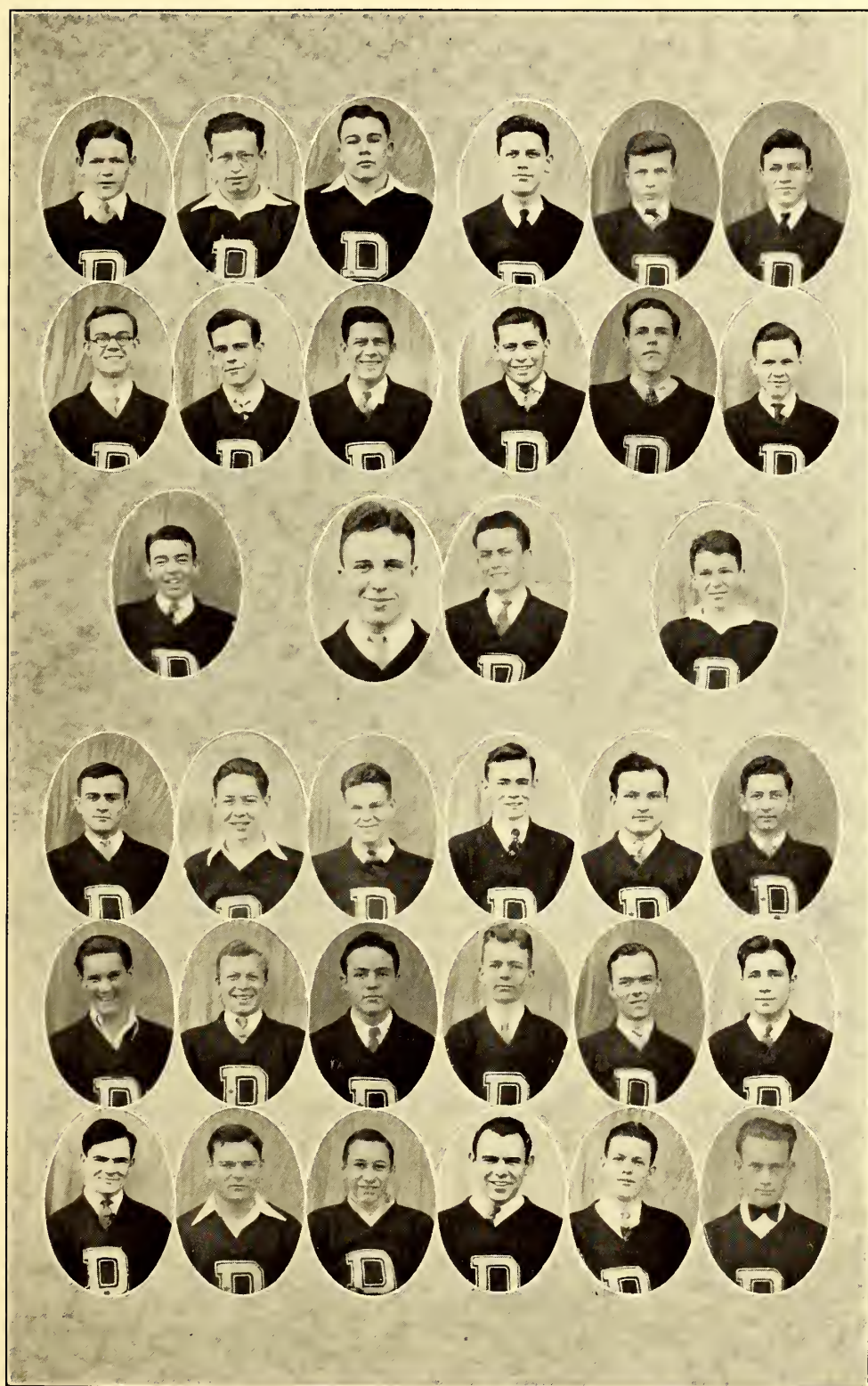
A higher standard of health among the girls has resulted from the helpful talks given at various times during the year. The wonderful spirit of the group has promoted a feeling of loyalty and good fellowship among the members and is partly responsible for the neat appearance of the building.

The moving power of the club is its adviser, Miss Mary Grace Wilson, who with Miss Michaels and Miss Lyon have given much of their time to the organization and without whose aid the club would not have prospered as it has.

This year the club won first prize on Activity Stunt Night for presenting, "Durham the Tar Heel Bride."

