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THE MESSENGER

November 1916





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THE MESSENGER

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THE MESSENGER

VOLUME XIV

NOVEMBER, 1916

NO. 1

Military Life at the "Boys' Plattsburg" on Plum Island

OTIS COOK, '17

Plattsburg having met with such a success, a few interested people began to plan a boy's camp, founded on the same principles, only adapted to the requirements of boys. Accordingly, last January a group of school principals and other interested people met to discuss this camp. At this meeting arose the question of a site. Where would the camp be? Major General Wood, who was present, made a suggestion that did much to turn the camp from an amateurish attempt into a perfected plan carried out by experts. "How about a coast artillery post?" he said. "How would you like to take the boys to Plum Island, for example?" Immediately every one grasped this offer that solved the question of where the camp should be. This wholly military island, with its fine opportunities to get close to military ways was ideal.

Therefore, on July sixth, the boys landed on Plum Island in droves. The wharf was strewn from one end to the other with grips, suit cases, and trunks. We were lined up in two single columns, and as we gave our names to a man at a large desk, he assigned us to our respective companies. When we had gone to our companies and our names had been taken again, we were free to roam about the island until supper time; or, as it is called in the army, mess. About eight o'clock we were all formed in the company street and placed according to height. We were then assigned to tents, eight men to each; and, as it was about time for taps, we all set about making up our cots. As the work was entirely new to us, we had some pretty poor specimens of bed-making.

The real work, which began the next day, was as follows. At 5:45 blew the most cruel call of the daily programme—it meant only

fifteen minutes to attach the various habiliments of a soldier and turn out for roll call and calisthenics. These occupied twenty minutes and consisted of exercises for every muscle of the body. Often a short run down the road was included, to work up an appetite.

Beds must then be made up before mess, with the folded blankets correctly placed, and the tent walls rolled up if the weather permitted. At 6:30 came mess, after which came an hour of "policing" the company streets and tents, and cleaning guns for the inspection which came every morning before drill. The rifles had to be shining and not a speck of any kind could be on them; and, as it was very damp on the island at night, it was no small job to keep them clean. The four hours in the morning were occupied with close or open order drill. During this time several of the companies would be having sham battles, and in extended order a company or two might have been seen crawling over the hills and through the thistles and underbrush at the western end of the island, or perhaps firing blank cartridges at the "enemy" several hundred yards away. Although this work was harder than the drill on the parade grounds, it was by far the most interesting and popular.

There was often another half hour of calisthenics in the morning; but, whatever was done, the entire company was sure to return to camp pretty hot and ready for a quick shower and the best meal of the day.

The afternoon drill period of an hour and a half was devoted to target practice, instruction at the big guns, dynamos, mines and searchlights and the special electric courses, which were signaling, radio, and map-drawing. There were three free hours before supper when swimming called many to the bathing beach (which was more of a quarry), and washing clothes was also an attractive pastime. Then, too, those who had been awarded punishment tours for excelling in lateness, absence, untidiness, disobedience, and other offenses, walked the company street with rifle on shoulder for an hour or so. At first instead of walking tours we were made to wash dishes, but this soon became very popular and had to be stopped. Mess which came at 5:30 was most always cold meats, namely "dogs." We could not complain of the variety for we had every kind of "dog" conceivable. They were either large or small, long or short, red or brown, hot or cold, good or bad, until we were all growling more or less until finally they stopped giving them to us.

"Retreat" came at 6:15 on the parade grounds. Each battalion

(there were two; four companies each) had a parade twice a week. Retreat was always sounded by four bugles. We stood at parade rest until the salute was fired and then came to attention while the Star Spangled Banner was played and the flag lowered.

After retreat the guard mount was called out for that night, and instructions given. After this we were free to roam about the island until nine o'clock. Most of our evenings were taken up either at the moving pictures or at the Post Exchange. The Post Exchange sold about everything to eat until so many boys made themselves sick, and then they had to cut it down some. However, we managed to spend most of our money there.

