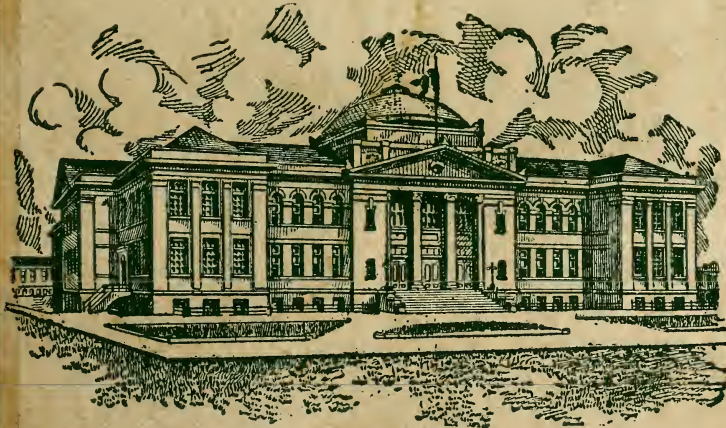


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MESSENGER

MAY, 1915



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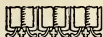
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THE MESSENGER

Published Monthly During the School Year by the Students of the
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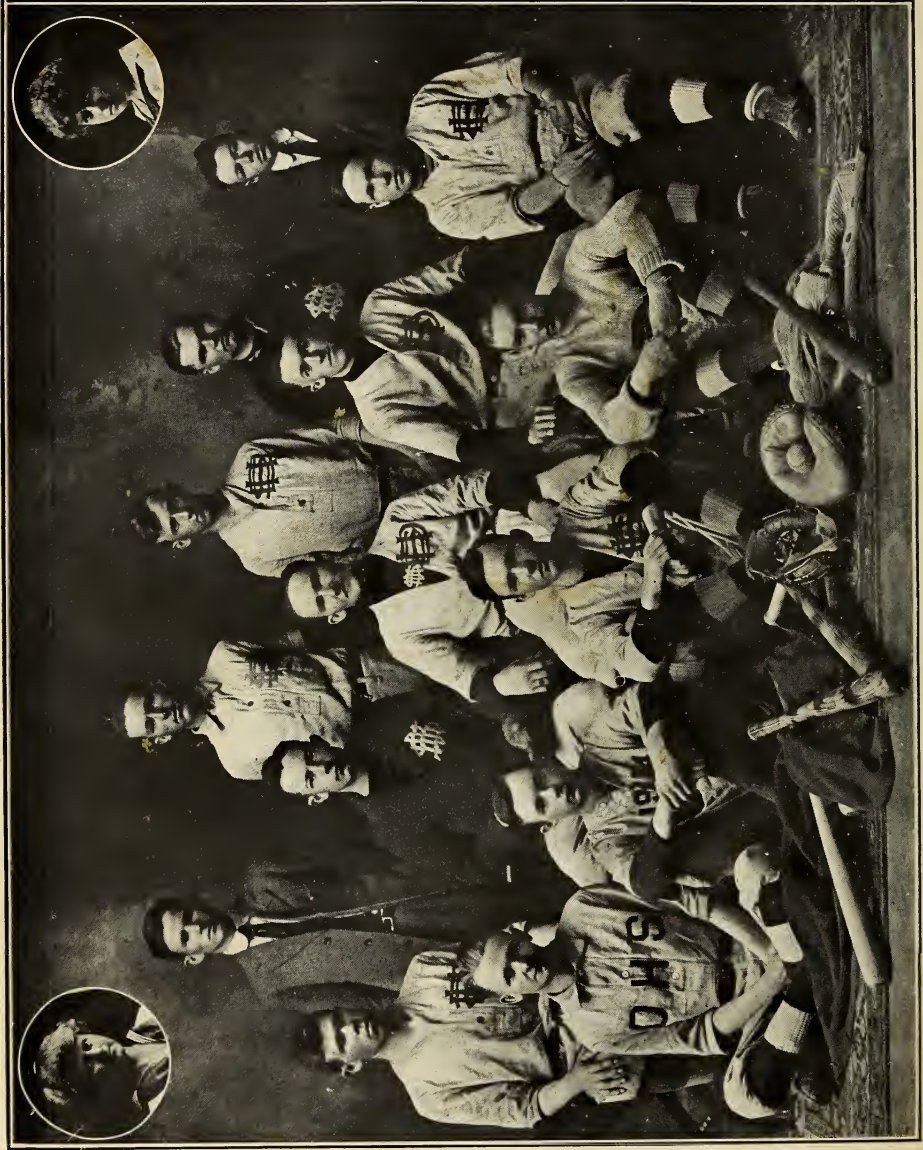
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D. H. S. 1915

THE MESSENGER

VOLUME XII

MAY, 1915

NO. 5

At Parting

THOS. DIXON, JR.

O fairest days of all this fleeting year,
But linger yet a moment on thy course;
The evening wanes, and owl's cries morose
Snatch joys away and leave us but a tear.

O cruel world, shall we who long did roam
Through shady dells amid the scented flowers,
Through busy days and weary toilsome hours,—
Shall we be separated from our home?

O bliss of youth beyond all human measure,
When cares are banished and all things are sweet,
When childish fancy leads our wand'ring feet
Thro' vales of peace and hours of tranquil pleasure.

O hearts we love and faces we adore,
Affection sweet recalls them one by one:
Shall it be torn, this tender love begun,
Or shall it live, this love, forevermore?

O how can we leave thee, how can we part!
Fare thee well, our hearts are breaking,
Fare thee well, our hearts are aching,
Old D. H. S., school dear to ev'ry heart!

A Few Pages from the Diaries of the Class of 1915

IONE MARKHAM

SEPTEMBER 3, 1911—To-day has been one of the greatest in my school life. I have become a High School student and a member of the class of 1915. This class is a wonderful organization, so wonderful that we decided to keep a diary of the daily happenings so that none of our great achievements may be lost to posterity.

One of the girls in my room to-day attracted my attention at once by her sweet and demure ways. Several of the girls who came from the same grammar school which she did addressed her by the name, "Little Corn Cobb," which she resented most fiercely. Later I learned that her real name is Mary Cobb.

NOVEMBER 21, 1911—The class is now enjoying Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." At the earnest solicitation of Miss Tillet, Annie Lou Bevers, who is well known for her marvelous elocutionary powers, very modestly gave the famous quotation, "If you never see my soul again, pray for my face."

