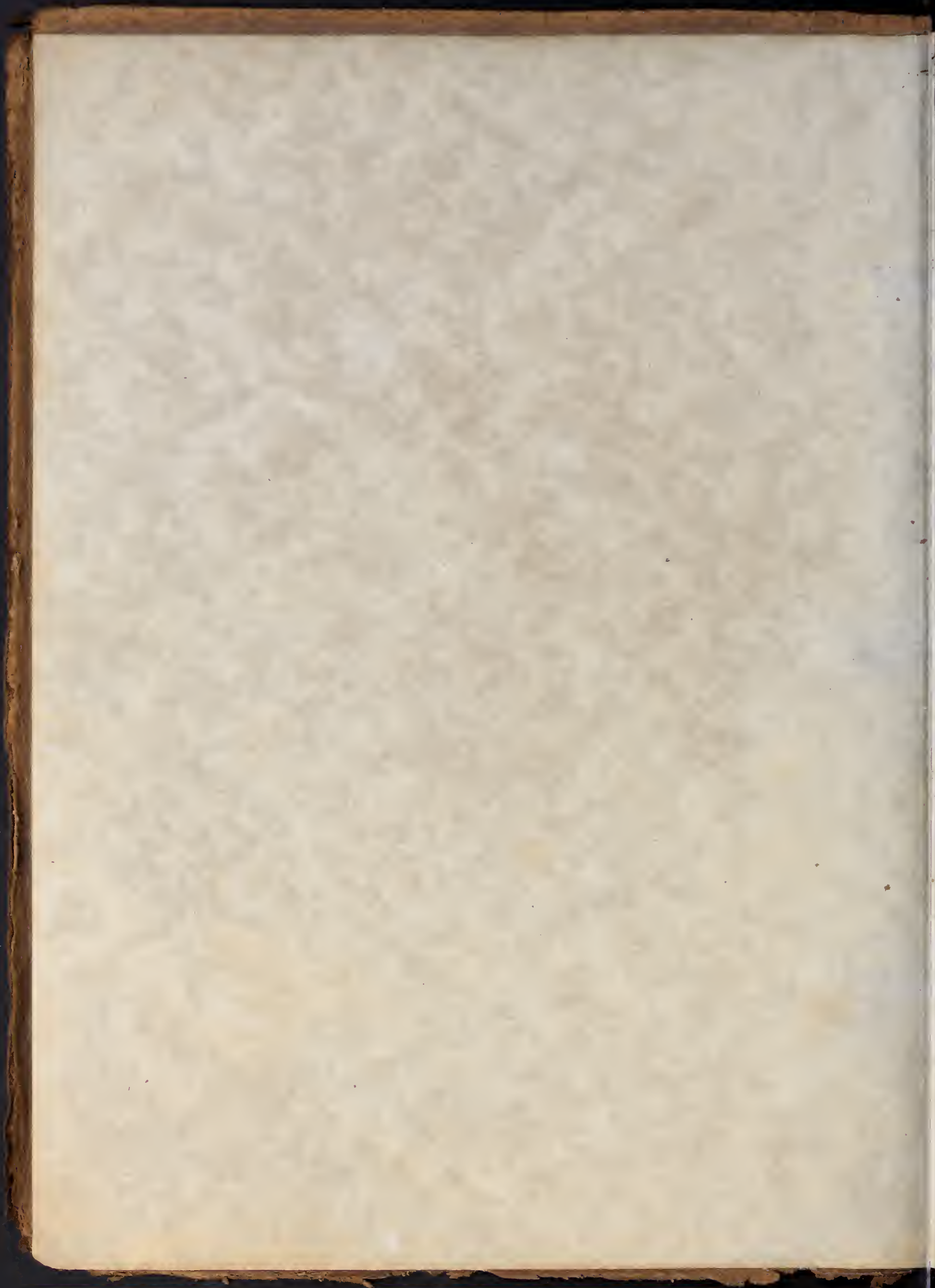
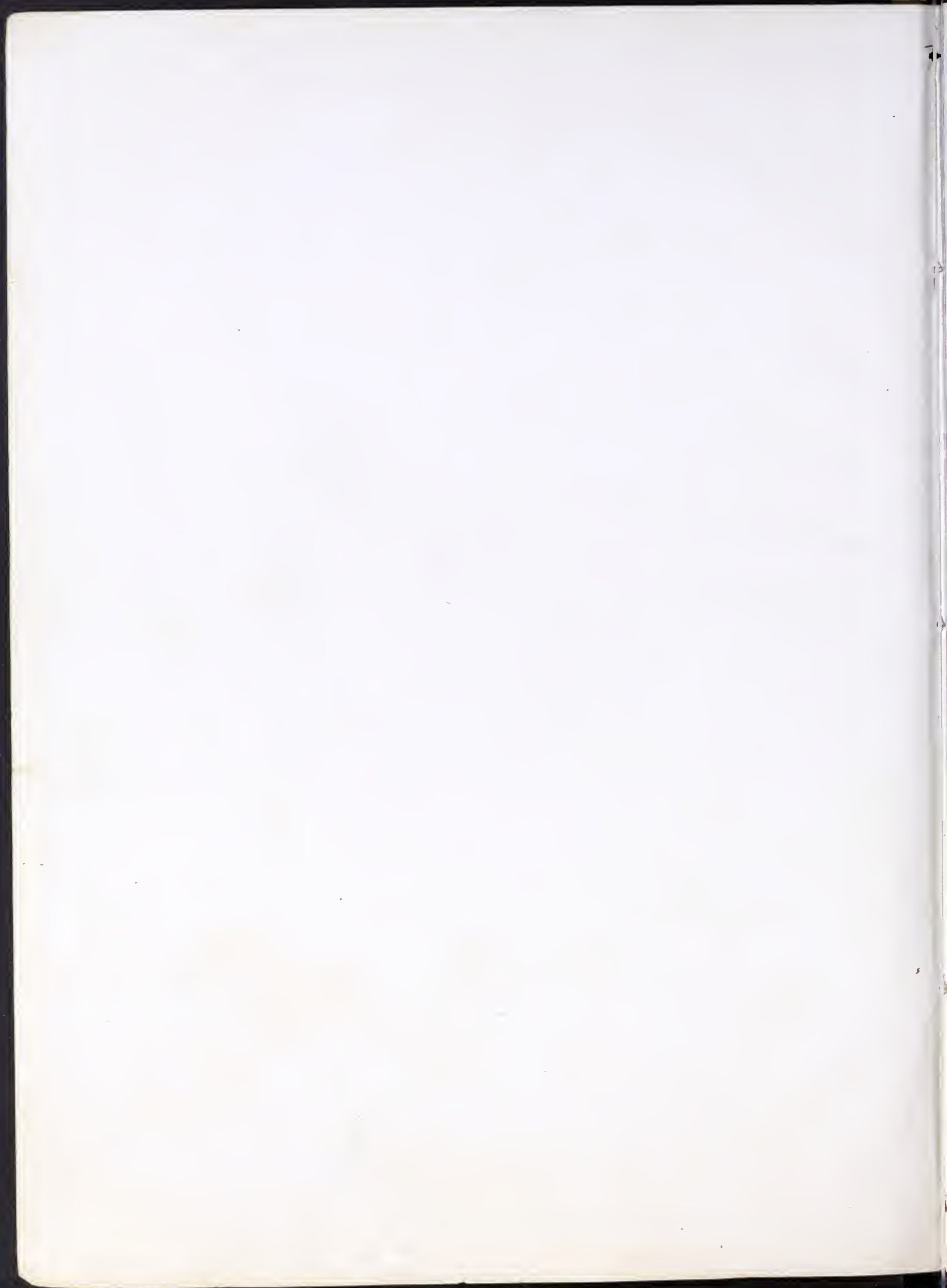


THE REFLECTOR

1915

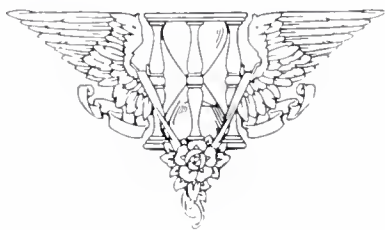






CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL.

THE REFLECTOR



VOLUME VII, 1915

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL
GREENSBORO, N. C.



FRONT HALL—GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL

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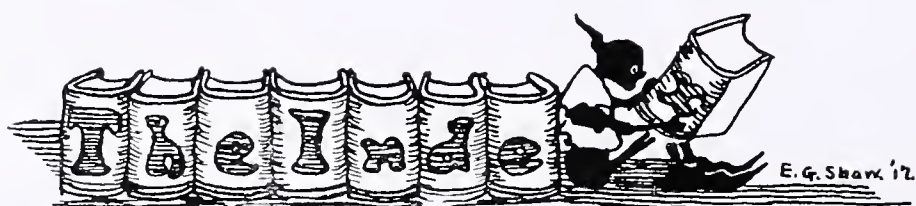
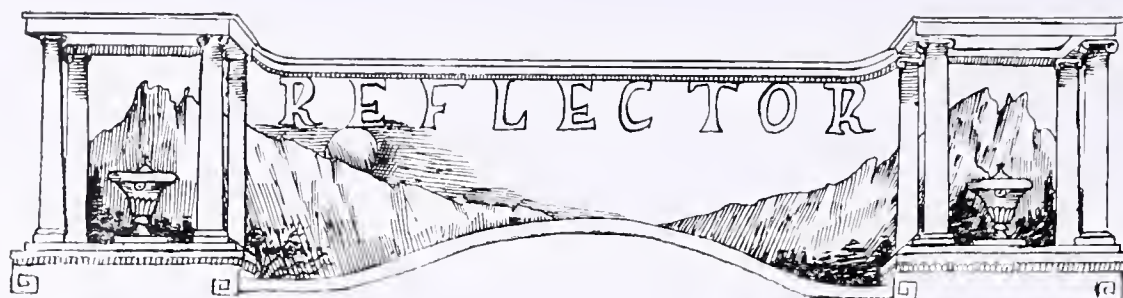
THE MEMORY OF

MARGARET JACKSON

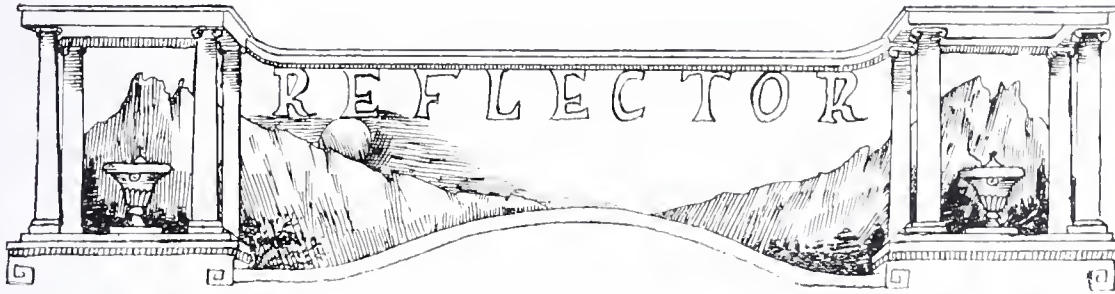
WHO DIED JANUARY 29TH, 1915

BELOVED MEMBER OF THE

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ROBERT FRAZIER
Art Editor



ADELAIDE VANNOPPEN
Asst. Editor-in-Chief



GILMER SHERRILL
Asst. Art Editor



KEMP CLENDENIN
Editor-in-Chief



KIRK CALLUM
Senior Editor



CAROL SHELTON
Literary Editor



LACY MEALISTER
Club Editor



EDWARD MABRY
Humor Editor



MARY REES
Social Editor



MARGALITE MONROE
Asst. Literary Editor



JOHN M. ALISTER
General Business Mgr.



GORDON HUNTER
Asst. Business Mgr.



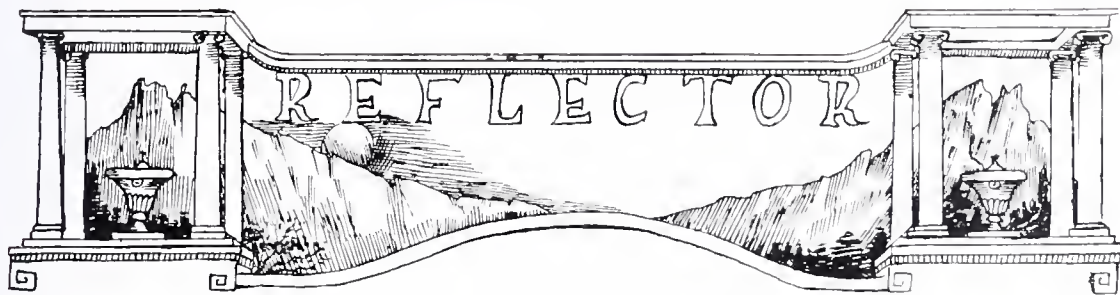
CLARENCE ANGEL
Asst. Business Mgr.



LUCY MYERS
Asst. Social Editor



DR. J. L. MANN
SUPERINTENDENT OF GREENSBORO CITY SCHOOLS

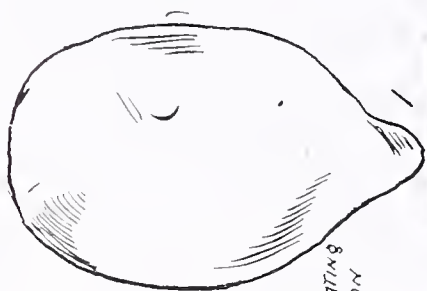


Greetings

This the VII edition of the REFLECTOR is published and presented to the people with one great purpose in view, namely: To make the people acquainted with the G. H. S. and to show the great efforts and achievements accomplished. In all respects this has been the most successful year in the history of the high school, and is due to the part of ideal and loyal spirit existing. We have endeavored to publish this annual and many other interesting things in connection with the High School.



