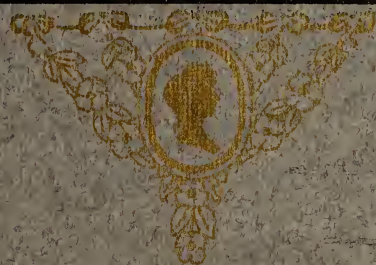


The Black and Gold



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1913

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The Athenian Oath



We will never bring disgrace to this, our City, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the City's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or to set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty. Thus, in all these ways we will transmit this city not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

The Black and Gold

*Published four times during each School Year by the Students
of the Winston-Salem City High School*

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No. 1

Grandfather's Ghost Story



IT WAS WILLIAM SANFORD'S eighth birthday and the entire family were in the library, toasting marshmallows, before a roaring log fire. Grandfather always gave the children the privilege of choosing the story on their birthday, so he said:

"Well, Billie, what kind of a story do you choose, fairy story, war story, or ghost story?"

"Oh, Grandfather, I've been thinking all day and I want a ghost story, a true ghost story."

"My! my! I have one in mind this minute and it is true all right. Hurry and finish your marshmallows before I begin."

The children were soon ready and took their places around Grandfather. Little Ellen sat on his lap, Mary and Edith on each side and William, Henry and John on the floor at his feet.

"When I was young, boys didn't get to travel very much; so when Jim Long's father wanted him to go to look at a place about seventy-five miles from home, which he was thinking of buying, I envied him with all my heart. Jim and I were chums. He asked father to let me go with him. He said that we could go in the two horse buggy and

leave the driver at home. Father hesitated, but when he saw that I was so anxious to go, he consented.

"We started on our journey, one fine morning, and felt as big as you please with the thought of traveling so far alone. We saw many curious notices, tacked on trees near the road. We noticed one especially, which read:

"Fifty dollars reward for a white sow with six little pigs. Finder please come to Squire Holt for reward. June 16, 1859."

"Fifty dollars was a large sum of money at that time and I was just thinking how proud I would be if we could get the reward, when Jim broke in on my thoughts by saying:

"If we could run up on that old sow, we would go home feeling as rich as Croesus, wouldn't we?"

"Sure. We would give a big candy pulling and an old Virginia breakdown to celebrate our good luck," I answered.

"We had gone a long way without seeing a single house, and I began to wonder if we had reached an uncivilized part of the country, when we saw a very dilapidated old stone mansion, sitting far back from the road. It looked as though no one had even been in the yard for years. The hedge across the front was as tall as a small tree. Where the hedge was open for driveways long before, there was tall grass and weeds. The house was an extremely large, three-story mansion, which looked ready to fall in from decay. Just back of the house was a thick pine forest, which gave a gloomy and ghostly hue to the entire place. Little farther on we saw the stables, whose roofs had already sunken in. Near the stables, we saw about seventy bee-stands; but they too, were deserted.

"As soon as we reached the next village and were settled for the night, we asked Mr. Mooney, the inn keeper, who owned that old deserted mansion about five miles down

the road. He seemed surprised that we had never heard of the "Old Haunted House" and told us all about it. Long, long ago, when he was just a baby, it had been built by a Mr. Winnipeg, a very rich man, whose family consisted of a wife and daughter. His mind had become unbalanced, a few years after he built his home, and his wife had sent him up North to an asylum. He adored his beautiful wife but was insanely jealous of her. He believed that she had sent him up there to get rid of him. About three months later, he succeeded in escaping and set out for home. When he reached home, he went in the back way and reached the drawing room door, without anyone seeing him. As he drew aside the portieres, he felt that his suspicions, concerning his wife, were true, for she was knitting by the fire and there in his arm chair sat a man reading. He didn't remember that his daughter had married and at once thought that his wife had married again, as soon as she had gotten him out of the way. Slipping to his bedroom, he got his revolver. He went around the house and shot his daughter's husband through the window. Giving a wild, mirthless laugh, he bounded to the woods back of the house and escaped.

"After the funeral the wife and daughter went abroad to live. Since the day of the funeral, no one had been in the house. Many people had seen strange lights about the place and one man declared he had seen Mrs. Winnipeg's son-in-law, standing on the porch, with the blood flowing from a wound in his head. Quite recently three men were frightened by awful groans and moans, coming from the basement of the old house.