JANUARY 1, 1912—"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley." This morning I went up town to exchange some of my Christmas presents and one of the girls stopped me on the street and gave me a very interesting bit of news. She told me that Mrs. Mahler's cook is enjoying a most huge and expensive box of writing paper. Both of us wonder if James Hornaday could tell us anything about this paper?

APRIL 11, 1913—The Dramatic Club of the High School presented the "Merchant of Venice" at the Academy of Music this evening. The play was a great success. The large and appreciative audience was astonished to learn what great dramatic ability Ralph Aiken possessed. He played the *important* role of the Gaoler in the play. It is to be hoped that Ralph will cultivate this rare gift which he possesses.

APRIL 15, 1913—To-day Carl Woods was inquiring as to where James Cole gets those brilliant ties that he sports so proudly. Carl said that he was especially anxious to get some for his own use because the beautiful colors and patterns of James' ties were very noticeable.

OCTOBER 3, 1913—To-day a new club, "The Paint and Powder Club," was organized in our class. This club adopted as its motto, "Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity." Miss Nannie Karnes was unanimously chosen as the president as she has shown great ability in the past in the art of personal adornment and beautification. The charter members of this club are Rose Ellwood Bryan, Katie Billings, Annie Bell Warren, Gertrude Fallon, and Inez Barbour. Miss Tillett seems to be unusually interested in this organization and spends all her leisure time looking after it.

JANUARY 8, 1914—At the regular meeting of the "Paint and Powder Club," the admission of several boys as members to this worthy organization was considered. After many heated and lengthy discussions the club voted to receive as new members, Hunter Jones, Wesley Rogers, and George Elliot.

These boys were already carrying out faithfully all the rules and regulations of the club even to the using of the mirrors and powder, and the believing in its motto.

NOVEMBER 12, 1914—Annie Mahler astonished the class to-day by saying that Goldsmith's novels were in the *dime* novel class. Perhaps if we had known this earlier we would have read them with more relish and enjoyment.

DECEMBER 6, 1914—"Variety is the spice of life" especially in our English class. To-day Mr. Briggs asked Bessie Sears who was the author of the story which she had so charmingly related to the class. Bessie replied, "I do not know who wrote it, but one thing I do know, Kate Douglas Wiggin published it."

DECEMBER 15, 1914—Martha Ward was the center of attraction on the play-ground to-day. Some one had spread the report that Victor Moore was to take her to the class social and every one was crowding around Martha to learn how in the world Victor ever got up nerve enough to ask a girl for a date.

DECEMBER 18, 1914—The rising conceit of the boys of our class was considerably checked this morning when Miss Lila said, "Boys, Mrs. Shaw says to be sure and let her know if any of you have a thought."

DECEMBER 21, 1914—The old proverb, "When the Wolfe comes in the door, love flies out the window," is certainly not true in the Durham High School. One of the teachers in passing through the hall yester-

day heard Annie Bell Warren exclaim very fervently, "Isn't Mr. Wolfe just the dearest man in the whole world?" Since thinking over what Anna Bell said, I have come to the conclusion that her words just expressed the sentiment of the Senior Class towards Mr. Wolfe.

JANUARY 8, 1915—Mary Martin, who has been most faithful in carrying salads to Mr. Briggs this year, to-day started an inquiry to ascertain what per cent of them he has eaten. I hope with Mary that Mr. Briggs appreciates her self denial in taking him her salads enough to forget the "I-don't-knows" that she has given him in English Class.

JANUARY 15, 1915—Last Friday night Wesley Rogers was elected President of the boy's society. Several of the boys said Wesley goes out in the country every afternoon and tries out his presidential dignity on the pigs and chickens.

JANUARY 23, 1915—The D. H. S. basket ball team returned from Greensboro last night. The Senior class of our school was very much alarmed to learn that our illustrious president, Jeff Bynum, had been lost enroute home. After an animated discussion, a committee was appointed to place the following notice on the bulletin board of the State Normal College:

"Lost, Strayed or Stolen; our renowned class President, Jeff Bynum. Any Normal student knowing of his whereabouts will please notify class 1915, Durham High School."

It is there so that she who runs may Reade, but we fear Jeff has been Ruthfully stolen.

FEBRUARY 12, 1915—We all noticed in study hall to-day that George Elliott was bestowing such sweet and impartial smiles on the freshmen girls. Of course, we deeply resent this and hope that George will soon forsake that broad and alluring path of the freshmen's smiles and return to his old friends and classmates.

FEBRUARY 15, 1915—To-day the mysterious disappearance of Arita Harper's math paper caused a great disturbance in our room. Mrs. Shaw, bent on clearing up the matter, began to follow up the clues. Arita admitted that she had lent part of it to someone but had forgotten who it was.

"Was it anyone in here?" demanded Mrs. Shaw sternly.

"Yesm-m," said Arita in a rather weak and hesitating voice, "I think it was."

Mrs. Shaw began on the first row. "Mary Martin, did you borrow that math paper?"

"No, Ma'm," said Mary convincingly.

"Louise Roll, did you borrow Arita Harper's math paper?"

"No 'm."

So it continued until Mrs. Shaw reached Inez Allen. "Inez, was it you?"

"I-I don't know," said Inez with a most propitiating smile.

"Well, I know then," shouted Mrs. Shaw and turning to Arita, "Didn't you know all the time you had lent it to Inez?"

"Yes'm."

"Then, Arita Harper, you told a story too. It was bad enough to lend the paper without prevaricating on the top of it!

'Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.'

Mrs. Shaw laughed and wiped her glasses and except for sly glances in direction of the culprits, the lesson proceeded as usual.

MARCH 2, 1915—Inez Barbour, one of our class who has always been noted for her *studious* habits, to-day had trouble with her Latin lesson *for the first time*. She was translating a very difficult passage in Virgil and after toiling through four lines, suddenly asked, "Miss Lila, haven't I finished yet?"

Miss Lila looked up with a very patient expression on her face and said after a profound sigh, "No, sad to say, you have one line more to translate."

MARCH 13, 1915—Our room often marvels that one so small as Lillian Raspberry can talk as much as she does. Her record in this field almost equals Inez Barbour's. Mrs. Shaw said that if Lillian Raspberry, Inez Barbour and Ione Markham were all put in a bag and shaken one could not tell which would fall out first. We are sure that Lillian would fall second; although the first place would certainly go to Inez or Ione.

MARCH 18, 1915—The members of the class often look at George Tyson with envy shining in their eyes. He can always hatch up such excellent excuses for not knowing his lessons. When Mr. Faucette inquires as to why he did not get his English lesson, George tells

him that he had to keep books for his father. Then, too, he always spends so much time on his German that he can never get his Latin.

