

# THE TAU

1918

C379.5  
G81t



**Library of the  
University of North Carolina**

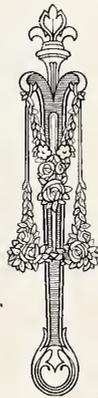
Endowed by the Dialectic and Philan-  
thropic Societies

C379.5-G81+

1918

# THE TAU

1918



PUBLISHED BY THE  
SENIOR CLASS OF GREENVILLE HIGH SCHOOL  
GREENVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA



**EDITORIAL STAFF**

*Left to right—Don Jenkins, James Little, Francis Bowen, Allen Osborn, Alice Whitehurst, Ralph Fleming*

## From the Editors to You

*I*T IS YOU, dear reader, to whom we send our message. What care we for the approval of one who does not read our book? We ask you to read it with a bit of "charity," remembering that this is our "maiden effort" at a real Annual, and also remembering that paper, printing, and photography are all at necessity prices. We thank you for your subscription, and if you are pleased with our work we ask for no better proof than that you give the same loyal support and encouragement to next year's Editors that you have given us.

## Le Printemps

(TRANSLATED BY EVA HODGES, '19)

*Le printemps est venu  
Et que je suis heureux  
Les feuilles ont déjà germé pourri  
La joie est dans mon coeur.*

*Pourquoi aime-t-on le printemps?  
Je ne sais pas je dis  
Mais quand même le fait il reste  
Nous sommes heureux qu' il soit ici*

*J' aime à aller au bois  
Où chantent les petits oiseaux  
Quelle joie celle de m' asseoir  
Pour regarder le petit ruisseau.*

*Je pense, je pense, je pense  
A quoi, je ne peux pas dire  
Mais quand on pensera vraiment  
Cela vaut mieux que de lire.*



HOY TAYLOR  
*Superintendent Greenville Graded Schools*

**Faculty**  
of the  
**Greenville High School**

MR. L. M. EPPS  
*Principal and Teacher of History*

MISS ELSIE PUGH  
*Music*

MISS GEORGIA PEARSALL  
*Music*

MISS CLARA CARROLL  
*Domestic Science*

MISS CORINNA L. MIAL  
*French and Mathematics*

MISS POLLY HEITMAN  
*English*

MISS RUTH GROOME  
*Latin*

MISS FLORENCE MARTIN  
*Science*

MISS EUNICE WESSINGER  
*English, Mathematics, and Latin*



Miss Pugh



Miss Groome



Miss Mial



Miss Martin



Miss Carroll



Miss Wessinger



Miss Pearsall



Miss Heitman

OUR "DAILY BREAD"



OUR HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



HIS FUTURE JUMP.

## The Senior Class

*Colors*—Blue and white.

*Motto*—Work conquers everything.

### Officers

JAMES LITTLE . . . . .	<i>President</i>
ALICE WHITEHURST . . . . .	<i>Secretary</i>
ALLEN OSBORN . . . . .	<i>Treasurer</i>
DOROTHY NORMAN . . . . .	<i>Poet and Statistician</i>
D. D. OVERTON . . . . .	<i>Historian</i>
FRANCIS BOWEN . . . . .	<i>Prophet</i>

## Senior Poem

*O dear Alma Mater, you have sheltered us here  
Four years—how long to Freshmen did it seem!  
But now, as the time for parting draws near,  
It is like the close of a fleeting dream.*

*Your walls have seen us oft weary and sad;  
We longed for the end, 'tis true;  
But now even in our triumph we're far from glad  
To say good-bye to you!*

*But from Alma Mater dear friends must ever part.  
Thy teachings, which oft in folly we spurned,  
Will ever be graven deep in each heart,  
And we treasure the truths we have learned.*

*For our way is now both clear and true:  
We long for the time still more  
When we as a whole can say to you:  
Your standards we'll never lower.*



CLASS OF 1918



EDWARD AUSTIN, "Ed"

*"He wears his feelings on his sleeve."*

Ed is always the busiest boy you ever saw. He hopes some day to be an editor, as his hands are always discolored with printer's ink. Very well, old boy; ambition is a great thing. Ed has an excellent memory when it comes to relating public speeches he has heard, and he never fails to leave out the jokes.

FRANCIS BOWEN, "FEBE"

*"I loathe that low vice—curiosity."*

It is too funny for anything to see Febe get mad. You would think he was ready to give you a free ride on his lips! He can't stay mad over five minutes, because, before he knows it himself, he is laughing and making some one else laugh.



RUTH BROWN

*"Happy am I! From care I'm free;  
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

Ruth is as happy as the day is long. Speaking of cooking—now, she can cook. When everything is quiet we all wait with expectant ears for Ruth to say something witty, but her wit always contains a plenty of common sense. Ruth is all to the good.



RALPH FLEMING, "PUDDIN'"

*"A little more slumber, a little more sleep."*

To be with him is a joy, for he has learned to put by his own troubles, to be gay and merry with the world. Although "Puddin'" sometimes stutters over his own words, he laughs and takes it good-naturedly.



JAMES LITTLE, "IGY"

*"But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, then being most flattered."*

When it comes to brilliancy, James is "there." Possessed of a wonderful mind, his lessons come easy to him, and he never fails to read in Latin when called upon. He is always interested in athletics and is a very good athlete.

DOROTHY NORMAN, "DOT"

*"For if she will, she will; you may depend on 't;  
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't."*

A thoroughly good-natured, genial sort of person, who never worries over the past, present, or future. Dorothy takes much interest in the Literary Society, as she is president. She appears to some in our room much older than she really is, but is not a bit sensitive over her search for the "Fountain of Youth."





ALLEN OSBORN

*"High erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy."*

Always polite, Allen travels along the way with his sunny smile and care-free air. He is one of the most popular boys in school, especially among the girls. His lessons never worry him. Allen is a regular "sport."

D. D. OVERTON, "DOLLY"

*"I profess not much talking, only this—  
Let each man do his best."*

D. D. always goes on in his quiet, easy way, and minds his own business. When asked a question, he responds with a clear, concise answer. With a naturally logical mind, we expect a preacher of D. D., as he is now an ardent leader in the Epworth League.



ALICE WHITEHURST, "SIM"

*"All smiles and bows and courtesy was she."*

Alice in reality is the one that keeps us all together and in a peaceful state of mind, for when any one gets snappish it is always she who says, "Children, don't fuss!" Alice has a sweet disposition and is loved by all we Seniors.



WALTER WHICHARD, "CRICK"

*"Like trouble, always with us."*

"Crick" is ready to be opposite in the class in anything. He doesn't mean a thing by it, for he just stays so long enough to worry us. Looking at "Crick's" books, it doesn't take long to find out who he is crazy about, for he has "F. S. W." written on all of them."



HENRIETTA ZAHNIZER

*"Her voice is ever low and sweet—  
An excellent thing in woman."*

She thinks! when many of us let the "ox in the ditch" go unnoticed, but is ready to help others any time, because of a fellow feeling. Just let a teacher go out of the room, and Henrietta's "byword" is "Sh-h!" Henrietta is all right!

DON JENKINS

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*

Don is an all-around "good sport," who doesn't care much for the girls, but is a perfect gentleman when around them. Alas! what would we not give for his mask of "superb indifference"!

## Senior Class History

WE, the Class of 1918, began school without our consent and leave it against our will. During our eleven years of patient plodding we have shrunk in number and increased in size until we are now as few as half the hours of the day and large enough to sleep by ourselves.

Entering school noted for our stupidity, we have still the honor of claiming that distinction. Until last year we did have a few members who were very studious and brilliant, but alas! they, too, left us at the end of the year 1916 and last year left for the various colleges of our country. We have missed them sadly, and many a time with yearning hearts wished that we, too, might have had the knowledge that they had. But as wishing does no good, we could not accompany them, but, instead, have remained behind for another nine months to weep and mourn our fate.