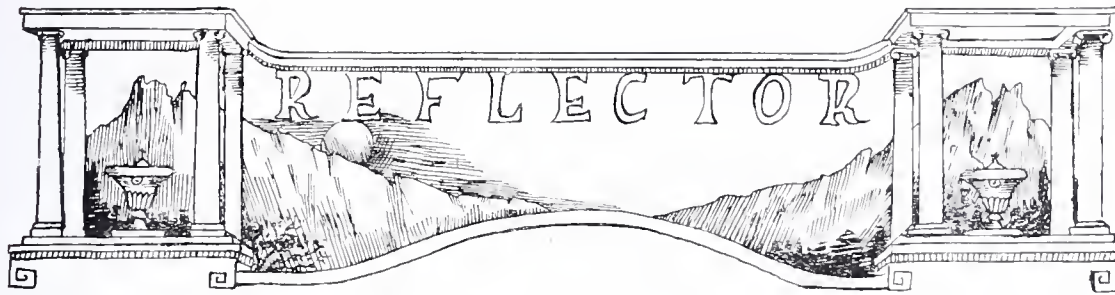
INDICATING
SOUR TEACHER.



INDICATING
A LEMON

WAGGON

HOBBS
FRISVOLD
'15.



Greensboro High School Faculty, 1914-'15

English Department

W. F. WARREN, A. B., A. M. Principal
Elon College and University of North Carolina

Latin Department

A. R. WILLIAMS, A. B.
Wake Forest College

Mathematics Department

BESSIE G. HOWARD
State Normal and Industrial College

Ancient and Medieval History Department and French

H. FRANCES SUTTON, A. B.
Western Maryland College

American and English History Department

LOUISE B. ALEXANDER, A. B.
Presbyterian College and University of Tennessee

Science Department

W. A. H. GANTT
University of Virginia

Business Department

A PAULYNE WATERHOUSE, B. S.
Martha Washington College

Latin and Mathematics

ADA MICHAEL, A. B.
Elon College

German and Business

LYDIA BERG
St. John's School, Beardstown, Ill.

English

R. L. LASLEY, A. B.
University of North Carolina

Mathematics

T. W. FERGUSON, A. M.
University of North Carolina

Domestic Science Department

NELLIE BONDURANT, A. B.
University of Tennessee



W.F. Warren, Cim



Bessie Howard



A. Pauline Waterhouse



W. James Butler



A.R. Williams



V.C. Hunt



Louise B. Alexander



Thos W. Ferguson



R L Pasley



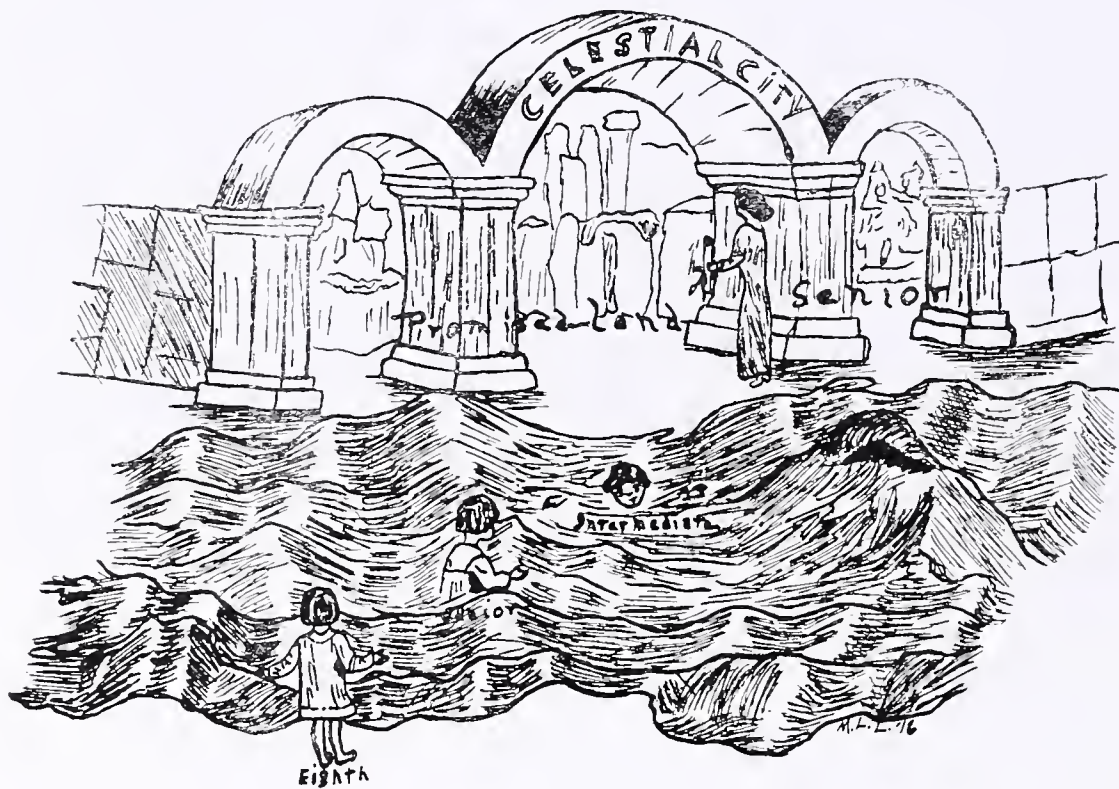
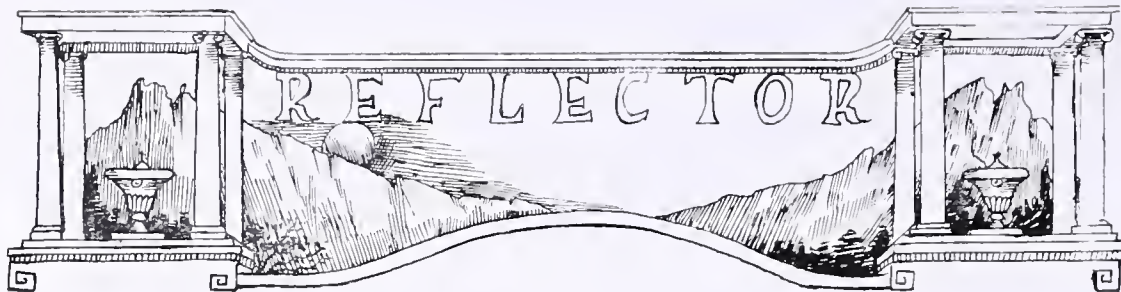
Nellie Bondurant



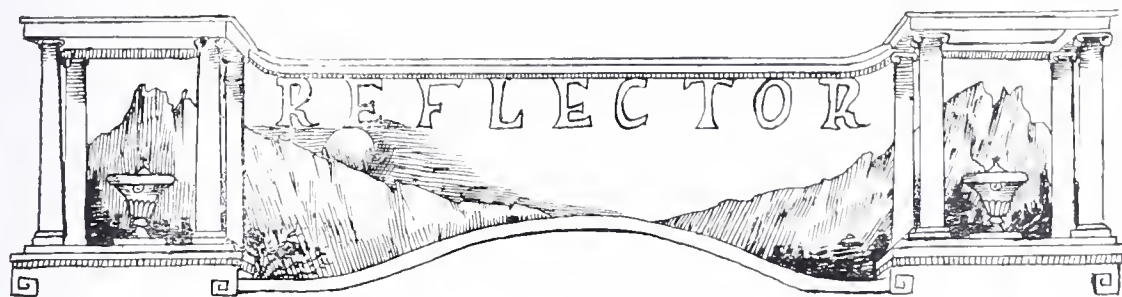
Ada Michael



Nellie Egan

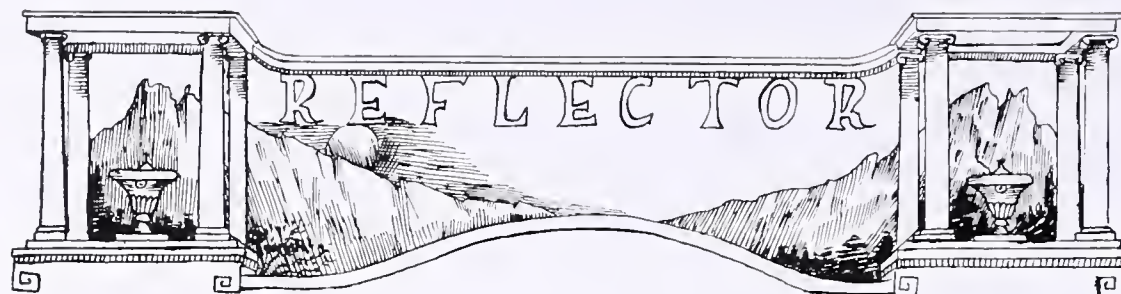


"THUS THEY JOURNEY OVER"



FAREWELL TO OLD G. H. S.

*" May our days forever be
Bound each to each by natural piety"*



Class of 1915

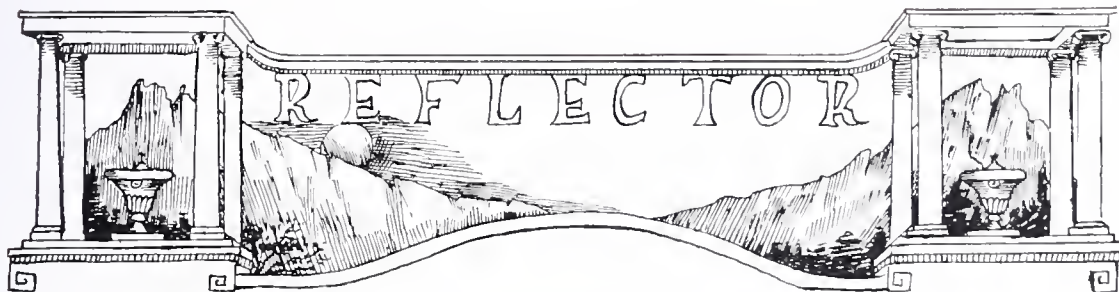
MOTTO ----- *Multum in Parvo*
 COLORS ----- *Green and White*
 FLOWER ----- *Lilly of the Valley*

OFFICERS

JOHN McALISTER ----- PRESIDENT
 KEMP CLENDENIN ----- VICE-PRESIDENT
 CAROL SHELTON ----- SECRETARY
 ADELAIDE VAN NOPPIN ----- HISTORIAN
 MARY REES ----- READER OF LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
 GORDON HUNTER ----- ORATOR
 KIRK CALLUM ----- POET
 ELLEBRE BROADNAX ----- PROPHET

ROLL

CLARENCE ANGEL	JOHN McALISTER
ELLEBRE BROADNAX	EDWARD MABRY
KIRK CALLUM	MARY REES
KEMP CLENDENIN	CONNIE STOUT
ROBERT FRAZIER	CAROL SHELTON
MARY FOUST	HILTON WEST
GORDON HUNTER	JOHN WALKER

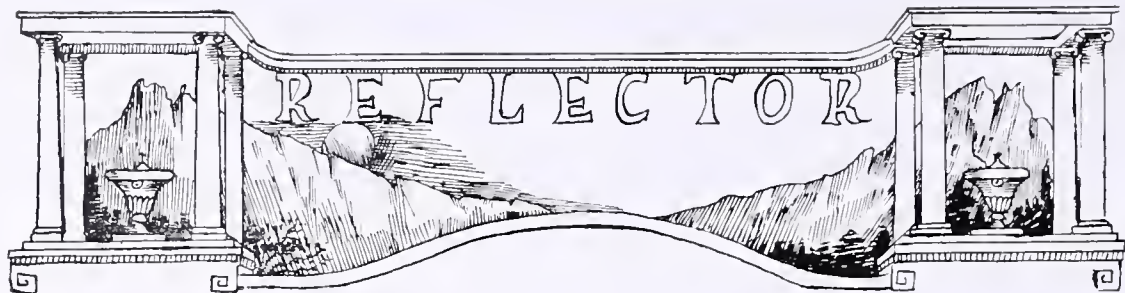


John North McAlister

Age 18; Weight 150; Height 5 ft. 8 in.
"The Truly Great are always Modest."

Member of the Track Team '12; Captain of Track Team '13; Treasurer of Philomelian Society '13; Censor of Philomelian Society '14; President of Philomelian Society '14; Press Reporter of Philomelian Society '15; Basketball Team '13; Captian of Basketball Team '15; Football Team '12; Captain of Football Team '12, '13, '14; Manager of Football Team '15; President of Class '13, '14, '15; Marshal '14; Business Manager of Reflector '14; Assistant Business Manager of Reflector '15; Member of Mr. Gantts Coach Class '14; Bugler of 'Tenth Legion."

Here's old true blue, you can depend on John for anything; his word is his bond. We expect to see him some day in his grandfather's shoes—governor of North Carolina. He was elected the best looking and most popular boy in the class. He is very attractive.



Sarah Adelaide van Noppen, McN.

Age 17; Weight 115; Height 5 ft 4½ in.

"She is as Clever as She is Fair"

President of McNeil Society '14; Vice-President of McNeil Society '15; Censor McNeil Society '13-'14; Editor of Annual '12, '13 and '15; Sage Editor '12, '13, '14 and '15; Member of Glee Club '12 and '13; Vice-President of Glee Club '15; Historian of class '15.

Adelaide is truly the genius of the class. She is always in a good humor and knows everything from "a to izzard." She has a wonderful alto voice and is a member of the "Frog Trio." She was elected the best all 'round member of the class. She is always ready to help her classmates when they ask her, and she converses in German fluently.

John Martin Walker, Di.