"That night I did not sleep much and I was more than glad when we had left the village and its horrible tale far behind. On our return trip, we only stopped long enough in the village to water the horses and buy something to eat.

"When we were about a mile from the "Haunted Man-

to find out what made this noise and, summing up all our sion," it began to look as if it were going to rain. The storm burst in full blast as we reached the stables. Jim said that we would have to drive in the shelter. He turned the horses toward the stables and I closed my eyes for fear I'd see a ghost somewhere around the old place. We drove the horses under the shed of the barn, as this was not so likely to fall down. Night came on and still the rain came down in torrents. We were wet and cold; so I proposed going to the house and making a fire. We decided that it would be just as well to see a few ghosts as to freeze to death. Then, too, we had a desire to explore the old house, which everybody was afraid to go near. We wrapped ourselves in two blankets, which we had brought as beds, and set out for the house, taking some boards, which we found in the stable and our lantern.

"As we opened the front door, it made a scraping noise, and we both jumped as though we had been shot. We went in the house and soon had a good fire. Our fear began to leave us when we noticed that no ghosts had appeared so far. About ten o'clock we lay down on our blankets, with our pistols by our side, and went to sleep.

"It must have been about three in the morning, when I awoke with a start. The rain had ceased but it still thundered. At intervals groans and screams rang through the house. I seized my revolver and jumped to my feet. Jim was standing near the fireplace, with his pistol ready to fire. He whispered and told me to bring the lantern and give him my pistol, because he was a surer shot than I. We searched the house but neither found anything or heard the screams anymore. We had just reached our fire again, when an ear-splitting scream burst on our ears. We located the scream this time. It came from the basement. Of course we at once thought of what the Inn-keeper had told us about the groans in the basement. We had determined

courage we went around the house toward the basement. The only entrance to the basement was from the outside in those days. When we reached the door of the basement, I held the lantern above my head in order to see better, and we saw that the basement was flooded with water. In the middle of the pool we saw something struggling. At first we thought it was a woman but on closer observation we found it to be a white hog. The same that Squire Holt had advertised for. I looked at Jim and he looked at me; then we burst out laughing to think what fools we had been. We had taken the hog's squeals and grunts to be screams and groans of a ghost."

"And did you get the reward?" asked Henry.

"We only got half because the little pigs were drowned and Squire Holt thought that we only deserved half."

"But what became of the crazy man?" cried Mary.

"Come, children, it is half-past ten and time you all were in bed. Not another question tonight," said Mrs. Sanford as she carried little Ellen off to bed.

"I'm going to choose a ghost story on my birthday, so you just as well be thinking up a good one," called Edith from the middle of the stairs.

—Marguerite Pierce, '15.



'Tis Autumn

The air is fresh, the woods are brown,
It is the season of the year
When sweet content is everywhere.
'Tis Autumn.

The grains are garnered into barns,
The leaves are falling from the trees,
And the one desire is to please
In Autumn.

Old King Winter is approaching,
Still a bird is heard, here and there
Merrily singing, free from care
In Autumn.

—Callie A. Lewis. '14.

The Youngest Member of the Band



RANK HASTINGS walked slowly down the street, his music-roll and instrument under his arm. His usually sunny face was clouded. "It's a shame," he muttered to himself, "for a fellow to have no showing at all."

He opened the great door of the Brethren's House, and passing down the hall, he entered the large room on the right, known as the Band Hall. Taking his accustomed seat, he took out his flute and began to practice—for Master Hermann had sent him word that he would be an half hour

late. But somehow he couldn't get his thoughts on his music.

There was a feeling of unrest in the village. Just the day before, the Band, of which he hoped some day to be a member, had marched off triumphantly to join the Confederates. And today there had come news of a battle in which the Salem boys were engaged.

"Here I am, big and strong," muttered Frank, "and I have to stay home because, perchance, I'm a year or so too young to be a soldier. I've a notion to run off to war, anyway—but I have no gun, no horse, no money."

Just then the door was violently thrown open, and Moritz Schaum, the inn-keeper's son, rushed in—or rather fell in—for Moritz was fat—so fat in fact, that the short run from the tavern seemed to have taxed him considerably. But he managed to gasp out, "I though m-m-maybe I'd f-f-f-find you h-here. H-hurry up! and it won't b-be t-t-t-too late."

