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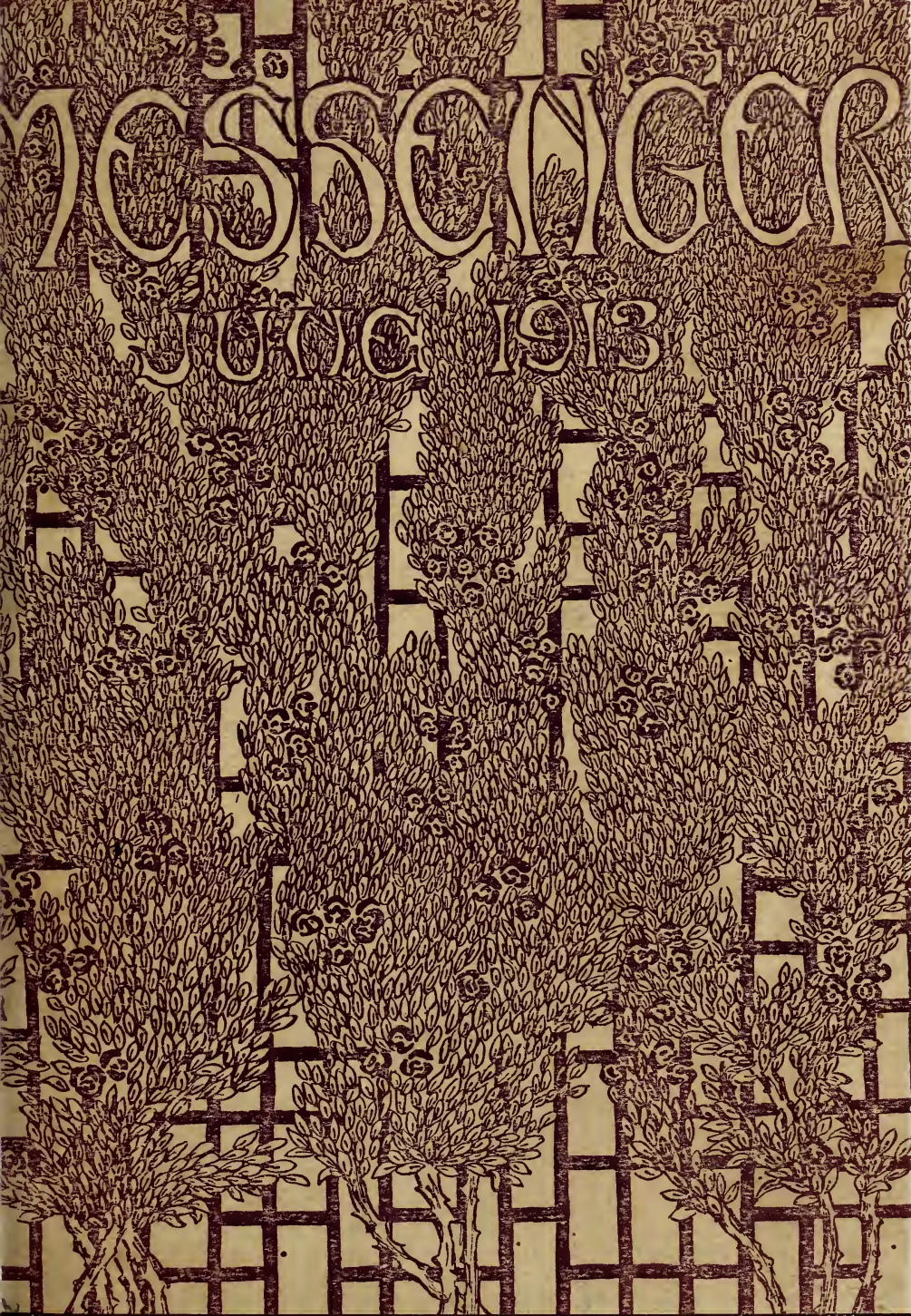
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History of the Class of 1913

YEARS ONE, TWO, THREE AND FOUR

Grace Holton

Now listen, O gentle readers, and I will reveal to you a most wonderful and notable history, that of the first four years of the Class of 1913.

In the beginning you remember that there are four grammar schools in which we could prepare ourselves for the high school. At Edgemont there were enrolled in the books of time, the great names of Vivian Gates, Nellie Cole, Earl O'Briant and David Brady. At Fuller, the illustrious names of Ruth Fallon, Elizabeth Cheatham, Ella Margaret Umstead, Blackweell Markham, Bernard Cheek and James Patton. At North Durham the famous names of Mary Snider and Julia Manning. At Morehead, Hattie Berry, Mamie Faucette, Pearl Christian, Margaret Knight, Nina Mae Wilson, Beulah Rodenhizer, Annie Latta, Norwood Michie, Irving Allen, Louis Christian, Henry Greenberg, Taylor Smith and last, perhaps least, myself, and all of us coming appropriately, as you notice, from the Fuller school.

I think we all were well acquainted with Mrs. Jordan, our teacher before a week had passed, or rather with her rules. We must not talk, we must not laugh, we must not depend on our neighbors to work our examples, in short we must not do anything wrong. And we were angels until Nannie Green burst upon our wondering sight. Then it was we laughed, an unguarded and wholesome laugh. And you would have laughed too if you could have seen her.

It was a cold day in January; we were all freezing, when suddenly the door opened as if by magic, and in walked a very little girl and behind her a very big man. Know you then, that our visitors were Nannie Green and Mr. Carmichael, a mighty man of valor and wondrously to be feared. He conducted Nannie to Mrs. Jordan, with our wondering gaze fixed upon them, and in his giant like voice introduced her.

"Mrs. Jordan, here is a new scholar."

"My dear, I am glad to see you, and what is your name?"

"Murver calls me Nannie"—replied the little girl.

"But Nannie what?" questioned Mrs. Jordan. Nannie brought her inquisitive eye to bear upon Mrs. Jordan, as if she were shocked that Mrs. Jordan was so ignorant.

"Nannie Green"—she answered.