The club is under the jurisdiction of an executive board and a number of committees: Ways and Means: chairman, Alice Wooten; Program: chairman, Eveline Kappes; Health, chairman, Martha Johnson; House: chairman, Elizabeth Duke; Social: chairman, Helen Reams; Publicity: chairman, Wilhelmina Isenhour. The executive board is as follows:

<i>President</i> .....	Mary Taggart
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Nellie Bishop
<i>Secretary</i> .....	Dorothy Umstead
<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Tempe Newsom





# Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society

*Motto:* "Veritas te liberabit"

*Adviser:* Miss Louise T. Watkins

The group known as the Lila Markham Brogden Literary Society was organized in 1926 with an enrollment of twenty-five members. It was named for Mrs. Lila Markham Brogden, who for many years was a booster at the Wayside Inn, and who is now prominent throughout the state for her work.

The members of this group have tried to apply the motto which she gave them, "The truth will make you free," and have at all times striven to approach the high standard set by her.

The programs have consisted of a variety of topics and have tended to improve the members in public speaking and in other activities.

Each year Mrs. Brogden gives a medal to the girl who has done the best work in the society. The medal was won this year by Tempe Newsom. Two of our members entered the Woman's Club contest. They were Elizabeth Sherron and Nancy Stone.

The officers for this year were:

<i>First Term</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Miriam Wilson.....	<i>President</i> .....	Harriet Wannamaker
Elizabeth Brock.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Tempe Newsom
Tempe Newsom.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	Catherine Isenhour
Alice Wooten.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Alice Wooten
Kathleen Roberson.....	<i>Chaplain</i> .....	Janet Ormond
Elaine Childs.....	<i>Marshal</i> .....	Eleanor Markham





LILA MARKHAM BROGDEN LITERARY SOCIETY



## O. Henry Literary Society

*Motto:* We go to seek on many roads.

*Adviser:* Miss Aura Holton.

One group formed at the Inn and known as the O. Henry Literary Society has been organized for four years and was named for a well known short story writer of our own North Carolina. The purpose of this society has been to develop the art of public speaking and to encourage the reading of more worthwhile books.

The programs consisted of speeches, poems, and reviews of books and short stories. Many socials were enjoyed by the group. One of the most interesting was the party given to properly initiate into the club new guests who had just arrived at the Inn.

The interest of the organization in the activities of the Inn was shown by the participation of some of its members in the debating contest. Dorothy Airheart, a member of this group, was the only girl to win a place in the Triangle contest.

Officers:

<i>First Term</i>	<i>Office</i>	<i>Second Term</i>
Lola Marler Rogers.....	<i>President</i> .....	Doris Green
Margaret Lewis.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	Margaret Lewis
Charlotte Umstead.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	Elizabeth Davis
Merne Plyler.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	Merne Plyler





O. HENRY LITERARY SOCIETY





## Home Room Council

In order to form a closer relationship between the guests, and to organize the whole body into a more compact group for the purpose of coöperation on the larger projects to be carried out, there was established a body of leaders termed as the Home Room Presidents' Council.

This organization is made up of the elected presidents of the home rooms, and it is their duty to sponsor and lead in the work of projects for the entire body of guests. They are, within themselves, an organization. For each semester they elect their officers. This year they have done a great work as novice element in the Inn and a greater work may be expected in the years to come.

There were nine appropriate subjects or projects discussed and sponsored during the year. There were thirty-six elected Home Room Presidents: Lyne Few, Harry Carr, Worth Perry, Thomas Borland, William McAllister, James Newsom, Woodrow Wilson, Mabel Carden, Dorothy Holt, John Cozart, Eugene Newsom, Elwood Horne, George Moore, Hyman Dave, Percy Carlton, Walton Gunter, Martha Johnson, Julia Holeman, Evelyn Kappes, Margaret Lewis, Miriam Wilson, Carl Lee, Frank Tilley, Egbert Smith, Lockhart Holeman, Gilmer Mebane, Norman Livengood, Kern Ormand, Kathleen Roberson, Annie Laurie Newsom, Anne Mebane, Philip Walker, Claiborne Gregory.

The presidents were:

Lyne Few, First Semester  
James Newsom, Second Semester.



# Athletics







DWIGHT H. STUESSY  
*Coach of Basketball, Football and  
Baseball.*

## *A Toast To Wayside Inn Athletics*

Here's to the athletes, so mighty and strong,  
Here's to the heroes, adored by the throng.  
Here's to the good sports, the best of the day.  
Here's to the best of men, so may they stay!