As a rule there was little trouble in getting everyone to bed by 9:30, for we were generally very tired and quickly fell into the arms of Morpheus—as the poets say—until another bugle aroused us to another day of work.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays were always holidays. Saturday afternoons there was always a track meet or ball game and sometimes both. These were always attended by an enthusiastic crowd who cheered for their company. One company, Company G namely, won every ball game and track meet so that there was not as much interest towards the last. There were also swimming events, such as fancy diving, high diving, and races. These, however, did not draw as large a crowd as the other contests.

Sunday mornings there were church services for both Protestants and Catholics. These were compulsory unless some good excuse prevented us from going. In the afternoon, after a band concert by the fort band, there was a regimental parade for the benefit of the large number of visitors who came every Sunday to see their boys, or to see the camp. They, however, had to leave at 4:45 in the afternoon as there was no way to accommodate visitors to meals or to remain over night. In some instances, however, people had a special tray arranged and they ate in the officers' tent.

Although we had been there five weeks it seemed only a few days since we had landed when we had to prepare to leave. Our guns had to be cleaned until they shone like mirrors for the final inspection before turning them in. Our equipment, such as pouches, canteens, cartridge belts, and "peep" tents had to be handed in in perfect condition. Every one was preparing to leave. Boys were scurrying here and there packing all their belongings into battered suit-cases and

trunks. In some instances the tent as a whole had to help pack a trunk, i. e., several stand on top while the others try to fasten down the catches. Officers were hurrying about making sure that everything was in good condition and checking up the cots and bedding.

On August the tenth there were many happy boys ready to leave the camp and return to their parents or relatives. Some were glad at the thought of the daily "grind" being over, others through desire to be home again and still others, quite naturally, on account of a change of scenes and surroundings. But all of us, I know, carried away pleasant recollections of the time spent at Fort Terry, and I believe that every boy who can, will go back next year.

Lastly, and of much importance, the early hope that boys from all sorts of schools would go was more than fulfilled. Think of it! Twelve hundred boys from twenty-four states ranging from California to New York. There were eleven boys from North Carolina, a very good representation for so distant a state, but let's next year increase this number, by having some go from Durham. For every boy who has the opportunity to go to this camp ought to make the most of it, not only for the vast benefits which he will receive both in health and discipline, but to show his patriotism for his country.

A Modern Eve

WILL NOWELL, '18

"James, why don't you learn to dance?" Mary Jones spoke thoughtlessly, but her words were as the utterances of a goddess to James Smith, who had worshipped Mary from afar through six years at grammar school and two at high school.

James was an undersized boy of fourteen, not especially handsome, and (unpardonable sin to the gentle sex) he was somewhat careless about his clothing, which was necessarily a bit shabby since his uncle, with whom he had lived since his father's death, was a poor man. This uncle, though a stern, uncompromising Baptist, allowed James more freedom of action than the average fourteen year old boy has, partly from lack of interest, and partly because he was a very busy man. James had early joined the church his uncle attended.

Mary, on the other hand, was the petted daughter of the town's rich man, and, besides being naturally attractive, was always tastily dressed. She had at the age of thirteen already gathered around her quite a court of masculine admirers, mostly composed of the sons of her father's well-to-do friends. James was not one of this privileged set, but contented himself with worshipping from a distance, now and then rewarded by a smile or a kind look. For Mary, little daughter of Eve that she was, knew very well that she was adored by James, and the fact was not displeasing to her.

James had been invited to Mary's birthday party, and was feeling more out of things than usual while the others were dancing. Mary had paused long enough to make the inquiry with which we began: "Why don't you learn to dance, James?" then she whirled gayly away with a smile that left James dazzled.

Left to himself James faced the first real temptation of his life. He knew that should he learn to dance he would have trouble at home, and would probably be dismissed from church, yet the spell of Mary's presence and the witchery of the music was on him. He needed very little urging to do anything which would help to close the gap that seemed always between Mary and himself. So he decided to learn to dance, and spent the rest of the evening dreaming of the delightful intimacy with his goddess, which his new accomplishment was to bring him.