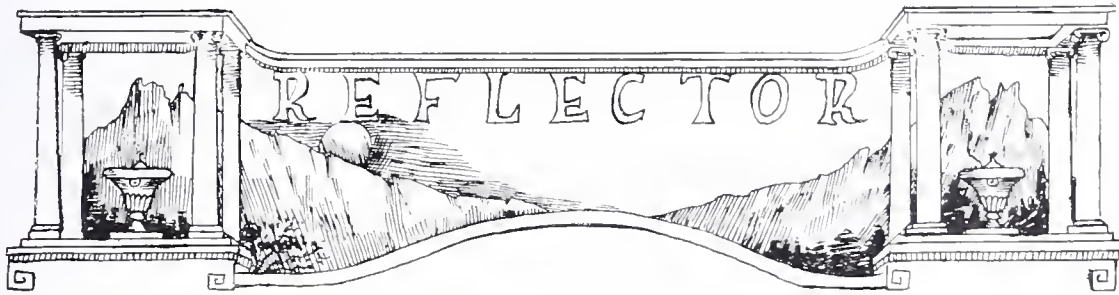
Age 18; Weight 148; Height 6 ft. 1 in.

"Happy is the Man Who Sings at His Work"

Vice-President of Diaphesian Society '15; Historian of Diaphesian Society '14; Chief Marshal '14; Athletic Association; Business Manager of Sage '14-'15; "Tenth Legion."

John is the original walker, and there is no other like him. He is a fine business manager, and is very fond of talking. He is tall and commanding and quite a ladies' man.





Robert Haines Frazier, Di.

Age 16; Weight 125; Height 5 ft. 9 in.

"There is always Room for a Man
of Power"

Editor of Annual '15; Censor of Diaphesian Society '14; Press Reporter of Diaphesian Society '15; Member of Athletic Association and Glee Club; Flag Bearer of "Tenth Legion"; Sage Artist.

Robert has the honor of being the youngest member of the Senior Class—he is young in years but rich in wisdom. He can argue on any subject and is already quite a lawyer; and we expect to see him some day on the judicial bench. He is a fine artist and a good student.

Mason Kirk Callum, McN.

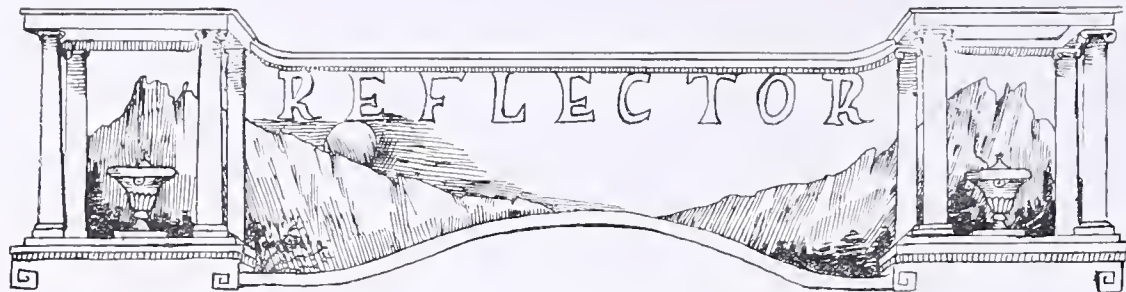
Age 17, Weight 105, Height 5 ft. 2½ in.

"Precious Jewels always come in Small
Packets."

Treasurer of Class '13; Treasurer of McNeil Society '12-'13; Vice President of McNeil Society '11; Censor of McNeil Society '15; Member of Rooter's Club '13, '14 and '15; Editor of Sage '14-'15; Editor of Annual '15; Treasurer of Glee Club '15; Post of Class of '15.

Kirk wishes it understood that this character sketch was not written by herself but by a classmate. She is always happy and ready for mischief, which can be told by one glance at her eyes. Her popularity, especially among the masculine sex, is wonderful. She is a big flirt and a member of the "Frog Trio."





Carol Marguerette Shelton, McN.

Age 17; Weight 96; Height 5 ft 4 in.

“Beauty Hath It’s Charms”

Annual Editor '12 and '15; Secretary of class '15; Press Reporter of McNeil Society '15; Member of Glee Club '12, '13 and '15.

Carol’s long suit is geometry, and to see her solve difficult props—she never gets excited. She is very musical and always wears a pink carnation. With her black hair and lovely blue eyes, no wonder she was elected the prettiest girl of the class.

Hilton Gaultney West, Di.

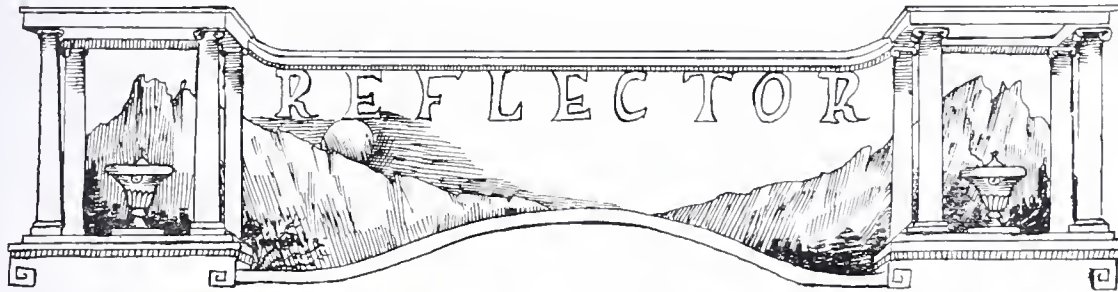
Age 16; Weight 128; Height 5 ft. 8 in.

“He is as Bright as a Dollar”

Sage Editor '11-'12; Vice-President of Diaphesian Society '15; Member of Orchestra '14; Member of “Tenth Legion” '13-'14; Member of Athletic Association.

Hilton is a perpetual talker—only stopping long enough to catch his breath. He is exceedingly bright in his studies and is very keen about “Miss Pat.”





Kemp Cooke Clemdenin, Di.

Age 18; Weight 135; Height 5 ft. 9 in.

"He is the Very Pink of Courtesy"

Member of Football Team '13 and '14; Manager of Basketball Team '14 and '15; Captain of Baseball Team '15; President of Glee Club '15; Editor-in-Chief of Annual '15; Vice-President of Class '15; Treasurer of Diaphesian Society '13; Secretary of Diaphesian Society '15; President of Diaphesian Society '14; Censor of Diaphesian Society '15; Marshal '14; Vice-President of Athletic Association '15; Lieutenant in the "Tenth Legion."

Kemp is an unusually bright student. He is popular, polite and accommodating. He has a strong personality and wins and holds his friends. When it comes to the girls—he's "Kempie on the spot."



Mary Labine Rees, McN.

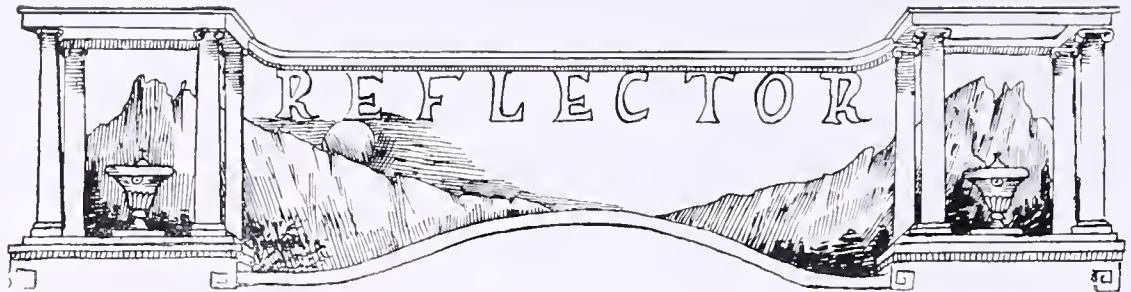
Age 18; Weight 96; Height 5 ft. 4½ in.

"Ah! what a Treasure is Wit!"

Censor of McNeil Society '14; President of McNeil Society '15; Editor of Annual '15; Member of Glee Club '15; Writer of Last Will and Testament '15.

Mary is noted at G. H. S. for her quick wit and repartee. She is very popular and was elected the most attractive girl of the class. She is a good student and has numerous nicknames. She has a splendid soprano voice and is the "Star of the Frog Trio." She has a very angelic expression and is as neat as a pin.





Gordon Coble Hunter, Phi.

Age 19; Weight 165; Height 5 ft. 11 in.

"He has a Head to Conceive and a
Tongue to Persuade"

Representative Orator at Trinity '13-
'14; Triangular Debater '14-15; Com-
mencement Debater '14; Class Orator
'15; President Philomelian Society '15;
Vice-President of Philomelian Society
'14; Editor of Annual '15; Treasurer of
Athletic Association '14-'15; Assis-
tant Business Manager of Football Team
'14; Assistant Business Manager of
Baseball Team '15; Manager of Track
Team '15.

This is the great orator and the clas-
s is proud of him. He is indeed another
Cicero. He is a fine debater and is both
popular and good looking. In geome-
try he excel.

Clarence William Angel, Phi.

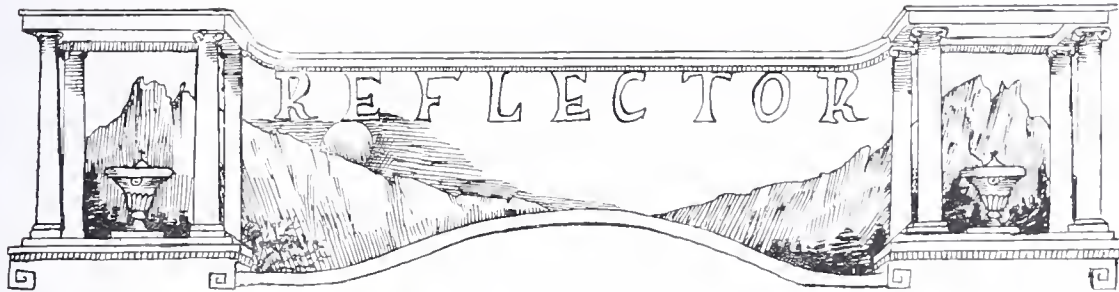
Age 19; Weight 154; Height 5 ft. 10 in.

"The Knowledge of Thyself Will
Preserve The From Vanity"

Member of Football Team '13-'14;
Censor of Philomelian Society '14;
Vice-President of Philomelian Society
'15; Historian of Philomelian Society
'15; Secretary of Athletic Association;
Treasurer of Class '15; Assistant Busi-
ness Manager of the Reflector '15;
Member of Mr. Gaults Coach Class '13-
'14. Lieut.-Colonel Tenth Legion.

"Sunny Clarence" has a store of
bright remarks, which he uses on all
occasions; he also has a new laugh
every day. He is master of the math.
class and hundreds roll to him continu-
ally. He is very fond of studying his-
tory.





Connie Jarrel Stout, 10.

Age 18; Weight 140; Height 5 ft 6 in.

"A Good Heart is Worth Gold"

Member of Glee Club '12, '13 and '15;
President of Ionian Society '15.

Connie is the nightingale of the class, and is a splendid history student. She was elected the most dignified member of the class, and by her classmates is called Constance, which name she surely deserves.

Ellebre Cumbre Broadnax, Phi.

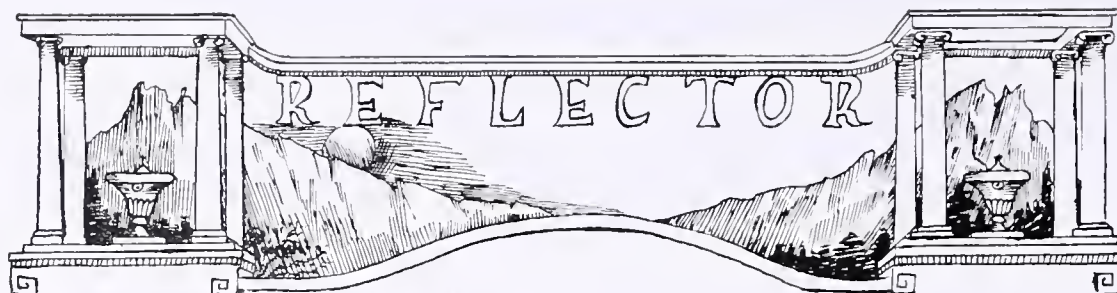
Age 17; Weight 125; Height 5 ft 8 in.

"Happiness is the Natural Flower
of Duty"

Secretary of Philomelian Society '13
'14; Press Reporter of Phi. Society
'14-'15; Censor of Phi. Society '14-'15;
Sage Editor '14-'15; Member of Glee
Club and Athletic Association; Quar-
termaster of "Tenth Legion"; Class
Prophet '15.

Ellebre is by far the most original
member of the class. He is a fine
historian—tells wonderfully interesting
history tales. He does famous experi-
ments in the chemistry lab. He is popu-
lar both among the boys and girls. He
speaks German fluently.





Edward Loughlin Mabry, Di.

Age 17; Weight 118; Height 5 ft. 6 in.

“Silence is Golden”

Annual Editor '15; President of Diaphesian Society '15; Historian of Diaphesian Society '15; Press Reporter of Diaphesian Society '14; Treasurer of Diaphesian Society '14; Member of “Tenth Legion.”

Edward has an unusually brilliant mind and is capable of doing anything he wishes. He was elected the athlete of the class. He is small of stature, but like Zaccheus, he will get there if he has to climb a tree. With his curly head, Ed. is a cute boy.

Mary Robbins Foust, 10.

Age 17, Weight 135, Height 5 ft. 8 in.