We began our present term with fourteen members, but two of our sisters answered the call of the outside world, and that left us with twelve—our present number—four of whom are of the gentle sex, the other eight of the robust variety. And if exercise builds strength, we ought to be giants, for always in our geometry “the proof is left as an exercise for the student.”

Although small in number, we inspire the whole school with our singing, as Miss Groome will readily tell you (that is, if she wants to tell you a li-lac bush).

Now, since everybody likes to read a great deal of interesting stuff like this, I will surely have to oblige them and close this remarkably true rabble about our ancient and modern existence before I say something that isn't exactly correct.

Thanking you and trusting that you will not believe that which is true which I have said, I remain,

Yours untruly,

THE HISTORIAN.

# The Days to Come

BY FRANCIS BOWEN

ON this, the third day of November, nineteen hundred and thirty-nine, as I look back into the pages of history, I remember with especial fondness the paragraph in my life known as *My High School Days*.

After thinking it over, I decided to go to New York and see if I could find some of my former classmates. So I boarded the Vacuum Flier, the inventor of which, as you all know, is Don Jenkins, our old classmate.

Don is one of the best engineers of the age, and is still rising. At first, I could not decide what had put this great idea into his head; but now, after reasoning it out, I have come to the conclusion that it must have been that dirty, dusty trip to the State Fair at Raleigh, in our Senior year at G. H. S., that decided him to invent something.

After a few moments of rapid travel I arrived in New York. Upon getting off the train I was accosted by a large bunch of newsboys. I bought a paper, and when I glanced at it I found it was the "New York Tribune," edited by Walter L. Whichard. I had always known that "Crick" made an excellent collector for the "Reflector," but I never imagined that he would rise this high in his profession.

After attending to the business that brought me to New York, I got rooms at the Astor Hotel. I was sitting in the lobby, reading my "Tribune," when to my surprise I came across a long article telling of a bill which Senator Austin had just introduced in Washington. I was just getting interested in the article, when I heard a voice that seemed familiar. I glanced up and saw James Little in a Rear Admiral's uniform. I was very glad to see "Icy," and we sat down for a long talk over old times.

James told me that Dr. Allen Osborne was living in the city; so we decided to go out to see him that night. We set out immediately after supper. However, upon reaching Allen's home we found him and his wife just leaving for the theater. Allen was very glad to see us, and so was Mrs. Osborne. We then joined them and went to the theater.

On the way James told us that D. D. Overton had just invented a big naval gun which will shoot three thousand miles. We were all very much surprised at hearing D. D. was an inventor, and wished very much to see him. Allen then told us that he had recently seen Ralph Fleming, the great civil engineer. Ralph, or "Puddin'," as we used to call him, has just completed a canal which makes the Panama look like a gutter.

Upon reaching the theater we were agreeably surprised by seeing Miss Henrietta Zahnizer, president of the United States Suffrage League. She told us that she had recently seen Alice Whitehurst, and that she had married a prosperous Western ranchman.

A few minutes after we had taken our seats in the theater the curtain rose and the prima donna of the evening came forward. Who should she be but Mme. Dorothy Norman, the great contralto! We were held spell-bound by Dorothy's wonderful voice for several hours. We all enjoyed the concert immensely. We went around to speak to the singer immediately after the show. Dorothy was very glad to see us, but said she was leaving New York on the next train. She told us that Ruth Brown, the professor of history at Vassar, had been in town the day before.

After leaving Dorothy, our party went for a "sail" on Icy's battleship. We had a very good time, as you can imagine.

The next morning I left for home, very pleased at having found what all my classmates were doing.

THE END

# Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1918

FRIENDS AND PARENTS, gathered here to witness our departure from this sphere of life, we appoint you as executors of this our last will and testament, assured that you will see that it is properly carried out.

We of the Class of 1918, at this time having full control of our mental powers and realizing that we are about to take our departure into the great hereafter, desire to bequeath unto those we leave behind such things as have been left us by our sister classes.

We also order and direct that it is our wish and intention that the following articles should be the property of the said classes and to be used by them as they see fit:

1. To the gay-hearted Juniors we leave our room—the coldest in winter and the warmest in summer. Our only request is that this room may have as good care as was given it by the Class of 1918. To them we relinquish all Senior privileges. If any one attempts to deprive them wrongly of them, let them speak to their principal, and he will assure them that Seniors come first. We leave them the task of setting a good example for the younger pupils.

2. To the Sophomores we leave the memory of our close friendship and association. We have the fondest hopes and expectations that this class will in the future establish a niche in the hall of fame.

3. To the Class of 1921 it is our wish that they may traverse the hard and thorny road of High School life with success, and that they may end their journey with colors flying and great honors.

4. To the teachers who have guided and shaped our lives in High School life we give hearty thanks, together with a bond of friendship. And we sincerely hope that guiding the footsteps of the following class will not be as difficult for our teachers as it has been with us.

5. To Mr. Taylor, our superintendent, who has guarded and watched over us in our entire journey of High School life, we leave our heartiest wishes that his life will be filled with happiness and joys until the end.

6. (a) It is our desire that Carlton Arthur inherit the oratorical ability of Francis Bowen, so that we may have “G. H. S.” engraved upon the Aycok Memorial Cup next year.

(b) We give Dorothy Norman’s gift of vocal talent to Alice Fulford.

(c) We bequeath Ruth Brown’s ability to work geometry to Ruth Andrews. May she use it to the fullest extent in the coming year.

(d) We leave Ralph Fleming’s sleepiness on class to Ada James, that the dry speeches of Cicero and the various wanderings of Æneas may seem to her as sweet dreams.

(e) To Helene Higgs we give the sweet disposition of Alice Whitehurst, that her beaux in later years will be as the raindrops from a summer cloud.

(f) We give D. D. Overton's dignified bearing to J. T. Corey, and also we leave to Frances Whedbee a sealed letter, with the instructions of D. D. upon "How to Keep Thin."

(g) To Hogan Gaskins we leave Walter Whichard's delight to clog in the cloak-room.

(h) We leave Don Jenkins' pugnastic habits on class to Joseph Parkerson. May this exercise develop him into a man of extraordinary strength and physical ability.

(i) We bequeath Henrietta Zahnizer's studious habits to William White. May he use them to their fullest extent.

(j) We leave Edward Austin's place, as leader of the line in marching out, to Louis Baker. We desire that he should be careful to lead as straight a line as Edward did.

(k) We desire that Edward Harris inherit Allen Osborne's love for athletics. May he bring the fame to G. H. S. in basket-ball as our gallant center and captain did in the year of 1918.

7. To our Athletic Association we give the hearty support of the school and the citizens of Greenville. May your institution be a successful one in the years to come.

8. To our industrious janitor we give the keys of this building. May he take good care of it and have it well heated on those cold winter days.

9. If there should any property of ours remain that we have not bequeathed, we leave it for our executors to use as they see fit.

10. In witness whereof this will has been drawn up by me, in the presence of the witnesses hereinafter named.

JAMES T. LITTLE.

Witness our hands and seals, this 20 May, 1918.

## Sayings of a Foolosopher; or, Glimpses Into a Convex Mirror

I DON'T KNOW why I was given this job, unless there is some meaning in the title. Or, it may be because I am the "oldest" and supposed to be the more experienced in reading human nature. Or, again, it may be because nobody else wanted it and presumed slightly upon my exceedingly good nature. But that is neither here nor there, when it comes to executing the job. I have it, and nobody cares a "rip" how I got it—and, when I come to think about it, I don't give a hang myself; all I am concerned about is getting away with it without losing more than one eye and half my hair, for now that I have the honor thrust upon me, I shall carry it out to the letter. Before I am half through, there will not be a member of the Senior Class but will wish that he had taken the job, for all who read this shall hear the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Sim" was voted our "most popular" Senior. Every one wonders how it could have happened. Personally, I don't see the necessity of explaining everything to the public; but upon my honor as a member of the "Ananias Club," I am sworn to tell the truth, so I'll just say maybe *I* would have been the most popular if I had been allowed to count the votes, as Sim did.