Three weeks later, summoning all his courage, he waited for Mary one morning, and on the way to school stammeringly and bashfully told her of his recent devotion to Terpsichore, admitting that he could dance "a little." As a matter of fact, three weeks close application in his spare time had made him a fairly good dancer. It is true that he had had to pay dearly for his accomplishment. His uncle had talked to him gravely and sternly, and only the day before he had received a visit from a deacon of his church who had spoken seriously about his falling from grace, and had gravely mentioned dismissal from church. Then, also, he had a very healthy conscience which continually reminded him that, deep down in his heart, he believed his uncle and his church were right.

A few days after his talk with Mary, James was rewarded by receiving an invitation to a children's dance given by Mary's best friend, and to add to this he was to accompany "Miss Mary Jones." Between the reception of this invitation and the day before the dance James lived in a world of blissful anticipation, not unmixed with a nervous dread of the ordeal which the party was sure to be to one so naturally timid and self-conscious. So when, on the day before the dance, he received a little note, he was filled with a slight foreboding. Opening the note here is what he read:

At Home.

My Dear Mr. Smith,—

I regret very much that I will be unable to accompany you tomorrow evening. My father says you are to be dismissed from your church for dancing, and he thinks I had better not allow our friendship to continue.

Yours truly,

MARY JONES.

For a minute James was stunned. That she, who was responsible for his learning to dance, should condemn him for following her advice seemed incredible. He had not yet learned inconsistency is a privilege of the sex.

When one loses his cherished illusion there is always a crisis in his life. James met it in the best way. After the first shock he read the note again—and laughed.

Then he took his hat and went out to make his peace with his uncle, his church, and his conscience. Strangely it never occurred to him to desire to make peace with Mary. For the first time in years he cared not whether she smiled or frowned. Fourteen wants a goddess to worship, and Mary had proven only too human.

Lat-in Love

U. GESWHO, '17

The sunshine of a perfect June,
Flooded with gold the room we sat in,
When we began that afternoon
Miss Lila's task in Latin.
(Outside, a music-throated bird
Upon a swaying vine was swinging
And all the listening air was stirred
With the glad wonder of his singing.)

"Begin," I said—perhaps the tone
In which I spoke was somewhat crusty.
"It seems of late we have grown
In conjugation rather rusty."
(Outside the sympathetic bird,
Still on the honeysuckle swinging,
Sat sweetly, but I thought I heard
A note of protest in his singing.)

"Now, then: 'Amo—I love,'" I said,
She smiled, "I never would have guessed it,"
"But then"—she bowed her lovely head,
"I'm glad you have confessed it."
(Outside the bird—a mocking bird—
Upon his waving perch still swinging,
Sang gaily, and I feared I heard
A note of laughter in his singing).

"Proceed: 'Amas—You love,'" "But O,"
Laughing she cried, "how did you know it?
I'm very sure you cannot know
Because I've tried hard not to show it."
(Outside, the persevering bird,
Still upon his lofty vantage swinging,
Sang on and I believed I heard
A note of question in his singing.)

“Amat—he loves—third person so”—
“Go on, you seem loath to begin it.”
She blushed and said, “You ought to know
There’s no third person in it.”
(Outside then from his perch the bird
Flew swift and left the vine still swinging
And as he sped I knew I heard
A note of triumph in his singing.)

A Statue's Aid

JESSIE L. BROADWAY, '16

"The Oaks" was a typical old southern mansion, and presented an unusually lovely picture with its setting of beautiful old trees with their brilliant foliage. The reflection of the setting sun in the windows gave the appearance of gold squares set in a silver background. A young girl, clad in a white dress and heavy sport coat, ran gaily up the steps and sat down in the porch swing by the side of a silver-haired old man. For a few minutes they chatted about various things, but the girl rose to go into the house at sight of a visitor who rode slowly up the wide driveway. As she entered the door the man dismounted and came upon the porch. She heard her grandfather address him as "Mr. Carrington," and wondered if he was a new arrival in the city. For fifteen or twenty minutes she wandered about the house. She and her grandfather were the last ones in the family, her father and mother having died during her infancy. She was indeed the idol of the old man; she was the very picture of her grandmother. Her grandmother had died about three years after her marriage, when her little son was about a year of age. The son had grown into splendid young manhood and married a young girl of a neighboring town. Then both of them died leaving one little girl, the namesake of her grandmother. The old man's affections had naturally centered on the child, and as she grew more and more like his young wife, this love had become almost idolatry. This child is the Elsie of this story.