Here's to Duty an athlete ne'er fails  
Here's to Unity, where good work prevails.  
Here's to Reason, which aids in good play.  
Here's to Health, which builds up every day.  
Here's to Action, displayed in review,  
Here's to Might, they carry things through.

Here's to Honor, for which each competes.  
Here's to Idols, our student athletes.

Here's to our Coach Stuessy, who came from the West,  
Among all State leaders, his technique is best.

Here's to Coach Burke, as short as his name  
He's the director of the sports that won fame.

Here's to Coach Lyon, the girls' champion fine  
Who through action and beauty makes girls' efforts shine.

—DOROTHY HOLT.



# Football

HERBERT CARLTON, *Captain*

The first group of husky athletic inclined young guests to begin participation in its particular sport, was the football team. This group, with few veterans from other seasons back for the present season, worked a bevy of green material hard to fill the vacant posts.

However, due to the fact that a new, though very able coach, Mr. Dwight Stuessey, of Illinois, was putting a new and intricate system into effect, the team did not expect to make as good a showing this season as it hoped to in ensuing years.

But the boys went into the games with fighting hearts and sturdy determination to make the most of an ill boding season.

True to early expectations, the less experienced Bulldogs were snowed under by Oxford, John Marshall, and Newport News, early opponents, and much superior aggregations. Then, against more even opposition, the Durham team put up a great fight, but lost a hard game to High Point.

They next exhibited their prowess against Sanford, beating the inferior team by two touchdowns. There followed a tight tie with Greensboro, then, with the breaks against them, the Bulldogs lost to Wilmington.

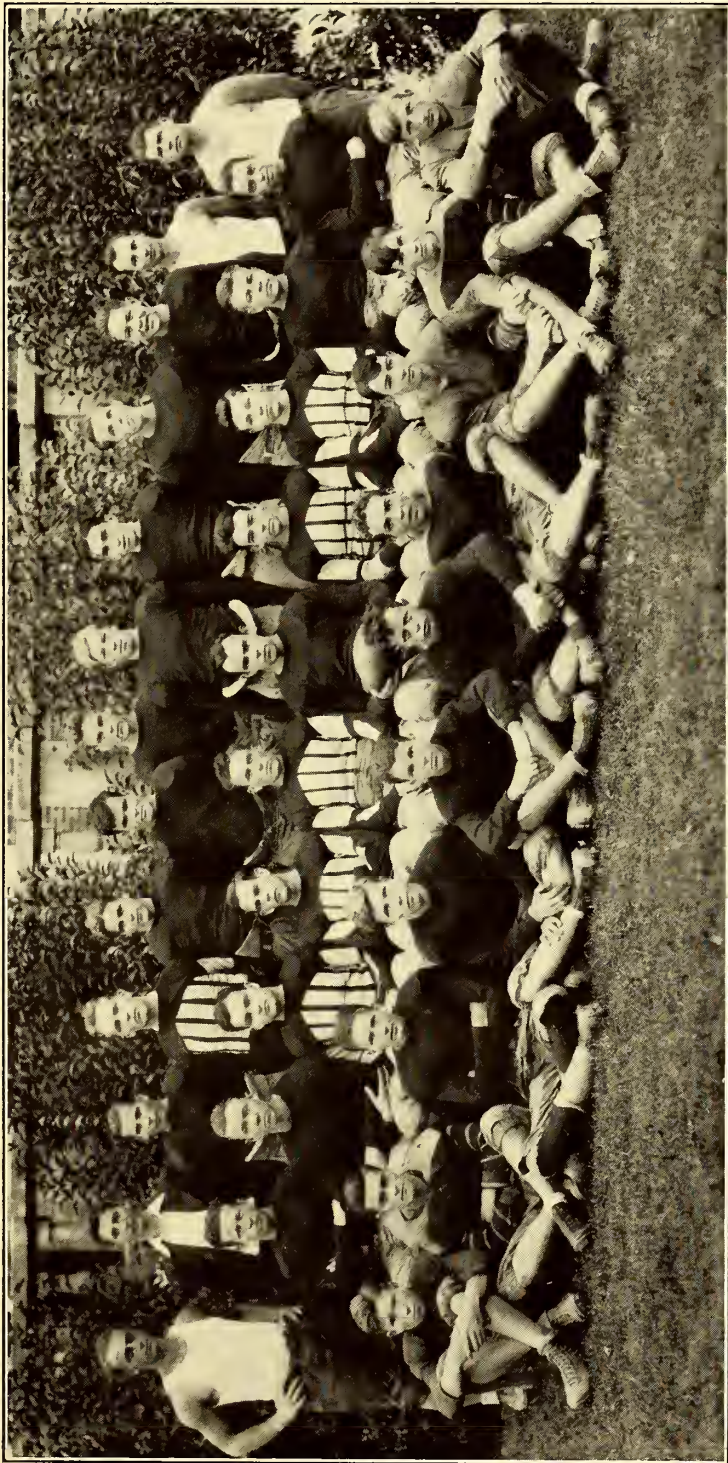
Then followed the game with the destined state championship team, Goldsboro. This game was the hardest fought of the year, and, with Durham leading, there occurred a bit of rough playing which has never been fully explained or smoothed over, but which we wish to forget with our opponents, and Durham was eventually defeated by the score of 7 to 12.