“Fair and Bonny, Blythe and Gay”

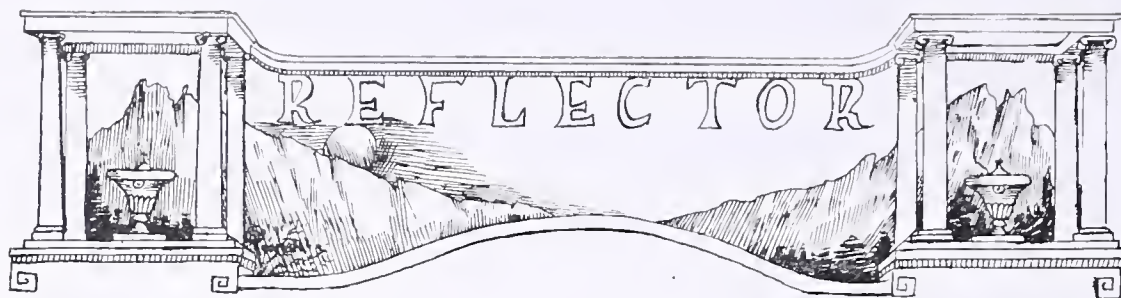
Historian of Ionian Society '14; President of Ionian Society '14; Marshal '14; Sage Editor '14-15; Member of Rooter's Club '12; '13 and '14; Member of Coach Class '13-'14.

Mary is full of fun and always wears a winning smile. She is a splendid geometry student and is the pet of the domestic science class. She can run a “hup” better than anybody else in the school. She is popular and attractive.





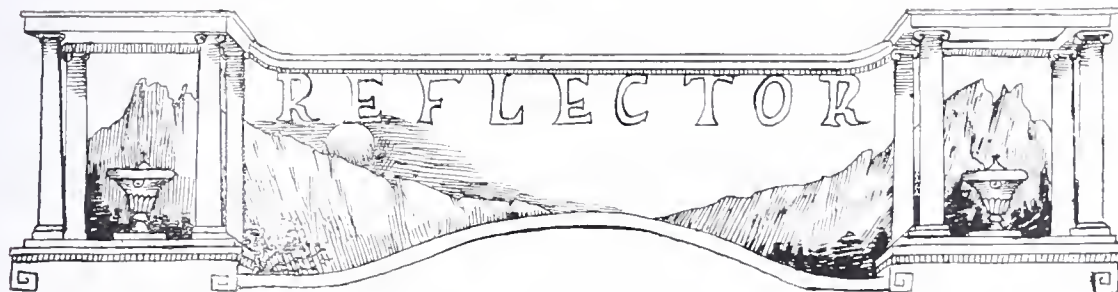
THOSE DIGNIFIED SENIORS



Class Day Program

1. MUSIC—Instrumental Trio—"May Day Dance"-----*Rathbun*
-----MISSSES VAN NOPPEN, SHELTON, AND MR. WEST
2. ADDRESS OF WELCOME -----JOHN McALISTER
3. HISTORY -----ADELAIDE VAN NOPPEN
4. ORATION—"Choosing a Profession" -----GORDON HUNTER

5. MUSIC—Double Trio—"Merrily Over the Ocean Wave"
MISSSES VAN NOPPEN, FOUST, REES, SHELTON, STOUT, AND CALLUM
6. POEM -----KIRK CALLUM
7. PROPHECY -----ELLEBRE BROADNAX
8. LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT -----MARY REES
9. CLASS SONG -----*Kirk Callum*



Class History

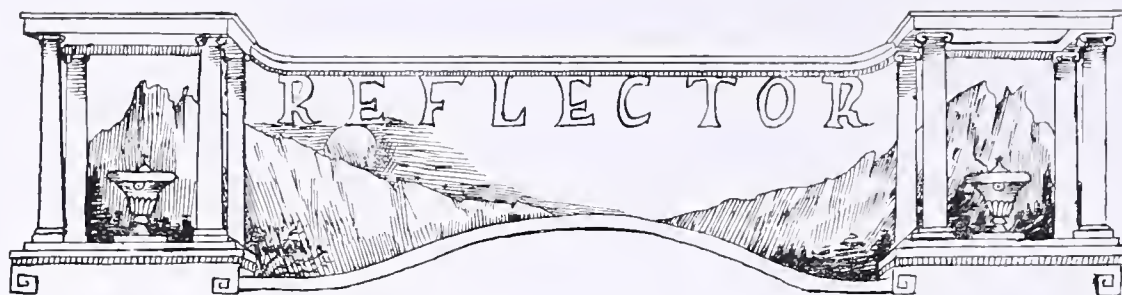
ON 1915 there goes forth from the Greensboro High School a class which is unusual in many respects. First, this is the first class which has attended the four years of High School life in the present building on Spring Street, it was the first Eighth grade to be in that building. Second: This class has always been noted for its originality and class spirit, which it has manifested on many occasions. Therefore, is it not well that they should leave behind them a history of their achievements, in order that the coming generations may read therein, and "copy their virtues bold?"

In September, 1911, the High School building on Spring Street was opened for the first time to students. Of the many girls and boys that thronged the yard, waiting for the doors to be opened, the majority seemed to be Eighth Graders. When the bell finally rang, the students poured into the various rooms. A good many of the Eighth Grade pupils crowded into the first room they came to and found themselves in Miss Howard's room, others were attracted by Miss Sumner's smiling face, while still others went into Mr. Flick's room.

How new and strange everything seemed! To learn Latin and Algebra seemed almost impossible, and it was most confusing to change teachers every period. Most of the pupils felt too "new" to be very bad. Nevertheless, several bright days a crowd of Eighth Grade girls slipped through a hole in the fence and ran down into College Branch Meadow where they spent the recess hour peacefully in some mossy dell, feeling that they were "most blood-thirsty law breakers."

After the first "Bi-monthlies," several boys from the Ninth Grade joined the Eighth Grade. After that there was something continually "doing." The brilliant remarks and daring insolence of these new members delighted the hearts of the more timid, in whose eyes the new comers were real heroes. In the spring of that year, the Eighth Grade History teacher was unfortunately taken ill and had to leave, and during the few weeks that followed her departure the class had six History teachers.

When school opened the following year the Ninth Grade was much smaller than the Eighth Grade had been. Several had failed on their Final Examinations, and many had not returned, so there were only two Ninth Grade rooms - Miss Sutton's and Miss Jordan's. It was a most delightful sensation to feel that there was somebody at the High School in a lower class, and when the Ninth Grade pupils actually joined the Literary Societies several heads expanded wonderfully. This Ninth Grade, strange to say, had the reputation of being a class of hard cases: so about Christmas time when several fire crackers, in some mysterious way, went off on the play ground the Ninth Grade boys were suspected. Sad to say they were found guilty and the school was entertained several mornings by hearing the apologies of the culprits for their outrageous behaviour.



Much interest was aroused over a Daily Paper—"The Star," which gave in detail all the probable and improbable actions of the Ninth Graders.

In spite of deeds before and after, the climax in the career of the class of 1915 was reached in the Tenth Grade. There the free spirit of the two Ninth Grade rooms was combined to make the independent spirit of the Tenth Grade with Mr. A. R. Williams teacher.

One morning the fair members of the Tenth Grade attracted a great deal of attention by appearing at school with beauty spots decidedly in evidence. The boys, envying the success of the girls, put court plaster over their teeth and for a while the Tenth Grade looked like a Vaudeville Show.

When feeling ran high over the Mexican situation, the brave boys of the Tenth Grade banded themselves into an army of volunteers known as the Tenth Legion. Led by Commander Bush and armed with ancient knives, swords and relics of muskets, this noble band was seen every day drilling in the road in front of the school.

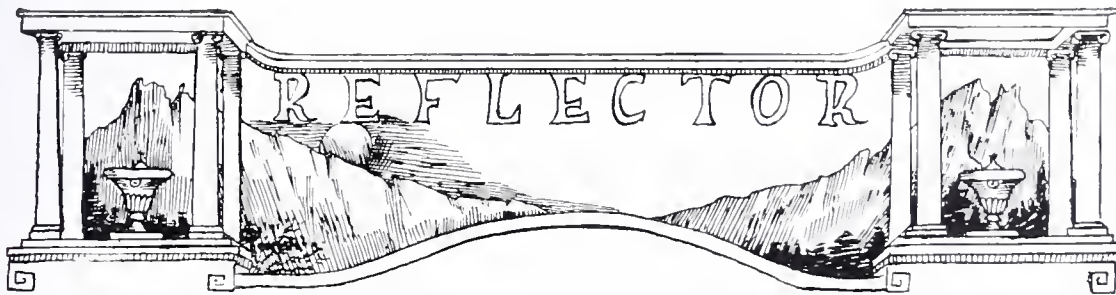
As Spring came, for various reasons the talking in the Tenth Grade increased until Mr. Williams made a law that there should be no speaking from 8:55 to 9:15 a. m. Now many of the Tenth Graders only reached school about 8:54, and their only time to be sociable was the next twenty minutes. Therefore a great protest was raised. The pupils argued and argued, but of no avail, for Mr. Williams was unchanging. One bright morning the hands of the clock slowly approached nine, but there was not a pupil in the Tenth Grade room. At last, about two minutes of nine the tramp, tramp of many feet echoed down the High School halls and the Tenth Grade, having talked until the last minute, took their seats as the last bell rang.

"Caesar," who had long been the companion of the Latin students, was now abandoned in favor of Cicero. Before giving up their old "stand by" the boys had an elaborate funeral over the remains. Several eloquent eulogies were made, flowers were placed on the grave and amid weeping the members of the Tenth Legion marched away.

Thus the spring wore on. The Tenth grade was formally organized, selected its colors, flower and everything except the motto. After much planning and work the class then entertained the Seniors in a reception which passed off admirably.

Final examinations came and went and the last day of school arrived. That bright morning about six of the Tenth Legion soldiers marched into the room most wonderfully attired in overalls, bandanna handkerchiefs and large straw hats. It happened that Principal Williams did not fully appreciate the glory of their costumes, so they were sent home, while feeling ran high in grade ten.

September 14, 1914, was an eventful day in the history of the class of 1915, for on that day this class formally became Seniors, with the honor of occupying the Senior room. How pitiful the Senior class looked in comparison with the Tenth Grade of the year before! Of all that noble class only sixteen passed the 10th grade work and became Seniors. Nevertheless the same liberty loving spirit



was there and although the class was not great in quantity, it was certainly great in quality.

Several months passed and the Seniors had done nothing unusual. It was true that every month the Senior class was read out as having the highest recitation average, but except for that the class was quite disappointing, for not a one of the expected pranks were played.

Then came "Clean Up" day. The Principal announced that each class was to clean up its own room, so all the Seniors came clad in caps and aprons, brandishing brooms and rags. Some swept, some washed windows, some dusted and some talked, but soon the room was clean, and had the appearance of an ideal place for studying. Then after singing Tipparary, and a few parting songs, the workers went home feeling that the time was well spent for community service.

Christmas holidays passed and then began hard work for the Seniors. There were examinations, final essay, the annual, and Class Day dresses.—amid these trying times one of the members dropped out and there were only fifteen Seniors left.

As the days grew warmer something of the old mischievous spirit crept into room one. Therefore, one day during chemistry period a slip of paper bearing these words was passed around the room:

"Things are pretty dull. At two o'clock everybody sneeze like the dickens." Two o'clock came and such sneezing and coughing was never heard before. The boys insisted that some one must have put some sneezing powder in the room, but when the teachers inquired as to the guilty party, every person professed his innocence. Several afternoons some of the Senior boys stayed in to help the teacher find a clue to the mysterious sneezing powder, but in vain.

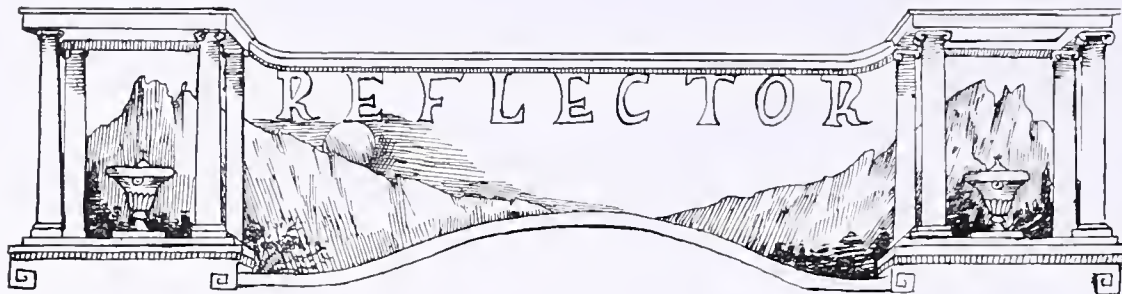
One event never to be forgotten by the class of 1915 is the delightful Valentine party given to them at the High School by the Tenth Grade on February the twelfth. When the Seniors received the attractive invitations they realized as never before the glory of their position. Jolly games including "Progressive Courtship" and "Hearts" were played and last, but by no means least, came the refreshments. Such chicken salad! Such ice-cream!

To the members of the faculty who assisted and the class of 1916 be the thanks of the Seniors for one ideal evening.

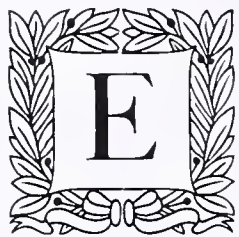
The Seniors agreed to assume the responsibility of the 1915 Annual, and now, after hard work on their part they are bringing the Reflector out clear of debt: a thing which for several years has not been accomplished by the larger classes.

Thus has the class of 1915 toiled through the four years of High School life. Therefore, at parting it leaves the history of its joys and sorrows, defeats and successes, for

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.