After wandering until she was tired Elsie came into the library, and to pass away the time picked up a book. Owing either to the easy warmth of the room or the drowsy ticking of the "old hall clock," she fell asleep. For several minutes she slumbered peacefully, but finally was awakened by hearing angry voices. At last she recognized one as that of her grandfather, and the other of a stranger. She remembered the visitor who had called early in the evening, and fearing lest she hear something her grandfather would not like her to hear, started to leave the room, but one sentence caught her attention.

"I tell you, Colonel Bryant, I'll ruin you if you don't agree with my plan. You know your younger days were not those of a saint, and perhaps you remember the St. Clare affair," and a mocking laugh

followed. Elsie heard the old man groan, and her brown eyes flashed. What would she not give to face the man in his place.

"I tell you also, Carrington, I have not myself alone to consider—my granddaughter must be thought of. I can do nothing which would shame her," and the Colonel's voice was pitifully weak.

"I cannot plan for you, Colonel. All I know is that I need some money. You have the money and I some information that you will probably like to suppress."

"Why must you drag up the past? All that is buried with my former life. I was probably wild in my youth, but I have stopped that long since, and lived, as near as possible, an upright and honorable life."

"I tell you, sir. I'll call tomorrow night for my answer. Consider it all and also think of St. Clare. Probably this business will not look so dirty," and he bowed himself out.

Elsie went to her room thinking hard. She must save her grandfather. She knew that nothing as dead as the misdeeds of his life could harm the colonel, but she feared that he esteeming his sins greater than they were, as the wildness of past youth always appear to an honorable man, would probably enter into the plans of the man who threatened to expose them. The thought of his dead girl-wife came to her, and with it a daring plan for her preventing her grandfather doing wrong. It was her good luck that the Colonel was pre-occupied the next day else he would have noticed his granddaughter's excitement.

In the library there was a life sized statue of the Colonel's wife. The sculpturer had made the statue lifelike indeed—with the flowing garments of six decades before, and also the little bonnet. As we have said before Elsie was decidedly like her grandmother, and she was aware of this, as well as of the tender devotion and reverence the Colonel held for his dead wife. After school she went up into the attic, and found a chest of old clothes. In this chest, she knew there were many dresses of her grandmother. Going through these she came upon the identical dress worn when the statute was sculptured. She slipped these into her room along with the little hat, then sat down to make her plans. She expected that the visitor would arrive about seven-thirty, so by seven she went into the library to arrange things as she wished them. First she turned off the light, not caring for its brilliance, but made a large fire in the large open fire-place. Then

she returned to her room, and donned the white garments. Again she entered the library and after carefully noticing the exact posture of the statue lifted it and carefully carried it into her own room, and stepping on the vacated pedestal, arranged her dress. In a few minutes her grandfather ushered his visitor in. The man plunged immediately into business and put the question squarely to the Colonel. She saw her grandfather grow nervous and frightened, and she herself was not free from apprehensions. Finally the old man saw he could evade the issue no longer and knew the crisis was at hand. He glanced wistfully into the fire, and then looked full into the face of the supposed statue. Elsie saw fear and grief in the old, time-furrowed face, and quick as thought shook her head thoughtfully and gravely. To her surprise he was not shocked, but seemed to take it as a matter of course and she felt that he had expected aid in this time of trial. As in a dream she heard him turn and decline with dignity the man's plan. She saw such dismay and disappointment in Carrington's face that she knew his threats were merely a farce. He accepted his defeat as well as he could, and departed walking out of their lives forever. When the heavy door closed on him the Colonel came and stood in front of the statue, and said lovingly and gently, "I thank you, dear. I knew you would not fail me." After saying this he left the room, and went immediately to his den. Elsie quickly replaced the statue, and removed the dress. Deep gratitude was in her heart that she had succeeded.