"Too late for what?"

"I don't know. Pa says to t-tell you to c-c-come to the tavern quick as you can."

Frank hardly waited for his friend to finish speaking. Snatching his cap, he fairly flew down the cobble-stone street to the tavern.

There he was met by the inn-keeper, who beckoned him in a mysterious way into a little room, and carefully locked the door. Then, grasping Frank by the shoulders, he looked him squarely in the eyes and said:

"Frank, I know you only through having heard Moritz speak of you. But you look like a trustworthy boy. In a word, can you keep a secret?"

"I have never yet told that which was given me in secret," tersely replied the boy.

"Very well, then, I will trust you with this one. In the room just above you is a Confederate spy, seriously, I

am afraid, fatally ill. He managed to reach the tavern about half an hour ago. He was so sick we laid him on the bed just as he was, and sent in hot haste for the doctor. But before the doctor came, as I was in the room alone with him, he opened his coat and feebly bade me rip open a certain part of the lining. This is what I found, a message to Lee, for as I said, the man is a Confederate spy. That message must be delivered within twenty-four hours or our cause is lost forever. Will you take the message? I can't leave the tavern, besides, it would create suspicion, for there are Northern sympathizers in town. I can't send Moritz, he knows nothing of riding. You won the prize at the tournament last year for being the most expert boy horseman in town. It's a dangerous undertaking, but it's a glorious one."

"Will I take it?" said Frank, unable to conceal his joy at the prospect of going to war, "Why Mr. Schaum, I'd die before I'd let that opportunity pass."

"All right, sonny, I thought you'd do it, so I have had one of my horses saddled and food put in the saddle bags. You can put the note inside your flute and the picket men won't find it. Well," for Frank had mounted, "good bye and good luck."

In a moment the rider had vanished in a cloud of dust. He rode steadily until about noon, when he stopped at a farm-house for dinner. Then with great speed he galloped on till the early winter night came on. When it was too dark to ride any further, he pulled up at a little house along a lonely road, and yelled for the owner. An old man stuck his head out of the door and asked what he wanted.

"I want supper and a night's lodging," said Frank.

"Well, take your horse around to the stable, and then come up to the house," growled the old man.

After getting his supper the old man led him to a little room in one corner of the house.

“This is where you’ll sleep,” he said.

That night for some reason he couldn’t sleep. About twelve o’clock he heard some horses gallop up the road and stop before the old man’s house. Then he heard a knock on the door, and peeping into the next room through a knot hole, he saw two Yankees enter, followed by the old man.

“Well, Bob, any news?” inquired one of the men, who was dressed in the uniform of a captain.

“Yes,” said the old man. “There is a boy in the other room there, who is travelling north, and I believe he is carrying despatches to Lee.”

“You don’t say so,” said the captain. “Well, I suspect we had better go in and see him, don’t you?”

This was all Frank cared to hear. Softly raising the window he crept out, and hurrying to the barn he saddled his horse. It was none to soon, for a light flashed in his room. Mounting his horse, he clapped his spurs into his flanks and thundered out of the yard and down the road. The door flew open and he heard a shouted command to halt, but he did not heed it. Two musket balls flew by his ear, but he almost caught up with and passed them, he was going so fast. He turned from the main road. On, on, through the dark night he galloped; he did not know where he was going. When the light broke the next morning, he saw that he had gained miles through a short-cut across the broken country.

In the dim morning light he just could see the white tents of the Confederates covering the distant hill. With no thought of danger, but with a glad heart that his mission was almost accomplished, he spurred his weary horse down into the valley that separated him from the camp, and up the wooded slope.

He had just crossed the brook that ran through the valley, and was entering the clump of woods, when suddenly in the clear morning air, a voice rang out:

“Halt!”

A man, in the blue uniform of the Federals, sprang from behind a bush, and pointing his gun at him, and commanded, in a low voice,

“Dismount, and don’t make any noise about it, either!”

As Frank walked in front of his captor, leading his horse, his mind was busy trying to think of some way to escape. But there seemed little chance for escape, since the soldier walked with his gun pointed straight before him, and did not for a moment relax his vigilance.