"Well, do you know anyone here?" There was one minute of silence when all of a sudden, Nannie's forefinger shot out like a cannon ball and she cried, "I know her and her." Poor Sarah Wall and Mary Exum Snow jumped as if they had been shot. And their faces grew as red as fire. After a little more questioning and talking, Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Carmichael left the room, leaving Nannie with us. No one hardly dared breathe. It was as silent as death until Nannie announced as a finality: "I'm going to sit with you Sarah," and sit she did. That day was the last of our being angels.

Hattie Berry immediately learned to use her tongue and has never forgotten how, although on recitations she was very meek about letting the teacher know she could talk. She also used it to good advantage with Robert.

Mamie Faucette was one who seemed to remain unaffected by Nannie's entrance; she still tried to be first to pick up Mrs. Jordan's handkerchief when it was dropped.

Pearl Christian was considered the honored one of the class, because she sat on the front seat, and front row, and therefore answered the door. Pearl always beamed with such pride, until on one memorable occasion, a decided knock was heard at the door. Pearl trembled inwardly. I believe her hair, if it had been possible, would have stood on ends, but she bravely went to the door. There stood a high school boy, a boy from Mr. Carmichael.

"Mr. Carmichael wishes to see Louis Christian," he said in a loud deep voice. Pearl fled to her seat and for once let Mrs. Jordan deliver the message.

Poor Louis, how he trembled, as he totteringly walked to the door and passed through. Louis seemed always to be walking through the door. But alas, it was not Mr. Carmichael this time. Only his mother called to speak to her little son.

Taylor Smith won fame by being known as the quiet one. The cat always seemed to have his tongue.

Anna Newton was the star in arithmetic, one of shooting variety; it was a caution the way she slaughtered number work, and she carried it on through to the fourth grade, learning that $2 \times 2 = 6$.

Margaret Knight started her flirting from the very first by selecting Irving Allen as the captive. But alas for all her winning ways, Irving could not be caught, but seemed to favor more the coquettish glances which Nina Mae Wilson cast upon him.

Henry Greenberg first showed his oratorical powers by arguing that Mr. Carmichael could not "scare" him. But—when Mr. Carmichael spoke to him the first time, Henry answered "Yes sir" in the meekest voice and looked as if he would like to say did not do it.

Norward Michie starred in seeing how near he could come to being tardy; although he lived right opposite the school, he always came in at one minute till nine.

The best reader in the class was Beulah Rodenhizer, who always read as if a dog or a cat were chasing her.

Whenever a pencil was needed or a pen, if we did not want to stay in after school, we knew whom to go to. Annie Latta was our old reliable.

And me! well I was just plain me.

Thus our first year ended. And as we moved on to the second grade, we still sung our old favorite,

"We shall know each other better
When the mists have rolled away."

In the second grade we met our Jonah in the shape of arithmetic. We taught Miss Ethel, just as we have Mrs. Shaw, a new kind of Math such as $6 \times 7 = 56$, or $4 \times 8 = 50$, or $32 - 23 = 12$. Miss Ethel almost despaired, until one day a sunbeam came into our room, but only for one day, in the form of Annie Cobb.

Annie had just moved here, she informed Miss Ethel. Miss Ethel began testing her and as we were having arithmetic when Annie had come in, she began with that. Annie just rattled off the first five multiplication tables, even through the fourth without a single mistake. Miss Ethel's face wore a relieved smile, but not long. On the sixth Annie's droning gradually became slower and slower.

"Six ti—im—mes fo—ur eq—u—als twen—ty—fo—ur, si—ix ti—ime—s fi—ve e—qu—als thir—ty," and so on until "s—i—x ti—me—s eight—e—qu—als tw—en—ty ———." She could go no

farther. The smile suddenly left Miss Ethel's face and she listlessly tested Annie's other abilities.

But somehow or other, we all slipped through on arithmetic, and learned a new song, and at length received our promotion cards.

The year opened uneventfully. We were all on the mark and with some new ones at the other grammar schools. At Edgemont Annie Dixon and Nellie Cole decided that they preferred to march along with '13; at North Durham Mattie Moye concluded to be company with Julia and Mary; at Fuller, Fannie Kadis joined our ranks. But at Morehead we still remained the faithful thirteen, marching to graduation day, May 1913.

In this year Nina Mae Wilson seemed to be one always getting caught in mischief, such as eating in school, or talking some kind of jargon. Poor Miss Jean. I know she had sleepless nights on account of Nina Mae. Nina Mae was not afraid of Miss Jean or of anyone, not even Mr. Carmichael, but, O unkind fate, what became of Nina Mae's bragging.

One awful day, Miss Jean sent Nina Mae to stand outside the door for Misbehavior and—well the first thing we knew a whirlwind had opened our door and from the midst of this whirlwind could be heard a very small voice, "Mr. Carmichael's coming." The poor wayfaring child quit standing outside the door and came sweeping through the gates and by the way, she has not forgotten how to sing those songs yet.

This year, we could look down on the first grade and wonder if we were as ignorant and doll-babyish as they were. We also advanced to the fourth row in Chapel and profited by Mr. Carmichael's talks.

Vacation soon sped by. Again on the sixth day of September, we all met at Morehead in our old room with a new addition, Marion Fowler. Also the news came that Nannie Bett Wright had found out that there was not any Wright for 1912 and cast her fortunes with lucky '13. Also Mattie Moye Adams concluded that she would like Fuller better than North Durham (wonder why?) and began the fourth year at Fuller.

Miss Fannie cured us of talking—for a time—we had hardly dared speak above a whisper. But sometimes whispers are louder than we think and even the little angel, Irving Allen was caught by the lynx. Alas for him, he had to remain after school and study—

both a cruel punishment for him. Others too were caught, but they were not of the '13 class. But altogether this year was just like the preceding year. Somehow the excitement of school had worn off and

“We looked before nor after
And pined for what was not
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain was fraught.”