APRIL 10, 1915—Rose Ellwood Bryan of our class might well claim the title of a “most accomplished” young lady. She is a good house-keeper,—Miss Lila’s room shows that. She is a good cook, Miss Boughton says. Then the boys say she can dance. We know from her society work that she’ll make a good suffragette. And all of us have seen her works of art? We expect great things of Rose Ellwood.

PART II

MINNIE BRADY

MAY 6, 1914—I was never so surprised in all my life as I was to-day at recess. It was nothing funny, but something very unusual. Melissa Aiken was *not* eating. On being asked why, she replied that she had decided to be more economical hereafter.

MAY 8, 1914—Everything seemed to go wrong to-day at school, and yet it had its fun. One of the teachers asked Nellie Reade what people were punished with. "Weapons," said Nellie, confidently.

OCTOBER 11, 1914—To-day a Geometry Society was organized. The officers elected are: President, Lewis Heffin; Vice-President, Mozelle Breeze; Secretary and Treasurer, Flossie King; Critic, Leonora Aiken. They are thinking about excluding all other seniors.

NOVEMBER 18, 1914—I found out Louis Sasser's opinion of women to-day. Mr. Wolfe asked how Pontiac kept his conspiracy a secret. Louis immediately replied that he didn't tell it to the squaws. A *brave* opinion indeed!

DECEMBER 24, 1914—I think everybody enjoyed the social tonight. The funniest thing that happened was in pinning Santa Claus on the Christmas tree. Hunter Jones was called out to pin Santa, blindfolded. What was his surprise to see, when the blindfold was removed, that instead of pinning Santa, he had stuck the pin in the ceiling. Of course we were not surprised.

Banks Anderson showed too how appropriate his name is on being asked what he wanted Santa to bring him, like a true financier, he quickly answered, "A bank account."

JANUARY 2, 1915—It had never occurred to me that an unhappy marriage was so unusual, but today on English, when Miss Tillett asked what was unusual about Shakespeare's marriage, Flossie King deliberately replied that it was unhappy. I started to tell her it wouldn't be a bad idea to keep up a little more with current events.

FEBRUARY 11, 1915—Will wonders never cease? Mozelle actually could not work a geometry problem. It shocked the whole class, but no one lost any respect for her, the faithful friend in need. If Leonora were to fail on one, what would become of the class?

MARCH 1, 1915—We were in study hall today, entirely rapt up in our studies when suddenly, as if a thunderbolt had dropped in our midst, a voice thundered, "Ethel, go to the front." And this was Ethel Murray, always so good and quiet.

MARCH 7, 1915—Katie Billings actually starred on history class today. Some of that sparkling genius and love of learning, hitherto so well concealed by her, is perhaps trying to make an appearance.

"Polly" did fairly well in Latin today, reading a little slower, and coining less words. "Polly" is not her name but she was christened thus by Miss Lila. Gertrude Fallon (she really is) was trying to read a sentence in Latin and was skipping over words and reading so fast, that even Miss Lila could not keep up with her. She started off the sentence, and Gertrude repeated exactly the same thing. Miss Lila read again, and again Gertrude repeated and waited for the next part. "Does Polly want a cracker?" said Miss Lila.

APRIL 10, 1915—How seriously Mr. Wolfe talked when he came in the room to-day. One would have thought he was sentencing a person guilty of some great misdemeanor, and yet it was only a little piece of mischief. A little cord caused all the trouble. Anyhow somebody brought a cord and began twisting it around different ones. But the four entangled in the web when Mr. Wolfe appeared upon the scene were: Jeff Bynum, Arthur Carver, Lizzie Noell, and Gertrude Fallon. Of course only those caught in the act could be punished. The punishment was a little secret talk in Mr. Wolfe's office. However is was not secret very long. Wrong as it may have been, it furnished its amusements for the whole class.

APRIL 15, 1915—I wonder how old Allen Couch is or where he gets his jokes from. I am sure they are at least fifty years old and stale! But Allen is so good-natured he takes it for granted that everyone else is.

APRIL 18, 1915—Accidentally I overheard one of the teachers saying to-day, "What a pretty girl Lula Burns had grown to be!" I know a certain Trinity boy who thinks so too.

APRIL 20, 1915—I certainly was surprised to hear that Jarrette White played marbles. Surely, as a member of the Senior Class and with the proper respect for himself as well as the rest of the class,

he would refrain from such childish games, and play those games more befitting his station.

MARCH 19, 1915—Today the boys on the debate took up our last two study periods, to show us their remarkable ability in debating and also, I think, to make us feel ashamed of our selves. Some one sitting next to me said, "Don't you like to hear Gilbert Powell debate?" I replied that I liked to hear anyone debate, who knew how. And that reminds me—I heard one of the teachers say that when Gilbert came into the first year she thought a little cherub had dropped from heaven. I didn't tell him, because I believe he is vain enough.

Banks Anderson and Zeb Waller are good debaters, though I fear Zeb so mangled and marred the English language that, as far as he is concerned, it will never be pure and undefiled again.

APRIL 30, 1915—All the seniors are sorry to leave school and their many friends. But I suppose Miss Tillett is more grieved at their leaving than any one else. Margaret Highsmith, who is continually giving her presents, either candy, flowers or something, will graduate this year. I remember in the first year, we all thought Miss Tillett had a most attentive beau. We were judging by the boxes of candy from mysterious source, later traced to Margaret.

PART III

GILBERT POWELL

NOVEMBER 6, 1911—My chief observation of this bright day is the fact that so many little two-year-old darlings of a pygmy size have entered the famous institution called the D. H. S. At first we even had fears that little Miss Brady had made a mistake in the school to which she had been sent, coming to the high school instead of the first grade, but one cannot tell what infinite riches lie stored up in such a little room.

MARCH 7, 1912—A report reached my ears to-day concerning that diligent student, Mr. Julian Blackley. It is stated that in selling papers in the afternoon, he unfortunately wandered to the college campus, and on prowling around among the numerous buildings he chanced to butt in on a class held by Dr. Few. Being always ready to increase his earnings, he held out a paper and in the ordinary shriek of the news boy asked if any one wanted to buy a *New York Times*, or *Durham Sun*.

MAY 20, 1913—By a statement to-day on English class Miss Ione Markham showed that she understood clearly the requirements of matrimony.

"What did Jessica think of Portia?" asked Miss Tillett.

