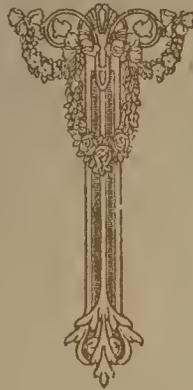


THE SAGE



MAY, 1920

GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL
GREENSBORO, N. C.

TO "MISS ALEX."

Who has told us what she thinks of us many times and in no uncertain terms, yet has proved our ever present help in time of trouble, who has taught us civics and suffrage, economics and good sense—if we would but learn; who has showed us the gleam and the following of it; and who sends us out sincerely glad that we are the class of 1920, since after this year, to the regret of every high school student, she will no longer teach—we dedicate this number of the *Sage*.

MOTTO:

We will find a way or make one.

COLORS:

Lavender and White

SENIOR OFFICERS:

President—Frances Gilliland.

Vice-President—Morton Murray.

Secretary—Garland Coble.

Treasurer—John M. Foushee.

Press Reporter—Jessie Myers.

Historian—Edith Lindley.

Orator—Garland Coble.

Poet—Janice Brown.

Prophet—Wallace Stamey.

*Reader of Last Will and Testament—
Shelley Caveness.*



Miss "Alec"



Miss Nita Gressitt



Mary Frances Gilliland

Age 17—Weight 106
Height 5 ft. 5 in.

"There is no one beside thee, no one
above thee,
Thou standest alone as the nightingale
sings."



Mildred Davidson

Age 17—Weight 118
Height 5 ft. 5½ in.

"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends
Oft she rejects, but never once offends."



Arthur Wallace Stamey

Age 19—Weight 148
Height 5 ft. 10 in.

Full well they laughed with counterfeited
glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.



Lawrence Allan Thomas

Age 16—Weight 155
Height 6 ft.

Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.



Mary Wyche Poole

Age 17—Weight 108
Height 5 ft. 4 in.

"Tis a cute wench."



Frances McNairy Glasscock
 Age 17—Weight 130
 Height 5 ft. 5 in.
 "I'll be merry, I'll be free, I'll be sad for nobody."



Rhea VanNoppen
 Age 18—Weight 115
 Height 5 ft. 5 in.
 "To be most useful is the greatest virtue."



Catherine Mae Penn
 Age 17—Weight 124
 Height 5 ft. 3 in.
 "Born to talk as well as to think."



Frances Long Clendenin
 Age 17—Weight 100
 Height 4 ft. 11 in.
 "She is more than over shoes in love."



Morton McNeil Murray
 Age 21—Weight 126
 Height 5 ft. 6 in.
 "Her name had been in every line he wrote."



Mary Cornelia Cartland

Age 19—Weight 114

Height 5 ft. 4 in.

"Not much talk, a great sweet silence."



Clark McNairy

Age 17—Weight 125

Height 5 ft. 7 in.

"He was a man without hypocrisy and a man without guile."



Ida Evelyn Mendenhall

Age 17—Weight 100

Height 5 ft. 3 in.

"Long shall we seek her likeness, long in vain."



Elsie Berta Coleman

Age 16—Weight 115

Height 5 ft. 1 in.

Fair tresses, man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.



Fred Troxler

Age 17—Weight 135

Height 5 ft. 10 in.

You may have known that I'm no wordy man.



Margaret Lois Moon
 Age 17—Weight 110 ½
 Height 5 ft. 5 in.
 She is divinely tall and most divinely fair.



Mabel Alderman
 Age 19—Weight 120
 Height 5 ft. 5 ½ in.
 "Right noble is thy merit."



George Bennett Wynne
 Age — —Weight 145
 Height 5 ft. 8 in.
 In all games nimble and in running swift,
 Well made to strike, to leap, to throw, to
 lift.



Nell Crowell Wescott
 Age 19—Weight 107
 Height 5 ft. 2 in.
 "Her every tones are music's own,
 Like those of morning birds,
 And something more than melody
 Dwells ever in her words."



Mamie Lee Chandler
 Age 16—Weight 115
 Height 5 ft. 5 in.
 "Better than gold, is the thinking mind."



Jessie Madeline Douglas Myers
 Age 17—Weight 122
 Height 5 ft. 6 in.
 "Earth's most envied thing, a woman
 stylish."