YEARS FIVE AND SIX

Leon Powell

And now this already illustrious class entered once more, for the fifth time, its routine of work. Although we were still too young to appreciate each other's mental ability, James Patton showed marked preference for Elizabeth Fuller and even dared to offer, daily, floral gifts at her shrine. Also Leon Powell who had entered this year, and Bernard Cheek had fallen victims to the charms of Mattie Moye Adams, the one supplying her with flowers and the other with gum, which element all of us had learned to use. Even then Blackwell Markham did “a willful stillness entertain and therefore was reputed wise for saying nothing.”

At the Morehead there was very good head work and Arthur Andrews, Clinton Toms, and Norward Michie displayed their affection for books by casting them into each other's arms. Nina Mae Wilson was slyly casting her eyes at unsuspecting innocents like Irving Allen and Arthur Andrews, while Annie Cobb and Nannie Green just sat up and smiled. Oh, how timid those two girls were! But, alas! that soon wore away.

This year we were Grammar school seniors! How proud we were! We immediately began to play both Basket and Base ball and the seniors at each school had their team. When the Edgemont played the Morehead, despite the fact that the latter had the ‘more head,’ they were beaten, but what did it matter to us; it was all in the family.

James Patton had transferred his affections to Ruth Fallon and even went so far as to write a story with a real heroine whose name was Ruth. This unaccustomed fame occasioned the lady no little embarrassment.

Later in the year a literary society was formed and David Brady and his uncle Henry Greenberg and Annie Cobb began their career as debaters.

And now commencement. Alas! Some of those who had been seniors were destined to retain that honor for another year. For graduation was a case of the survival of the fittest. But then what a drop from seniors to freshmen—to—be!

We bid farewell to those dear old days of Grammar school time, those days of innocent childhood and entered into a new era but we will cherish them forever.

YEARS SEVEN AND EIGHT

Wallace Clements

In September 1909, we of the famous Senior class of 1913, entered D. H. S., as innocent pupils direct from the respective grammar schools whence we emigrated.

We were to remain innocent for a short time only. After we had been duly initiated into the ways of the school we became as companions.

We certainly thought we were the best class which had ever entered the first year.

We soon had a reputation, which though not so widespread as that which we later attained, was a record indeed for freshmen. All were studious though, which softened our punishments somewhat.

Ella Margaret Umstead was famous for her answers on English. Her "I don't know" was invariably her way of answering a question.

Julia Manning was always attempting to be the belle of the class. Primping occupied most of her time and everything about her was neatly arranged.

Annie Cobb was the talker. The teachers were afraid to call on her for fear the rest of the class would get through the recitation unscathed.

I suppose you notice that Annie, Nannie Green, and Julia Manning are very nervous.

Well, they were the ringleaders in a singing club and were sent to the office for unruly use of the tongue at recess.

They remained there for three periods, and as a result their hair does not curl.

The girls were industrious enough to win the basket ball pennant in this year under the leadership of Margaret Knight.

The boys enjoyed the full benefits of this and the girls' names were handed about the room for a long time afterwards.

The teachers took pity on Mary Knight and did not call on her often, for it took more energy for her to rise than she was able to expend.

It was hard to restrain Ester Cohen from talking without permission, and as a result we were in danger of losing her on account of her conduct grades.

Now let us consider the boys.

Senator Smith was the undisputed possessor of the scholarship in Latin. Henry Greenberg and David Brady were so quiet that you would not know that they were in the room. Blackwell Markham was our prop. He was always quiet and studious. The rest took great pride in his scholarships.

It was such a common occurrence that the daily routine was scarcely disturbed by the exit of Clinton Toms on his way to the office with Norward Michie as his companion.

Preston Epps, who was with us in our first year, with his usual farsightedness, made the eighth grade during vacation and entered the third year one year in advance of his former class-mates.

Mr. Blanchard attempted to teach us biology during this year also.

At last vacation came and the eighth grade passed into history.

YEARS NINE AND TEN

Annie Cobb

There was once an old legend, that in the "Never-never-land," was the garden of Knowledge; in this garden dwelt the god of wisdom, and every one who faithfully performed his duty could enter the garden and worship at the shrine of the god of wisdom. Here in the garden, all is beauty, and the joy that comes to those who lead the life of endeavor, is found in this wonderful garden.

This legend inspired a band of travellers to begin an eager pilgrimage to this garden of knowledge ten long years ago.

So the journey began.

Six years the band of travellers struggled along the rocky way of the grammar school; and at last they entered the smooth road of High School life. The first two years were spent in hard struggling, and many of the original band of travellers (the class of 1913) dropped by the wayside, for many are the paths of pleasure that keep pilgrims from entering the garden.

The road to this garden of knowledge is that called study, a dangerous road, and a hard one to travel.

At the beginning of the 9th year of this struggle, the band of travellers who were left, resolved more bravely to win in the fight. For lo in the distance, as if covered by a veil was a white scroll, on which was to be written the name of every traveller, who passed the Gate of Despair. Now the scroll in plain terms is a diploma from D. H. S.

The travellers welcomed to their band, Gordon West, Mozelle Brown, Ella Airheart, and Joseph Horton. While with joyful hearts they took into their ranks, Mary Berry, Etta Lewter, Lillie and Willie Adcock; Dora Whitaker, Minnie Carroll, and Margaret Martin. These pilgrims, becoming discouraged, had not reached the garden, so decided to join our band.

The happy life of the class was somewhat checked at this time, because it was necessary for the travellers to separate. Some taking the road of science, others history, Greek, French, German and the business course. However they were consoled by the fact, that though their paths were different, at the end of the year, they would meet and together enter the shining white road as seniors.

The third year would have been a hard one, had not Elizabeth Fuller represented us so well in the literary world that even the dwellers in the garden looked back to see the coming band.

The third year was progressing splendidly when quadratic equations loomed up so hard, and—, and Otelia Cunningham came to our rescue, and urged us not to give up.

One of the instructors of the band, Mr. Jones, deserves special thanks for his remarkable work, teaching the girls English, the boys math.

Under the companionship of Miss Lila Markham, and Mr. Cunningham, we soon won the title of the "Talkers," a name that will stick forever.