'Twas hard to say who our hardest worker was, 'cause really all of us are reduced to mere shadows, especially "Sim and me," but "Crick" sorter stood out above the rest. You never see him talking and laughing with the other boys, and my! he abhors girls, because he says they interfere with his studious habits!

Our best all-round Senior is Henrietta, but I must say she would set a better example for her classmates if she were more careful of her conduct. In my opinion, a person who can't get more than a hundred on conduct doesn't deserve to be called the best all-round Senior.

Hail! here comes Francis, alias "Fedo," our biggest bluff, so they say; but that ain't so, I tell you. He doesn't ever sit up like Henrietta does and try to make out he has studied his head off. It makes me right mad the way he won't ever stand up for his rights. The truth of the matter is, he studies several hours more than the average constitution could stand, and that boy "nose" things; but, of course, the teachers can't find it out when he is so timid!

This class is noted for many things, especially the excellent voices. Why, in chapel every few days we are pointed out as an example to inspire those backward pupils who won't sing. Most of this is due to Edward Austin, whose voice rings out like that of a nightingale.

James, or "Icy," is not only the best athlete in the Senior Class, but in the whole school. It is really surprising, the progress he has made—in fact, he would not have

an equal in the State except for one defect—his feet are so small that his weight on them causes him to tire too quickly. We often wonder “if the Chinese stunt” were tried on Icy when he was quite young!

D. D. is our best lover! Now we have many of them, but Allen, “Crick,” and “Icy” are sorter shy about it. Just take care, though, when it comes to D. D. Though he is an openly avowed ladies’ man, don’t you ever get it into your head that a ninth-grade girl ever sees any of the dainty morsels of candy which nestle so often in D. D.’s left-hand coat pocket.

I don’t see how it is, but it is really wonderful, the amount of energy Ralph exhibits every day, especially after dinner. He says he has his opinion of a boy who would close his eyes in slumber while it is yet daylight. Not even the melody of the French language can lull him to sleep.

Some say that Don is witty, but it must be the wit of other men, for every one knows that Don never says what he thinks! He is changed remarkably since last year—changing from a Johnny-jump-up type of student into a quiet, reserved person, without the least pugilistic inclination, especially where Francis is concerned.

Ruth is especially fond of history. She likes all her work all right, but when it comes to history she *shines!* Why, she is always so anxious to recite that as soon as Mr. Epps comes into the room she looks continually at him until he just can’t help calling on her! Some day she will just put “Mr. Muzzy” in the shade.

Everybody admits that we are the best-looking class that ever assembled within high school walls, so I guess Allen had a right to get puffed up at being voted the best-looking of such a handsome bunch. There were eleven of us to vote, and I was undecided whom to vote for until Allen promised that if I would vote for him he would really kiss me in the Senior play, even though Miss Mial said that part would have to be left out. So I cast the sixth and deciding vote in his favor, and that explains why he beat “Sis” in the race for the handsomest.

As a class we have characteristics which measure up far superior to those of the individuals. In spite of the fact that Sim and Henrietta refuse even to open a book, on the whole we are admitted even by the Faculty to be the most studious class in the whole school. Our monthly marks on deportment and scholarship are a joy to teachers, parents, and friends. These marks are due partly to study, but also partly to our natural ability and very bright minds. We are looked upon as a “dozen real prodigies” by the less fortunate underclassmen, and even the Faculty come to us on many occasions to seek advice. It is with real regret that we are leaving G. H. S., because we realize that no one can ever take our place intellectually or in the hearts of the Faculty and students. But in spite of this feeling of regret, we feel that we must move on and take our places in the world where there are really more unfortunate people who need our help. So we hope that those whom we are leaving behind—both Faculty and students—will hide their grief behind a mask of smiles and try to remember that this, of all times, is a period of self-sacrifice, when we are called upon to give up the best we have for the cause of humanity.



## Junior Class

*Colors*—Old gold and black.

*Motto*—B<sup>2</sup>

### Officers

EVA HODGES . . . . .	<i>President</i>
ROY CORBITT . . . . .	{ <i>Secretary</i>
	{ <i>Treasurer</i>



THE JUNIOR CLASS

## Junior Class History

TUESDAY morning, September 12, 1917, we, the Sophs—no, beg pardon, the JUNIORS—of Greenville High School gathered in our same old classroom, thinking we were beginning another year as easy and as care-free as the last. But these happy thoughts did not last many days. Physics and new rules concerning behavior in the study hall came into our young lives, and thus the words “easy” and “care-free” were banished from our vocabularies, and “effort” and “failure” took their places. We find algebra giving us no more trouble than it did last year—who said “Impossible”? All the girls are wild over Mr. Cicero; but it’s no use: Miss Groome has a monopoly on him. We like French because it is not very hard (?). And then “Compensation”! Well, Mr. Emerson left nothing for me to say about that. We like cooking and drilling and music lessons because they are not so much like everything else.

We are very proud of having two-thirds of the graduating music pupils from our class. We have three members who play the mandolin and who were kind enough to play for us in chapel one morning. We also possess seven other music pupils, all of whom have played in various recitals, et cetera.

Our Domestic Science class had the honor of serving a Thanksgiving dinner to our superintendent and two of the teachers, and we also served the dinner to the Old Soldiers at the courthouse, May 10.

We have bought a \$50 Liberty Bond and about \$250 worth of Thrift Stamps.

We are very proud of our class. We try to live up to our motto, B<sup>2</sup>, and in all things we

STICK TOGETHER.

## To Thee, Little Rose

A. B. S., '19

*Just a very small vine,  
Twining here and there;  
Faint but sweet the fragrance  
Which permeates the air.*

*Just a tiny white flower,  
Such as you've often seen,  
But to me its purity is enhanced  
As it nestles 'mong the green.*

*Many, many mates it has,  
But this one seems apart.  
I pluck it very, very gently,  
And press it to my heart.*

*Little rose, I shall press and keep you  
In memory of one I know,  
Whose soul, like thy spotless petals,  
Is as pure and white as snow.*



## History of the Sophomore Class

**T**IME passed placidly enough, except for three interruptions. One morning, in our fifth year of school—I think it was when the violets were beginning to bloom—bustling little Mary Thomas walked spryly into our room. She has made a very important addition to our class, being a very Thisbe, a lover, and a jester. I think Mary has always played the rôle of lover. (I remember, when she first started to school, the teacher told her not to call boys in the schoolroom.)

Also, in the same year we lost one of our little friends. One hot, sultry day the whole city was shocked to learn that our little Edward Ficklen had been drowned in Tar River. All of us were sorry, for Edward was diligent and lively—a friend to every one.

The third interruption was in our seventh year of school. For the first time in our school life we had two teachers. Heretofore, we had escaped some days without committing a dreadful crime; but *now*, when one teacher didn't keep us in, the other did. Then, too, we had a constant dread of taking up Latin the next year.

School has started again, and instead of finding ourselves with two teachers, we have *four*. As the different teachers exhibited themselves a frown gradually departed from every brow. Finally, as our history teacher left the room a whisper ran down every aisle: "Well, I'll declare! ain't he nice? And, oh, my! how handsome!" "Is he married?" et cetera.

And when the teacher with the little, round, blushing cheeks left the room, two boys were heard to sigh and say, simultaneously, "Girl of my heart!"

Despite our dread of that year, it proved to be one of the most delightful years we had ever spent together—especially since the Senior Class of 1917 left us a part of

their large fortune—the study hall. So we have occupied that this year. In addition to this, the Senior Class also left as a heritage some of their fine qualities to many of the Freshmen.