After about an hour of weary marching, a second Union soldier joined the first. The two seemed to be cronies, and after a while they grew very merry over some rye whiskey, the second had captured on a little raid he had made on a planter nearby.

Frank watched for a chance to escape; but though very drunk, the men had sense enough to know that they must watch their prisoner. Had it not been for an upturned root of a tree, he might never have reached the Confederate camp. One of the men stumbled over the root, and his gun going off at the same time, he fell, slightly wounding his companion. Whereupon the two men fell into a drunken fight, firing on each other, and for the time completely forgetting Frank.

He sprang upon his horse, but had scarcely gotten out of sight of his guards, when the thunder of horses’ hoofs was heard and a squad of cavalry came galloping from the Confederate outposts. They had heard the firing of the guns, and had hastened to the skirmish, as they suspected, between some of their men and the Yankees. When they heard from Frank of the two drunken soldiers, they lost no time in capturing them, then taking Frank into custody they led him safely to the General’s tent.

The message Frank delivered proved to be of the greatest importance. For, by means of the information thus

gained, the Confederates were enabled to catch the Yankees in their own trap. In fact, that very afternoon, as they cautiously advanced up the narrow valley, thinking the Confederates were unaware of their movements, they were hemmed in from behind and utterly put to rout in the short battle that followed.

Frank was quite a hero. Although not of age, he was allowed to remain in the army, and join the Salem Band, and when the war was over, he received a medal from his older comrades, on which were inscribed the following words: "To the youngest member of the Band; for service rendered his country."

—Arthur Spough, '15.

—Clement Eaton, '15.

—Theodore Rondthaler, '15.



Exposing Guivanni



THE BOYS OF THE SENIOR CLASS of Winsborough High School rather prided themselves on their exclusiveness. As a class they had many interests in common, and as they had advanced year after year in their school course, not only had their class pride been strengthened, but their personal interest in each other had deepened, till now as they entered their last year at High School they felt that they were sufficient for all things in themselves. It was no wonder then that they were aggrieved when their number of twenty-five was broken by the entrance of a new boy, a low-classed foreigner at that, Guivanni Caproni—the son of a fruit vender.

Had Guivanni been a jolly athletic fellow, big of limb and strong of muscle, the boys might have taken him into their set; for school sports was their hobby, and for three consecutive years they had won the pennant on field day. But far from being an athlete, Guivanni was a bookworm, quiet, meek, and hard to get acquainted with. At recess he didn't seem to care whether the others went with him or not; but when they engaged in their different sports he would slip in the back door and not be seen the entire recess.

Where did he go? That was the question all asked and none could answer. Sam Lee, the class detective, said he knew Guivanni was up to some mischief, and since Sam said it, it was a fact. So the fellows decided to follow Guivanni and expose his wrong, whatever it might be, to the principal.

Recess came, and as usual Guivanni slipped in the back door—but alas, poor Guivanni! as he entered the building they stealthily one after another, followed him down the dim corridor, up the narrow back stairs, around and around

till they reached the very top of the house, and there at the entrance of the tower-room they paused.

But the heroes had courage. They would finish their heroic work if they died in the attempt. Sam as usual, led, the others followed close behind. With a bold hand he rapped on the door. There was no response. Again he knocked, and again.

“Say, Guivanni,” he yelled impatiently, “we know you’re up to some meanness, and if you don’t let us in, I’ll knock the door down.”

Cautiously the door was opened. Sam made a rush for Guivanni, while the others followed expectantly, hoping to catch him red handed in his mischief. In a moment’s time he was pinned to the floor with Sam on top of him.

“Now’ll you tell me why you sneak up here every day?”

“What’s that you say?” replied the boy, too bewildered to understand the simplest question.

“What’re you doing up here?” came in a chorus from the boys.

“Working in my laboratory,” whispered Guivanni. Then as Sam released him he told how the principal had given him permission to fit up the tower room as a laboratory that he might carry on his experiments, since he wasn’t interested in sports.

As he finished, all eyes searched for Sam, but just at that moment he was cautiously climbing out the coal bin in the basement.

—Evelyn Shipley, '14.

Autumn

'Tis Autumn, when fiery sunsets glow
 Upon us beings here below,
 When all the corn is gathered in,
 To swell the overflowing bin,
 When apples are roasted in the blaze,
 Or, perchance, is popped some yellow maize,
 When leaves are falling without number,
 And nature has begun to slumber.