Our principal decided upon a plan to break us of this habit, so

Study Hall was established and peace fled. For Julia Manning, Nannie Wright, and Ella Margaret Umstead could never remain there a period without getting in trouble. While Norward Michie, Clinton Toms, Bernard Cheek, James Patton, and Arthur Andrews had a reserved seat on the front row.

The girls were introduced into the mysteries of cooking. Nannie Green and I showed our ignorance as how to wash the dishpan. Nannie held it while I washed it. But we had one member who was a shining light in the kitchen, this was Annie Dixon.

It must be admitted that this class had a pretty good opinion of themselves, because Arthur Andrews and Penn Noell had won fame as ball players, and the girls claimed the Basket Ball championship. But to get into the Garden of Wisdom, it was necessary to suffer defeat and disappointment. So we had our share. We played Basket ball and were beaten by the class of 1912. At first we moped, and thought fate was against us, as we were against the class who had beat us. But that feeling passed away and, we (the class of 1913) served the feast which sent them into the Garden of Wisdom.

And still the journey progressed. The fourth year appeared to be easier, the road broader, the ascent less steep.

David Brady and Henry Greenberg have become very distinguished in the debating world, and so the class of 1913 had another disappointment in losing the loving cup. But the Merchant of Venice brought courage to our hearts. For Mary Erwin as Jessica won laurels with Leon Powell as Lorenzo.

Irving Allen and Nannie Green as Bassanio, and Portia, will never be forgotten. While Wm. Lewis, Bernard Cheek, Henry Greenberg, Gordon West, Marion Fowler and James Patton will always stand high in stage land. Blackwell Markham, as Gratiano. Why! the band hasn't recovered from the shock of seeing Blackwell woo a lady yet. We are not so much surprised now, to hear he is wooing a lady—not a lady who plays on the stage, but one who plays in the halls of D. H. S.

The legend tells that the travellers always enter the Garden with shriek of triumph and song, so Miss Minor was introduced to us, for the purpose of training our voices. D. C. Mitchell, Charles Noell, JJoseph Horton, have shown marked ability in singing, Wallace Clements and Harry are so very silent they didn't think the glee club worth joining.

When an unknown giant, Geometry, appeared and the weary band

toiled under Mrs Shaw, Nellie Cole, Minnie Carroll, Mary Snider, Anna Newton, and Elizabeth Cheatham struggled in the pond of Despair, and James Patton, Taylor Smith and Arthur Andrews almost lost courage. Then William Lewis came, ready to lend a helping hand to the weary. Lillie Adcock, Etta Lewter, and Leon Powell have taken first place in drawing geometrical figures. No member of the band envies them or wishes for their glory.

As the journey progressed the white Tablet or diploma could be seen in the distance and the garden of Knowledge was not far off. Our leader had not been chosen, so the band assembled. James Patton was chosen president, Robert Freeland, secretary, Eula Roberts was given the task of prophesying what each member would do when he reached the Garden of Wisdom, while I have the task of recalling to each of you the trials of getting into the garden. We decided to have our colors old gold and blue.

The band can never sufficiently thank Ruth Bailey, Margaret Martin, and Mary Knight for their services in the kitchen while Louis Christian, Taylor Smith and Ralph O'Briant have labored faithfully peddling lunch.

Margaret Knight, Mary Berry, Vivian Gates led us on to victory in Basket Ball. It was victory for us, but some of our patriotic band (fourth boys) had to suffer, for watching the game when forbidden.

There are two clubs in this band, one—the club of gigglers—Mary White Cranford, Nannie Wright, and Mattie Moye Adams. The talkers are—Hattie Berry, Nina Wilson, and Janie Gaskill. The band is sure of turning out four teachers, Grace Holton, Fannie Kadis, Anna Latta and Beulah Rodenhizer, for they try faithfully to keep order.

The journey grows rugged and steep, for the band is swimming in the pond of final reviews. The sad fate of each traveller rests only in getting through reviews. As we climb upon the shore free from reviews, our hearts grow shaky from the fear of failure but we are strengthened by our past work, and hope, that will pass us.

And now the journey is finished. Already in the distance glimmers the shrine of the God of Wisdom. While wafted back to us, are the shouts of the pilgrims, who have reached the garden of Knowledge, but are striving to take another journey, 4 years in college, so encouraged by these the travellers see their names written on the white scroll; and they resolve to press more bravely on.



BEULAH RODENHIZER



MOZELLE BROWN



MARY ERWIN



MARGARET KNIGHT



ANNIE LATTA



MARY SNIDER



JANIE GASKILL



FANIE KADIS



MARGARET MARTIN



ESTER COHEN



VIVIAN GATES



ELLA AIRHEART



ANNIE COBB



PEARL CHRISTIAN



MINNIE B. CARROLL



MARY KNIGHT



OTELIA CUNNINGHAM



ANNIE DIXON



RUTH FALLON



FLORENCE WALLER



HELEN BEALL



DORA WHITAKER



EULA ROBERTS



NANNIE WRIGHT



GRACE HOLTON



MARY BERRY



ANNA NEWTON



LILLIE ADCOCK



ELLA M. UMSTÉAD



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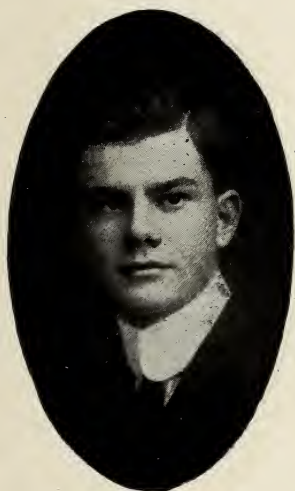
ARTHUR ANDREWS



LEON POWELL



IRVING ALLEN



NORWOOD MICHIE



HARRY COHEN



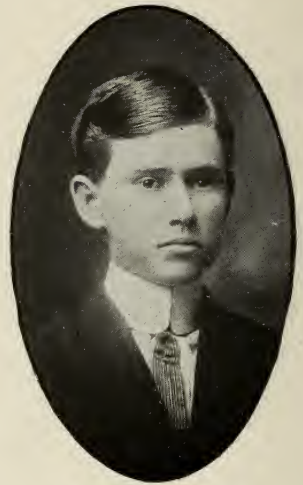
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NELLIE COLE



ELIZABETH CHEATHAM



JULIA MANNING



NINA MAY WILSON



WILLIE ADCOCK

Class Prophecy

Eula Roberts

I was weary. Not of toil was I weary but of the babble and confusion of busy humanity. Weary not in body, but in mind and spirit. I seemed stricken with a desire to be alone, absolutely alone, and yielding to this impulse I found myself wending away up the mountain side.