"She thought here so great that no other *woman* could equal her. You'd have to get a man to match her."

MARCH 3, 1914—We are all very envious of the talent which is in the possession of Miss Katie Bennett, and unlike the wicked servant she certainly makes use of it. Whenever an unusually hard task is about to be laid on the pupils, or whenever any extraordinary, difficult question is asked by the teacher, Miss Bennett accommodatingly comes to the rescue by fainting. In caring for the unconscious Miss Bennett the task or question is of course forgotten. Although very envious, the pupils are very grateful for the deliverance which Miss Bennett has from time to time managed to bring about.

APRIL 13, 1914—That cunning little miss called Inez Allen startled the dignified history class to-day by leaving the ordinary climate around the twos and threes and ascending to the pure and seldom breathed

atmosphere of the one.—“What are the characteristics of William the Conqueror?” asked Professor Wolfe.

“One son and three daughters,” was the quick response.

DECEMBER 5, 1914—Our whole class is envious of our distinguished friend, Mr. Israel Levy, and we all admit that fortune has been exceptionally kind to him.

It seems that every time any quiz is going to take place, or any difficult task has to be performed, Mr. Levy very conveniently has a holiday.

JANUARY 1, 1915—We note that Miss Addie Waller is acquainted with the latest styles in hair dressing, and some times she is even a little ahead of her times. It is said that one day one of the teachers noticed that Miss Waller had her hair fixed up in a different way and about three weeks later, the report goes, the teacher found the same style of doing up the hair in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, which had just been issued and contained the latest styles from Paris.

FEBRUARY 24, 1915—That charming young lady, Miss Marguerite Jourdan has indeed payed a high tribute to the senior class. In fact she liked us so well that she actually left the class of 1914 to pay us the honor of having her as a companion in the class of 1915. We note with sadness, however, that she has given up the most pleasant class of geometry. The cause for such a sacrifice lies not in the fact that she loved geometry less, but music more.

MARCH 1, 1915—Miss Louise Roll is another pupil whose name is on the roll of those we envy. If you can faint at any convenient time or if you belong to that denomination which celebrates many holidays, or if your father is a florist, you need not be so bright to slip through school. By bringing a nice bunch of roses or sweet-peas to the teacher Miss Louise Roll can very easily make a one on almost every study.

DECEMBER 23, 1914—To-night at the class social Mr. Raymond Sorrell wished for a pair of red socks. We certainly hope that he will not be disappointed.

MARCH 15, 1915—We are confident of the business success of that worthy gentleman, Mr. Waller. He certainly convinced Mr. Wolfe today that he understood the need of a business education.

“Why is it necessary for a business man to know business?” asked Mr. Wolfe on law class.

“So that he may keep *out* of business,” responded Waller.

MARCH 19, 1915—Although it is not the 1st of April Miss Mary Frances Burch was today fooled by one of the other members of the senior class. It is said that one certain gentleman from Mr. Conley's room, while on class with the girls, noticed that his watch, or small alarm clock, had stopped, and having the same attributes of its master, that it is being rather stubborn and lazy, his master had to use a rather rough treatment to start it off. The senior, therefore reached over and tapped it on the floor several times, and the clock immediately began to sound. Whether it was the tick or the watch that fooled Miss Burch it is impossible to say, but nevertheless she sprang to the door to admit a supposed visitor.

APRIL 5, 1915—We are glad to assert that Mr. Raymond Sorrell's wish, which was made at the class social two or three months ago has indeed come true. To-day that gentleman came to school, not only with long trousers, but with a perfect color scheme all around his ankles.

It is said that a certain kind of animal, belonging to Enna Williams, had either strayed or been stolen. Finally after many hours of uneasiness and diligent search by the owner, the beast was found in the desk of Mr. Tyson. It is strange how birds of a feather will flock together.

APRIL 20, 1915—We have been informed that the dignified senior, Mr. Thomas Dixon, has been employed by the prosperous tobacco company, here in Durham to tack Bull Durham signs on Plymouth Rock. I have heard, however, that Miss Leah Pope stated on history class that the pilgrims settled on Plymouth Rock. I have no doubt that they will move, however, when Mr. Dixon comes with the bulls.

APRIL 22, 1915—We are afraid that Jess Willard, if he is not careful, will soon lose his position as the world's greatest prize fighter. Mr. James Hesse is very zealous in his practice for the coming conflict. To-day he knocked Mr. Hornbuckle out of the marble ring on the second round. Mr. Hornbuckle was very fortunate, however, in having a loyal brother to help defend his person.

APRIL 23, 1915—That flirtatious little maiden going by the name of Julia Carver, if we might judge by the words of her mouth, has indeed a strong constitution, for it is a known fact that Mr. Billy Carmichael had no mercy, what-so-ever in taking Mercy and kissing

that fair maiden. However, as is the usual case, it was Mr. Carmichael who had to suffer and not Miss Carver. Even the bonds between them were not enough, he got put in stocks also.

We certainly hope that the wish of Mr. William Roach to go to West Point, will be fulfilled. In the play to-night he certainly exhibited a fine ability as a soldier, both in pose and in quick obedience to orders. We are deeply concerned even at the thought of our nation losing such a capable military leader.

APRIL 29, 1915—To-day Mr. Dennis Christian on being asked what were the prospects of the Victorian Age toward producing any great literary men, stated that the age was indeed a very thin one. However, continued Mr. Christian, it later became a little stouter. Again we are wondering if there is any possible chance for Mr. Christian to do likewise.

MAY 3, 1915—To-day is indeed a red letter day in the history of the senior class. That silent and modest young lady known as Miss Louise Lindsey actually spoke loud enough in answer to a question given by Mrs. Shaw, as to be faintly heard clear up to the teacher's desk. We fear that she will have a bad case of sore throat tomorrow.

JUNE 4, 1915—To-day all the class of 1915 composed mostly of "Muttonheads," were awarded "sheep skins,"—and its' all over.