Oration—"Choosing A Profession"



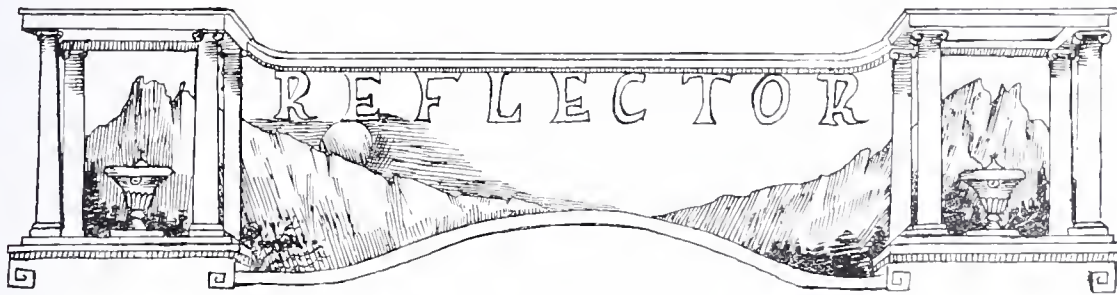
EVERYBODY wonders what sort of work he will do when he is grown; what business he will follow; how he will make a living. It is a serious problem to solve. Next to birth and death it is to every man the most important event in life.

With health and character as foundations, the three essentials to a successful career are: *ability, training, and opportunity.* Every healthy boy possesses ability; and almost at his door from the time of his birth, training awaits him, supplied by the state, county or city, in schools, colleges and universities; while all around him are opportunities, infinite in number and boundless in extent. The world is calling for workers in every department of human endeavor. All grades of labor are in demand, from muscular toil to the supreme achievements of genius. A boy who finds his mission in life in this age, may be sure not only of success but of very great success. If eager for work and willing to train his talents, he may, without friend or fortune, find and enjoy opportunities for wealth, for power, for happiness, for service and usefulness to humanity, far beyond the imagination of dreamers who in former ages invented fairy tales and imagined Utopias.

What then is your mission in life? We say all should work. Occupation has a value entirely distinct from, and entirely above its value as affording a living. The man who does not work because he has the means to live without work says by his course that the chief object of working is to get a living. The chief object of work is concerned not with man's physical life but his moral life.

God might have immersed us all as he did the oyster and other creatures in an ocean full of nourishment, so that we would not have had to take a step to get our food and drink, but simply open our mouths and take it in. But God designed us for a nobler life than a mere physical existence, and he placed us in conditions that tend to call out our powers into a nobler life. Our conditions call for a life of effort, a life of work, because it is in effort and through work that our true moral life can best be realized. The boy that has nothing to do has no occasion to exercise his will and conscience, save in the negative way of resisting the enticements of the Evil One to do something evil. The boy who has to work for a living has constant occasion to exercise both will and conscience. He must obtain his bread. That takes will. He must do it in a right way. That takes a conscience.

Some people are far too particular about the kind of work in which they engage. Why should the boy who works in the shop feel superior to the boy who works in the office, or vice versa? Why should the young man whose work does not soil his clothes hold himself above the man of grimy face and blackened clothes? Cloth-

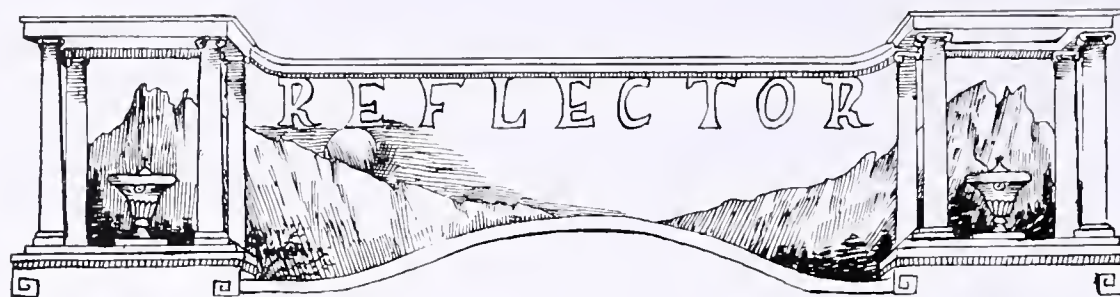


ing may soon be laid aside. Bodies will soon be laid aside. Who cares anything about, or thinks anything about, the marks on cast-off clothing? And in the glorious life of the future who will care anything about or think anything about the hardened hands and the stooped shoulders and the one-sided twist of the body, resulting from the special work done on earth? The great result will be the abiding of moral character. This cannot be escaped from, as the body is escaped from in death. Any occupation is good through which one can attain to moral perfection. It may be digging coal or sawing wood.

Each young man should choose the best business or profession he is best fitted to follow. No profession has a monopoly of profit and honor. What ever you can do best is the best thing for you to do. Your doing it best will mean a maximum of success, a maximum of pleasure in the result of the doing, and, therefore, a maximum of honor.

Not every young man can become a writer, an author, a statesman, a lawyer, a doctor or an editor. But every young man can become a worker. Look about you, almost everywhere there is work to do. There is nothing in the world that is perfect, try to make perfect that which we have given you, you will gradually bring the world one step nearer to its ultimate perfection. Boys, who are to bring this world nearer to its perfection, you must remember that today and tomorrow and for all time to come, will be the happiest period of the earth's EXISTENCE. Go back to the antediluvian, the dark ages, the reign of chaos, and contrast them with these beautiful days of civilization and wonder how you would have cared to live them. The evolution of those days of bitter strife to these days of civilization has been well measured and effective. With enlightenment calling every young man from his lethargy, what a glorious future we have to picture! It seems sad that most of us can not live to see its blessings. By the energy and adaptability of your minds, which must naturally seek planes higher than those they were born into, you will make all phases of life pleasant, all burdens forgotten, and you will develop an age in which industrialism is found to become a factor of commercialism and both the pursuit of happiness. You will live to see the farmer no longer a hard working man. One of you will develop some scheme whereby electricity will till the soil, and another scheme by which, sitting in his office, he may press a button and see his crops harvested and carried into his barns without the aid of other hands. You will see one thing that has never yet shed its light over the entire earth, and that will be the shadow of the wings of the great Angel of Peace.

“ FINIS ”



Class Poem

By Kirk Callum

I.

We have now finished our High School task,
This band of girls and boys;
Today we reach for greater things to grasp,
And look to our college life with joys.

II.

Time was when we were little girls and boys,
Trudging our way to school;
Then we were happy, playing with toys,
And often we broke the rule.

III.

We had no thought of the morrow,
We lived only for today;
In life for us there was no sorrow,
But all good times and play.

IV.

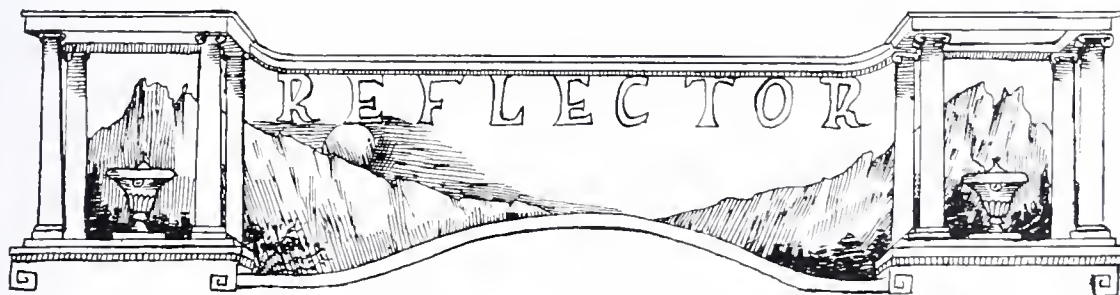
But our years of school life together,
Have awakened us from our dreams;
We must work on, work ever,
To accomplish great things as they seem.

V.

Faithful and true we've been as a band,
Though the years seemed many and long;
Teachers and pupils together we stand,
For all things, both great and strong.

VI.

Our work has hardly started here,
Each battle must be one,
Onward we meet it without fear,
Till the day's work is done.



Prophecy

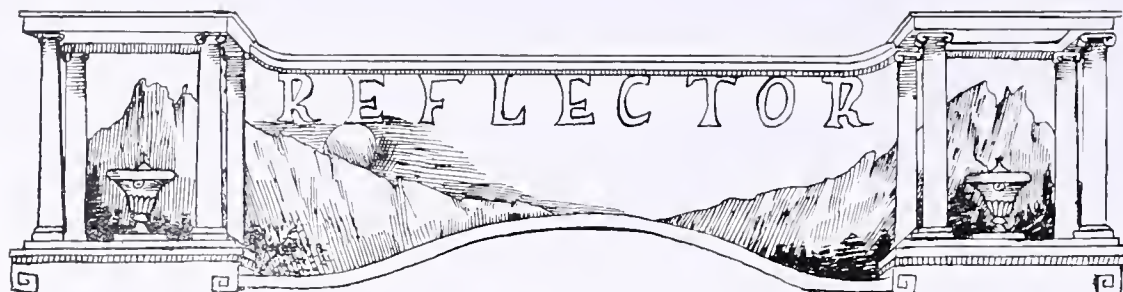
I WAS very much worried when I found that I was elected class prophet, as I have not accomplished very much in Literary work. I worked and thought for many nights, trying to write something that would be suitable and pleasing, as a next to impossible, for my thought and mind seemed to work always in the wrong direction. One night I sat down with the determination either to write a prophecy or to give it up entirely. But it was just as it had been before, my usual habit. After making several unsuccessful attempts I began to nod and soon dropped off to sleep. It was not long before I began to dream.

In the course of my dreams, I found myself in the middle of a quiet forest trying to write a prophecy. After trying in vain, I became disgusted and tore up my work. Just as I was tearing it up, a very funny dressed old man came up. He asked why I seemed to be so angry. I explained to him just what my trouble was, and of my unsuccessful attempts to write it. He began to laugh and said that he would help me and would be very glad to do it. He led me thro' the woods to a little hut, which had two rooms in it. We entered the hut and I found myself in a small room that had a bed, stove, table and a few other things in it. But we passed thro' this room into the other one. In the center of this room stood a large table, covered with a black cloth. The old man uncovered the table and on it I saw a large crystal. He told me to sit down and gaze into the crystal and I would be able to see into the future of every member of the class. I sat down and began to stare into the crystal. In a few seconds, weird pictures began to slip before me.

The first picture that I saw was that of a doctor and his wife. The doctor had just performed a successful operation and had hurried home to tell his wife about it. This doctor was young and had just lately graduated. He had married soon after finishing his study of medicine. He established himself in a small town and began to make good immediately. His wife takes a great interest in his work and had fade him hurry home when he had made the operation. This young doctor and his wife are none other than Dr. Kemp Clendenin and his wife, the one time Miss Mary Forest.

Next I found myself looking into a church. The congregation was listening intently to every word that was being said, for the speaker was the famous young evangelist, Dr. John McAlister. His sermon and talks were heard by many people everywhere he went. Thro' his sermons he had caused many a person to be converted and join the church.

In the office of a newly opened clothing store, in one of the large cities of the South, sat two gentlemen in earnest conversation. They seem to be in a very



pleasant mood and why should they not be? For has not the new firm of Angel & Walker just made good? Messrs. C. Angel and J. Walker.

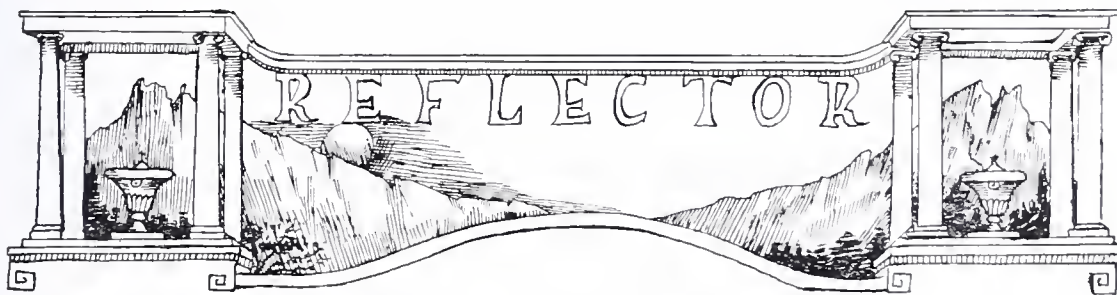
This scene shifted from the city to the mountains. It centers about a group of large new school buildings. It is a school for girls and the lady in charge is Miss Adel Van Noppen. As soon as possible after leaving college Miss Van Noppen went into the mountains to teach school. She at first had a very small school, but it finally grew until more teachers were necessary. At present it is one of the largest prep. schools for girls in the state, and is considered one of the best to be found anywhere.

But another picture just as interesting presents itself. It is that of a double wedding. In The First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro is crowded, to its fullest extent, for two popular young couples are to be married. Mr. Robert Frazier, a young lawyer of Greensboro is to be united to Miss Kirk Callum, while Mr. Edward Mabry, a rising young architect, is to take as his life's partner, Miss Carol Shelton. The maid of honor at this wedding is Miss Mary Rees. Miss Rees, who is the star player of a large moving picture Co., and is here for this special occasion. Hon. Gordon Hunter, the candidate for the mayorship of Greensboro, is the best man.

Miss Connie Stout, I see teaching the bible and the story of God to the ignorant and heathen children in China. Soon after leaving school, Miss Stout applied for a position as Foreign Missionary. She was accepted and stationed in China. Thro' her influence many little Chinese boys and girls have for the 1st time learned of God and the Bible. Thro' her, many have been converted and accepted the Christian faith.