How quiet and restful it was! "far from the maddening crowd," with the birds and trees, with nature itself. I found a cosy seat of rock in a sheltered nook where perhaps man had never before rested and here I dropped to watch the sunset (for it was even-tide) to watch the golden trimmings of the wafted clouds fade away, and—to think. Just what my reverie was to be or just what it was I do not know, nothing specific, however, for my thoughts wandered from one thing to another until the objects around me began to take fanciful forms and I was sinking into sweet oblivion. I was falling asleep so peacefully, so unresistingly.

* * * * *

I awoke. And a great awakening it was. I gazed bewildered around me. Where was I? Or was it really I? Gradually I recalled the situation and the circumstances under which I had retreated thither. But how could things have changed so much in such a short while? It was evening but truly the only familiar scene upon which my wondering eyes rested was the same setting sun illuminating the same beautiful clouds. All the small trees had suddenly become giant ones and other sturdy young saplings of apparently several years' growth graced the scenery. I glanced down at my clothing. The light wrap I had worn I never should have recognized. My hair was sadly out of order and much longer than when I had last arranged it. This I soon remedied and reached for my hat which I had tossed aside when first choosing the seat. Lo! It was gone. On further investigation I found a hat-pin, half-buried in the leaf mold and sadly minus its head.

As I resumed my seat and was trying to solve the mystery of it all, I noted a disturbance in the vegetation down the mountain side and presently I saw making his way toward me, an old man. His step was not as alert as his twinkling eye, and his flowing white beard reached his waist. He carried a cane and wore a

gray robe while his venerable head was bare. As he drew near me I saw that his countenance bore a cheerful expression and he whistled a merry tune. I at once recognized Father Time, for none other could this elderly gentleman be. He approached me with a smile: "My Child," he said, "are you all alone? Why have you come here? Are you not frightened to venture so far from home?"

This thought had not occurred to me before and certainly it did not worry me now, that this kindly companion was with me. I hastened to relate to him the story of my experience and told him of my astonishment when waking and of my inefficiency to understand it all.

Father Time seemed much amused at this, for he laughed heartily and said, "Why, my dear, the wand of Mab has been waved over you, transforming you into a modern Rip Van Winkle. You've been asleep on this hill for twenty years!"

Wonder of wonders! It was all clear to me then. I could understand all the changes and I laughed in return and exclaimed, "Yes, a modern Rip Van Winkle indeed. But Rip Van Winkle himself could never have been so inquisitive as I am now. And since I have been so lucky as to meet you, Father Time, you who reveal all things, I want to ask you to tell me about the events of all these years I have wasted."

"And what most interests you? You know time flies and I can't tell you all that has happened."

And presenting a little instrument which he adjusted to his eyes then handed to me, he said, "This will aid you in finding out what kind of present the past has brought about. Seeing, you know, is better than hearing for the most part."

I raised this curiosity of a spy glass to my eyes and peered through it into the distance. I saw men, women, and children in all kinds of life, all together in the busy world. Turning on another side I saw a squad of people with self-important countenances and their hasty enthusiasm interested me.

"What crowd is that?" I asked.

Again Father Time laughed and said, "O, you stupid Rip! That's your own class of '13."

An exclamation of surprise and delight escaped my lips and eagerly I readjusted the glass to my eyes, for of course my greatest interest lay in the welfare of my class. This time instead

of the throng I saw a courtroom. The case was evidently a serious one and the criminal had been found guilty, for he was trembling and casting anxious eyes toward the judge. And that aristocratic one reigned supreme. His face was in keeping with the task at hand. I looked at him again and recognized the beaming visage of our class president, James Patton—Honorable Judge!

Then the scene was changed and I saw Annie Dixon as head of the Domestic Science department in the Greensboro High School and Father Time told me what a reputation these lunch sellers had for their sandwiches all because Miss Dixon had asked Mary Knight to visit her class and tell them how she won so much success along such lines in the class of D. H. S. which graduated in nineteen hundred and thirteen. The latter, he said, was teaching a private class in French after having studied that language abroad for several years.

Again looking through the glass I saw a handsome theatre and to explain why he had showed me this, Father Time told me to look down the street to the left of the theatre. Obeying, I saw a poster which showed in large letters: "Wednesday—The Famous Madame Roselli in the greatest drama of the ages. Don't fail to see her." My eyes asked a question which my lips were forming when Father Time said, "O, don't you remember the heroine of 'The Merchant of Venice' when the High School gave it?"

On reflection, of course I knew it was our pretty Nannie and I exclaimed: "What a fitting calling for that talented girl! But what became of William?" I asked with a laugh?

"Why, Mr. Lewis is running for Governor of our state in the late campaign and in all probability will be elected. Of course Cupid kept busy until he saw the two well tied up and although they have been a wedded pair for several years he does not wish her to give up the stage life while she finds it so fascinating."

Smiling at the truth of the prophecies of those classmates who had so much enjoyed teasing the couple just mentioned, I lifted the glass again and this time I saw an attractive sign which read: "Mrs. Butler's Beauty Parlors. Your hair arranged in the most becoming style for very reasonable terms." My companion told me that the owner was or used to be Miss Minnie Carroll. I might have guessed it," said I, "for whoever saw Minnie when she was minus a mirror and a box of powder? And what became of Nellie Cole?" I asked.

"O, she succeeded after a while in winning the heart of a certain Methodist minister and he says that Nellie can cook the best fried chicken that ever entered the ministry."