As It May Be With the Class of 1915

ARITA HARPER

In the year of Our Lord 1935, while reading a newspaper in my home in Kingston, Jamaica, I became very much interested in an account of the affair which it was rumored would cause war between Japan and the United States. It seems that one of the Japanese airships while flying over the Pacific had gone so low that some projecting hook or machinery caught in our beautiful flag, which was waving over one of the U. S. ships then steaming across the ocean. There was a mighty rent torn among the stars and stripes and such a clamor aroused in the United States that the nations, as was their custom, sent ambassadors to the Hague to quarrel over the matter before going to war. The representative of the United States, Mr. *Louis Sasser*, was upholding the cause of his country at the Hague very manfully against the impudent Jap, while the famous seamstress, Miss *Enna Williams*, was rushed to the Pacific to mend our damaged flag. Three days later not hearing any reports of war I again sat down with a newspaper to investigate matters and found that Mr. Louis Sasser was still talking, having paused only once to swallow a raw egg. He had so cowed and humiliated the Japanese ambassador that the poor fellow went to sleep. The people of the United States, while waiting for a report from Mr. Sasser, found that Miss Williams had mended the flag so neatly that it looked better than before and not having time to hold fast to their wrath they soon cooled down and forgot the matter. Therefore when Mr. Sasser cabled home that he had argued the cause so fluently as to fully justify Uncle Sam in spanking Japan he was astonished to receive a cable of thanks from the President for saving the country from war. After returning home and receiving the congratulations and admiration of his countrymen for his lengthy and most diplomatic talk, Mr. Sasser shrewdly calculated what the war would have cost the U. S. and then demanded such an enormous sum for his services that the government was obliged to borrow several billion from the great financier, *Arthur Carver*, in order to pay the debt.

I was very much interested indeed in these stirring affairs and longed to know what the other people of that famous old class of 1915

were doing: so I begged my husband for money to take a trip home but he, although overjoyed at the thought of being rid of me, declared he would not finance the trip. I threatened to sue for divorce and alimony but he was such a meek and gentle creature in spite of the fact that he loved his money, that I could find no complaints against him sufficient to obtain a divorce. Finally, in my desperation, I angered him so that he threw his collar at me, I sued for damages, obtained enough money for the trip and in the fall of that year 1935, I found myself back in dear old Durham.

It being Saturday afternoon I immediately went down to the Public Library to see the latest books and perchance meet some of my old acquaintances. I had some trouble in finding the place on account of the vast improvements in the city but finally through the kindness of Mr. *George Tyson* I reached it, a great building of cement, lined with asbestos and with Miss *Minnie Brady* installed as chief librarian. Mr. Tyson said that he was taking a vacation just then because his work had been so heavy that he feared a nervous break down. I asked him what his occupation was and he said he was traveling salesman for Jews' harps and chewing gum.

We passed into the reading room and were delighted to find, besides Miss Brady, several other old classmates present, namely Miss *Melissa Aiken*, who had organized all the Sunday School classes into one great children's club and was doing splendid service among the young people of the city; Mrs. Oglethrope, formerly Miss *Katie Bennett*, and Mr. *Carl Woods*. Mrs. Oglethrope said that since the decease of her husband, a magician who traveled with the Redpath Chautauqua, that she had opened a private school of etiquette for young ladies, and gave lessons daily on the third floor of the Geer Building.

"Have you heard about the noble speech of Senator Woods?" asked Miss Brady.

Katie giggled and said, "He defeated a bill for woman's suffrage in the U. S. but it was advocated by Mr. Gilbert Powell, senator from Nebraska. I suppose we North Carolina women who want to vote will be obliged to go West."

"But how did Gilbert get to be senator from Nebraska?"

"Oh, after he graduated from college he went out West as a traveling agent, selling baby carriages, and with his gallant manners and glib tongue he got along very well until one fatal day when he

was extolling the strength and durability of that special make of baby carriage in a scattered village at the foot of the Ozarks. Gilbert wanted to make a good impression in order to see a big lot of carriages there so he began by praising the scenery,—and the strength of his carriages.

He was asked by the squaws to test his own remarks about the durability of the baby-carriages. He hopped in his strongest then resting on the topmost peak. But he stayed not to explain its mechanism because the wheels of the carriage began to turn and he was rushed headlong into the valley. He turned in his resignation to his company and then entered politics.

Well, we hoped our honorable classmate fares well as a politician.

But back to my narrative, for while I sat musing in the library Miss *Inez Allen* came in. It took us half an hour to realize that after twenty years we were really together again. It seemed that her fiancé was drowned at the soda fountain and after fifteen years of mourning she was again engaged. I begged her to accompany me on my trip before the time of her marriage. She was delighted and we began to make plans for seeing several old school mates.

"The first thing we must do is to go to the theatre to-night," said Inez, "and see Julia."

"Julia!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Minnie breaking into the conversation, "Didn't you know *Julia Carver* was the leading lady in the Don't-give-a-rap Company? Soon after she graduated from the High School she married a cute little fellow who was all dimples but she danced him to death and now, being quite free, she has become an actress. She will star tonight in the famous tragio-comedy called, "Why Don't the Men Propose?"

"Well," said I, "I'm not surprised at anything she does."

Miss Aiken, Mrs. Oglethrope, Senator Woods, and Mr. Tyson bade us farewell as it was almost time for the library to close. I asked Minnie if any of our classmates had written any books of note and she brought me a book of fairy tales and a long love story written by Miss *Moselle Breeze*. I glanced through them and asked about her.

Minnie said that *Moselle* had begun writing rather dreamy stories very early but they did not sell and she was reduced to washing and ironing for her living but that some sympathetic critic brought them

before the public so favorably that her lyrics and domestic stories and recipes were now the most popular ones published and Miss Breeze had built a castle with a moat around it north of Durham.

Minnie then took us into another section of the building and showed us a great shelf loaded with several volumes of the Aiken Encyclopedia. She called a janitor to get one of them down for our inspection. Inez and I were astounded at the learning and erudition of *Brother Aiken* as shown in that one volume alone. The janitor scraped some dust off and opened it but the print was so small, the paragraphs so long and stopping places so few that I did not attempt to read any of it. Instead I read a short appreciative article in a book review about Mr. Aiken's work. It ran thus:

"The Encyclopedia Britannica having gone out of style and become antiquated and useless, scholars and students the world over were at a loss as to what should take its place until Dr. *Ralph Aiken* M. D. D. —fiddle-de-dee, kindly wrote another and exceedingly better one founded entirely on his own authoritative opinions. The seven volumes were completed in seven days and nights and he looked upon them and saw that they were good. Indeed they make a handsome addition to the looks of a library and have grown quite useful in the home. For when a volume is placed upon a chair, the youngest child can perch upon it and get both fists into the sugar bowl with the greatest ease."

Minnie said that Mr. Aiken had been made Mayor of Bragtown as a reward for his work and after much solicitation he had persuaded Miss *Martha Ward*, who was running a hospital for lame cats, to become the mayoress on the special condition that her cats and her Wells' Algebra come with her.