Now, we are nearing the end of our Sophomore year. With a few exceptions, this has been the most delightful year in our school life. We are Junior Red Cross members.

All the triangular debaters came from our grade. Although we lost, a loss is often a gain.

Then, too, for the first time in the history of the present Sophomores the Senior Class has promised to put our pictures in the annual; and so here we are, looking our prettiest and awaiting your kind approval.



## Across the Water

*Across the water they will go—  
To France, and then to Berlin,  
There to fight the foreign foe:  
Pershing will lead them in.*

*When they salute our LaFayette  
And tell him, "We are here!"  
Then Joan of Arc wakes from her sleep,  
And defeat she'll never fear.*

*The Sammies are standing by the flag,  
To the colors always true,  
And when they reach old Germany  
They'll show what they can do.*

MARGARET L. MOORE, '20.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

## A Junior Four-Minute Speech\*

THE supreme opportunity of American citizenship has come. The measurement of the Nation's honor and of the Nation's heart is being taken. Our hearts beat faster and our ears ring when we hear the calls of our suffering allies, for theirs is the call of the hour, and the answer that we give to that call will decide whether we shall continue to be governed by a democratic government or be ruled by an autocrat.

Our mother, England, held fast in the grip of the ruthless Prussian, calls with a voice full of anguish for ships and money. Our sister, France, bled white from the wounds inflicted on her by the barbarians, calls for men and money. Italy, though fighting for three years, the farthest sentry on the farthest outpost, still stands on Italian soil, calling for coal and money. Belgium, staggering under the bludgeonings of the merciless Hun, pathetically calls for aid. Roumania, who struck one blow and then became a German camp, calls for assistance. Russia, suffering from the pains of an internal revolution and held down by the iron heel of her enemy, calls for help. From that spot on the far-flung battle lines of France where the thoughts of all true Americans forever linger comes the call from the American soldier asking us to form the reserve line by lending our money. But, most to be hearkened unto, comes the call from Almighty God, directing us to go forth and deliver mankind from the clutches of the modern Hun. Our illustrious President has well said: "This is a cause to which we must dedicate our lives and our fortunes." The young manhood of America has answered the call by dedicating their lives to this great cause and are going forth daily into No-Man's-Land to defend it.

The opportunity to become a unit in the reserve line has presented itself to us, and the weapon with which we are to fight was invented by an American banker, Mr. Vanderlip, and is the greatest of its kind ever forged by any nation—greater because it appeals to greater numbers. It can be wielded by every one, from the infant on its mother's lap to the grandfather and grandmother trembling with old age. No one is too humble or too great to handle this weapon, for it appeals to all. This mighty barrier to the enemy is the Thrift and War Savings Stamps. I am proud to belong to a school that is 100 per cent equipped with this mighty weapon that husbands and conserves the resources of the Nation. Yet we must not be satisfied with 100 per cent, but must make it 2, 3, 5, or to the limit of our endurance and capacity. General Von Ludendorff, one of the leading German generals, hailed the entrance of the United States into the war as a great victory for Germany, saying: "She is the only country that can pay a cash indemnity when the war is over." Thus you see that she is already planning to dispose of our money. In view of this fact, will you hold your

---

\*The above speech was delivered by Dink James in the "Junior Four-Minute Contest," and won the certificate sent out from Washington to the High School department of the Greenville schools.

dollar and by doing so help pay for the atrocities of Belgium? the destruction of France? the crippling of England? the depression of Italy? the defeat of Roumania? the ruin of Russia? the murder of women and children on the seas, and for the many crimes that they have committed against us? or will you dedicate it to this cause, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth"?

I would have you remember and take for yours the order given by Marshal Joffre at the battle of the Marne: "Frenchmen, upon your actions now depends the fate of France. We must stand here!" Inspired by those words, the men dashed across the shell-torn field and fought with a superhuman bravery until the famous Prussian guard had been annihilated. The victory gained on that occasion marked the turning point in this great war.

We, too, like General Foch, though the wings of our army be shattered, must attack with our center and carry the Thrift and War Savings Stamps campaign to a successful end, and thus make it the Marne of America; for it is a supreme command that men shall have the right to work out their destinies. These are the lines laid down by President Wilson that this war shall be fought on to a finish, and the appeal comes from Kipling's Recessional:

*"God of our fathers, known of old,  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"*

## The Heart of Stone

*Is there teacher with heart so much of stone  
Who never to herself did own:  
“Though his questions are blanked, I cannot bear  
To tell him he has a zero there!”  
Whose heart doth never within her melt,  
Who never a spark of pity has felt  
For the boy or girl who does not pass—  
Who stays “two leagues” behind the class?  
If such there breathe, go mark her well!  
For her no song of praise shall swell;  
Big tho’ her salary, her knowledge complete,  
The smile of love she doth never greet  
From her class, who in just disapproval  
Urgently desire her quick removal.  
'Tis pity she lacks, all things above,  
For pity, you know, is akin to love;  
Without these she ne'er can win renown;  
The whole student body will turn her down.  
From the Halls of Knowledge she will be flung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.*



FRESH.

W. HOLMES.



FRESHMAN CLASS (SECTION A)

## History of Freshmen (Section A)

OUR band of twenty-five entered the land of "Hgih Loohes" September 6, 1918. The ruler of this land was "Rm. Rolyat." Since this land was a great suffraget region, our ruler was "Ssim Regnissaw," who ruled over us with a mighty and powerful hand. The leader of the General Assembly was "Rm. Sppe." The members were Sessim Laim, Nantieh, Nitram, and Emoorg.

All through the year we showed our best ability for learning. We were, as a whole, considered the best-balanced class in school. This, I think, we owe to "Ssim Rolyap," for the most of us began real work under her guidance in the fourth grade.

Some of the girls in our band joined the Camp-Fire Girls and most all of us played basket-ball.

We always behaved, especially when going on "Ssim Nitram's" class.

On Thursdays we enjoyed going to see "Ssim Llorrac," for she always took us to the kitchen and then to the dining-room.

We heard "You get a demerit" so often on the two classes after recess that it became a by-word.

We were very sorry to have two of our party leave us, but very glad to welcome two others.

Next year, provided not too many of us fall by the wayside, we will be an exceptionally large and strong class, will be joined in the "jolly state of Sophomorehood" by our sisters and brothers of the 3-B grade.

We hope the energy which has this year kept up a sort of rivalry between the two sections will be directed along lines for the common good of the class, and that we will all be worthy and loyal "Sophomores."



FRESHMAN CLASS (SECTION B)

## History of Freshmen (Section B)

IT WAS on a bright September morning when a motley crew assembled in the study hall of the High School building. Our intentions were good, for we were now beginning our first year at High School.

During the first month a division was made, dividing us up into sections. It seemed to us that this division was made in our favor.

After the division, the first real thing we did was to give \$25 on a Liberty Bond.

Then the powers-that-be called about one-half of our number to the seventh grade and several others from school. This left us one of the smallest grades in High School, also the best, as the teacher could see each one of us with a single glance.

Fate treated us "kinder dirty" for a while by giving us bad weather; and then, after a long, pleasant Christmas, she caused us to have the hardest mid-term examinations we ever tackled.

Then, for some reason which we do not know (probably because of a good teacher), she helped us out in our work.

We did good Red Cross work—the best in the High School. In fact, we often had to do over the work which other grades had left undone. Now, don't you think that our boys didn't work in this also, because they did. They cut part of the scraps with which our pillows were stuffed, and bought cloth with which to make them.

At this time we also were organized into a War Saving Society, in which all of us took an active part. Mr. Taylor tried to get the school to buy War Saving Stamps, and 8-B was among the first to respond. To make the school more interested in this, he made up a plan in which we could gain credits by buying them. On gaining five credits we were entitled to a half holiday. We, of course, were the first to get this honor and pleasure.

The next day after our holiday was Liberty Loan day. On that day a parade was given by all of the schools, then a lecture was delivered by Mr. Bryant in front of the courthouse.