Then I saw a street corner and over a handsome store front, in gilt letters I read: "Miss Ruth Bailey, First class millinery." Opposite this was a prominent shingle bearing the words: "Brady and Greenberg, Attorneys at Law." This I approved of when I remembered how they won debates as school boys. But what puzzled me was to see almost beside this another shingle with the inscription: "Miss Adcock and Mrs. Cole." Their very appearance seemed to suggest the rivalry that existed between these two and the first two just mentioned. The first I concluded to be Willie, but the second name puzzled me for a while, then I remembered that Mary Berry had a habit of spending her vacations at Hillsboro, because it was said, there was a favorite kind of coal (Cole) up there which she found very attractive. As I laughed at this Father Time told me that Otey Cunningham was holding the highest office in the town and I cried, "O, this is the day of suffragettes!"

"And do you remember Mattie Moye Adams?" said Father Time.

"Why certainly, I haven't forgotten her. What has been her lot?"

"Well she, as became her nature, played 'Progressive Hearts' for quite a while. And I am afraid gentle Mattie was inclined to play cruelly at times for she seemed to forget that the hearts in her game were made of a more vulnerable material than those of paper. However, just before they had decided that she had joined the 'Heart Breaker's Club' for permanency, she chose one from the many ardent hearts, one of which she is now queen and Edgar's has proved to be as true as her own."

"And Margaret Knight is a missionary in foreign fields while Gordon West, to everybody's satisfaction, has proved himself an able minister of the gospel. Ella Margaret Umstead is a successful music teacher and they say she has not yet forgotten how to work right triangles."

"And Taylor Smith, is he still aspiring to the honors of Senator?"

"Why," said the venerable father, "I really don't know. He is still perusing his books at some Northern University, but Taylor will surprise us yet and become a great statesman."

After this interesting information I made use of the spy glass again. This time I saw a ship landing. Among the passengers I noticed a beautiful but sad-looking lady whom I noticed to be Ruth Fallon. "She," said Father Time, "has been travelling with her father in Europe for quite a while, trying to forget a disappointment in a love affair from which she will soon recover. As confidential friend and sympathizer, Mary Erwin went with her. The latter will soon after her arrival announce her engagement to a nobleman in England, which will cause great excitement among her many friends."

Then I saw a party of golf players, both men and women. As they appeared on the field one tall gentleman attracted my attention. On asking his name Father Time explained: "Why, that's the famous aviator, Leon Powell. His present aeroplane is the most beautiful in the world with all modern furnishings and conveniences for passengers. When he is not thus employed he finds much leisure time in which to entertain and be entertained by the fairer sex. 'The Sport' as they call him is as much of a youth as ever, although many men of his age would be classed with the old bachelor as indeed Dr. Charles Noel is. The latter has become quite popular in his profession and fills the place of health officer for his town."

And I think he need not despair of his fate for the scene presented to me was a party of young people with their lunch boxes and sketch books. As they seated themselves to their work I saw a slender form look over the company then, retreating, seat herself under a tree. Of course this was the art teacher and from her pensive mood I could well imagine she was softly humming "O, Charlie is my Darling." Then I knew it was Etta Belle and that Dr. Noell was to be congratulated.

Then the scene was changed again and in busy offices where everything was business and no play, I saw Florence Waller and Mamie Faucette well employed as stenographers. This brought to my mind the other members of our business department and I asked Father Time what had become of them.

Dora Whitaker, he told me, had followed out her calling as she decided it in the High School and so had Maggie Critcher, but Janie Gaskill and Pearle Christian found that they could do better as homemakers and indeed they were proving it to two people at least. Then I saw Nina May and Lillie, the inseparable

pair, following the foregoing example and we may rest assured that in this decision the place at which they became at least half the attraction was Spencer, N. C., and we can easily guess what the other half was.

Then I saw Fannie Kadis discharging faithfully the duties of a trained nurse in a hospital where she would soon receive her diploma and of which Margaret Martin was matron. Next I saw acting as referee of a basket ball game, Elizabeth Cheatham. The game was taking place on the court of a girl's college where Miss Cheatham had charge of all athletics. The next thing of interest was Ella Airheart strolling on a lawn with a stately gentleman whom I supposed to be her affinity. "Yes, said my companion, that's rosy Ella with the little 'Prep' that grew into her ideal of a man."

Again, I lifted the glass and saw Annie Latta travelling over the country in the interest of the Uplift Society, inspecting the tenement settlements of the large cities. Robert Freeland was doing good work as president of a Y. M. C. A. Next, I saw a newspaper of which Marion Fowler was the editor with Earl O'Briant as associate. In the social column I read in prominent type: "Mrs. Judge Patton entertains." A sly glance at my interpreter caused him to utter these words: "Why, that's Annie, of course. She ranks as the leader of the social circles in her vicinity. Then I read the item which told of Mrs. Patton's popularity and special charms as hostess. This particular delightful event was given in honor of a Mr. and Mrs. Dodson on their return from a trip abroad. The latter, whose beauty and attractiveness the paper so highly esteemed, I found to be none other than Julia Manning.

I saw Vivian as post-mistress in Durham. Wallace Clements was a prosperous dealer in real estate. Nannie Wright, as a second Carrie Nation, influenced by the Temperance Movement was traversing the country, tearing down cigarette advertisements and making temperance lectures in every city.

Then I saw the interior of a rural school building. It was near the closing hour and the young hopefuls had grown restless. The face of the teacher showed fatigue. It was flushed with the trials of a country "marm" and I knew it to be Hattie Berry. I found that Louis Christian was manager of a moving picture show and then I was shown the interior of a circus tent which proved to be Barnum and Bailey's. Among the many amusements were the clowns, of course the most important. I soon found the chief,

the one causing most merriment and who was "the whole show" as some expressed it, was called "Uncle Dud" and none other than my old friend, Bernard Cheek. I saw Joseph Horton driving at full speed in a famous automobile race in which he won second prize. Then I saw Harry Cohen defeat a second Jack Johnson and become the world's champion prize fighter.