Next came the traditional game looked forward to every year, with intense, though friendly rivalry between the two schools, the meet with Hugh Morson High of Raleigh. The game was very hard fought, but Durham managed to score one touchdown, the only one of the game, holding Raleigh scoreless. This victory was marked with much celebration, being the first gridiron triumph of Durham over Raleigh in several years.

The season was ended by a game with Fayetteville, exhibiting nothing spectacular, and ending 13 and 13.

The season was, on a whole, not a successful one, but due to the fact that much of the squad was green, and working under a new system, the results were not bad.

Prospects are good for the next season, even though much of the backfield will be lost through graduation. Some good material is coming from the Junior High, a nearby hostelry, and many veterans, trained this season, will return.



DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM





# Basketball

JOE GIOBBI, *Captain*

Several of the more athletic guests at the tavern were interested in basketball, so, following an old established custom, the cage sport was represented by a team of huskies, under the able coaching of Mr. Dwight Stuessy, a new but successful athletic adviser at the resort.

The squad was made up of Holloway, Ferrell, Giobbi, and Harris, back from the last season; Lloyd and Edwards, former members; while Tilley, Hockfield, Bumpass, and Bunting were out for the first time.

This team went into the state race with high aspirations, and their early opponents, Lowe's Grove, Chapel Hill, and Cary, were all turned back by large scores. The next game was a surprise, though, as High Point defeated the Bulldogs by a narrow margin.

In the next game, however, hot after revenge, the Crimson almost tripled the score on Rocky Mount. Then the Bulldogs again were humbled, this time by a slight margin to a superior Carolina Freshman squad.

Then, however, the Durham squad began to cut a clean swath through Carolina opposition, Goldsboro, Fayetteville, Carolina Freshmen, Wilson, Oxford, Wilmington, and High Point falling before the mighty Crimson Basketeers.

Then came the game that decided the championship of eastern North Carolina. Raleigh, an ancient and traditional rival, came to Durham, and feeling ran high. The game was fast and air tight, and the winner was doubtful until about the last quarter. Then, however, Raleigh began to weaken, and Durham won the right to meet Charlotte for the state championship.

This game was a hectic one, featured by close guarding, and the score was neck and neck until the last minute, but Durham finally won out, with a whirlwind finish.

Then, because of their great record, the Bulldogs were invited to enter the Washington and Lee tournament. They won the first game, with Cowpens, S. C., then took their second game from Lynchburg, Va. This victory placed Durham in the finals, but the strong John Marshall team, Richmond, Va., proved too much for the Bull City lads, and the latter school eventually won the tournament.

At this meet, an All-Tournament team was chosen, and Jim Holloway, stellar Durhamite, was elected captain and No. 1 ranking guard on the first team, he being given the honor of being the most valuable played in the tourney.

Then the team was invited to the National Tourney, at Chicago. Through the generous and whole-hearted support of the citizens of Durham, the boys were given a chance to make the trip. The Bulldogs won their first game from Morgan Park Military Academy, Chicago, a highly coached team. However, a team from Wheatland, Wyo., defeated the Durhamites, eliminating them from further tournament participation, ending an eventful Durham season.

Many players will be lost next season, but over half of the first team will be back, in hopes for another great year.