Another half holiday followed Mr. Bryant's speech.

The four-minute speeches on War Saving Stamps took place the following night. The main object of these speeches was to decide the best speaker in the High School. Can you guess which grade that speaker came from? Well, I'll tell you before you guess—from 8-B grade.

Our notebooks are handed in, and "the hardest examination I ever saw" is safely past, and there you have the history of the 8-B grade of 1918.

## Domestic Science

MR. TAYLOR has been trying to get Domestic Science in this school ever since he has been here, because he knew of how much importance it was. Well, he has finally succeeded. This was our first year, and we have thoroughly enjoyed making war recipes to substitute for the things we would use if this horrible war were not on. We were very fortunate, indeed, to get such a good beginning, under such an able instructor as Miss Carroll. We have also enjoyed cooking with new, shiny things, and with the help of Miss Carroll we girls have kept them shining for use next term. Each room was divided off in classes, making about two classes for each room except the eleventh, and they were linked in with one class of the tenth grade. Each class has had a wheatless and meatless luncheon this term, inviting two different teachers each time. This made us more enthusiastic over our work. Miss Carroll had the four Senior girls and about twelve of the girls that had made the highest average during the year to serve a luncheon to the board. This was also a wheatless and meatless luncheon. Each one enjoyed it thoroughly. We stopped this time, hoping to start in right on the dot next term.

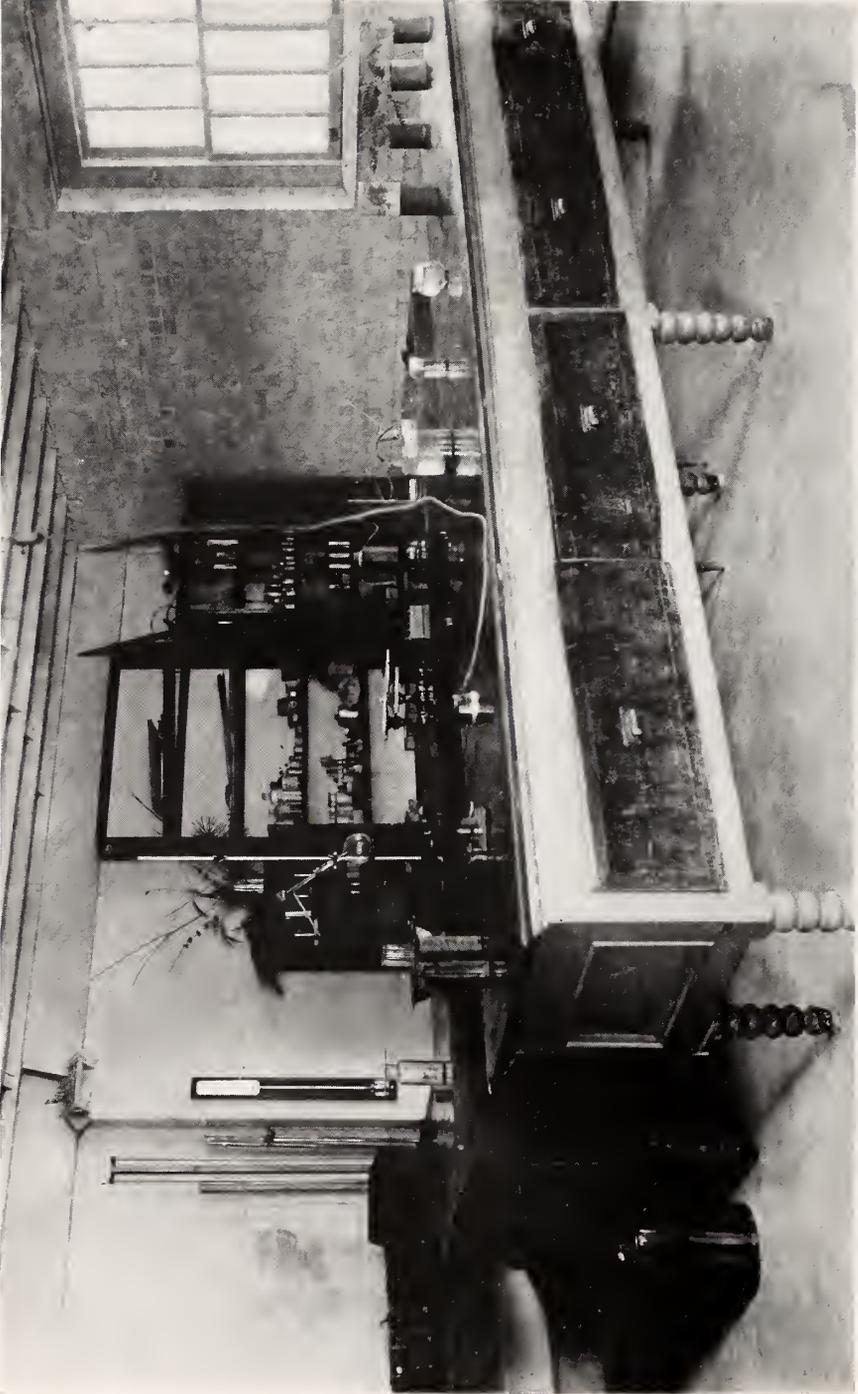


*There was an old woman who lived in a town.  
She had children aged from fifteen on down.  
At Hoover's request, they ate broth and rye bread,  
And when they wanted sugar they ate 'lasses instead;  
And on this they thrived and were happy as slaves,  
For things always go right with one who saves.*

HENNIE LONG, '19.



SOVING THE SERVANT PROBLEM FOR OUR TOWN



THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

Greenville High School

and

The World War

## Patriotic G. H. S.

IS G. H. S. a slacker? No! Most emphatically, *No!* Mr. Taylor tells us we are a 100 per cent school. We believe that we are 100 per cent students. And we know that we are 100 per cent Americans. We have done our bit, small though it may seem to others. To us it holds a different meaning. Our bit is the dimes, nickels, and quarters which have gone toward a triple purpose: to comfort and aid our boys in the front-line trenches, fighting, not for England or for France, but for the women and children of the entire world; to make the students of this school more thrifty and richer—not so very much richer, but the buying of these stamps has inculcated in the minds of these students thrift and economy, which may be the foundations of future fortunes.

Early in January, Mr. Taylor organized in each room a War Savings Society, with an elected president and secretary. These presidents and secretaries were to attend to the purchase of Thrift Stamps and War Saving Stamps which were on sale every Monday morning at the school, and also to keep an accurate account of the amount purchased. As an incentive, Mr. Taylor introduced a plan by which each grade, when it bought a certain amount of stamps and accomplished several other requirements, received one or more credits. A certain number of these credits entitled this grade to a half holiday. I am proud to say that already not a few of these grades have gained half holidays.

We have often heard that old maxim, "Add a little bit to a little bit and you will have a little bit more." This has been the motto of the High School. By adding a little bit to a little bit we have invested several thousand dollars in stamps.

But we have not employed all our energies in Thrift and War Savings Stamps. Each student of our school is a member of the Junior Red Cross, and not one is an idle member. Besides paying our initiation fee, we have, boys and girls included, made for the boys in khaki comfort pillows, etc.; we have pledged ourselves to reduce our consumption of meat and wheat; we have put forth every effort to do our bit and help the boys over there "hang the kaiser to a sour apple tree."



### Shakspeare (Slightly Revised) Suits All Ages

*Tell me where is fancy bread,  
Or even biscuits, hard as lead?  
Is all rye, is no wheat?*

*Reply, Reply!*

*There is wheat bread for the slacker;  
For the patriot, no cracker.*

*May the devil help the slacker:*

*He wants to help the kaiser;*

*Would only he were wiser,*

*Were wiser!*

## A Thanksgiving for the War

WAR is horrible. But if you will believe me, I say that, had it not been for the present war—the present war with all its sorrows—we would be now in a worse condition than we are. Our men were fast losing their bravery; our women were becoming selfish; we were forgetting the Divine Being. As a nation, we were self-sufficient. As Christians, we were failures.