But, who is this handsome, heavy whiskered man, who we now see. It is Professor Hilton West. Mr. West finished Greensboro High School and entered the University. Afterwards he became a learned and capable musician and music teacher. He now holds a position in the Greensboro Female College. Contrary to his old customs and intentions, Prof. West has remained single.

Then I woke and found myself another Rip Van Winkle, who had slept twenty years. And so ended the prophecy of good fortune and prosperity for the members of G. H. S. of '15.



The Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of the Greensboro High School, in the year 1915, realizing our valuable qualities and possessions and knowing that we shall not last forever, do declare this to be our last will and testament.

Item I.

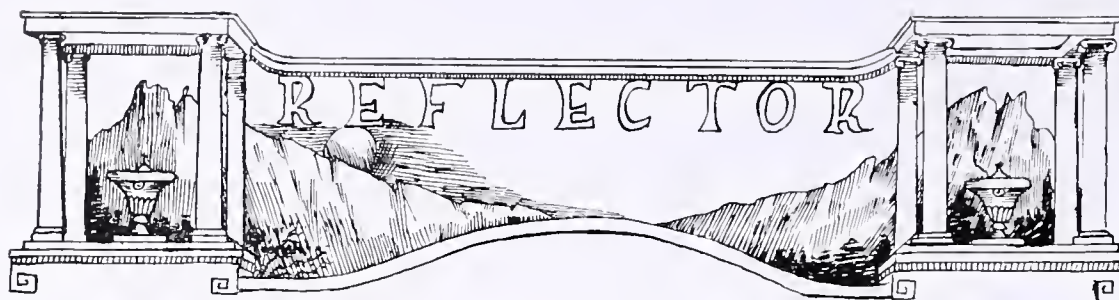
To the "brilliant seniors" of 1916, we hereby bequeath the following:

1. The Senior Class room—including:—
 - a. The newly varnished desks.
 - b. The waste basket, which has never been used—as the floor was used instead.
 - c. The file on the locker, which will be handy for delinquencies unless Albert McAdams keeps it full of sick slips.
 - d. Our calendar for 1915, which has been much revised by Mr. Warren.
 - e. The geometry figures on top of the locker, that have been carefully made by different members of the class.
2. Mr. Williams' lecture on deportment, Mr. Gantt's long drawn-out talks on the "Efficiency of Science," and Mr. Warren's on mental and physical capacity, hoping that you may profit more by them than we did.
3. To the girls of the Tenth Grade, we leave our brilliant knowledge of sewing, which enables us to make our class day dresses.

Item II.

To the individual members of the class of 1916, we leave many of our characteristics, which we have made good use of during our four years of strife in the High School.

1. To "Deacon" Olive, we give the "pet" laugh of Clarence Angel, and at the same time ask him not to abuse it.
2. To Lillian Merrimon and Magdalene Monroe, we give the excellent grades of Sarah Johanna Van Noppen, together with all her desirable qualities.
3. The lofty height and pleasant disposition of John Walker, we bestow upon the needy Earnest Broadnax.
4. The dignified air and song-bird qualities of Connie Stout, we leave to Celia Goldstein.
5. To Henry Blake and Mark Bush, we leave the bashful reserve of Robert Frazier.
6. To Lacy McAlister, we give John's popularity among the teachers and his laudable privilege of ringing Mr. Warren's prized Signals.



7. To Mary Louise Lowe, we bestow the attractive little "giggle" of Kirk Callum.

8. The serviceable and desirable chewing gum that Ellebre Broadnax always possesses, we give to Lannette Porter, hoping that she will make as good use of it as Ellebre does.

9. Upon Leland Porter, we bestow Kemp Clendenin's "Eighth Grade Ladies," wishing him the same success.

10. The gladsome smiles of Mary Foust, we divide between Samuel Roberson and Osmond Pate.

11. To Elizabeth Smith, we leave the quiet untalkative disposition of Edward Mabry.

12. Upon Katie Thomas, Louise Clegg and Nellie Smith, we bestow the unceasing conversation and perpetual motion of Hilton West.

13. The self-confidence which Connie Stout possesses, we leave to Jessie May Young.

14. To Sampson Weiss, we leave Miss Howard's protecting care over Carol Shelton.

15. To Mary Sanders and Edith Haller, we leave the conceit of Mary Foust.

16. The deep alto voice of Adelaide Van Noppen and Connie Stout's soprano, we leave to Mary Murray and Eva Thomas.

17. To Elwood Mitchell, we give the arousing oratorical capacity of Gordon Hunter.

18. To Tyre Dodson, we give Ellebre's ability for making Myers History.

19. We bestow Clarence Angel's superb taste in his selection of neckties, upon Janie Angel as we wish to keep it in the family.

20. Upon Winfree Alderman, we bestow the "pious" reputation of John McAlister, hoping that he will be able to fool people as well as John does.

21. The third desk on the first row, which is now occupied by "pious" John McAlister, we bequeath to Margaret Stroud as we think it will be heart-rending.

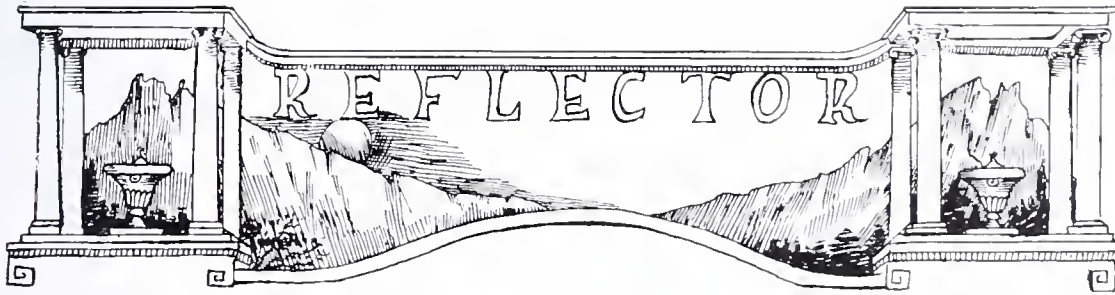
Item III.

To our honorable and much beloved teachers we bequeath the following:

1. To Mr. Williams and Miss Howard, we leave two empty rooms, in which they can entertain their Math. and Latin students after 2:30.

2. To Mr. Warren, we leave a copy of "Hamlet" hoping that after reading this book once more he will be able to act the part "Hamlet" to perfection.

3. Upon Miss Sutton, we bestow the love of the whole class.



4. Upon Prof. William Albert Horsly Gantt, we bestow a fine Jersey cow, hoping that she will pass both the butter fat and bacterial examinations.

5. To Miss Bondurant, we leave Kirk Callum's beauty spot, hoping that she will take back what she said and wear it.

6. To Miss Michael, we leave a pleasant remembrance of our "swell" spelling grades.

7. Upon Miss Waterhouse, we bestow the old worn out pens, the neatly kept bookkeeping books, the typewriters and the little tables which always played such a prominent part at G. H. S.

8. To Miss Berg, we leave a little mule and cart, in which she can ride to and from school.

9. To Dr. Mann, we leave our great respect and best wishes.

Item II.

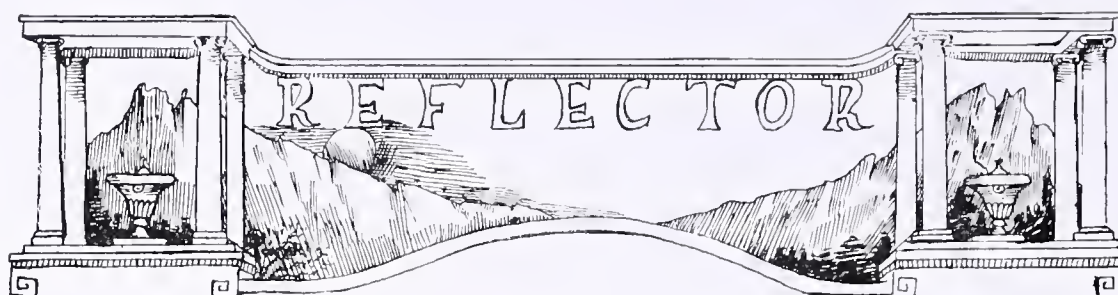
1. Our best regards and appreciations, we leave to the G. H. S. faculty, who have helped us to absorb our present knowledge.

2. After Commencement, we bid a fond farewell to all and leave our dear old High School forever—provided we graduate.

The above will was written when we, the Senior Class, were sound in mind and body, and we hereby nominate and appoint Joe Morton and James Wither-spoon executors of the same, asking that each provision shall be carried out according to the above directions.

In witness whereof, we set our hand and seal this, the second day of April.

(Signed) THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1915.



Class Song

I.

Away from dear old G. H. S. we go,
Into a larger life we do not know;
And there we hope to see, to learn, to gain
Many great lessons, from which we can't refrain.

II.

Thanks to our teachers, who have taught us well,
And to our Superintendent, who compels;
We'll ne'er forget, forget the dear old school,
With its endeavor to uphold the Golden Rule.

III.

Good-bye to dear old G. H. S. of yore,
Good-bye because our High School days are o'er;
The Faculty, we bid a fond farewell,
And to our High School, we give a hearty yell.



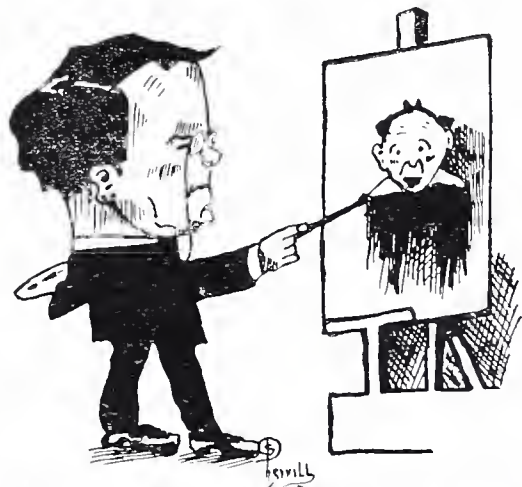
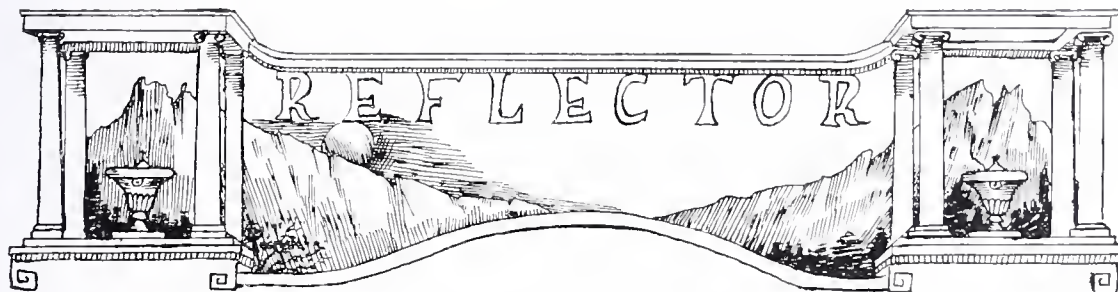
BOYS PLAYING HAT ON THE BACK



LOYAL BUNCH OF G. H. S. GIRLS



CHEMISTRY CLASS

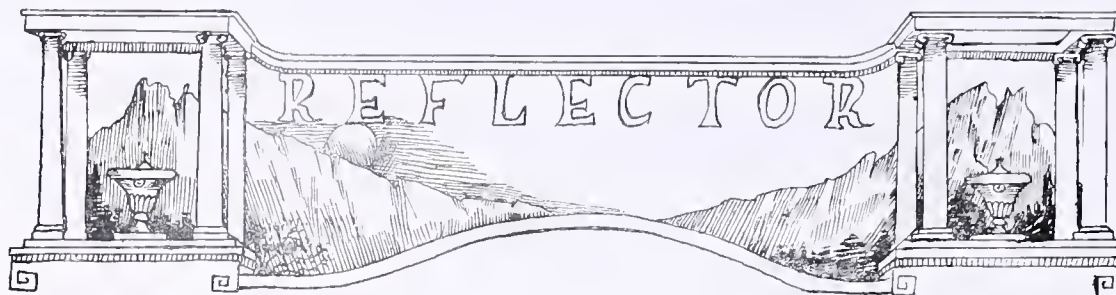


ARTISTS

"Art is knowledge made efficient by skill"

MOTTO ----- "Beauty is Truth"
COLORS ----- "The Best Ones"

ROBERT FRAZIER, *President*
GILMER SHERRILL, *Vice-President*
EUGENE SHAW, *Treasurer*
ERMA SHAW, *Asst. Treasurer*
J. JOHNSON, *Secretary*
SAMUEL ROBINSON, *Asst. Secretary*
MARY D. MURRAY, } *Monitors*
MARY L. LOW }



Class of 1916

COLORS ----- *Purple and White*
 FLOWER ----- *Iris*
 MOTTO ----- *Vestigia Nulla Retorsum*

OFFICERS

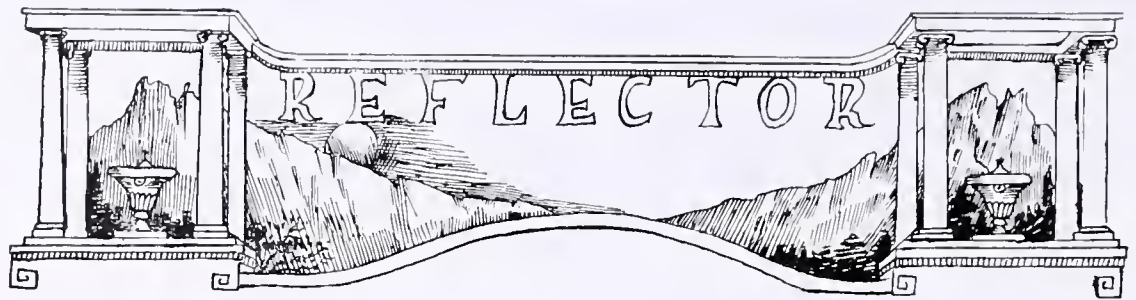
BEN CONE ----- PRESIDENT
 EDITH HALLER ----- VICE-PRESIDENT
 HENRY BLAKE ----- SECRETARY
 RYLAND OLIVE ----- TREASURER
 MARY SANDERS ----- HISTORIAN