Father Time told me that Irving Allen and Norward Michie had together fitted out an expedition and were exploring the arctic regions. Also that D. C. Mitchell had realized his highest ambition and become an ideal baseball pitcher.

Again by the aid of the spyglass I saw a regiment of the U. S. army. I saw a knightly looking soldier on horseback and when I expressed an admiration for his appearance, Father Time said, "Why, don't you know that the repulsion of the Japanese was due to the bravery and skill of Colonel Andrews?" "O, how perfectly splendid!" I answered and then I saw an audience held in interest by a noted singer. She fascinated the people with her voice as she sang with all the sweetness of a springtime warbler. At a moment's glance I saw that it was Mary White Cranford.

"What became of Mary Snider and Anna Newton?" I asked.

"Why," said Father Time, "they went through college, happy in each other's companionship, and now they have begun editing a booklet which appears monthly and is called, 'The Cure for Trouble' and contains all the brilliant and witty remarks of these two editors."

And Beulah Rodenhizer, he said, was matron of the Oxford Orphanage. Helen Beall was leading a quiet life at her home in Durham with a trip to the mountains during each summer.

Again I made use of the spyglass and saw Ester Cohen as landlady of a grand hotel in Atlanta, Georgia.

Then the scene was again changed and I saw a school building. After scrutinizing the outside of the structure for a while I found it to be the dear old Durham High School in which we as a class had spent many a happy day. But what was most astonishing when the interior was revealed was to see, in the Superintendent's office, presiding with a very business like air, Blackwell Markham. He had the appearance of one who knew his duty and how to do it and I thought him the one suited to that position. And when I saw the teachers consulting the principal, who was a stranger to me, I recognized Mozelle Brown and Grace Holton, who I learned,

were teaching Math and Latin there with great satisfaction. And I thought. "What a pleasure to know that our dear old high school is in such good hands, those who will keep her up to her excellent standard."

Then with a smile and many thanks I returned the wonderful spyglass to its rightful owner and said, "Well, if our class did happen to be the one of thirteen it has not been any more unlucky for it, for every one of its members succeeded in life."

Class Song and Yell

Blackwell Markham

(Tune: Love's Old Sweet Song.)

Once in the golden days of nineteen three,
When all the world was full of mirth and glee,
Gayly we started on our school career
Carefree and innocent of teacher's fear.
But when we'd travelled just a mile or two,
Trials began to cloud our skies of blue.

Chorus

Just a song at parting, when our minds retrace,
All the joys and sorrows which we've had to face.
Though fond mem'ry brings us many a sigh or tear,
Yet we hold our school days sacred and dear,
Eternally dear.

And now today as these dark clouds disperse,
There comes a feeling to us which is worse.
For now no cloud of lessons hangs low;
But we as students part forevermore.
And though we find our fields lie far apart,
Friendship will ever bind us heart to heart.

CLASS YELL

Rickety, Rackety, re, hu, rah!
D. H. S. Sis, boom, bah!
Boom rack, Boom rack, Boom rack, rah!
19—13, rah! rah! rah!

Class of 1913

Officers

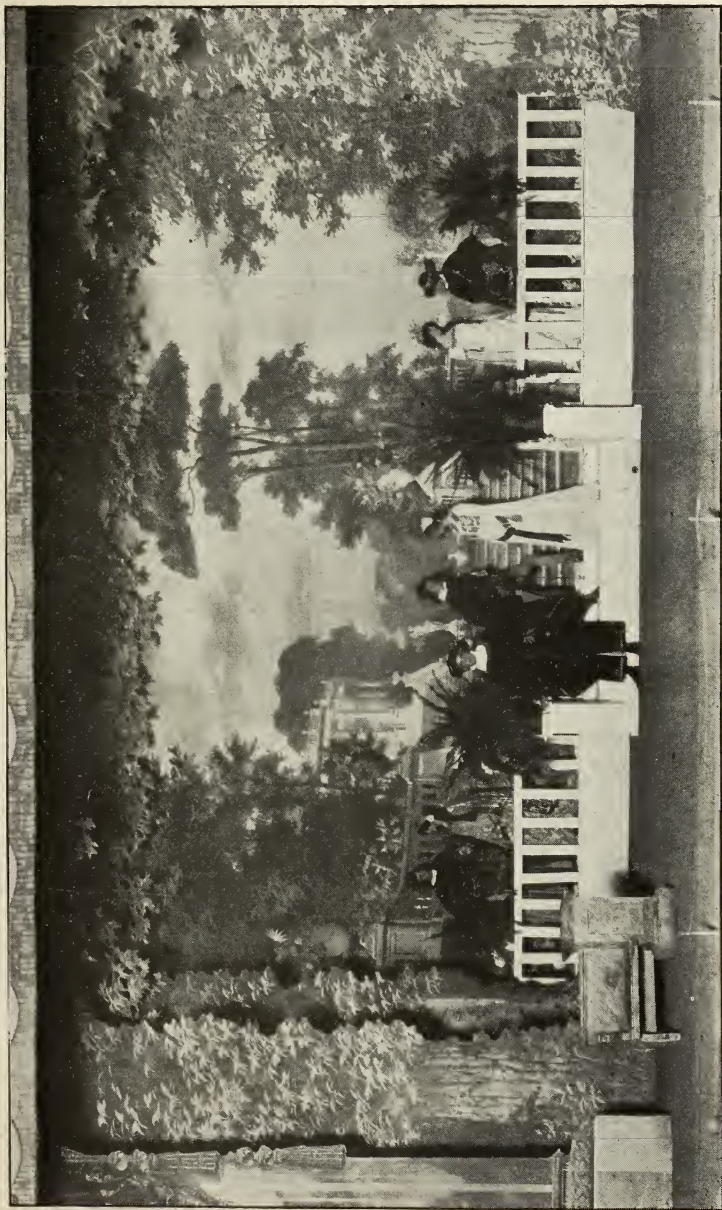
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Vice-President—Mattie Moye Adams.
Secretary—Gordon West.