'Tis Autumn, and the sun is sinking low,
 As homeward from my task I go.
 My plow I leave out in the field,
 Which brings forth yearly bounteous yield.
 And as I enter my abode
 Just back a little from the road,
 I feel my labors have been blest,
 And now has come the time to rest.

—Gregory N. Graham, '14.

An Incident of the Civil War

(A True Story.)



T WAS DURING THE LAST DAYS of the Civil War. All day long the Yankee soldiers had been marching up the dusty road. It seemed as though the continual stream of soldiers would never end. From a safe distance children and even grown people watched them pass by. It was a great sight to see the soldiers with their blue uniforms and flashing guns, marching in perfect step, some on horses, but most of them on foot.

A little back from the road there stood a plain, two-storied, weather-boarded house. The house was unpainted and did not have any front porch. In the front yard there were a good many flowers and several cedar and maple trees. At the bottom of the hill on which the house stood was a spring in a grove of oak trees. On one side of the house was an orchard full of ripening fruit. But if you glanced over the fields you could not see a single person working in them. Everybody was gathered around the house talking excitedly. Many slaves were gathered in a group to themselves, some praying, some crying. Every where there was an air of great excitement.

Such was the condition of grandfather's home during the passing of the Yankees.

Toward evening the line of soldiers began getting smaller and smaller. At last there were only a few soldiers left straggling on behind. Two of these approached the house. Both of them were drunk and as soon as they drew near the children ran into the house. One of them entered and demanded something to eat from my grandmother. She set before him a nice meal, which he ate ravenously. When he got through he went to the smoke-house and helped himself to the meat, and then put all the silver-ware which had not been hidden into a flour sack and slung it over his shoulder.

The other soldier did not enter the house, but told my grandfather to come outside. Grandfather came out at once and asked the Yankee what he wanted.

"I want your money, and quick about it," was the insolent reply.

"I have no money in the house," said my grandfather.

"You liar! You have. You'd better hand it up," yelled the drunken soldier.

"I have told you I have no money," answered grandfather.

This greatly enraged the Yankee, and with an oath he drew a pistol from his hip pocket.

“Now, if you don’t hand up your money I’ll shoot you dead,” said he.

“Then if you are going to kill me, will you allow me a few minutes to pray?” said grandfather.

“Yes, but be quick about it,” replied the soldier.

When grandfather had finished praying, the Yankee cocked his pistol and pointed it straight at his head. Just then a Yankee officer came up. He approached so noiselessly that the soldier did not hear him. When he saw what the drunken soldier was about to do, with a quick stroke he knocked the pistol out of his hand just in time to save grandfather’s life. Then he went into the house, took away the stolen meat and silver from the other soldier, and kicked him down the steps. Whereupon he ordered three of his soldiers to take the drunken Yankees to the lockup.

“Madam,” said the officer, as he was about to depart, “I will see to it that hereafter you shall have full protection.”

--Clifton Eaton, '15.



H. Stanley, Collector



ROCKWELLS EDGECOMBE came slowly down the stairs of the Zinzendorf. He stopped as he reached the door, and gazed through the glass paneling into the night. Many lights were seen shimmering dully and slightly thinning the mist of a drizzling rain.

Edgecombe stood a moment, undecided whether or not to fight the blurring storm to the theatre, then turned and, first stopping at the cigar stand, wended his way toward the reading room.

Scarcely had he settled into the comfortable depths of an armchair and picked up a daily, when a man stepped up to him, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and said, "Mr. Edgecombe, I believe."

Rockwells turned and beheld a dignified, well-dressed gentleman, chewing the end of a black cigar.

"Yes," he replied, "I'm Rockwells Edgecombe. Is there anything I can do for you?"

The man took from his pocket a small gold case, and handed him a card on which was inscribed, H. Stanly—Collector.

"Mr. Edgecombe," he said, "I understand through the newspapers that you are a collector of nuggets. I myself am interested in collections, as you perceive by my card. I have in my possession a nugget, the value of which I should like to ascertain."

So saying he took from a small chamois bag, what was by far the most perfect oriental nugget Edgecombe had ever seen.