ROLL

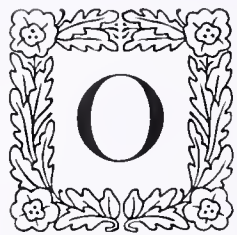
MARY ALDERMAN	CHARLES HUNT	LANETTE PORTER
WINFREE ALDERMAN	MARY LOUISE LOW	LELAND PORTER
JANIE ANGEL	FAY MARTIN	SAMUEL ROBINSON
HENRY BLAKE	ALBERT McADAMS	MARY SANDERS
EARNEST BROADNAX	LACY McALISTER	EVELYN SCHIFFMAN
MARK BUSH	LILLIAN MERRIMON	LILA SLACK
LOUISE CLEGG	ELWOOD MITCHELL	ELIZABETH SMITH
BENJAMIN CONE	MAGDALENE MONROE	NELLIE SMITH
GRACE COX	MARY MORRISON	HOBART SOUTHERS
TYRE DODSON	JOE MORTON	MARGARET STROUD
HARRY FLUHARTY	MARY MURRAY	EVA THOMAS
CELIA GOLDSTEIN	RYLAND OLIVE	KATIE THOMAS
EDITH HALLER	OSMOND PATE	SAMSON WEISS
BONNIE HOWARD	FRANK PATTERSON	JAMES WITHERSPOON
JESSIE HOWARD		JESSIE MAY YOUNG



CLASS OF 1916



History of the Class of 1916



ON THE 14th day of September, 1914, a body composed of forty-six girls and boys decided to take a trip of knowledge through the continent of the 10th grade, of which we had been given so many glowing accounts.

Of course this trip could not be taken without being organized, so a class meeting was called in room three and officers elected. The colors, Purple and White; the motto, "*Vestigia Nulla Restorsum*" (No Retracing Footsteps); and the flower, Iris.

We glided along very smoothly until the latter part of October when we were informed by Prof. Warren (chief inspector of knowledge), that we would be compelled to have our knowledge inspected, and as it is a rule, we could not resent it. By this calamity we only lost two of our number and at this we renewed our strength with a vigor and vim and determined to stand united.

Satisfied that we have possessed as much class spirit as could be shown, we now turned our attention to athletics and from our class we furnished the manager of the football team, five football players, the captain of the track team, two basketball players and a debater for the triangular debate.

It is needless to say that this class possesses distinctive individuality (as expressed by Mr. Witherspoon), for in fact there is so much that the boys decided they wished to dress in different style from their associates and great was their humiliation when they were ordered to go home and dress properly for they had taken too much liberty by wearing standing collars, "loud ties" and derby hats.

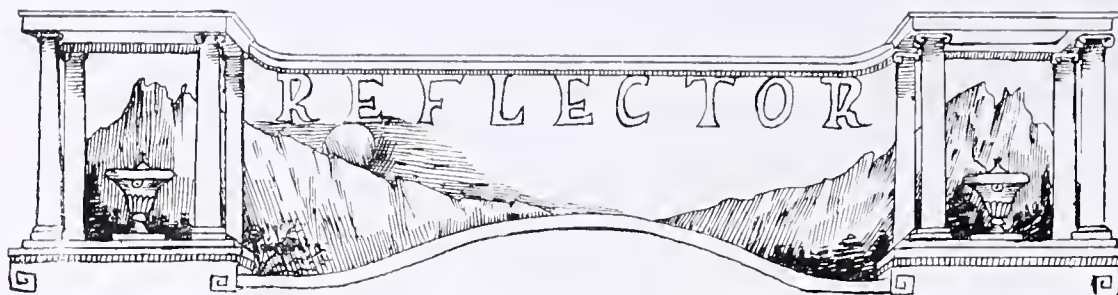
The years 1914 and 1915 have indeed passed very quickly and with them has come many a pleasant time which will long be remembered, and with pleasant things have come the trials and tribulations. Sometimes stumbling blocks of Physics, French, and Math. have been places in our path but we have taken courage by remembering that a "feeble effort never won fair mark," and when it seems that failing marks are our destination we only work the harder to make them 100's.

By this class of forty-four it has been decided to disband our trip of knowledge the latter part of May for three months on account of the hot weather, but if success greets us during the summer months, early in the fall we hope to take a trip through the continent of Senior, still forty-four strong.

MARY SANDERS, Historian.



COOKING GROUP



Class of 1917

MOTTO ----- B²
 COLORS ----- *Green and White*
 FLOWER ----- *Lilly of the Valley*

OFFICERS

LEWIS B. SCHENCK ----- PRESIDENT
 EVANGELINE BROWN ----- VICE-PRESIDENT
 JEAN McALISTER ----- SECRETARY
 SARAH POOLE ----- TREASURER

ROLL

SECTION A—Room 5

EUGENIA ATKISSON	EDWIN GORDON	ALBERT NOWLAND
HENRIETTA BEALL	MADONNA GRANTHAM	ROBERT PEARCE
VADAH BRYANT	MARY HENDRICKS	HAROLD PUGH
LUCY CLAPP	CORINNE JUSTICE	MARY RAGLAND
DWIGHT CLAPP	VIRGINIA LEA	WILLARD RAINEY
EVA CLARKE	CLARENCE MARTIN	FLETCHER RIDGE
ELDRIDGE CLARY	JEAN McALISTER	LEWIS SCHENCK
VIRGINIA DAVIS	WILLIAM McLARTY	EUGENE SHAW
LOIS DODSON	GERTRUDE MERIMON	JACOB SHENK
MARY DONNELL	WAKEFIELD MOWERY	MARY THOMAS

SECTION B—Room 10

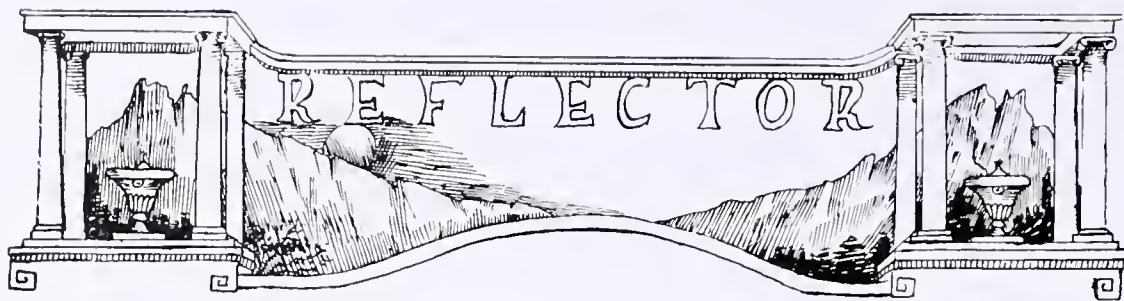
OSCAR BOYST	BLANCHE MARTIN	EARLE RIVES
ELIZABETH CLEGG	MILDRED MATHIEWS	ETHEL ROWE
BESSIE DENNY	LEON MILTON	ARCHER SHELTON
MARGARET GOLD	BURTON OAKES	MOSELLE SHEPHARD
JOE GOLDSTEIN	MARY PATTERSON	WILLARD TAYLOR
IRENE GRIMSLEY	EUNICE PEARCE	ELLSWORTH TESSIER
SUSIE HOGSHEAD	IRENE PERKINS	MARIE TESSIER
JOHN JOHNSON	BARRE PRITCHARD	RUTH VERNON
KATHERINE KEITH	ELOISE RACKLEY	GORDON WEST
MOZELLE KING	FRANCES RANKIN	JULIET WHITE

SECTION C—Room 7

JAMES ALBRIGHT	CLAUDE DANIEL	ARNOLD SCHIFFMAN
MYRTLE ASHWORTH	EDWARD FAULKNER	GILMER SHERRILL
EVANGELINE BROWN	MARY GLENN	CLAIRE STAFFORD
FELIX BROCKMAN	HENRY JACOBS	ROBERTA STRUDWICK
HAMPTON CARTER	ALICE JOHNSON	LALA TRENT
DORIS CHAPPELL	AGUSTA MEINHARDT	DUNCAN WICKER
ELIZABETH CLARY	CORA MORE	MARY A. WILSON
WILLIE CUTTS	FLORA PORTER	MARY C. WILSON
	SARAH POOLE	



CLASS OF 1917



Class of 1918

MOTTO ----- *Patentia Vincit Omnia*
 COLORS ----- *Gold and White*
 FLOWER ----- *Marechal Niel Rose*

OFFICERS

WASHINGTON A. CLARK ----- PRESIDENT
 OLAN BARNES ----- VICE-PRESIDENT
 SYDNEY PRUDEN ----- SECRETARY
 KATHLEEN PRICE ----- TREASURER

SECTION A ROLL

MARTIN BERG	MARION HUNTER	EMMA LEE PHIBBS
REX BISHOP	MARY JORDAN	ERNEST PICKFORD
EMMA BLAKE	ALLIE KING	KATHLEEN PRICE
SELMA BLAUSTEIN	KATHERINE KLINGMAN	SYDNEY PRUDEN
SARRAH BRITTON	SAUL LESSER	GEORGE RANKIN
CLYDE BROOKS	WILLIAM McCLAMROCH	JOHN SCHENCK
MILDRED CHRISMON	KATHERYN McCLAMROCH	HARRY SCHIFFMAN
MEABEL CLARK	KATHERYN McCURRY	IRMA SHAW
WASHINGTON CLARK	OLIVE MANN	BERTHA SMITH
EDWIN DENNY	WINNIE MARTIN	WALLACE STAMEY
MARGARET GILLIAM	MARION MENDENHALL	BLANCHE STERNBERGER
KATE HOGSHEAD	ALVIN MORGAN	LUCILE STEWART
MERLE HORNER	HARLEY MOWRANE	SANFORD THOMAS
LYNN HUNT	MARGRET MURRY	ANNIE LEE WALKER
	LUCY MYERS	

SECTION B ROLL

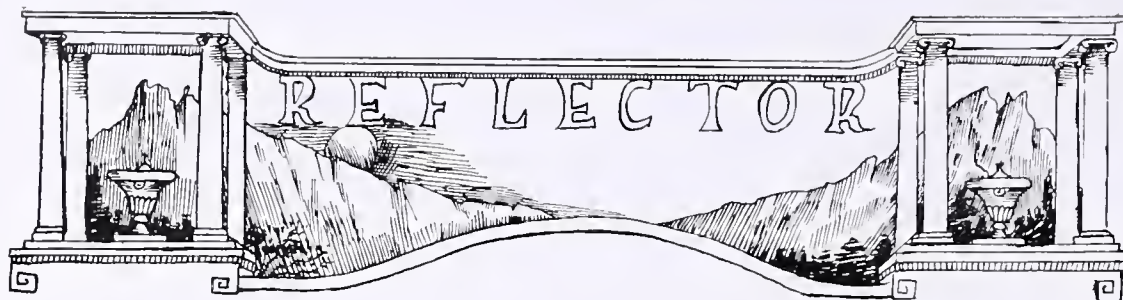
OLAN BARNES	ONETA HATT	IRENE FREDDY
LOUISE BARNES	VIRGINIA JEFFERSON	STOKES RAWLINS
LUCILE BENNETT	MADELINE JEFFERIES	RUTH ROBINSON
NELL BRADY	PADAN JONES	LUNA SCARBORO
JOHN CALLUM	BLANCHE KEITH	EDWARD SCOTT
BYNUM CLAPP	ANNIE LANE	HENRY SCHWARTZ
WALTER CLEGG	WILLIS LATTI	DAVID SHARPE
ELLA COX	NOSCO LEWIS	OPAL STILES
JACK DANIELS	VAUGHN MOFFITT	MINNIE SKENES
EDNA EAST	DODSON NELSON	JULIAN TURRENTINE
HERMON EDWARDS	MOZELLE PARIS	ALBERT WEST
PEARL ELLIOTT	ROY PIKE	CARRIE WHITWORTH
CHARLES HEITMAN		EDYTH WILSON

SECTION C ROLL

GEORGE ABBOTT	NETTIE CLAY	MARGUERITE MEADOWS
HUGH ARMFIELD	RUTH DILLON	ALLENE MITCHEL
MARY ALLRED	FRAZIER FORSYTHE	RUTH PICKARD
ALMA BARBER	JOE MADDOX	HUBERT SHERILL
HARPER BEST	ETHAL GLASCO	WILLIE STAINBACK
VANDEFORD BOULDIN	WALTER MILLS	WILLIAM STOUT
KATIE BILBROW	RUBY HODGIX	CLARENCE SANDERS
LUCY BLAKE	LOVE IRELAND	HERMAN THACKER
VIRGINIA BLONTON	HANNA JACOBS	ODELL WATSON
TRAVIS CALLUM	NELLIE JEFFERSON	RUTH WILSON
CLYDE CRUTCHFIELD	PAGE JOHNSON	MAUDE WILSON
OLIVE CHANDLEY	MIRIAM LINDAU	ESTHER WRIGHT
	CHRISTINE MEADOWS	



CLASS OF 1918



Business Department for 1914-'15

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CLARENCE ANGEL
OSCAR BOYST
EARNEST BROADNAX
HENRY BLAKE
TRAVIS CALLUM
CHAS. CAUSEY