Samuel Harry Redont Hassall
 Age 18—Weight 125
 Height 5 ft. 6 in.
 "His words of learned length and thun-
 dering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged
 around."



Linda Rogers Smith
 Age 17—Weight 95
 Height 5 ft. 4 in.
 "And still they gazed, and still the
 wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all she
 knew."



William Hawkins Bogart
 Age 18—Weight 147
 Height 5 ft. 10 in.
 "He cannot e'en essay, to walk sedate,
 But in his very gait one sees a jest."



Jewel Smith
 Age 19—Weight 104
 Height 5 ft. 2 in.
 "Who deserves well needs not another's
 praise."



Ida Lucile Swain

Age 18—Weight —
Height 5 ft. 5 in.

"And pause awhile from learning to be wise."



Dolly Erwin Posey

Age 17—Weight 103
Height 5ft. 3 in.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!"



Lillian Pauline Pettit

Age 16—Weight 120
Height 5 ft. 3 in.

"If music be the food of love, play on,
give me an excess of it."



Jeremiah Addison Smith

Age 19—Weight 135
Height 5 ft. 8 in.

"He smiled and all the world was gay."



Shelly B. Caveness

Age 18—Weight 150
Height 6 ft.

"Toil is the lot of all, but none for me."



Theodore Causey
Age 20—Weight 160
Height 6 ft. 2 in.
"His stature tall,—I hate a dumpy man!"



Mary Adele Alexander
Age 17—Weight 107
Height 5 ft. 3 in.
"Grips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."



Faith Johnson
Age 18—Weight 118
Height 5 ft. 4 in.
"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax."



Eva Minerva Dillon
Age 19—Weight 102
Height 5 ft. 5 in.
"And when she comes, say 'Welcome
dear.'"



David Edgar Allred, Jr.
Age 18—Weight 130
Height 5 ft. 9 in.
"He thinks too much: such men are
dangerous."



Jessie Wooding Brandt

Age 16—Weight 116

Height 5 ft. 3 in.

"Ev'n in penance planning sins anew."



Willie Jean Sloan

Age 18—Weight 101

Height 5 ft. 4 in.

"To know her is to love her."



Dorothy Wafford Posey

Age 17—Weight 110

Height 5 ft. 4 in.

"Who makes a furnace of her mouth and keeps her chimney burning."



Guy Hagan

Age 17—Weight 130

Height 5 ft. 8 in.

"Whose every look and gesture was a joke."



Julia Ernestine West

Age 18—Weight 112

Height 5 ft. 3 in.

"'Twas a wonderful thing how fleet,
She was on those little fairy feet."



Aubrey Edwards
 Age 18—Weight 105
 Height 5 ft. 4 in.
 Much to himself he thought, but little spoke.



Noah Webster Stout
 Age 19—Weight 150
 Height 6 ft.
 "And learns to uenerato himself as man."



Allece Voss Sapp
 Age 17—Weight 138
 Height 5 ft. 6 in.
 "Tears, idle tears. I know not what they mean."



Mary Bess Barnhardt
 Age 19—Weight 118
 Height 5 ft. 5 in.
 "A little nonsense now and then
 Is relished by the wisest men."



Mary Elizabeth Stockton
 Age 18—Weight 154
 Height 5 ft. 4 in.
 "And even her failings lean to virtues side."



Elizabeth Hutton
Age 18—Weight 122½
Height 5 ft. 4¼ in.
She hath many nameless virtues.



Floyd Garland Coble
Age 17—Weight 135
Height 5 ft. 10 in.
Persuasion tips his tongue when'er he talks.



Janice Stewart Brown
Age 17—Weight 107
Height 5 ft. 4½ in.
And she herself is sweeter than the
sweetest thing she knows.



Marian Le Grand Gilmer
Age 16—Weight 125
Height 5 ft. 6 in.
"She is as clever as she is fair."



Edith Lindley
Age 17—Weight 120
Height — ft. — in.
She hath a thousand virtues and not one
acknowledged sin.



Florine Blair Jennings

Age 18—Weight 125

Height 5 ft. 4 in.

"Perfectly beautiful, let it be granted her."



Annie Louise Neese

Age 18—Weight 120

Height 5 ft. 4 in.

"I do know her by her gait, she is a friend."



Johnsie Battle Wright

Age 18—Weight 110

Height 5 ft. 2 in.

"Wisdom, beauty, health and friends, what more could she desire?"



Claude T. Whittington

Age 17—Weight 172

Height 6 ft. 2 in.

"Setting rallery aside, let us attend to serious matters."



Nannie Sara Marsh

Age 19—Weight 106

Height 5 ft. 4 in.

"Modesty is the grace of the soul."



Grace Irene Parish

Age 18—Weight 157
Height 5 ft. 6 in.

"She who sayeth little, thinketh much."



Marie Rebecca Cooke

Age 17—Weight 95
Height 5 ft.

Precious jewels always come in small parcels.



Alice Edwina Alderman

Age 18—Weight 103
Height 5 ft. 2 in.

"A good heart's worth gold."



Mark Gwyne Bain

Age 19—Weight —
Height 5 ft. 7 in.

Europe he saw, and Europe saw him, too.



Mary Margaret Smith

Age 19—Weight 140
Height 5 ft. 3 in.

Whose quiet mind from vain desire is free.



Gladys Flaherty
Age 19—Weight 115
Height 5 ft. 3 in.

"Very rich she is in virtues, very noble-noble, certes."



Grace Wimbish
Age 16—Weight 108
Height 5 ft. 3 in.

"A little body where in is lodged a mighty mind."



Nellie Tyler Morris
Age 18—Weight 124
Height 5 ft. 5 in.

"Silence is more eloquent than words."



Harry L. Crutchfield
Age 17—Weight 140
Height 5 ft. 10 in.

His fame anon throughout the town is borne.



Bessie Greeson Hunter
Age 17—Weight 156
Height 5 ft. 7 in.

"Her hair is red, her eyes are blue,
And she's an athlete through and through."



Frank W. Lamb

Age 18—Weight 125
Height 5 ft. 7 in.

Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.



Blanche Huff

Age 16—Weight 125
Height 5 ft. 3 in.

"Ease in your mien and sweetness in
your face."



George Raymond Ralls

Age 16—Weight 125
Height 5 ft. 8 in.

"Gratians spoke an infinite deal of
nothing."



Clarice Undine Laughan

Age 18—Weight 110
Height 5 ft. 4½ in.

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her
eyes."



Irma Lee Sadler

Age 17—Weight 105
Height 5 ft. 4 in.

Few things are impossible to diligence
and skill.



Ellen Elizabeth Jones

Age 17—Weight 100
Height 5 ft. 4 in.

"Almost to all things could she turn her hand."



Margie Mayhew

Age 17—Weight 158
Height 5 ft. 5 in.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn to comfort, and command."



Chas. Gerard Wilkerson

Age 19—Weight 128
Height 5 ft. 9 in.

Not so good a fellow, but altogether a jolly good fellow.

CLASS HISTORY OF 1920

We were a mixed crowd, the future class of 1920, ranging from socks to half-length dresses and from knickers to long trousers. We had come from North, South, East and West, Greensboro; all fired with a purpose, that of becoming true sons and daughters of G. H. S., come what may. While waiting for the bell we gathered in groups over the yard discussing what courses we should take, business or classical. Even then we saw and recognized that vexatious problem, of what, we were to do and become in this world; appearing in the choice of our high school course which then seemed about the most important thing in the world to us.

But all were not quite so serious. The laughter of the green freshmen could often be heard above that of the more self-contained juniors and seniors and especially sophomores. With the ringing of the bell we laid aside all speculations and entered upon the reality of high school life, a thing that has become more and more real as we have traveled these four years.

We found first of all that life in high school was not one sweet song as we had been led to believe. With natural dexterity our teachers soon had us under control and working at full steam. But, alas, this was not to be our only trial. We the seniors of a year before were now as nothing. With indignation we heard ourselves spoken of as freshies and rats. And to add to all this we were not allowed to belong to Literary Society. I'm sure that it was not because of our great thirst for literary knowledge that we complained. But, you see it was most boaring to have to be in class those last two periods while others were enjoying themselves. But as freshmen we finally admitted that we had much to undergo and to learn.

It was not long before we discovered our weak point, as a class. The sophomores, juniors and seniors were all organized. As we weren't we speedily called a meeting of the four freshman rooms and proceeded to organize ourselves. For our president we elected Miss Jessie Myers who ably guided us through our first year. As our motto, for the coming years we took, "We'll find a way or make one." We chose the violet for our flower and for our colors lavender and white. After we had performed those customary duties we felt much better and ready to take our stand with the classes of G. H. S.

That first year we learned many things outside of text books. We were taught that valuable lesson of team work and gradually fell into line. We had become acclimated.

Our sophomore year passed as a matter of course under the wise administration of Mr. Hamilton. We were not as egotistical as the freshmen nor as bigoted as the juniors and seniors. Quite naturally we organized ourselves and elected as our president, Mr. John M. Foushee. We accomplished no particular fete which could be considered brilliant, either in our eyes or the eyes of others. Our sophomore year was a very strong, yet inconspicuous link, in our high school chain of years, a link made enduring by the honest effort of every member of our class. Still through all our work ran good times. In fall, in winter, in spring you could always find a bunch of sophs having their fun.

But time pushed on and soon we found that we were juniors, which means a lot. Our school had grown in numbers until we found at the beginning of our third year that we were to have double sessions, which was not really so bad as it seemed. There came to us this year quite a few boys and girls from the Normal Training School. By their coming, new talent was added to our class. Tonight we are particularly proud of Miss Linda Smith who became one of us at that time and who has been made valedictorian of our class.

So with this infusion of new workers we were quickening our pace in all fields of activity only to be checked by the "flu," which so shook and upset our country last year. After this enforced vacation it was with something kin to a sigh that we again renewed our work. But we received the challenge to all our energies that was given by the splendid work of Miss Dolly Posey in the debating line and Miss Irma Saddler in the short story line both of whom were prizes offered by Mr. Wills, chairman of our Board of Education.

We were fickle though and our attentions were soon given to something which we probably thought more interesting, the Junior-Senior reception. We wished to give these seniors the best time ever. Toward this end Miss Cornelia Cartland kindly offered us the use of her lovely home which we accepted gratefully. It was arranged for the last of February. We have liked to think that they enjoyed themselves as much as we. Having attained such a point of social eminence we looked back upon our Freshman and Sophomore years with pity and our Senior year with coming expectation. We had indeed passed a mile-stone in high school life.

At last we were Seniors and surely we may be forgiven, a little haughtiness. Not long ago I heard someone say that the Senior year of high school did nothing but fill the head of the boys and girls with hot air and that they learned nothing. We wished to be excluded from this classification for we have done good work along with having good times. Miss Frances Gilliland, whom we elected as our president, won the second North Carolina prize for the best essay offered by the United States government. Another proof of our good work is the fact that Miss Mamie Lee Chandler distinguished herself in the field of chemistry, by obtaining the highest grade on the examination given throughout North Carolina. Again in our athletics Mr. G. B. Wynne has figured prominently in both football and the track.

Of these we are justly proud. But let's turn to something in which we've all taken part, something frivolous, as the Hallow'een party given by the Seniors for themselves. The two important features as I remember them were masquerading and plenty of ice cream cones. At the next party just before Christmas we invited the football boys who livened things up a bit and with our Christmas tree and peanut fortunes we had quite a nice time.

Our next bits of foolishness were in trying to entertain in chapel. This helped both Senior rooms to relieve some of their pent up energy. First Miss Alexander's room gave a clever devised, living edition of "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater." Then Miss Gressitt's room presented something equally enjoyable, the morality play, "Every Student." A delightful evening was spent at the high school auditorium by many students and friends, when Mr. Hamlin Garland gave a lecture on "Life on the Middle Border." Mr. Garland was brought here under the auspices of the Senior class. This was made possible by the efforts of Miss Alexander. Just now I must say to those of you not there that you missed a treat.

Our second and higher pinnacle of prestige came at the Junior-Senior banquet given by the Juniors at the Country Club on the 16th of April. If the Juniors felt as we did, they never enjoyed themselves more. It was a three-course dinner with nonsense generally scattered between the courses by Mr. Archer who was appointed official monkey for the evening and in which capacity he served admirably.

Following the banquet by a few weeks, was our common place picnic at Doggett's though no one who could have seen us would have said we were having only an ordinarily good time. Even the suggestion of wading and swimming goes to prove otherwise.

With horns blowing and all laughing and screaming we entered our great enterprise, the Grand Carnival, the 29th of May. If you were not there none could successfully describe it to you. All that we know is we put it over in part for our last number of the "Sage" to pull us near the top, and we wish to thank you for your patronage that night.

So we have finished those last days with good times and are tonight both fearful and eager to try our wings. A few have dropped out during the four years race and tonight we number 77. We believe that our class is the finest ever produced by G. H. S. We do not take all the credit; we could not for I'm sure that a good half of it belongs to our teachers and principals for we've had many, and also to our superintendent, Mr. Archer.

It is thus that the first lessons are over and we have come to the second and harder one. The door of the high school has closed behind us and we are here tonight one of you, hoping that you will receive us and what we have to do kindly, for in high school we have learned many new things and we intend to put them into practice.

EDITH LINDLEY.

CLASS POEM.

As I looked out of the window today
Through the softly falling rain.
The unknown future loomed very big,
For the present could not remain.

On a limb of the maple tree, I could see
Where last year a thrush had its nest,
A bright little fairy sitting there,
In raindrops and green leaves dressed.

She saw how discouraged, how blue I was,
That growing up filled me with dread,
For she knew what was wrong, as fairies do,
And smilingly nodded her head.

"My dear," she said, in a soft little voice,
"You must not be sorry or sad.
There are seventy-five just like you
And all of you should be glad.

"Your high school days have swiftly sped.
Four glorious years have gone by,
Years, filled to the brim with the joys of youth
Which age, you think, will deny.

"But I know full well that this is not true;
And I'm sure you will soon find out
That the bugbear of growing up is not real,
And there's nothing to worry about.

"For though there are bridges and ships to be built
And pictures that have to be drawn,
The joy of achieving is a full reward,
And you'll gladly go working on.

"For each has a job in this big old world,
The task will be to find it;
So do not delay when you find the right wheel
To put your shoulder behind it.

"It's not so much just what you do
As the way you do it that matters,—
But I must stop preaching and hasten home,
Or my dress will be in tatters.

"I hope that now you understand
That the brain and heart grow too,
And that real joy is found in the doing well
Of the things intended for you."

Waving her hand, she flew off through the rain
And I knew that all would be well;
The key to happiness had surely been given,
And I was glad to bid high school farewell.

—JANICE STEWART BROWN.

CLASS PROPHECY.

WALLACE STAMEY,

Chicago, Ill., May 26, 1948.

My Dear Doctor:—

I received a letter from Madame Jessica Brandt wd that I am in a position to give you some information concerning our former classmates.

Miss Mary Poole is heading the Chemistry Department in our University and she has been instrumental in disproving all the former laws of Chemistry including "Edward's Law," and the atomic hypothesis. If she discovers the right combination of elements there is no doubt that she will rise still higher.

Madame Wescott, who used to be known as Nell Wescott is now the director of the Carolina Symphony Orchestra and appeared here in a concert a few days ago. Several of the former high school girls assisted her including Miss Pauline Pettit and Miss Lois Moon who performed wonderfully on the mandolin.

No doubt you have heard before how my first wife, formerly Miss Frances Gilliland was the first one to devise a plan by which we were able to communicate with other planets and later she discovered the new gas which enabled C. Guy Hagan to make the first flight to Mars.

I received a etter from Madame Jessica Brandts who used to be known as simple Jessie Brandt. I find that she and the girl who used to be known as Frances Shaw and who is now Mrs. Fred Troxler, of San Francisco, are successfully operating a "Woman's Ready to Wear" shop. I might also add that Mr. Troxler is engaged in the business in the capacity of designer.

Miss Linda Smith, although happily married, is still directing the English Department at the University of North Carolina.

Probably now you realize that the University is mostly a girl's school like most of the former great universities.

No doubt you will be surprised to hear that Lawrence Thomas is running a Cattery just out of Denver, Col. As furs are now very scarce, Mr. Thomas is running a cat ranch and the furs bring him \$2.48 each. Garland Coble is running a "rattery," next door. The rats are fed to the cats and the carcasses of the dead cats to the rats. It is a paying business.

As the Martians are very fond of red headed men, President Louise B. Alexander wisely sent Harry Crutchfield and Shelly Caveness as ambassadors to that planet. Mrs. Caveness, formerly Miss Dolly Posey, fell from the aero train on the way and has never been located. It has been suggested that she was attracted to some other planet. Her sister Miss Dorothy Posey is studying vocal at Elon College.

I am the happiest man in the world as I am soon to be married to a widow, Mrs. Jno M. Foushee whom you used to know as Ernestine West.

Write to me sometime and try to come up to the wedding.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE BENNETT WYNNE,

President North Western University, Chicago, Ill.

Afrighanistan, June 2, 1948.

My Darling Doctor:—

I was simply delighted to get your letter and honestly I know just lots about our former classmates and will be so glad to tell you everything I know.

Winifred Cobb and Jessie Myers are missionaries in the jungles of Africa (there are still jungles in Africa.) They are doing a thriving business and are teaching democracy and citizenship to the natives.

Professor Lee H. Edwards, noted scientist and biologist, is in India chasing the Alahambra species of the butterfly. Mrs. Edwards, formerly Miss Aleese Sapp, is a noted composer and has just presented to the public the little song, "He's Forever Chasing Butterflies."

Janice Brown, Marion Gilmer and Elizabeth Stockton, you remember how fat she used to be, well, she's as slim as a broom now. Well, anyway they have gone to Mars to organize the Child's Welfare Work there. O, Doctor! Have you ever been to Mars? I have and Oh, those horrid women up there; but I think the men are darling. They are so fat and plump. Doctor can you keep a secret? Well I'm going to be married to one of them.

On my return trip I met Wm. Bogart on the moon. He has the contract for the Great Pan-Universal Filling Station there. He was married to Miss Mildred Davidson several years ago and was divorced. But later after months of successful wooing he married Miss Mary Bess Barnhart, the great social welfare worker.

Noah Stout is serving a term in the penitentiary for retailing cigarettes.

Frank Lamb was divorced a few years ago for failure to support his wife, formerly Miss Willie Sloane, of Greensboro. Mr. Lamb stated that he received a message from his former wife, Miss Marie Cook, through the Ouija board, demanding that he untie the knot as she was extremely jealous.

Mabel Alderman and Nannie Marsh are instructors in the Gressit "School for Ignoramouses" at Richmond. The school is full and overflowing.

Adele Alexander, Gladys Flaherty, Faith Johnson, and Clarice Taughn are touring Greenland in the interest of the Woman's Protective Family Union, and as a side line, they are introducing the "Little Giant Potato Peeler" in that country.

Edith Lindley is working in a bakery in Asheville. She runs the "Doughnut Machine."

Johnsie Wright and Grace Parrish are in South America representing the Cook Studio of Greensboro, N. C.

Clark McNairy and Elizabeth Hutton are happily married and are living in El Paso, Texas. Mr. McNairy is a steamfitter in that city.

Well Doctor I am so fatigued that I really must stop and put the cat out.

Very sincerely yours,

KATHERINE PENN.

Reidsville, N. C., June 9, 1948.

My Dear Doctor:—

Words can never express how surprised I was to hear from you, and I think it darling of you to be so interested in our class to the extent that you are inquiring about each member. Of course you know about my marriage to Gerard Wilkerson. He is such a dear. He is staying in a local bank here.

Rhea Van Noppen and Bessie Jones are serving a term in the Federal penitentiary for their socialistic and radical views. They advocated government ownership of all the saur kraut factories.

Samuel Hassall is the proprietor of a first class barber shop with pool room attached.

Mark Bain is a wealthy old bachelor in Birmingham, Ala. He was a plumber and made his money on rough joints.

Bessie Hunter, Marjorie Mahew, Blanche Huff and Margaret Smith are on a walking tour around the world. They make their living selling a little book, "The Scum of the Earth." by Hon. Wm. York. Also they advertise Tanlac as a side line.

Theodore Causey is manufacturing aeroplanes and dirigibles in Paris. His plant is the best equipped in the world. While in Paris he fell in love with the great actress, Mme. Eva Dillon. They were married and went to Mars in the "Flying Palace." They will make the return trip by parachute.

Addison Smith met his death while emerging from the subway at Hillsboro. He was run over and crushed by the fire truck of that metropolis.

I know you remember Florine Jennings. Well, she has had a brilliant stage career. She is now playing opposite Raymond Ralls in Elsie Coleman's screen success, "The Mystery of the Little Tin Box."

Irma Saddler and Annie Neese are the possessors of a tea room in Norfolk. They have made lots of money.

Doctor, every time I turn around I run into a chyropractic. They are as numerous as insurance agents used to be. Gerard got sick the other day and I sent for Doctor Aubrey Edwards. He rubbed the last cent out of him.

Grace Wimbish is teaching expression in the High Point College for Women. Teachers are paid high salaries now and she rides to school in a limousene.

Nellie Morris and Mamie Lee Chandley are running an old maid's rescue home in Tampa, Fla.

Surely you have heard of the famous Whittington case in New York. Claude Whittington, a multi-millionaire was stabbed to death with a hat pin. The state is prosecuting a widow, Mrs. Edgar Alfred, formerly Miss Evelyn Mendenhall. The hat pin bore her initials. Miss Cornelia Cartland, a famous authority on hat pins, is council for the accused.

Lucile Swain and Jewel Smith are in Alaska searching for their husbands. Oh, aren't husbands dear!

O, Doctor, I heard of your marriage to Frances Glascock and you are one lucky man. We are expecting a visit from both of you soon.

I am glad to hear that you have been so successful in your profession. I thoroughly agree with your theory of the evolution of the eye-brow.

Really Doctor, do you think that Peruna is more intoxicating than Hair Tonic? I heard Rev. Morton Murray say that he could cut the biggest shine by drinking shoe polish.

Give Frances my love and Gerard sends his.

Sincerely,

FRANCES CLENDENIN WILKERSON.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1920.

We, the Senior class of Greensboro High School in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty, knowing the majority of our number to be sound in body and mind, and knowing the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, do draw up and sign this, our last will and testament.

Be it known that the aforesaid Senior class does declare this to be their last will and testament.

Item 1: To the next large and promising Senior class we do bequeath:

First. The privilege of being a shining example to the lower classmen in such things as dignity in the hall-ways, and behavior in the chapel.

Second. We pass on all senior privileges in unused condition accompanied by a large and powerful magnifying glass, and hope that they will be more able to detect and interpret the many privileges better than we.

Third. To the class of 1921, we leave our many thanks for the support they have given us this year.

Item 2: Realizing our importance, we leave a few of our most striking and noticeable characteristics and belongings to some of the most responsible of the incoming Seniors, on condition that they be sacredly kept and passed on to the next Senior class.

1. The dainty complexion, blushes and modesty of Willie Sloan we bestow upon Ximena Simpson.
2. The good looks and affection of Lawrence Thomas we leave to Catherine Armstrong.
3. The flirtatious disposition and popularity of Earnestine West we bestow upon Jessie Furgerson.
4. Garland Coble's ability to throw back his head and strut down Main street we leave to Allen Stainback.
5. Mable Alderman leaves her ability to run the Senior class to Margarate Ray Patterson.
6. The E's on chemistry (that stand for excellent), acquired by Noah Stout, Addison Smith and Aleece Sapp we bequeath to Francis Blackwood, John Ballard and Richard Wharton.
7. The musical ability of Nell Wescott we bestow upon Helen Glenn Rankin.
8. The appalling knowledge of chemistry now held by John M. Foushee and Mamie Lee Chandley we leave to J. B. Stroud and Ada Denny.
9. The witt and intertaining clownish antics of Wallace Stamey and "Bill" Bogart, we bestow upon Charles Hinkle and Archie Brown, hoping that they will keep the Senior class-to-be sufficiently amused to lighten their hearts while wading through Virgil.
10. The good fellowship and inseparable gossip club composed of Mary Bess Barnheart, Dot Posey and Eva Dillon, we bequeath to Edith Clement, Elizabeth Pickard and Gertrude Hunter.
11. G. B. Wynn's ability to lead the football team to victory we bestow upon James Hendrix.
12. The desperate case now existing between Fred Troxler and Jessie Brandt we pass on to John Caffee and Lucile Berthea.
13. Lois Moon leaves much "Love" to her "Niggars."
14. The headlight of our class now owned by Linda Smith, bequeath to Catherine Wharton, hoping that she will light the pathway of the class of 1921 in their noble pursuit of learning.
15. The envied cooking ability of Nellie Morris and Frances Shaw we pass on to Beulah Scurlock and Beatrice Dillon and hope that they kill no more than is absolutely necessary.
16. Harry Crutchfield's ability as a baseball player in any position we pass on to Hoyt Boon and hope that he will keep up the good record.
17. Marion Gilmer's grace and beauty we bestow upon Geraldine McDowell.
18. Mark Bain's ability to loaf all day and consume numberless chocolate milks we pass on to Joe Grimsley.
19. Mildred Davidson, our little "heart smasher," leaves her gentle ways to Dorothy Brown.
20. The privilege of passing around refreshments such as loud smelling gum, candy, "Kisses," ginger-cakes and chocolates, we leave to Jimmie Poole, hoping that he will keep the class of 1921 as well supplied as Raymond Ralls has.
21. The tendency of Grace Wimbish and Alice Alderman to occupy seats under the teacher's hovering wing, we leave to Helen Goldstein and Elva Yeattes.
22. Guy Hagan's wonderful ability to hold down "End" on the football team, we leave to Fred Maus.
23. Frances Clendenen leaves much love to her "Christy."
24. Theodore Roosevelt Causey leaves his graceful form and dancing ability to "Tod" Koenig.