At once Edgecombe became very much interested in the mysterious gentleman, and they were soon engaged in a lively conversation, which resulted in an offer by Rock-

wells to show Mr. Stanly some nuggets which he had in his room.

They entered Edgecombe's room, which was on the fifth floor back and Edgecombe bidding his guest make himself at home, walked over to a small secretary in the back of the room. As he turned his back Stanley pushed into the door a small key, giving it a quick turn. Rockwells wheeled and strode to the table, setting down a tray filled with curious nuggets and oriental trinkets. "Mr. Stanley," he raised his head and gazed straight into the levelled barrel of a revolver.

"One word, and I'll blow your brains out," came a hoarse whisper.

Rockwells Edgecombe meekly, though necessarily suffered his hands to be tied behind his back and a gag to be placed over his mouth. Finishing his job, Stanley gave him a savage kick, sending him banging against the wall.

Then H. Stanley—Collector, ran quickly to the desk and emptying it of its valuables, he stuffed them into a handy clothes bag.

Edgecombe watched him with burning eyes. In vain he strained to break his bonds. His hands worked convulsively up and down the wallpaper behind him. Suddenly his hands struck something hard and round. Surely not, and yet, he felt again, yes beyond a shadow of doubt, his finger-tips rested on the tiny electric button leading from room to bellboy headquarters. Eagerly he pushed, once, twice, and yet again did he drive that small pearl slab back into its socket until he could hear faint footsteps approaching down the corridor.

Stanley stopped, listening, and threw into his bag the last piece of jewelry.

On and on, nearer and nearer, louder and louder, came the footsteps. Oh, would that porter never come! Hurry! hurry! hurry! leaped through Edgecombe's brain.

Stanley, by this time had tied his bag and running to the window, he sprang out, jumped to the firescape and was gone.

The knob turned, but Rockwell's heart was in his boots, and his once cherished hopes vanished. Too late had his signal been answered to recover any of his curios.

The door opened and a towseled head stuck in.

"Gidap, Maise Rockwells, time fo' breakfus.' "

Rockwells Edgecombe opened his sleepy eyes, and behold—the first thing that met his gaze was a small rose-wood secretary, standing unhindered, and undisturbed. His harrowing experience had been all a dream.

—Stokes Lott, '16.

Nature's Call

(After Shakespeare.)

In the woods so free,
 Who loves to walk with me,
 Looking for flowers rare,
 Forgetting every care,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he be
 Forever free
 With nothing his flowers to wither.

Who doth the city shun,
 And prefer shade to sun,
 Seeking a place to rest,
 Who loves to be nature's guest,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he be
 Forever free
 With nothing his hopes to wither.

—Mary Eford, '15.

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Second Class Mail Matter.

Editorials

The average high school girl seems to have an idea that time spent on higher mathematics is wasted. She thinks it will do her no good and therefore she takes but little interest in the subject. She forgets that an education is not merely learning something; that it is the broadening and developing of the thinking and reasoning abilities. All of our scientists, philosophers and logicians have been men learned in mathematics. These men have been the great leaders of the world's affairs because they had the ability to think and to reason. It is the ambition of every one to get to the top of the ladder of success, and today it

is mental ability which carries one there and as a mind trainer, mathematics cannot be equaled by any subject.

The opportunities of an educated man are far better than those of a man without any mental training whatever. When a man finishes college he is prepared for the great battles of life. An uneducated man at that age can only use his physical training and, although he may have a perfect mind, it is undeveloped and consequently is of no value to him. The battles of the world today are mental, not physical. Today there are too many untrained men in the world, and the men needed must be fully prepared and equipped, whose brains are to them what the ancients' armor was.

In view of these facts, every boy should seek a better education. When a boy graduates from a High School, he is well equipped. There are many opportunities open to him. With practically no more training a boy may become an excellent bookkeeper. There are many other splendid opportunities open. However, there is something missing from his armor, and, although it is not needed at the time, its want will be felt later on. Every boy who has finished High School should not stop there but go on and make his armor sound in every detail. —F.