Then the war came. We were knocked over, but we were builded up. Where we had been all-in-all to ourselves, we awoke to the fact that there were others in the world—others calling for our might.

Our men lost their cowardliness. True, at first, some hesitated to make the sacrifice of giving themselves to the world. Some had almost to be compelled to accept the greatest chance in the world for justifying their existence. Once these men were in the training camps, however, a peculiar force began its work.

There is something in training-camp psychology that takes all the fear out of a man, and leaves only the fear of God. I don't know what it is. But it is a fact that, after several months training, scarcely a man can be found who would be willing to miss the chance of striking his blow for Democracy, and for God. It is not logical, but none the less true, that of all the letters that are written as "cheering-up" mediums, the greater part goes from the soldier in camp to the folks at home. The soldier becomes a philosopher, or a—oh, something which is all-comforting, all-wise, all-kind. It is the work of the training camps, of the war.

Women, always, have been quicker to feel a spiritual change than men. Perhaps that is why the effects of the war were seen so swiftly in the feminine world. Club women, pursuers of public honor, wholly with selfish motives, started in to amount to something, really. Maybe they were still selfish at first. But that has all left. The very immensity of the task, the very unselfishness of its purpose, elevated them. If the women in the beginning were seeking glory for themselves, they have forgotten their goal. A war-working woman no longer cares whether her picture is in the Sunday supplement. She does her work for her work's sake. She feels that she is expressing God as truly in her work—be it saving food, time, or lives—as He can be expressed by the greatest sacrifice of all.

The club woman, the housewife, the Red Cross nurse, have all come out of themselves—outgrown their small spirits of former times. Self is completely lost. The club woman has forgotten her race for glory. The housewife has ceased to think of her troubles. The Red Cross nurse no longer exalts herself over her sacrifice. All three work. They accomplish their part in winning the war with such an impetus that men cannot help moving.

As for our failure as Christians, that has been blotted out long ago. When we forgot—or placed at naught—the pain to ourselves resulting from our entrance into

the war, we completed, in truth, the unselfish, Christian gift of ourselves as the sword with which the forces of unenlightenment were to be pushed back.

Possibly, we could have kept out of the war. Indeed, we would have been kept out of the war if we had listened to Bernstorff's agents, to those most wicked of all, the pro-Germans who call themselves Americans. But, thanks to some force that was infinitely stronger than these, we did enter the war! If our men die, we may know that they died, even as Christ, to make men free. If our men live, they will have all honor as the saviors of the world. Whether we, as a nation, live or die, we shall have the knowledge of having done our part in ridding the world of the menace, the curse, of kings. That is enough.

So, although the war will cause suffering, a greater suffering—the suffering of an over-supplied, under-souled nation—may have been ours if we had stayed out of the war, if the war had not aroused us. Thank God for the war!—the war which gives us the opportunity to carry on the work of Christ, to be the instrument of God!



### If I Were a Soldier

*If I were a soldier,  
I know what I'd do:  
I would seek for the kaiser  
All of Germany through.  
I'd slip up behind him,  
As quiet as the dead,  
And before I would leave him,  
He would drop his high head.*

*If I were a soldier,  
I know where I'd go:  
Straight into the land  
Where Kaiser Bills grow.*

*Though I'm not a soldier,  
My life isn't sad,  
For I save up my pennies  
To send another lad  
His part to do—  
To search for the kaiser  
All of Germany through.*

FANNIE BET BROWN, '19.

# A Plea to Loyal Americans

D. D. OVERTON, JR., '18

*“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said:  
This is my own, my native land?”*

**A**MERICANS, what does it mean to you—this anniversary of our entering that unruly chaos called war? What does it mean to you—the President’s call to the Nation to fight for its glory, for the freedom and humanity of the world, when he said, “There may be many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us”; when he said, “To such a task we may dedicate our lives, our fortunes, everything we have and everything we are”? Now, after a year, at this serious crisis of the war, do they burn their way into your heart with a meaning more real, with a more imperative challenge?

The decisive moment is at hand, the series of battles that will decide the future of the world are now raging. Day by day with throbbing heart we scan the casualty list of our army in France. The length of that casualty list depends upon us. This War Savings Stamp campaign is to keep that casualty list down. Buying a few stamps, now and then, with money that can be easily spared, will not now be sufficient; we must go deeper and lend until it *hurts*; for easily gained things are easily lost, and that obtained without effort is not worth what it cost.

The supreme test of the Nation is at hand; the time has come to demonstrate to the world the efficiency of our great Democracy. Shall we fall short of it? Who is there so vile as would not love his country?

*If such there be, go, mark him well:  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High tho’ his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch hath concentrated all in self,  
And, dying, shall go down into the vile dust  
from which he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.*

Then think this over, men and women of America, and carefully, and remember that it is we who stand in the breach, with the shining sword drawn to defend the children of civilization against the beast of barbarism, and then ask if it shall ever be said that we of America have failed those countless gallant lads who, for liberty, for freedom, and humanity, have laid down their lives and poured forth their blood upon a thousand miles of sunlit, smiling lands.

Men and women of America, upon you rests the greatest responsibility ever conceived of. Shall we fulfill it? Americans, answer with all that God has given you!

## To Our Boys "Over There"

**I**T MAY be that the very ones to whom we dedicate these two pages—some of them—may never see this book. But just the same, we want other people to know how we feel about them—to know that G. H. S., their own first Alma Mater, loves them, is proud of them, and is backing them with all her might—with her service, her prayers, and her money, in all that they are doing for those of us who are too young to give what they are giving—their very lives. Every comfort pillow we have sent, every garment, was made by some loyal Junior Red Cross member, and though "our bit" may seem small, we feel that if the boys "over there" could know just one-half the love and pride which is in the hearts of us, their younger sisters and brothers, their hearts would be cheered by the thought of it. We are just as proud of every one of them, whether they graduated or not, but space will not permit us to make special mention of them all; so on the opposite page we are showing kodak pictures of a few of our boys who have graduated and are now in the service of Uncle Sam. If this is your Alma Mater, and if you are working for Uncle Sam, and if you do not find your picture on this next page, just remember that *if* we had had your picture handy it would surely have found a place in our book.

God bless you all—our dear brothers and friends—and bring you back to us in safety!



THE G. H. S. "HONOR ROLL"

*Top row, left to right—CON LANIER, DAVE WHICHARD.  
Center, right—LOUIS ARTHUR.  
Bottom row, left to right—AMES BROWN, DAVE MOORE.*

## On the Sea

*The moon and stars are shining  
Down on the seas so blue,  
And on the decks of a big transport  
Many a soldier heart beats true.*

*Songs they sing of the U. S. A.  
On this night so fair,  
Their rousing songs to the U-boats say:  
“Well, now—just come, if you dare!”*

*Over to France they're on their way,  
And Berlin will be much wiser  
When the message is sent through all the world  
That they have canned the kaiser!*

RUTH BROWN, '18.



## Over There

*American youths are fighting over there!  
Fresh flows their blood on No Man's Land.  
No thought of self, no petty wish nor whim  
While fighting on a foreign strand.*

*The moon shines sulkily over there.  
America's bravest are bleeding and dying.  
The ruthless Huns care naught for sons  
Of the mothers who are sighing.*

*The wives of France are praying, praying over there;  
The silent stars above the graves in vain do plead;  
For the soldiers of the allies will fight  
Until the bondage of the world is freed.*

SUSIE TURNER, '20.



## Boys' Athletics

THE season of 1917-18 was an excellent season for the Greenville High School Basket-ball Team. Through the thorough coaching of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Epps, and the hard work of the boys, a strong team was turned out. They succeeded in winning nine out of the twelve games played. They won all games played on the home court and several played on strange courts.