I went home with Inez for supper and while resting on the front porch she told me that only the year before, 1934, Mr. *Julian Blackley* had met Miss *Mary Frances Burch* on her way to the Old Ladies' Home and had grown bold enough to ask her hand in marriage after hesitating nineteen years. Miss Burch complained that it was too sudden and besides she was business manager of Rawls' Dry Good Store and in no hurry to marry so young. So the affair is still undecided and Mr. Blackley continues in his work of landscape gardener.

While on our way to the theatre I remarked that I had heard that our great financier, Arthur Carver, had become bankrupt after lending so much to the government.

"Yes," said Inez, "and now he says he is tired of finances and other business and if it wasn't for his wife he wouldn't do anything. Finally though, he has accepted the position of clothing model for T. J. Lambe and Company.

The next day being Sunday Inez stopped at my hotel and asked me to go to the game with her. I did so. The East Durham Ball Park was in a perfect condition and so was the professional league player, *James Cole*. His pitching was the talk of all the fans.

Monday morning I visited the old D. H. S. I walked through its halls and looked at its multitude of pictures. Our class picture was very quaint and the photographs very old-fashioned. When the teachers arrived I found that two of our 1915 graduates had come home to roost. Miss *Mary Martin* had taken Mrs. Shaw's place as math teacher when she grew tired of teaching, and *James Hessee* had accepted a position as Mr. Spransy's assistant.

In talking with Mr. Briggs I found that Miss *Ione Markham* had graduated from the State Normal and had become so efficient a teacher in that college that she took the place of all the teachers and finally became president and secretary also. Ione had won world-wide fame for her new theories of education.

Mr. Briggs said that he had heard from Jeff Bynum, our class president also, who had so fallen in love with the grassy plains of Kansas that he had purchased a cattle ranch on the Smoky Hill River and almost swamped the Kansas City Markets with his cattle. During his leisure moments, having no wife or domestic cares to trouble him and his chief recreation being in reading and writing, he had written a treatise on the foot and mouth disease so prevalent among the cattle. Mr. Briggs showed me a copy of it, which Mr. Bynum had sent the High School as a Christmas present and said that the cattle grower had especially recommended it to the seniors of the school. I looked through the illustrations of the book and saw several photographs of Mr. Bynum and his ranch but I could hardly recognize him on account of the mighty beard he had grown.

I soon left the school house as Inez was waiting for me to go with her to see the other classmates who were residing in the city. We visited Miss *Nannie Karnes'* beauty parlor which was crowded with ladies, Miss *Mary Cobb's* dancing school at Edgemont, and bought hats at Miss *Addie Waller's* flourishing millinery department. Then

we went out to the farm and hot house of the former Miss *Louise Roll*. She and her husband, Jarette White, had planted adjoining fields of flowers and vegetables back of their house. She had a most interesting story to tell of how one summer they had gone off on a short visit and the tiger lilies and egg plants had grown and spread so rapidly that they had become mixed so when she and her husband returned they had an entirely new and speckled looking plant. They called it chicken pox and immediately took out a patent on it.

We called on the former Miss *Marguerite Jourdan* who was teaching music at the Conservatory and during the conversation we learned that our classmate Miss *Annie Belle Warren* had become a book agent and Miss *Louise Lindsey* had founded a ladies' literary society at Funston, N. C.

That night as we passed down Main Street toward my hotel, the Salvation Army was holding open air services on the corner next to the Post Office. We paused a minute to listen to them sing "Nearer My God to Thee" and noticing one especially melodious voice I looked carefully and found that the enraptured singer was Miss *Annie Lou Bevers*. Kneeling around her was a group of converted sinners and she seemed so absorbed in her calling that we stole quietly away.

Tuesday morning in the fall of that memorable year of 1935, dawned bright and fair and found Inez, *Lewis Heflin* and me on our way to Raleigh. Lewis was a rising architect and was then on his way to lay the plans for a manufacturing plant in Raleigh.

"What manufacturing company is the building for?" I asked.

"This one is for Mr. *Banks Anderson* who has concocted a new brain and energy food. He calls it Eureka and says it can be eaten in five minutes, digested within at least thirty-six hours, and will take the place of bread, sausage, cheese, macaroni, ham, eggs, and grape nuts."

"Mercy!" I exclaimed, "what great men the D. H. S. has produced!"

"Yes," said Lewis, "and just last month I completed the plans of a magnificent building for *Allen Couch* and Co. He's manufacturing Sure-Stick Complexion Paint." Just then Inez called our attention to a beautiful farm we were passing and a pond with plenty of ducks therein. A young lady was gracefully wading in after one refractory duck. Just then she looked up and who should it be but *Lizzie Noell*!

The last we saw of her she was standing knee-deep in water waving her bonnet at us.

In Raleigh we visited the joint shoe store and paper shop of *James Hornaday*. His most popular and fastest selling article was a special make of paper for cooks. He handed Lewis the morning paper and while we were talking about the various members of the 1915 class who were in Raleigh Lewis ran across the announcement that the famous baritone soloist, Mr. *Thomas Dixon*, would be heard at the theatre that night. We immediately sent Mr. Heflin for tickets and strolled off towards our hotel. It happened that the absent-minded and woefully hen-pecked Mr. *Dennis Christian* lived on that street and it seems that his wife had sent him to the drug store for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion in a great hurry. After a hearty hand-shake we advised him to proceed, and then turned about and accompanied him for fear the poor fellow might call for Scott's 'Ivanhoe.'

Dennis told us that Miss *Ethel Murry* was teaching Latin in the Cary High School, and that the former Miss *Bessie Sears* had given up her suffragette campaign for matrimony. He said that Miss *Lula Burns* was in the city doing settlement work. As luck would have it, Lula heard of our arrival and visited us at our hotel. She had just been preaching to the prisoners she said and had had a nice chat with Miss *Leah Pope*.

"Leah Pope?"

"Yes," said Lula, "she broke so many hearts and caused so many *Teers* to be shed that the gentlemen sent a petition to the state governor for relief. She was finally arrested on the charge of Cruelty to Animals and is now serving as stenographer and private secretary for the jail keeper."

Our pleasant stay in Raleigh soon came to an end and we heard from no other classmates until we were approaching New York. Inez called my attention to a column in the newspaper about a disturbance over in Germany. It seems that Mr. *William Roach* having graduated from West Point had gone to Europe to instruct the Germans in modern warfare. They resented his efforts and volunteered to prove that their own methods were best. But when they made preparations to fight him, Mr. Roach ran so fast that he not only split the air but caused such a cyclone that it damaged the crops. There was a good

deal of talk among the Germans about the fast Americans but they did not finally decide who had the best method of warfare.