Everywhere people are waking up to the fact that physical exercise and recreation are the foundation for a strong, healthy body. It is an acknowledged fact that this is of vital importance in the case of growing children. Where do you find these children? Many are found in the school-room. Schools everywhere are confronted with this problem of providing means for giving the pupils this needed exercise and our schools of Winston-Salem are no exception. Yet none of our city schools have sufficient grounds to meet the demands of the children. Only two or three

having what may be called play-grounds. We regret very much that this is true and the time should be drawing near when steps will be taken to provide suitable grounds for every school, for every true citizen has the interest of the city's children at heart and it is his duty to provide every possible means for making strong men and women of them since they are the makers of tomorrow. —L.

THE JUNIOR.

With a sigh we say, "Vacation is o'er"
 And back to our school, new books to explore.
 Geometry, French and a dozen more.
 We pick up each with a slight little thrill,
 Determined to conquer by brains and by will.

English, our old friend, is in new costume
 Like a reset ring, which is an heirloom.

French, to pronounce, takes all of our spunk
 And always we're afraid that we're going to flunk.

How nice it would be through Cicero to ride
 And take his orations at one long stride.

As we pick up Geometry alas! alas!
 How hard and how difficult we find it to pass.

Our tasks are so arduous at times we despair
 Ever of climbing the literary stair
 And taking our seats with the Eminent there.
 Still we will work and study with might.
 And perhaps some day we'll gain the cherished site.

—M. P., '15.

Personal s

“Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot?”

Fred Hutchings, who won the medal last year, is continuing his studies at Wake Forest.

Emily Gray, '13; Louise Maddrey, '13, and Essie Wilkinson, '13, are at the State Normal.

William Wright, '13; Wilson Dalton, '13; Moses Shapiro, '12; Robert Vaughn, '12, and William Pell, '12, are representing us at the University of North Carolina.

Alice Wilson, Blanche Buxton and Mary Cash, last year's graduates, are taking the business course at the High School.

Benbow Jones, '13, is at Guilford College.

Louise Crute is taking German at the High School.

Foster Hankins, '13, is studying violin under Herr Roy.

Camm Johnson is at the Virginia Normal, at Radford, preparing herself for teaching.

Alice Davenport and Ida Matlock of the class of 1913 have positions in the Billing Department of the R. J. Reynolds Company.

Francis Coleman is attending Lake Forest School, Chicago, preparatory to entering Harvard.

Mary Horton, May Norman, Mary Grogan and Sudie Self, of the class of 1912. Mamie Wall, '12, are seniors at Salem College.

Emma Wilson, '10. is a senior at the State Normal.

Ila Howard, '13, has a position at A. Daye's.

Annie Clingman, '13, is spending the winter at home.

Hugh Pollard, '13, has an important position in the Shipping Department of the Southbound.

Edward Crosland, '13, is working in the office of the Southern Railway.

Linville Martin, '12, Harry Dalton, '12, and Luther Ferrell, '12. are at Trinity College.

James Roddick, Ben Gray, Frank Holton and Robert Critz are among the Winston-Salem boys at Guilford College.

Ernestine Lott is taking specials at Salem College.

Vivian Edwards is taking the Business Course at The State Normal.

James Norfleet is attending school at Glenn Springs, S. C.

Mary Sue Henley, '13. is Office Assistant in the City High School.

The Funny Side

“A Little Nonsense Now and Then,
Is Relished by the Wisest Men.”

Some Conundrums for High School Students to Solve.

1. No matter who is wrong,
Why is Orpheus Wright?
 2. If the King should execute the Cook
Would Clement Eaton?
 3. What occupation is Wm. P. fond of?
Whaling, of course.
 4. If we call Beulah F. short
Would we call Maud Long?
 5. If some gallant knight should steal the office assistant's
heart
Would Mary Sue?
-

The Feminine View—She had just finished reading Edward Everett Hale's "The Man Without a Country," and as she laid it down she sighed and said:

"I cannot imagine anything worse than a man without a country."

"Oh, I can," said her friend.

"Why, what?"

"A country without a man."—Ex.

The 9th grade A was shocked beyond expression the other day when the dignified professor of Math. said to one of the young ladies:

"Frances Medearis, will you solve the next problem?"

Prof. H.—“Of what is air composed?”

Miss G., Senior.—“Dust, germs, and other gases.”

The modern maxim brightly conceived by Miss McK. of 11th grade.

Preach what you Practice.

Prof. H.—“Why is water used so extensively as a cleansing agent?”