The next morning the Colonel awoke with a new light in his face, a quiet holy joy at his deliverance, but the only thing that ever reminded Elsie of the night before was the long hours he spent in the library with the statue.

The Country Boy's Harp

ERNEST AIKEN, '17

The harp, the harp, the harp,
Has neither flat nor sharp.
The notes are all made plain;
They harmonize just the same.

This little instrument of art
Gives great pleasure to the heart,
Especially when alone, you know,
It is most comforting to blow.

It sounds better with banjo or guitar
Than with a many pieced orchestra,
For its tones are too soft and sweet
With loud instruments to compete.

It takes a lot of wind
To draw it out and blow it in;
Some think it's done with ease,
Just try it, if you please.

Civilization is not Education

Speech by Prof. Henry Faucette, Dictated to Snooks, '17

Civilization is not education. Education not only develops the mind to a higher moral and morality, but it is also the greatest cause that has helped to purify the mind of the nation. For every dollar that we spend upon the education of our boys and girls, we save five dollars, where we otherwise spend it upon jails and penitentiaries and schoolhouses. Education is like the flowing brooks that spreads they waters upon the meadows, making the grass to grow, the flowers to bloom, and with their silver drops kissing the sunny scorched vines, and impelling them to climb higher and higher. And by your side and in your midnight prayer to God, will He enlighten you with all the intelligenation of the world. Therefore, civilization is not education.

Sylvia

MARGARET FALLON, '17

Once upon a time there lived a king and queen with their only daughter. They were very fond of their child and lived happily together. Sylvia, for that was her name, was very tall and fair and had beautiful golden hair. Indeed she was very pleasing to look at. Several princes had fallen in love with her, but, as none of them suited her, she had refused them all.

One day it happened that the queen fell very ill and the doctors had given up all hope of recovery. She knew that she was dying, so she sent for Sylvia to be brought to her. As she stood by her bedside she said to her, "Now, Sylvia, I am leaving you and I hope that you will always be happy and will never have any trouble. When you marry, as I suppose you soon will, I hope that you will have all the joy and love that you can wish for." Then she closed her eyes and breathed her last. They had a big funeral at the court and everybody was in mourning for three days. The king was very sad and would let no one see him except his daughter.

One night Sylvia had a very strange dream. She dreamed that her father married a widow who also had a daughter. This second wife was very cruel and unkind to Sylvia and cared for no one except her own daughter.

The next day a woman came to the court and asked to see the king. At first the king would not see her but then decided it might be something important so he sent for her to come in. She told him that she was a widow and her husband had just died and that she and her daughter were left alone. The king became quite interested in her and sympathized with her because his wife had just died.

Pretty soon they were married and the queen's daughter was brought to the court to live. The new queen now ordered Sylvia to be locked in her room and would not allow her to see any company. To all the princes who came there to see her the queen would make her daughter pretend to be Sylvia.

One day when Sylvia was sitting in her room crying she suddenly saw a beautiful fairy standing before her. "What are you crying for?" asked the fairy.

Then Sylvia told her all about her trouble. The fairy listened

eagerly and said softly, "Don't make any noise but follow me." Sylvia followed and found waiting outside a beautiful gold chariot drawn by swans. They went flying through the air until they came to the court of a young prince. The fairy then put her out and gave her a ring saying as she did so, "If ever you need me again turn this ring three times and I will come to you." Sylvia then thanked her and the fairy disappeared.

Sylvia went on into the palace and every one was astonished by her great beauty. As soon as the Prince saw her he fell in love with her and announced that he was going to marry her. In a week they were married and the palace was filled with shouts of, "Long live our king and queen!" Sylvia never went back to her father's kingdom, nor ever wanted to, because she remembered the ring the fairy had given her. She and the Prince lived happily ever afterwards.

Geometry

BY SKEEBO, '17

O, this Plane Geometry!
Is enough to make me sick
For I dig and work, and work and dig
But my head's as hard as brick.