## Summary :

Durham .....	47	Lowe's Grove .....	12
Durham .....	49	Chapel Hill .....	26
Durham .....	70	Cary .....	20
Durham .....	15	High Point .....	23
Durham .....	35	Rocky Mount .....	12
Durham .....	26	Carolina Frosh .....	41
Durham .....	29	Goldsboro .....	10
Durham .....	37	Fayetteville .....	8
Durham .....	31	Carolina Frosh .....	28
Durham .....	45	Wilson .....	18
Durham .....	24	Oxford .....	22
Durham .....	36	Wilmington .....	14
Durham .....	35	Oxford .....	15
Durham .....	20	Raleigh .....	12
Durham .....	32	High Point .....	14
Durham .....	14	Charlotte .....	11
Durham .....	31	Cowpens, S. C. ....	11
Durham .....	43	Lynchburg, Va. ....	38
Durham .....	21	John Marshall High ..	26
Durham .....	27	Morgan Park M. A. ..	17
Durham .....	13	Wheatland, Wyo. ....	17
Total .....	680	Total .....	395



STATE CHAMPIONS





## Girls Athletics

The walls of the old Inn often rang with the shouts of the feminine guests as they gleefully took part in the athletic events which supplemented regular class work and other activities. Having been chased inside by the constant rains which caused the abandonment of hockey they began practice for the biggest tournament of the year, that of basketball.

This tournament was divided into two rounds. During the first, sectional games were played according to rooms in which guests stayed. In the end those in 5A5-6-7 were found to have come out on top. In the second round the guests competed according to classes. Those of the first class, who had been guests for four years and were known as Senior guests, those of three years known as Juniors, the Sophomores who had been there for two years, and those who had just arrived and were classified as Freshmen. These teams chose for their leaders the following :

<i>Class</i>	<i>Captain</i>	<i>Manager</i>
Senior.....	Helen Reams	Evelyn Kappes
Junior .....	Tempe Newsom	Julia Gray
Sophomore.....	Virginia Brooks	Martha Johnson
Freshmen.....	Annie L. Newsom	Merne Plyler

As usual these games were hotly contested; the Seniors managed to come through with a clean slate, however, and were therefore declared champions. This team as winners were presented a lovely silver trophy for the second time in as many years.

Due to the interest shown in these games the Inn Keepers decided to choose a Varsity from the guests and one from the Inn Keepers, so the season ended with the Varsity-Inn Keepers game which was won by the Varsity. Those chosen to represent the guests were Captain Atwater, for three years a star and Captain for two; Kappes, who had played for two years; Reams who had played for one and McDearman, Wilson, and Brooks from the Senior guests with Newsom, Gray, Holman, and Yarborough from the Juniors.

The chief event of the spring season was the lovely May Day festival which they, together with guests from other Inns in the city, staged. This was a most spectacular occasion since, in it were hundreds of guests who gave drills and dances representative of various nationalities. Next in importance and interest was the tennis tournament, in which noted singles and doubles champs took part. Besides this the guests were offered such recreations as swimming and baseball.

Towards the end of the visit the boys and girls came together for an athletic banquet given by the Host. This affair brought to a close one of the most successful of athletic seasons ever enjoyed and with this the Inn closed for a three months' period of rest and renovation.





GIRLS' VARSITY



SENIORS



JUNIORS





SOPHOMORES



FRESHMEN





# Wrestling

DAN EDWARDS, *Captain*

During the winter, some of the stronger and brawnier guests decided to form a wrestling team and meet those of other taverns and resorts. This had been successfully tried the year before. They begun the season, under the coaching of Mr. Paul Sykes, spending his first season at the Inn, with high hopes.

They first met Bragtown, a nearby Inn, and proved too much for their less experienced opponents. They next met and vanquished Greensboro. History then repeated itself as the Bulldogs defeated Bragtown again.