Young gentleman in Senior Class—“Because it’s white.”

Want Ads.

WANTED—To know why the 10th grade monopolize our room for chemistry experiments when they have a Sink of their own.—11th Grade.

WANTED—To know how Miss F. memorized Virgil.—Despairing Seniors.

WANTED—To know who ‘pleads guilty’ to these:

“Leave the window alone, Gregory!”

“No talking! Please.”

“See me this afternoon.”

“Over in my room.”

“I could have memorized it by this time!”

“Take your note books, please.”



Locals

The Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society was so large this year that it had to be divided into two sections, A and B. Several interesting debates have been held. Some of the questions debated were: Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished; Resolved, that women should be granted the right to vote on the same conditions as men; and, Resolved, that the soldier has done more for the United States than the Statesman. A little later there will be cross debates between the two societies and without doubt, society work will be very interesting this year.

The Charles D. McIver Literary Society, composed of the girls of the ninth, tenth and eleventh grades, was organized September the nineteenth. The second debate was very interesting, the question being, Resolved, that women should be granted the right to vote on the same conditions as men. In this debate the negative side won. At the next meeting a delightful musical program was rendered. Selections from "Il Trovatore" and other beautiful selections were rendered on a Victrola.

The girls of the eighth grade have formed a Literary Society naming it the Glenn Society from one of our State's famous governors. Like the Wiley Society, there were so many students in it, that it was found necessary to divide it into two sections, both of which are doing very creditable work.

The boys of the Eighth Grades have organized a Society and named it for Carolina's Educational Governor, Charles B. Aycock. They are taking great interest in debating and we expect they will surprise the larger boys next year when they enter the Calvin H. Wiley Society.

FOOT BALL.

Our High School, for the first time, has a football team. This is an entirely new game in Winston, and to be successful must have the hearty co-operation of every student. Mr. Herbert A. Gould of the Journal, has very kindly consented to coach the team with the assistance of Professors Moore and Hoke. Although this is an entirely new game, we will have a winning team if the students will support it. Every boy should have made an attempt to get on the team, and everyone, boys and girls, should attend every game and cheer on our boys to victory.

If everyone will come to the games, all persons concerned will be benefitted. The team will play better and its chances for victory greatly increased. On the other hand the attendants will also be benefitted. They will be helped by being out in the air and will be healthier. Also, they cannot look at a game without gaining loyalty to their school and thus they will gain "school spirit," something greatly needed.

Exchanges

The following magazines have been received since our last issue:

The Wake Forest Student, April; University Magazine, April; Davidson College Magazine, May and October; John Marshall Record, May; The Tatler, May; Lexington High School, April; The Wahisco, May and The Critic, April and May.

The Lexington High School Magazine brings us some very interesting stories. "Some Facts Concerning the Presidents" is especially interesting. We missed the Athletic News but the other departments are very well written up.

The John Marshall Record has some original stories but there is a lack of original jokes. "A Field of Burning Broom" is a splendid word picture. We suggest a few more good stories.

The Wahisco, Washington, N. C., contains some very original and cleverly written stories. "The Masquerader," "That Dog" and "Base Ball Team 1913" deserve special mention. The cuts are a great addition.

The May issue of The Tatler, Kinston, N. C., is very well arranged, and we read it with interest. The Class History seems to be more present than past history.

The March and April numbers of the Critic, Lynchburg, Va., are full of bright little stories and poems. "The Glen-Eden Prize," "The Rivals" and the "Spirit of the Ganges" are among the best.



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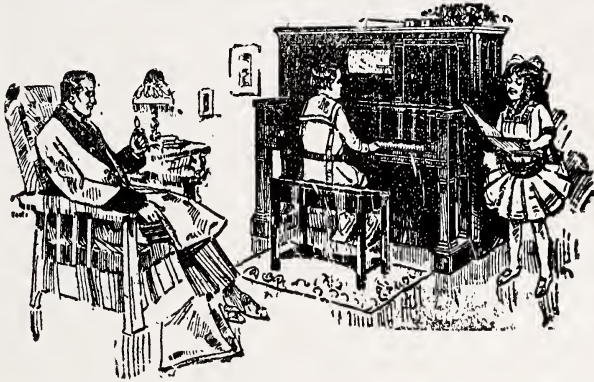
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