The following games were won by the team: Wilson (1), New Bern (2), Washington (2), Winterville (1), Snow Hill (1), and Vanceboro (2).

The three games lost were to Wilson at Wilson (1), to Snow Hill at Snow Hill (1), and to Winterville at Winterville (1).

The line-up for the season was as follows:

CARLTON ARTHUR, *Right Forward.*

CRICK WHICHARD, *Left Forward.*

ALLEN OSBORN, *Captain (Center).*

JAMES LITTLE, *Right Guard.*

RALPH FLEMING, *Left Guard.*

The two strong substitutes that backed the team were Don Jenkins and Francis Bowen. The team cordially thanks the public for its strong support during the season.



FRANCES WHEDBEE  
*Sponsor, Boys' Basket-ball Team*



BOYS' BASKET-BALL TEAM, 1917-18

*First row, left to right—ALLEN OSBORN (Captain), FRANCIS BOWEN, JAMES LITTLE  
Second row, left to right—RALPH FLEMING, WALTER WHICHARD, CARLTON ARTHUR*

## Girls' Basket-ball

WE FEEL that the basket-ball season of 1918 has accomplished things. Since none of our players were from our graduating class, we have a definite nucleus to build upon, which makes the outlook for next year most promising. The basket-ball players were much handicapped by not having a place to practice in the early part of the season. This made the opening of the season later than usual. Because of this, it was decided that it would be better not to play match games with other schools, but devote most of the time to class work. Consequently the high school team played only one match game, and that with the alumnæ. This game resulted in a decided victory for the "varsity" team.

One feature of the year's schedule must not be omitted. Never in the annals of the institution has a game aroused more enthusiasm than that between the Juniors and Faculty. The "teecherz" practiced valiantly for some days beforehand, and in their pride of youth and wisdom came forth to meet the Juniors. The game, though hotly contested, went at last to the Juniors.

The goal of the whole year was the tournament—and the cup. Since the Senior Class was not offering a team at all, the contest lay between the Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen. The long-anticipated event came off at last, opening with a game between the Sophomores and Freshmen. The Sophomores won, but the Freshmen were undaunted and were ready to tackle the Juniors after they had met and defeated the Sophomores. The Juniors were also the victors over the Freshmen. With more or less trepidation they met the Sophomores for the final game, but proudly did they bear off the cup and decorated it with gold and black.

Thus the year (of games played only at home and with home teams) came to a close, bringing a feeling of work well done, even though we had not sought foreign conquests. And with an eye to the future, we are anticipating, for next year, glory abroad as well as at home.

This season was much enjoyed by the players, and never before has there been such perfect spirit between players and coach. With all due thanks and appreciation to our most able coach, Miss Mial, we commend to you the prospects for 1918-19.

B. B., '19.



G. H. S. BASKET-BALL TEAM

*Top row, left to right—MARY LOUISE LANGLEY, VIRGINIA ARTHUR, MISS MIAL (Coach),  
BERTIE BRYAN.*

*Bottom row, left to right—EVA HODGES, LENA HUMBER, EMILY LANGLEY, BESSIE BROWN.*



ALL STARS ? ?



TENTH GRADE WINNERS OF THE TROPHY CUP

*Beginning top row, left to right—ARTHUR, MIAL, HODGES, HUMBER, BROWN, LANGLEY.*

# What This Year Has Meant to Me

ALICE WHITEHURST, '18

WHAT has this year meant to me? Can we sum up in a few short sentences the meaning of life, of a decade of life, a year, a day, a moment? I think not. But there come times when we needs must stop and search out ourselves, taking stock of the things we possess and the things we are doing and the things being done to and for us.

And here at this mile-post—graduation—I have paused, and in retrospection ask of myself and the attendant spirits, “What has this year meant to me?” I wish I could tell you all that it has meant. I wish I knew. There have come to pass many, many things—things I hadn’t dreamed of, things I hadn’t expected, things I had looked forward to—but in them all I’ve been the personality I have always been, I s’pose, for as yet I can’t see that there is much more than a nominal difference between a Freshman and Senior. Perhaps it is because I have changed so gradually that I can’t realize the yawning gap.

My curriculum has been so entirely different this year from the years before. Our Domestic Science class, which is something new, has been a great help and will continue to be, as long as prices of food are so dear. Our French has become much more interesting, since it is the language of our sister nation. Never before in our Nation’s history has there been a greater demand for women to take the places of men; therefore, we girls have seen the need of mathematics and have taken more interest in it. Our English course still needs to keep up its standard. Mr. Virgil has proven to us the wonderful adventures of *Æneid*. Our history no more seems to us like dry facts, but something that really happened, because at this vital time we are forming a history for the oncoming generations.

This year itself has shown to each of us Seniors a broader horizon, just as it has to every wide-awake citizen of the world. That could not have been otherwise, for, since the world is all aflame, we, even in our sheltered corner, must surely have felt the glow of that flame and our spirits have answered. We have heard the call of the hour, and in our way, insignificant though it yet seems, have done some part of our bit. Viewed from every standpoint, this has been a most profitable year for the Class of '18—the pleasures derived, old friendships strengthened, new ones formed, and especially the delightful “dips” into the Pierian Spring, all unite to make the year 1917-18 a “ne’er-to-be-forgotten” year in our lives.

# School Spirit

THE co-operative work of the students represents the spirit of the school. Through having opportunities and responsibilities thrust upon them, the students have developed resourcefulness and initiative, and they have caught a glimpse of a broader field of greater opportunities.

The two societies have been successful in that they have shown the excellent school spirit. Every one felt that it was his duty to help and not to lie back and wait for another. The classes are characterized by the same spirit of earnestness and seriousness which is felt throughout the school and which is a constant inspiration to all connected with the school. The spirit of service and usefulness has been so instilled in the students that it is reaching beyond immediate school life, and they are not only eager to do their bit, but anticipate real joy in doing it.

Through the hearty co-operation of the faculty, they have been able to maintain this spirit.



## The End of a Hoover Day

(TUNE OF "A PERFECT DAY")

*I have come to the end of a meatless day,  
And peacefully lying in bed,  
My thoughts revert in a musing way  
To the food which today I've been fed.  
When I think of the cheese and the beans and the fish  
And the oysters I've had to eat,  
I've no regrets for the "good old days"—  
I really don't miss the meat.*

*I have come to the end of a wheatless day;  
I have eaten no cookies or pie,  
I have had no bread that was made of wheat;  
It was made out of corn or rye;  
And I liked it so well that when war is past  
And a glorious victory won,  
I'll keep on observing "wheatless days,"  
And I'll eat "corn pones" for fun.*

—SELECTED.



ANNUAL PLAYGROUND EXERCISES

Graduates in Music



The Marshals



In Search of a Husband



I Found one, Too!



The Bull Dog Champions



10th May Celebration



Willie the Faithful

SOME FAMILIAR "SEENS"

## With Apologies to St. Nick

1

*It was the night before Exams.,  
And all through his mind  
His English was running as  
Crazily as this rhyme,  
When inside his dome  
There arose a great clatter  
As Latin composition  
Clashed with grey matter.*

2

*And he stored all his knowledge  
So thick and fast—  
All that he had gathered  
Through the whole year past.  
More rapid than eagles  
His history came;  
And he even remembered  
Columbus's name.*

3

*Now English, now History,  
Languages and Math.  
(He studies them all that  
He may impart what he hath.)  
At last he was in earnest,  
And went straight ahead,  
Even ceasing to argue  
The Latin language was dead.*

4

*He spake not a word,  
But kept at his work,  
Knowing not one of his lessons  
Could he shirk.  
And finally when he  
Was all snug in his bed  
A vision of "hundreds"  
Danced through his head!*

ICY SHAKESPEARE AND  
FEDO LONGFELLOW.