Miss *Annie Mahler* got on the train while we were discussing the news. She had been on a short visit to friends and was now on her way back to her school in New York where she was teaching Domestic Science. She said that there were a good many of our classmates in New York.

"Who," asked Miss Allen.

"Why, Mr. *Raymond Sorrell* is manufacturing automobiles in Little Old New York and it is said that he is getting up enough reputation now to economize in the manufacture of them as Ford did. That is to leave out the engine and let them run on their reputation. Then there are Miss *Inez Barbour* and the former Miss *Lillian Rasberry* who were getting rich making records for the talking machines until Miss *Flossie King* so eclipsed them as to drive them out of business. The great advantage of Flossie's records was that they were composed of nothing and never ran down."

"What are Inez and Lillian doing now?" I asked.

"Oh, Inez, has taken up portrait painting and has now become quite a renowned artist. Lillian says she supposes she will be obliged to go back to her husband but doesn't like the idea much for whenever she gets too noisy or troublesome he puts her in the coffee pot."

Annie told us that the inventor, *Israel Levy*, was somewhere in New York and for us to be sure to see his last invention, the New York Trash Reliever. Inez and I were obliged to change cars then and go to the airships depot for we had decided to go to Europe.

The depot was a magnificent place with all kinds of conveniences. We were surprised and delighted to find there Miss *Gertrude Fallon*, Miss *Rose Ellwood Bryan* and Miss *Katie Billings* occupied as dietitians for the airmen. They prepared lunches daily for the men employed on the airships and for the passengers and had many cooks employed under their direction.

While there Inez received a telegram from Mrs. Reade that *Nellie Reade* had eloped with a Spaniard and was on her way to South Africa.

Margaret Highsmith came into the depot saying she was looking for her husband who got lost either in the subway or the brass band and on account of her inability to "read the man's construction in his

face" she didn't know at which place he was most apt to be. We all sympathized with her but did not have time to lend aid as the bell rang for all to get aboard.

The airship flew out over New York harbor where Israel's Trash Reliever was situated. It was a strange flute-like pipe which had an enormous opening at the bottom into which the trash was blown by great electric fans. The other end of the pipe projected up above the clouds and was connected with a wind-mill which blew the trash out over the Atlantic as fast as it came up the pipe. The airmen told us that it worked all right except when the wind blew in the wrong direction and scattered the trash back over the city and the pedestrians' heads.

In England we went to see *Leonora Aiken*, who was kept in the British Museum as the only student whose parents had to send her visiting in the afternoons to keep her from studying. In Italy we visited *Victor Moore* who had been made bishop of Rome.

Pius Pope Victor Moore Emanuel entertained us royally and we learned from him that Mr. *George Elliott* was in Turkey. He had rented a harem there to study the art of smiling at a multitude of damsels at one time. He promised that when he had perfected the art he would return and teach the bachelors of America, but he was so charmed with his work that I fear we will not hear from him soon.

Pope Pius Victor Moore Emanuel also told us of the strange adventure of Mr. *Hunter Jones*. Mr. Jones while sailing near the coast of Africa was shipwrecked and was the only man to escape the breakers alive. He wandered far inland fighting insects and living off of the fruits of the jungle.

Finally he was captured by a band of pigmies while asleep. They thought he was Gulliver and tied the great giant down by his hair. He was taken before the king and just as he thought his doom had come he found that the king of these small folks was *Wesley Rogers*. Wesley, the mighty man of valor, ordered his old friend released and the event was the cause for much feasting and merry-making.

We thought that the kind Pope was too busy with Catholic cares to be troubled further so we left for Greece, the last place which we were to visit. As we had been told that Mr. *Zeb Waller* was lecturing to the Athenians we went thither and found we were just in time to

hear his wonderful lecture entitled "Billy Shakespeare, as the Chief Prehistoric Writer of History."

He brought in the following poem by himself very effectively:

"Whate'er his name
Wherefore his fame
He's lasted thru the ages'.
He sure was game
He stayed the same
And fooled the Grecian sages'."

and closed thus:

"Unquestionably, ladies—er—er—Shakespeare was the greatest writer before Elizabeth.

Unquestionably, gentlemen of the committee, his fame blew in every man's eye before the foundation of Rome.

And for his rights I'll always holler

As sure's my name is now Zeb Waller."

I heard only one criticism of Mr. Waller and that was that he ought to have been a poet.

Before leaving for home Inez and I visited the oracle at Delphi and after much ceremony it phophesied health and happiness for the class of 1915 until the end of our days, so with joyful hearts and light steps we once more took the Trans-Atlantic-Air-Line bound for home.

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1915

We, the brilliant class of 1915 of the Durham High School, of the City of Durham in the county of Durham and the state of North Carolina, being of flighty mind and treacherous memory (in all things pertaining to our studies) do make, publish, and declare this our last Will and Testament, in manner following, this is to say:

First—We direct that all our lunch counter debts, society dues, which have been as millstones around the seniors' necks, and the expenses of our passing out be paid by our successors, the class of 1916.

Second—We give and bequeath to the class of 1916 (with much sorrow at having to give them up) our reserved seats in the study hall, the tickets of which are held by Miss Mary Cannady, hoping that they will spend as many happy (???) hours in them as we have, and as a pleasant diversion for the periods do wish to refer them to either Webster's "Bunker Hill Monument Address," "Carlyle's Essay on Burns" or Washington's Farewell Address," which furnished for us so many happy hours.

Third—We give to Mr. Briggs the privilege of compelling the class of 1916 to memorize all the poems by Tennyson.

Fourth—We give and bequeath to the pupils who have Miss Lila's room next year, the job of keeping all the window shades just as she likes them, not having them a fraction of an inch wrong.

Fifth—To Mrs. Shaw, our faithful math teacher, we leave our scrap paper that she would not allow us to use in calculating interest.

Sixth—To the French class, we wish to leave "Bonjour" and "Au revoir" and our sincerest wish that Mrs. Bivins will never say, in a cross tone, "Asseyezvous," (which really means, "You have missed your lesson").

Seventh—We give and bequeath to Mr. J. R. Conley, one yellow blotter, one pen staff, with pen points, with this one condition, viz: that he, Mr. J. R. Conley, keep his desk book written up, giving the names and number of pupils absent each day.

Eighth—We direct that any pupil in the High School be given the privilege of taking a joke telling course and Mr. Cunningham shall be made instructor and director of same course.

Ninth—To Mr. Wolfe we wish to leave our Hart, because it was not much good and did not discuss things fully enough, also all the geometry strings to tie up his students with.

Tenth—We give and bequeath to Mr. B. J. Faucette all the good looks that by chance may be left behind by the senior class.

Eleventh—We give, devise, and bequeath to Mr. Wolfe the three history books which we have used, to be read, reread, and according to his own maxim, before stopping to be read again, as an eternal punishment for persecuting our minds.

Twelfth—We give to Mrs. Shaw the right to feel at liberty to reprove all freshmen whenever a senior is not present.

Thirteenth—We do give and bequeath to Miss Annie Tillett our most prized and valuable property, that is to say, our mirrors, powder puffs, and all necessities pertaining to red noses, stringy hair, etc., in due consideration of how faithfully she has preserved them for us, during the past four years.

Fourteenth—We leave to be sold to our successors the aforesaid class of 1916, with much sympathy for them and in due consideration of their love of animals, about forty-six ponies, valued from twenty-five dollars (\$25) to one hundred dollars (\$100) the majority of the animals will answer to the name of "Virgil" but a few chosen ones, after much careful secret training by our horse traders, answer to the name of "Colomba."

Fifteenth—We give and bequeath to the best, most intelligent, most enterprising, and most energetic of the third year class, the privilege of using our seats, provided same are not used next year by members of the present senior class.

Sixteenth—We give and bequeath to the third year class our ability to secure more lunch for our money at the lunch counter than any other class.

Seventeenth—We give and bequeath the statue in the right-hand corner of the room No. 12 to the hat monitor of that room for next year on the condition that he (or she) will dress him up at least once a week preferably on Friday, so that he will be ready for Sunday.

Eighteenth—We bequeath to the High School one transparent wire fence. Wire fences being more easily seen through than those of

plank whose knot-holes have been nailed up. We request that Bruce Jenkins of the class of 1916 be made custodian of said transparent fence.

Nineteenth—We leave to fourth year Math class our sympathies.

Twentieth—We give, devise, and bequeath to the Athletic Association of the High School, all of our broken fingers and sprained ankles.

Twenty-First—We bequeath the room in which all the boys of the said class of the said school, said county, said city, and of the said state, now occupy, to the third year and also with that said room goes the furniture, Mr. J. R. Conley, and the bust of Washington Irving.

Twenty-Second—We give, devise, and bequeath Lenora Aiken's, Mary Frances Burch's, Bessie Sears's, Inez Allen's, Flossie King's and Louise Lindsey's abilities to flirt to Gladys Umstead, Jessie Broadway, Patte Jordan, Lily Nelson Mason, Martha Adams, and Rebecca Markham to use as they think best.

Twenty-Three—We leave to Henry Faucette all the ice cream left in the freezer.

Twenty-four—We give and bequeath to Edwin Jones, of the class of 1916, the tallness of Hunter Jones, the wideness of Allen Couch, the courage of Thomas Dixon, Jr., and the good looks of the following boys: Jeff Bynum, James Hornaday, and Arthur Carver, and at Edwin's death to William Shaw of the Class of 1918.

Twenty-Five—We give, devise, and bequeath to the High School a picture of each of us to remember us by, although they may wish to forget us.

Twenty-six—We give to the third year class our ability to revise poetry and to "murder" geometry and Virgil.

Twenty-Seven—We devise and bequeath to Curtis Perry enough of Allen Couch's fat to make them equal in height and weight.

Twenty-Eight—To the second year classes we leave our parallel reading books so they will not have to do this reading and then worry over how to express it. To the third year girls we leave the task of trying to find out what Carlyle was attempting to say about Burns; also the memorized poetry,—and, a warning never to use a mirror in the English class if they value the mirror.

Finally, (and seriously) we give, devise, and bequeath to the Durham High School our good will and best wishes, our loyal support, and kindest thoughts forever.

We give, devise, and bequeath to our able and learned teachers, who have made it possible for us to graduate, our heartfelt thanks and appreciations.

We give, devise, and bequeath to all our schoolmates our lifelong friendship, support, and encouragement.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names this third day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nineteen hundred and fifteen.

CLASS OF 1915.

Witnesses:

Mrs. W. W. Shaw ,Durham, N. C.

Miss Lila Markham, Durham, N. C.

Mr. J. R. Conley, Durham, N. C.

Song of 1915

(Tune: Maryland)

The time has come for us to part,
D. H. S. old D. H. S.
Thy name's endeared in every hear,
D. H. S. dear D. H. S.
Oh, how the days have happy been,
To this departing class "fifteen,"
When this sad day was not foreseen,
D. H. S. dear D. H. S.

Hark to the students sad regret,
D. H. S. loved D. H. S.
For this alone tonight we're met,
D. H. S. dear D. H. S.
Oh, Alma Mater, peerless pride,
With thee we always would abide,
For we have found thee true and tried,
D. H. S. our D. H. S.

—Minnie Brady.

'Twas a Long Way to Graduation

(Tune: "Tipperary")

'Twas a long way to graduation,
'Twas a long way to go,
'Twas a long way to graduation,
In the greatest school we know.
Good-bye to mathematics,
Farewell old bug-bear!
'Twas a long, long way to graduation,
But we all got there!

—Ex.

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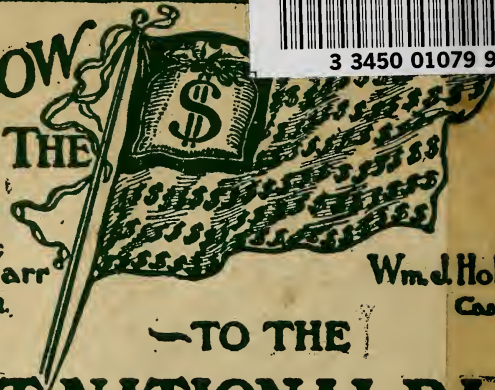
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We Strive to Oblige and Accomodate the PUBLIC

**4% SAVINGS
DEPARTMENT**

We Issue Certificates of Deposit
bearing **FOUR** percent Interest.

\$1.00 opens You an Account

SURE BIND



IS SURE FIND

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT
Burglar & Fire Proof **VAULTS**

You Carry the 



We invite Your account and promise
such care and personal attention as shall
best protect and promote Your interest.



**We Know Your Wants
and Want Your Business.**



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