Now we of the Senior class of girls
Have simply said, "I can't,"
But Mrs. Shaw thinks all the time
That it's just two words, "I shan't."

It's theorems and originals all the time,
And then triangles too,
And Mrs. Shaw says, "Go to the board,"
But pray what can I do?

But I'm going to take this Geometry book
And study it through and through,
And take this advice from an ignorant one,
"You had better do that too."

EDITORIALS

School is a place for the development of character through study. In school there are many opportunities for the development of the body, of literary talents and of musical talents.

For the development of the body there are baseball, volley ball, basketball, football, and the track. Every boy (or girl for that matter) should be interested in one or more of these things. Of course everyone cannot get on one of these teams, but he will develop his body by practicing one of these forms of athletics.

If any one is musical he has a chance to show that he is by trying for the Orchestra.

For the development of literary talents there are the literary societies and the Messenger. The literary societies were not formed for the best debaters or declaimers, those who make the contests. They were formed for those who do not know how to talk before an audience, but who want to learn. As for the Messenger not many people can get on the staff, but everybody can write articles for the magazine and thereby be helping themselves as well as doing the staff a great favor.

But the development of the mind through study is after all the main purpose of the school. We are sent to school by our parents to learn. We are sent to get the best things and thoughts our teachers have to give. A pupil who comes to school only for play will never get anywhere. A pupil who comes to school only for study will not get much further. But to get the best things out of school we must study first and then enter into other fields of school activities. The school recognizes this by requiring a baseball, basketball or football player to make seventy on his studies in order to be eligible for the team. In short all other activities than study are ornaments to our culture.

There is a serious lack of knowledge by high school students, and for that matter by other students, of the world's news: election news; local news; war news.

Every boy and girl from thirteen on up should at least know the election news. This ought to interest the girls especially since by the time the now young woman will, as likely as not, have the voting power

when she is grown. People should learn about Wilson, Hughes, Hanley and Benson. They should pick the man they like best and stand behind him. People should also know about the backers of these men: James and Bryan; Roosevelt and Taft; Chafin, Debs and others. Besides knowing this they should know about the strongest office-seekers in their respective states. They should be able to talk intelligently about Simmons and Butler; Bickett and Linney, and in their home towns about the office seekers there.

It is very good to know the foregoing things but by all means do not be a wall-flower when war news is brought forward. Know your sentiments. Determine what you are; Pro-German, Pro-Ally or Neutral. Read the war news of the best papers and magazines. Although all one reads is not true, be able to glean the truths. Every thinking person knows that history is now being made.

Read the news!

THE BLACKWELL LITERARY SOCIETY

The Blackwell Literary Society opened what promises to be a most successful year at its first meeting, Friday, September 22.

At this meeting steps were taken to put under way a campaign for new members. The society was divided into two equal parts, one side taking red for its color; the other blue. The leaders elected were James Leyburn, for the Reds, and Dewey Ray, for the Blues. Under this plan the contest has been carried out with gratifying results. A total of forty-seven new members joined the society as a result of some of the most active campaigning ever seen here. The Reds, however, were more successful, and won the contest by a score of thirty-two to fifteen.

As a grand climax to this contest a social was given by the Blackwell boys Friday evening, October 13. This social was in honor of the new members of the Blackwell and Cornelia Spencer Societies, and, also, in honor of the winners in the contest. A very entertaining program was given, consisting of a mock meeting of the combined societies. After this cream and cake were served.

The prospects for a most successful year of society work seem unusually bright. The total membership is one hundred and thirteen, the largest in the history of the Blackwell society, and enthusiasm is at a high pitch. Under the leadership of President Carmichael, the society is early getting down to business, and the programs are being well rendered. The program committee have plans in mind for many programs of unusual interest to be given in the near future.

Another feature this year is the fact that such a large per cent of the faculty have been able to attend the meetings of the society. The hearty support and coöperation of the entire faculty seem assured, and probably no other one thing will help so much to make this a successful year. At the meeting October 6, Mr. McCartney and Mr. Garrison were elected honorary members.