## Mary's Stranger

ON the top of a hill, in a bed of wild fern lay Mary Joslin. She was glorying in her solitude, for she had come to the woods in self-protection, to escape from the tiresome talk of a neighbor who was visiting her mother. Mrs. Smith had come driving up to Mary's mother's door about 2 o'clock. It was now 4, and Mary was quite satiated with hearing Mrs. Smith bemoan the fact that she could not possibly eat the old rough cornbread, and that Johnnie Smith, her youngest, was having such a terrible time in camp. Therefore, saying she had to feed the chickens, Mary had slipped over across the road to her woodland retreat.

After lying still a few minutes—in fact, after she had slept a few minutes—the desire came lazily to her to repeat one of her childhood pastimes. Self-confidently, Mary rolled over on her side, and began her thrilling descent of the moss-covered old hill. She was not nervous as to how she would stop, for she knew that there was a long level space, before the branch, which encircled the hill, was reached. So she sped on her way. At last the bottom of the hill was reached, and Mary gently stopped rolling. Brushing the leaves and pine needles from her skirt, she rose, and found herself looking into the eyes of a tall, khaki-clad stranger.

Now, if you think a maiden of twenty wouldn't be embarrassed in such a position, you are mistaken. Mary simply burned with shame. However, she managed to assume a haughty look, turned swiftly, and fled. A thousand Mrs. Smiths were better than this!

But it appeared that home was no refuge. After a few minutes, in which Mary decided that she hated the stranger worse than old Nick himself, there was a knock at the front door, and Mary went to answer it. Of course, there stood the soldier. His face was transfigured with joy at seeing Mary again.

At this point all Mary's anger should have turned to love. I am sure I'd like to make it like that; but, essentially, I am truthful. I must stick to the cold facts.

For in the tall, khaki-clad stranger, more calmly considered, Mary recognized, despite a new beard and a new martial bearing, her own brother Jim!

# WANT ADS

ONE DOLLAR A WORD  
AND NOT OVER  
FIFTEEN WORDS

## WANTED

A HUSBAND. I guarantee to be a good wife.  
EDWARD HARRIS.

An iron man to exercise with every morning.  
J. T. COREY.

Anti-Fat Specialist. FRANCES WHEDBEE.

New members for G. H. S. Smokers' Club. Apply to Crick Whichard, President, or Don Jenkins, Secretary. No admission fee required.

Some one to ride in teachers' transfer after June 7th.  
F. D. FOXHALL.

Two-ton truck to deliver special delivery letters to Miss Mial at High School.  
ELEVENTH GRADE.

An eight-cylinder red-wire wheel Willys-Knight Club Roadster. MISS GROOME.

A peace-maker for Francis Bowen and Don Jenkins.  
ELEVENTH GRADE.

Some one to love. DEWEY BROOKS.

A horseshoe for good luck.  
HOGAN GASKINS.

Information as to the whereabouts of the Fountain of Youth. DOROTHY NORMAN.

Some one to talk to.  
HENRIETTA ZAHNIZER.

Something to keep me from studying so hard.  
EDWARD AUSTIN.

A partner to do fancy dances.  
FRANCIS BOWEN.

Knowledge of love-making.  
D. D. OVERTON.

To trade a horse and buggy for an automobile, in order that I may get to school on time.  
ALICE WHITEHURST.

A Hupmobile to ride in on Thursday nights.  
KATHERINE PERKINS.

Some one to wrestle.  
MARCELLUS FLEMING.

A bulldog to keep the girls away, so they will stop worrying me to death.  
WILLIAM TYSON.

A teacher to explain the English language.  
HIGH SCHOOL.

A dye that will turn my hair red.  
BILLY BROWN.

A carload of beans. CARLTON ARTHUR.

A dignified preacher. HENNIE LONG.

Some one to hold the night watchman while I go to see my E. C. T. S. girl.  
LEE KING.

A champion swimmer to keep the boys from ducking me.  
MR. EPPS.

A class to teach voice. JAMES LITTLE.

A turtle to cook. RUTH ANDREWS.

Some one to fight. REID GASKINS.

A fireproof house. MR. TAYLOR.

Some one to walk to Five Points with me every morning.  
MISS MARTIN.

## LOST

A voice. RALPH FLEMING.

A geometry book. Finder please keep it.  
FRANCIS BOWEN.

A talent for debating. Reward for recovery.  
ELWOOD MENEFFEE.

Several crepe de chine handkerchiefs from my desk.  
MISS MIAL.

One hundred pounds of flesh. Finder will please return to me and receive reward.  
MISS HEITMAN.

# WE CLEAN CLOTHES!

LADIES' SUITS AND DRESSES GIVEN ESPECIALLY CAREFUL ATTENTION

*Steam Pressing and French Dry Cleaning.*

*Kid Gloves Cleaned Perfectly.*

## GREENVILLE TAILORING COMPANY

312 Evans Street

GREENVILLE, N. C.

Phone No. 95

## WHEN YOU NEED HARDWARE

PAINTS, OILS AND FARM MACHINERY



SEE . . .

Twenty Years in Business.  
Honest Goods, Honest Prices

## HART & HADLEY

PHONE 32

GREENVILLE, N. C.

## DON'T FORGET!

*That we carry best Footwear in town. Our line of Ladies' and Gents' Ready-to-Wear Goods is always complete*

VISIT US BEFORE YOU BUY

## J. R. AB-E-YOU-NIS

## M<sup>c</sup>KAY, WASHINGTON & CO.

*"THE LADIES' STORE"*

GREENVILLE, N. C.

SUITS, COATS AND DRESSES

WAISTS, SKIRTS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS

WE SELL FOR CASH. IT COSTS YOU LESS

# SMITH'S SANITARY PRESSING CLUB

LEON SMITH, Proprietor

GREENVILLE, N. C.     ::     ::     PHONE 101

## STEAM PRESSING *and* INVISIBLE REPAIRING

WE MANUFACTURE OR REBUILD AWNINGS FOR THE RESIDENCE,  
OFFICE OR STORE

### SEVERAL DESIGNS IN BEAUTIFUL SEPARATE SKIRTS ATTRACTIVELY PRICED FOR SUMMER

Taffeta Skirts, from.....	\$4.98 up
All-Wool Skirts, from.....	\$3.98 up
Fine White Gaberdine Skirts, @.....	\$1.25
200 of better Wash Skirts, from.....	\$1.48 up

GIVE ME A TRIAL BEFORE YOU BUY ELSEWHERE

**FELIX LABAKI**     NEXT TO  
5 AND 10 CENT STORE

## Have Your Pictures Made In the Home—

WE WILL COME AND MAKE THEM FOR YOU

OUR SAMPLES CAN SHOW YOU ANY STYLE OF PICTURE

## THE BAYARD-WOOTTEN STUDIO

NEW BERN, N. C.

## Pepsi-Cola     ❀     Cool     ❀     Refreshing

*The Best Drink You Can Buy*

## PEPSI-COLA BOTTLING WORKS

T. M. HOOKER, Proprietor

PHONE 330

# W. A. BOWEN'S STORE

*Greenville's Authority*  
on

## LADIES' WEAR

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE SUITS A SPECIALTY

*All the newest styles in  
Dress Goods, Silks, Embroideries, Laces and  
Dress Trimmings.*

---

*My Shoe stock is complete in every line for  
Men, Ladies and Children.*

## MILLINERY

I WANT YOUR PATRONAGE. YOU WILL PROFIT BY TRADING  
WITH ME.

W. A. BOWEN,     ::     GREENVILLE, N. C.

THIS ANNUAL WAS DESIGNED, LINOTYPED, PRINTED,  
BOUND AND MADE COMPLETE IN THE ESTABLISHMENT  
OF THE EDWARDS AND BROUGHTON PRINTING COMPANY  
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA