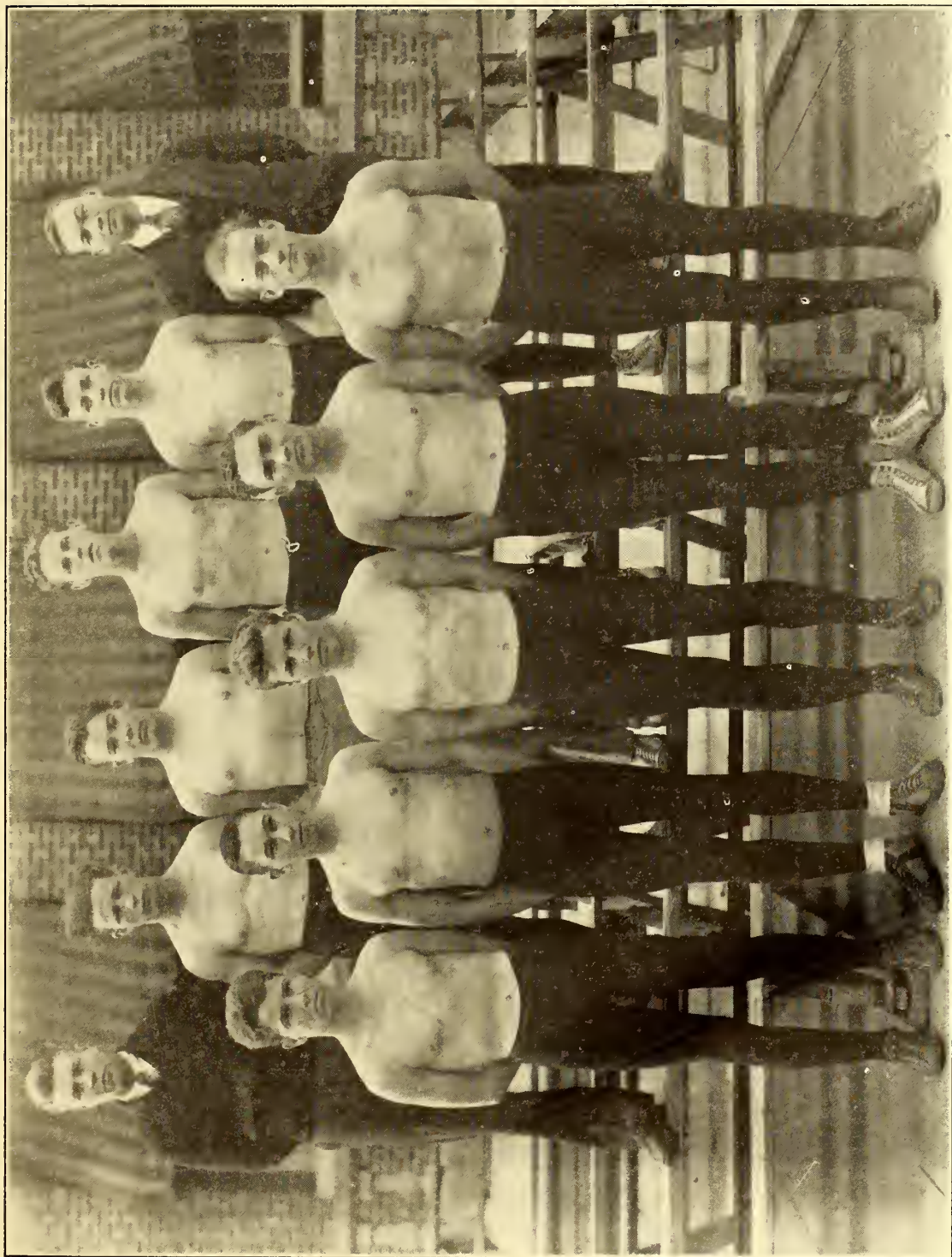
The following encounter was one of the most important of the year and much looked forward to—the meet with the strong team from Lowe's Grove, former state champions. After many hard fought matches, Durham was granted the meet. Durham then won an easy match from Hillsboro, and swamped them in a return match.

Then, with a clean slate, the Durham grapplers came to the last match of the year, the match which decided the state championship. The meet was featured by no falls, and feeling was high, but Durham came off an easy victor.

With only one man being lost this year, hopes are exceedingly bright for a great season during the coming year.

Summary :

Durham .....	23	Bragtown .....	8
Durham .....	21	Greensboro .....	10
Durham .....	16	Bragtown .....	11
Durham .....	15½	Lowe's Grove .....	9½
Durham .....	19	Hillsboro .....	6
Durham .....	20	Hillsboro .....	3
Durham .....	15	Lowe's Grove .....	6
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total .....	129½	Total .....	53½



DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL WRESTLING SQUAD





## Baseball

GORDON POPE, *Captain*

Many guests responded to the call for baseball recruits, including several lettermen and much promising green material. Coach Dwight Stuessy, with the aid of Coach Gilliatt, then began strenuous practice with the hopes of putting out a team of championship caliber.

The team went through several weeks of practice work in preparation for their early season games. They first played the Wake Forest freshmen, but were beaten by a 7-2 count. However, they showed up better against the more experienced opponents than had some higher rated teams.

The team's schedule for the early season was then torn to shreds by the cancelling of several games. However, the Central boys kept training, and took a couple of games from the *Morning Herald*, a city team, by good scores.