25. Albery Edwards bestows his six feet of muscle and brawn upon "Goat" Lewis.
26. The "Dillar-a-dollar-a-ten-o'clock scholar tendency of Gerard Wilkerson, we leave to James Stone.
27. Frank Lamb's ability to create a chemistry laboratory at home, we leave to Joe Brittian.
28. Upon Frank Clarke we bestow Morton Murray's habit of introducing speakers in chapel.
29. We leave Elizabeth Jones' baby rattler to Walter Robinson.
30. Adell Alexander and Faith Johnson, the inseparable twins, leave their undying affection to Elvert Apple and Banks Wilson.
31. We pass Elizabeth Stockton's powder puff on to Margaret Hunt.
32. We bequeath Dolly Posey's and Johnsie Wright's roughneck ways and heart smashing manner to Elizabeth Harrison and Lois Stamey.
33. Jessie Myers leaves her "Smiles" to Edith Clement.
34. Hoping that Greensboro High School will win the state championship in basketball, football, baseball and on the track, we bequeath ungrudgingly the unexcelled ability of Mark Main, G. B. Wynne, Morton Murray, Frank Lamb, John M. Foushee, Garland Coble, Lawrence Thomas, Guy Hagan, Harry Crutchfield and Bessie Hunter to James Hendrix, Joe Grimsley, Wade "Niggar" Phillips, Fred Maus, James Poole, "Christy" Fordham, Charles Hinkle, Hoyt Boone, Teddy Koenig, Nellie Irvin.

Item 3: To those most beloved ones who have guided our faltering footsteps in our noble pursuit of learning, we leave:

1. To Mr. Archer we leave the most uncomplete group of school buildings in North Carolina and do earnestly hope that he will have his new buildings next year.
2. To Mr. Price we leave a "Never-Ready" safety razor and hope that he will use it with great pleasure.
3. To Miss Gressitt our wonderful and dearly loved math teacher we leave the mathematicians of next year completely to her mercy, and may she have mercy on them.
4. To Mr. Edwards we leave a large broom and mop, hoping the laboratory will be cleaned up some time next year.
5. To Miss Wilson the undying gratitude and friendship of the expression class.
6. To Miss Jane Summerel we leave a thundering voice, hoping that she will be able to locate the wild Roman Pony that holds headquarters in Senior room 101, answering to the name of Cicero.
7. To Miss Cates a perfect system for running a cafeteria and hope that she will be able to use it next year.
8. And last but not least to our best friend, Miss Louise Alexander, our undying friendship and gratitude for all the things she has done for us this year and promise to vote for her when she is persuaded to run for the Senate.

In witness whereof, we set our hand and seal, this eighth day of June in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty.

(Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS.

(Per) SHELLEY B. CAVENESS.