LOCALGRAMS

On the eleventh of September the Durham High School began a new school year. On account of the greatly increased number of students nearly every room is in use.

The first meeting of the senior class was held on the twentieth of September. The main purpose of this meeting was the election of class officers. The following officers were elected: James Leyburn, president; Miss May Waller, vice-president; Robert White, secretary and treasurer. The Sweet Pea was chosen for the class flower and Green and white were decided upon as the class colors. The class motto is: "Esse quam conspici," or "To be rather than to seem."

At a second meeting of the senior class at recess reports from the different committees were heard and passed upon.

We have with us this year Prof. W. S. Gaud as our new principal. He will take up the work that Mr. M. A. Briggs left when he resigned last year. Prof. Gaud is a teacher of high repute, having taught for about (20) twenty years in different schools.

This year we also have with us Mr. S. MacCartney, who will take Mr. Hindle's place as teacher in French and Spanish. Mr. MacCartney's home is in Washington, D. C., and he comes highly recommended from Columbia Military Academy.

Mr. Hallenbeck has sent out a call for students for the orchestra, and we are eagerly waiting and looking forward to a surprise some morning in Chapel when we hear them play for us. In our orchestra we have a piano, a flute, several violins, and a drum.

A news bureau has been organized at the High School this year, the chief purpose of the enterprise being to aid in the dissemination of information through the medium of the local papers in regard to the current happenings at the city schools. The preparation of the news letters each week for publication will be one of the prime objects of the organization and every phase of school life which will be of general interest will be covered.

The work will be done under the general supervision of Prof. B. J. Faucette and he will be assisted by James Leyburn, Clyde Proctor and Misses Lelia Rigsbee and Frances Henry.

ATHLETICS

With the opening of school for the new term, and the recommencement of outside activities—the most important question which presents itself to consideration is, “What are the athletic prospects for the year?”

This question is always one which invites serious attention since upon the results as shown by the various teams hinges the greater development of school spirit. A school's reputation depends largely upon the laurels won, or lost by its teams, and realizing this it should be the duty of everyone to contribute something to this feature of the school's life. If active participation cannot be given to some one form of sport, then your patriotism can be shown by coming out to see the games and working for the team.

The next most important question right now is what about the material for the Basketball team? The Durham High School, it is unfortunately true, has lost a great many of its former stars, such as Curtis Perry, Thomas Winston, Henry Billings, and William Adams, who have gone elsewhere to increase their victories.

We are, however, fortunate to have still with us Mr. Hallenbeck as coach, and of the old stars Billy Carmichael, Robert White, and Hubert Teer. Two of last year's subs are also with us this year, Merrill Knight and Wade Stephens.

The games which have this far been scheduled by Manager Dewey Ray are with Greensboro, Oak Ridge and Raleigh, while other attractive offers are under consideration.

At a meeting of the girls' athletic association on Friday, October 6, Miss Jessie Edwards was elected president, and Miss May Waller secretary and treasurer, while Miss Maud Outlaw was elected captain of the girls' basketball team.

While the girls' team has not been organized, plans are being made to organize it at once. There were very few of the girls' team who left school last year, and there are more than enough new ones to make up for the difference, so the success of this team seems practically assured.

JESTERS' SPACE

Mr. Faucette (3rd year English)—“Who was Mrs. Winthrop?”
J. G.—“She was Ben Winthrop’s son.”

* * *

Mr. MacCartney (3rd year)—“Harold, I want you to come to my room this afternoon for talking.”

H. W.—“Where is your room, Mr. MacCartney?”

Mr. M. (evidently thinking of something else)—“On page 32.”

* * *

Mr. Faucette (4th year English)—“What were some of Macbeth’s admirable qualities?”

O. C.—“He was an unusual man.”

Mr. F.—“How?”

O. C.—“He loved his wife.”

* * *

Miss Lila M. (4th year Latin)—“Who, other than Achilles, is said to be unable to be killed?”

Voice in back of room—“Villa.”

* * *

Mrs. Shaw to E. M. on Geometry class—“Why are there two sights on a gun, Euva?”