Then came the game with the squad's ancient and honorable enemy, Raleigh. The game was loose and uninteresting and, largely because of ragged fielding, the Bull City lads were defeated.

Other games with conference teams are pending and the diamond artists intend to carry on the honors of the Inn further in this phase of athletics.





DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL TRACK SQUAD

## Track

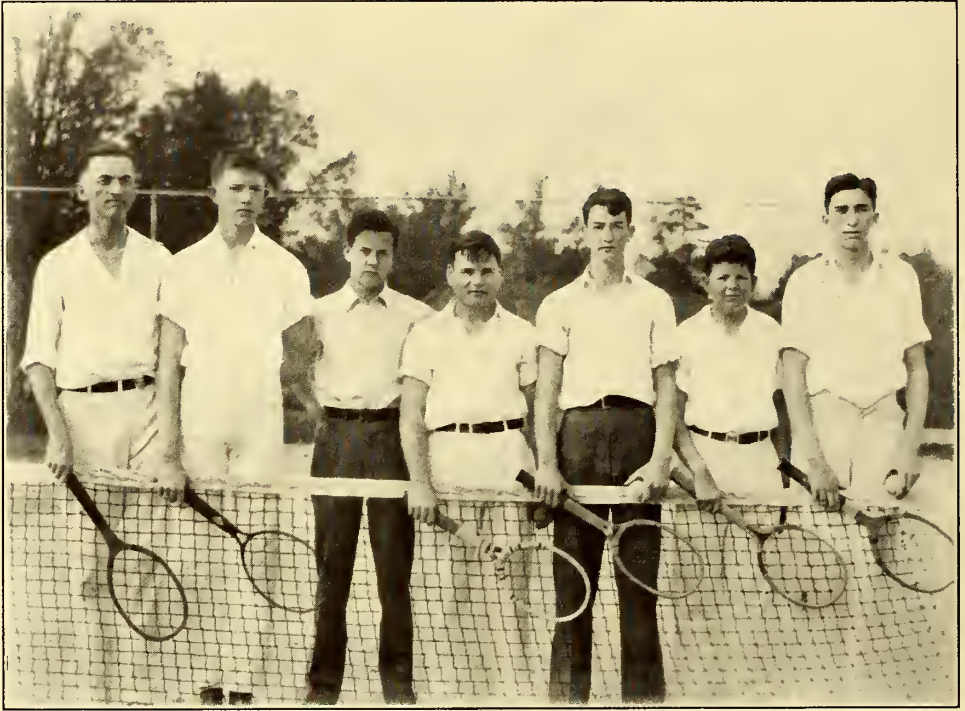
Track began its third year at the Inn with no letter men back from the previous season though much good material responded to Coach Gilliatt's call.

However, the track and field men went to work, and some members of the squad began to show promise. Due, however, to rain and other difficulties, the cindermen worked under somewhat of a strain.

The team entered the state high school meet at Chapel Hill, but failed to place in any event. However, only two or three members will be lost to the squad by next season, and there will be new material back for many events, so Coach Gilliatt has hopes of yet producing a good cinder team at a school famous in other sports.

The boys who represented the school at the meets were:

100 yd. dash—Worth Perry, Bill McAllister, Jim Holloway.  
 220 yd. dash—Worth Perry, Gene Newsom, Jim Holloway.  
 440 yd. dash—Theo Moore, Gene Newsom.  
 880 yd. run—Marvin Dawson.  
 Mile run—Louis Garrard.  
 220 yd. low hurdles—Bill McAllister.  
 High jump—Burke Hobgood, Abe Edwards.  
 Broad jump—Tom Cheek.  
 Shot put—Jim Bryan.  
 Javelin—Tom Cheek, Egbert Smith.  
 Pole Vault—Bill McAllister.



DURHAM HIGH SCHOOL TENNIS TEAM

## Tennis

GUY FERRELL, *Capt.*

Tennis entered another promising year at the venerable tavern with many of the guests responding to the call of a new athletic adviser at the Inn, Mr. J. C. Swanson. This number included several old stars and many new hopefuls.

To discover the cream of the large number reporting, the coach decided to run off an elimination tournament which dropped many would be Tildens by the wayside.

Then as they began to shown signs of stardom, Jimmy Martin and Julian Alderage were elected to uphold old Durham tradition in the annual state tournament held at Chapel Hill. These two representatives fought hard, but were unable to withstand the onslaught of superior players from other parts of the state.