COMMITTEES

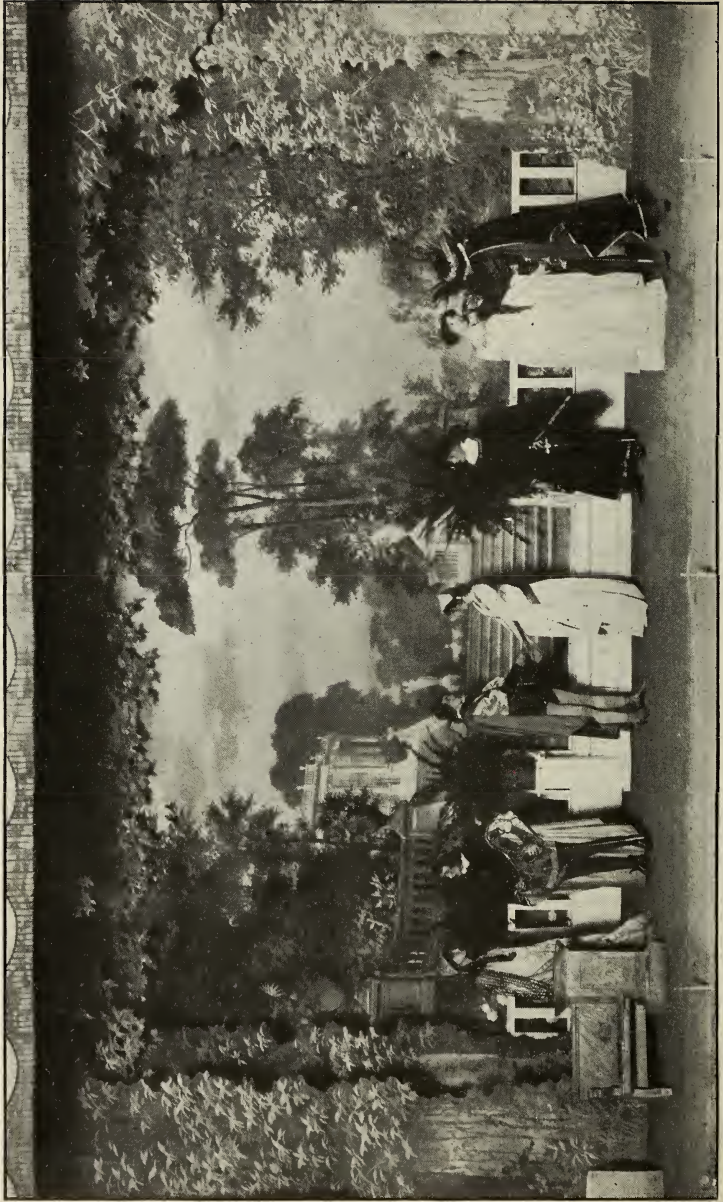
Class Pin: Blackwell Markham, Nannie Green, Annie Cobb.
Class Colors: Earl O'Briant, Marion Fowler, Bernard Cheek, Annie Dixon.
Class Gift: William Lewis, Earl O'Briant, Nannie Bett Wright, Julia Manning.
Motto: Ruth Fallon, Mary White Cranford, Eula Roberts.
Social: Gordon West, Irving Allen, Mattie Moye Adams, Elizabeth Cheatham.
Transportation: Marion Fowler, William Lewis.
Pennant: Norward Michie, Arthur Andrews, Mary White Cranford.

CLASS DAY OFFICERS

Phophetess: Eula Roberts.
Historians: Annie Cobb, Chief
Grace Holton, Leon Powell, Wallace Clements.
Orator: Henry Greenberg.
Class Colors: Blue and Gold.
Class Flower: Sweet Pea.
Class Motto: To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.



MERCHANT OF VENICE. ACT V.



MERCHANT OF VENICE. ACT V.

EDITORIALS

The session of nineteen hundred and twelve and nineteen hundred and thirteen is at its close. Whether this has been a prosperous and profitable year for the "Messenger" is not for us to say; but we of the staff hope that our efforts have not been put forth in vain. We have tried to be prompt and faithful in answering the call of duty and to fulfill the needs of the "greatness which was thrust upon us."

Although we had done our duty perfectly we could not have made the year what it has been if it had not been for the student-body. Therefore we wish to thank the students as a whole for their hearty cooperation and excellent spirit toward the magazine.

Among the student body the senior class is especially to be commended for its helpful aid. These students have endured and overcome the trials of this rough and rugged way and have at last reached the goal "Diploma." We wish to pay them with due gratitude now as they pass out the doors, and laying down their laurels begin new tasks. We acknowledge the support of these and all other subscribers without whose steady support we could have done nothing.

Those who have given their literary and artistic contributions are also to be remembered. We assure them that their efforts in filling the pages of the "Messenger" with praiseworthy material and their artistic work on its covers have been greatly appreciated.

We are in debt to all the teachers who make up the advisory board and especially to those of the English department who have freely given us aid.

We would extend our thanks to the business men of Durham who have advertised with us and we wish for them the great success that they deserve.

To the members of the staff of nineteen thirteen and fourteen we leave the magazine as a valuable legacy and we can assure the editors that it is the habit of the executive staff to stand by the editors to the last minute. May the "Messenger" live forever!

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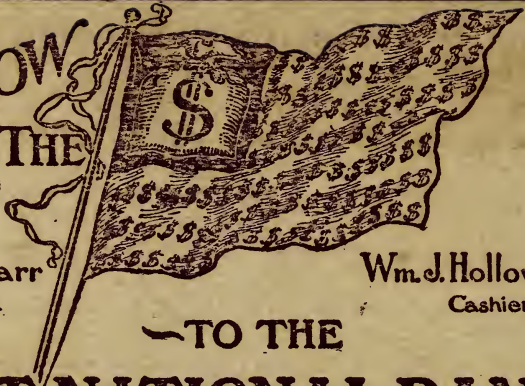
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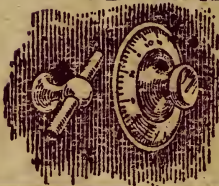
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