E. M.—“For both eyes, I reckon.”

* * *

Miss Lila M. (to one of her “star” pupils)—“If four is the quotient of z and 12, what is four?”

D. M.—“The dividend.”

* * *

One morning in one of the mixed second-year rooms, one of the girls dropped her side comb. One very chivalrous young man picking up the comb exclaimed, “Here’s somebody’s hairpin.”

* * *

Mr. G. (History class)—“Where did the Indians come from?”

A. F.—“I just can’t tell now, but it seems as if they came from somewhere.”

Editors—“Maybe they came from India.”

Miss L. M.—“Dailey, how many are there in your family?”

Dailey (promptly)—“One.”

* * *

She (debating the suffrage question)—“Do you mean to say that a woman will never sit in the President’s chair?”

He—“Oh no, I would not say that because if the President is married, his wife will sit just about where she pleases.”

* * *

Hereafter elevators are going to be abolished in New York. They are going to use safety razors (raisers).

* * *

Mr. Conley—“I wished someone would get a longer yard stick.”

E. L.—“I can get a four foot one, Mr. Conley?”

* * *

We, the senior boys and girls do sing,
For we must have a class ring
Driven by fate to sweetly sing
For we must have a senior’s ring
By all ill omens we must sing
For we must have a class ring.
We must not peck on Billy’s ding
For he must wear the senior’s ring.

* * *

E. A. (French class)—“Mr. MacCartney, how do you express one o’clock at midnight, in French?”

* * *

Mr. G. (on History of 4th year to M. W.)—“What did De Soto do?”

M. W.—“He sailed on the Mississippi.”

Mr. G.—“And what else?”

M. W.—“And-er he died.”

Mr. G.—“And lived happily ever afterwards?”

M. W.—“Yes, he sailed up the Miss. and died and lived happily ever afterwards.”

* * *

When Mayor Skinner started to talk on the day of the Fire Drill, one girl was heard to say, “Come on let’s get up closer, that man’s goner preach!”

Teacher to pupil—"Harry, what is the meaning of ascension?"

Pupil—"Arising."

Teacher—"Now make a sentence with ascension."

Pupil—"I had an ascension in my head."

* * *

Mrs. B. (in first year room)—"Where is Thelma?"

"She has been translated to another room."

* * *

REMARKS

Why is the fourth year like a riding school?

Answer—Because every one "rides Ponies."

* * *

If Abe wanted some flowers would Jennie Bloom?

Answer—"Astor."

* * *

For sale:—Latin "Jacks" of every description. All kinds of both, Literal or Interlinear, translations cheap. Especially Cicero or Caesar. Apply to about any Fourth year student.

* * *

Although this report has not been confirmed, it is reported that "Tommy" Graham and Cartwright Carmichael are very much in love with one another. This however was just gathered from their actions on the playgrounds.

* * *

We would like to suggest that each senior select his or her own design for their class pins. Maybe they would be satisfied then.

* * *

It is rumored that Mr. Robert White expects to get a point for study periods. Upon examination we have found that no college in North Carolina gives credit for this subject so we are afraid that all his efforts will be wasted.

* * *

Clara Barrett greatly delayed the daily procession out of Chapel the other morning. She became so deeply absorbed in some boy, that not only she herself was left way behind, but she kept the others back as well.

How nice it would be if we could only do two things at once.

EXCHANGES

We wish all our exchanges a happy and prosperous year. We will appreciate the candid opinion of other magazines, favorable or otherwise, and will be glad to offer friendly criticisms in return.

This month we regret to say that our exchange table is almost bare, having been favored with visits from only a few of our old friends. Next month we hope to renew acquaintance with our old friends, and also to become acquainted with several new ones.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of:

The Habit, Salina, Kansas.

The Stampede, Havre, Montana.

College Topics, University of Virginia.

The Trinity Chronicle, Durham, N. C.

Berry News, Mount Berry, Georgia.

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Business Colleges furnish their graduates a better education for practical purposes than either Princeton, Harvard or Yale.—**EX-PRESIDENT GARFIELD**

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