Several dual meets have been arranged, and practicing long and hard, the team has high hopes for a good showing in the coming matches, though, as the annual goes to press, there are no reports on games played.

The team, unfortunately, will lose several of its star members by graduation. However, there is promising material among the lower classes which is being developed, so the coaches have much hope for the coming season,



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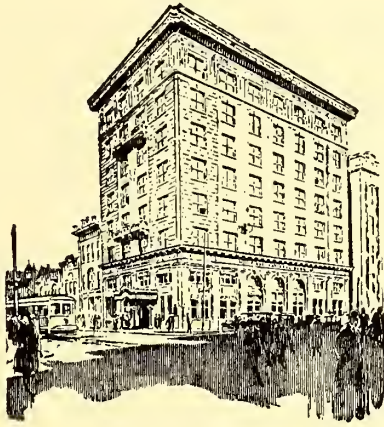
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*We shall be pleased to serve grad-  
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likewise.*

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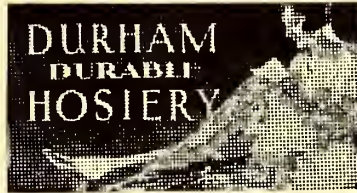
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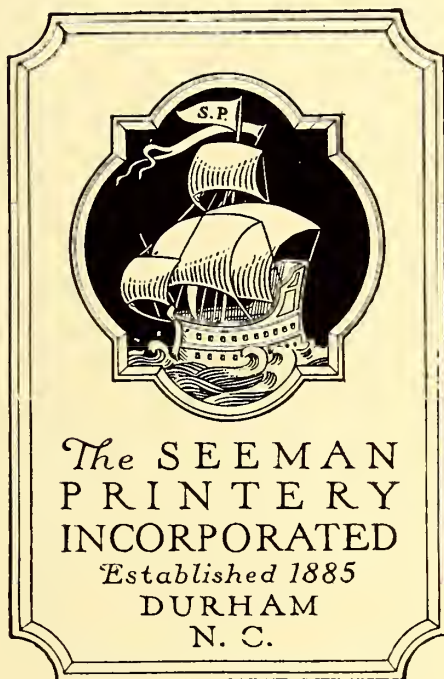
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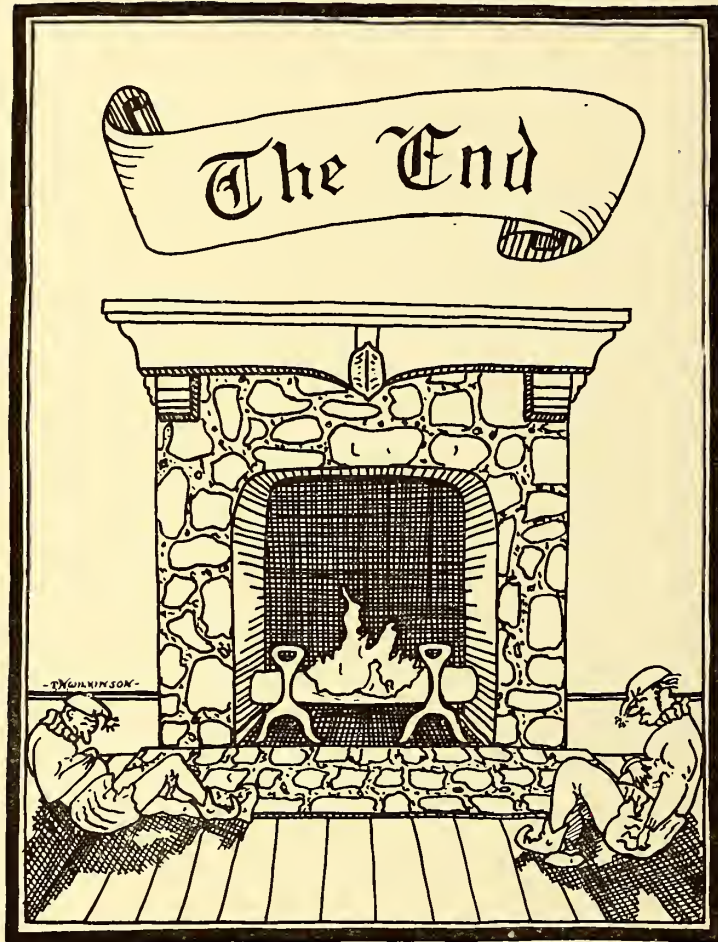
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