KEMP CLENDENIN
HARRY FLUHARTY
CHARLES HUNT
MADELINE KEELING
OSMOND PATE

LELAND PORTER
SAM ROBINSON
EVLYN SCHIFFMAN
JOHN WALKER
SAMPSON WEISS
GORDON WEST

TYPEWRITER PUPILS

HUGH ARMFIELD
OLAN BARNES
ERNEST BROADNAX
OSCAR BOYST
CHAS. CAUSEY
TRAVIS CALLUM
ELIZABETH CLEGG
JACK DANIELS
PEARL ELLIOTT
HARRY FLUHARTY
JOE GOLDSTEIN
SUSIE HOGSHEAD

MADELINE KEELING
VIRGINIA JEFFERSON
JOHN JOHNSON
PADAN JONES
MONA LANE
ANNIE LANE
VAUGHAN MOFFET
BLANCHE MARTIN
LEON MILTON
BURTON OAKES
LELAND PORTER
MARY PATTERSON

OSMOND PATE
BARRE PRITCHETT
EARLE RIVES
ARCHIE SHELTON
EVLYN SCHIFFMAN
EDWARD SCOTT
WILLIARD TAYLOR
ELLSWORTH TESSIER
JULIAN TURRENTINE
RUTH VERNON
JULIET WHITE
GORDON WEST

SHORTHAND PUPILS

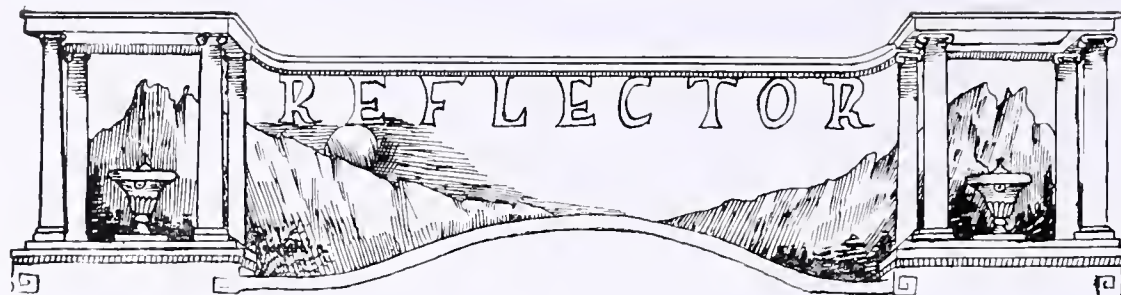
HUGH ARMFIELD
ROBERT ALLRED
MARY ALLRED
EARNEST BROADNAX
LUCILLE BENNETT
KATIE BILBRO
ALMA BARKER
OLAN BARNES
LOUISE BARNES
NELL BRADY
OSCAR BOYST
ELLA COX
CHAS. CAUSEY
ELIZABETH CLEGG
BYNUM CLAPP
TRAVIS CALLUM
JOHN CALLUM
WALTER CLEGG
BYRAN DAVIDSON
JACK DANIELS
PEARL ELLIOTT
EDNA EAST
NORMAN ELLIOTT
JOE GOLDSTEIN

ONETA HIATT
SUSIE HOGSHEAD
CHAS. HEITMAN
CHARLES HUNT
VIRGINIA JEFFERSON
JOHN JOHNSON
PADAN JONES
MADELINE JEFFRIES
MADELINE KEELING
BLANCHE KEITH
MONA LANE
ANNIE LANE
LOUISE LEWIS
LEON MILTON
JOHN McCAULY
VAUGHNE MOFFET
BLANCHE MARTIN
BURTON OAKES
MARY PATTERSON
BARRE PRITCHETT
LELAND PORTER
OSMOND PATE
MOZELLE PARKS
IRENE PREDDY

ROY PIKE
EARLE RIVES
RUTH ROBINSON
STOKES RAWLINS
DAVID SHARP
HENRY SCHWARTZ
ARCHIE SHELTON
EDWARD SCOTT
OPAL STYLES
LUNA SCARBOROUGH
MINNIE SKENES
WILLIAM STOUT
WILLIARD TAYLOR
ELLSWORTH TESSIER
JULIAN TURRENTINE
RUTH VERNON
RALPH WOLTZ
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ODELL WATSON
EDITH WILSON
ALBERT WEST
JULIETTE WHITE
GORDON WEST



BUSINESS CLASS



The Face in the Mirror

ADELAIDE VAN NIPPEN, '15

IT WAS the gray afternoon of a cold, gray, day when Enid Fairfax stepped inside St. John's Episcopal church and closed the door behind her, shutting out a dreary world. The sleet was falling heavily, making the air gray; the sky was a dull, unbroken gray, save where a dim spot of light showed the hiding place of the sun. The ground and trees were covered with ice and even the few people who hurried along, shivering, seemed gray people in a gray world. The wind swept relentlessly down the streets and the icy trees crackled and bowed before the blast.

Enid Fairfax closed the heavy church door behind her with a thud and breathed a sigh of relief to find herself in the warm atmosphere of the church. All was as silent as a tomb except for the ticking of the old clock which hung in the vestry. "Tick-tock, tick-tock"—it sounded regularly as Enid walked quickly down the aisle. Her footsteps had a heavy thudded sound which echoed strangely through the silent church, but the girl noticed this not—her thoughts were on other things.

She was a moderately tall, slender girl of eighteen and beneath her arm she carried an old folio. Straight up to the organ loft she went and then, seating herself on the bench she untied the faded ribbons and reverently opened the folio. On the first page was written in a woman's delicate hand,

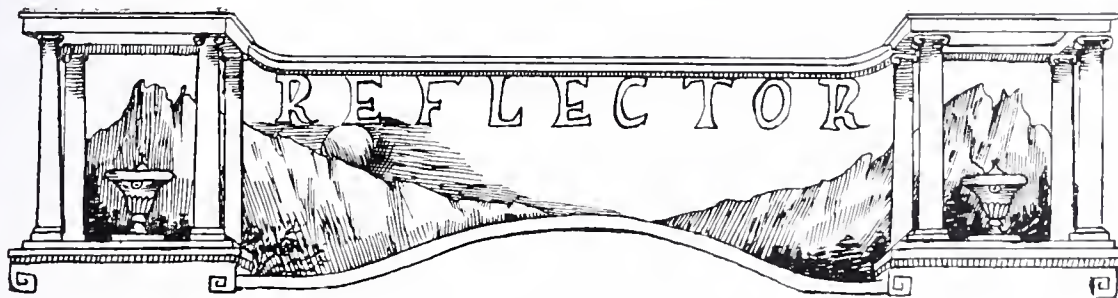
Favorite Organ Selections of Enid Lanier
Westfield, Virginia."

There were tears in the girl's eyes as she dwelt longingly on each word. "My own mother!" she breathed tenderly, "and to think I never knew her!" Slowly she turned the yellowed pages and on each was some organ composition with a clipping or a few words in her mother's writing about the composer. Soon she came to a place which fell open more easily than the others. The pages were marred with thumb marks and stains, and then Enid's eyes sought the title and there, at the top of the page was the word, "Enid."

"How strange!" murmured the girl with interest. "I just know that this was her favorite piece. Maybe it was written especially for her. Let me see what she has about the composer."

A newspaper column was pasted on the edge of the page beneath the name "Roger McClyde." The clipping read thus:

"Citizens of Westfield will be distressed to hear of the mysterious disappearance and probable death of Roger McClyde, who has spent much of his time in



this city. This young man was only twenty-four years of age and had won quite a reputation for his ability as an organist and composer of organ music. Many artists had predicted a brilliant future for the young musician and he had a number of friends here who were interested in his career. About six months ago he went to Richmond to study and made his place of residence at the Madison Apartments. Since the fire which destroyed the apartments at three o'clock last night, nothing has been heard of young McClyde. He is known to have gone to his room about eleven-thirty and has not been seen since. A search is being made for traces of the young man, but it is greatly feared that he perished in the flames."

A shudder ran through the girl's slight frame as she read the clipping. How awful! To be burned alive, and so young! Then a strange light came into her eyes.

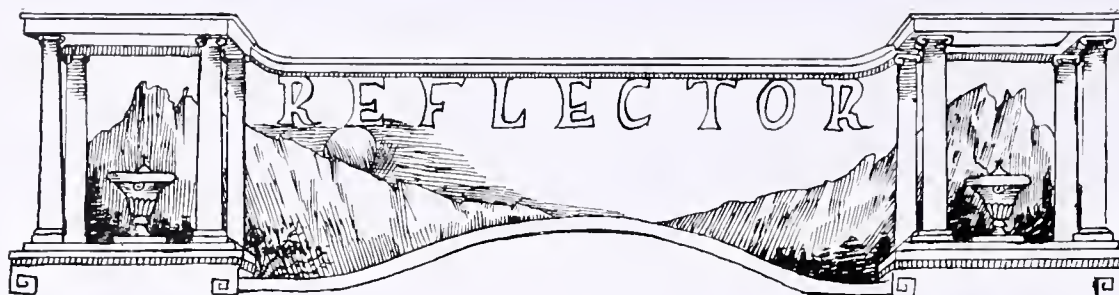
"Maybe, *maybe* he didn't die," she breathed hoarsely. "Maybe he's alive now and maybe I'll meet him some day."

She sat perfectly still for several minutes while her mind ran far out into the land of "maybe" and her eyes looked into space. Then she collected herself with a jerk and seating herself at the organ she arranged her combinations, turned on the power and began to play.

The music was at first soft and sweet, like a lullaby which lulled her cares to rest and in a dreamy manner she played on and on. Occasionally she lifted her eyes to the mirror above and imagined that her mother was seated in one of the empty pews which were reflected, but all that she really saw was the empty pews and the stain glass windows with queer gray shadows thrown across them.

Suddenly the music changed. It was now a glorious, triumphant, anthem, and the whole church resounded with the peals of the organ. But the music changed again. It grew sad and soft. Slower and slower, sadder and sadder it became, and just then Euid slowly and unconsciously raised her eyes to the mirror, and then—. Her whole being seemed suddenly paralyzed and her eyes were glued to the mirror for there, in the middle of the empty pews she saw a face—a man's face with gray hair and eyes which burned their way into her soul. She wanted to turn around and see if the apparition was real, but an irresistible force held her where she was. Her eyes then dropped to the closing measures of the music before her and with trembling fingers she ended, and the music died away in a wail. For some time she sat there, silent, and then she raised her eyes slowly and fearfully to the mirror and—the face was gone. Nothing was reflected save the empty pews; and nothing was heard save the regular tick-tock of the clock and the swish-swish of the ice-laden tree limbs against the windows.

A strange fear took possession of her and the one thought in her mind was to get away from that place and those eyes which seemed still looking into her very soul. Hurriedly she closed the organ, rapidly she walked up the aisle, and as the heavy church door swung to behind her, she sighed with relief. What did it matter



if she was out in the cold gray world again? What did it matter if the wind blew icy cold and the sleet fell heavily? It was alright so long as there were no longer those stain glass windows, those empty pews and that strange face with the piercing eyes.

Enid did not eat much supper that night and her pallor and nervousness greatly worried her aunt with whom she had lived since the death of her father seventeen years before. At last she went to bed, but in her dreams she saw hundreds of gray heads gazing at her with piercing eyes. Suddenly she was aroused from her dreaming by the phone bell ringing and she found that it was early morning. With a strange foreboding she slipped down stairs and put the receiver to her ear.

"Hello," she said.

"Is this Mrs. Maney's residence?"

"Yes."

"Is there a young lady there who played the organ at St. John's Episcopal church last afternoon?"

"I am she," said Enid in a whisper.

"This is West Side Hospital. There is an old man here who is dying from a fall on the ice, and he calls continually for you. Can you come here immediately? He is very low."

Enid hesitated only for a second, and then she answered firmly, "yes," and hung up the receiver.

Enid could not have told what it was that was forcing her to go. She knew it was dangerous for her to go alone on the ice covered streets, but something was compelling her. She dressed quickly and then crept noiselessly down the stairs, out the door and then hurried down the street. The ground was very slick so progress was difficult, but finally she found herself in front of West Side Hospital. Carefully she climbed the icy steps and rang the bell. A nurse opened the door and Enid stepped inside.

"You are the organist?" asked the nurse.

Enid nodded.

"Let us hurry then, for he is sinking rapidly," and the two hurried down the dimly lighted corridor.

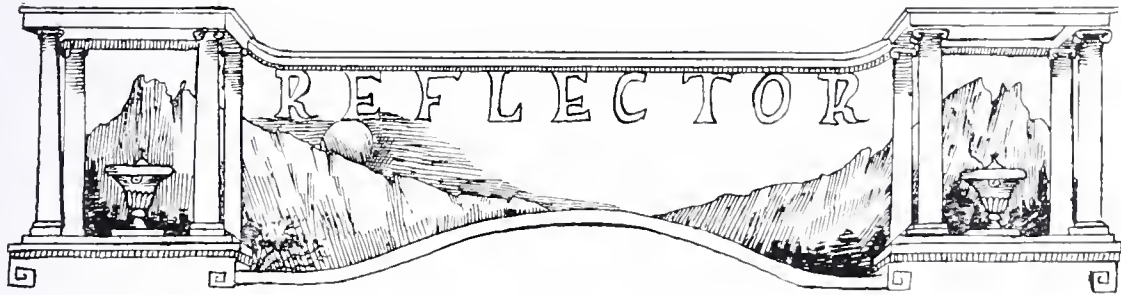
Soon the nurse paused before a door and turned to Enid.

"You'd better go in alone," she said, and opening the door Enid entered.

The gray light of morning stole in through the curtains at the window and revealed an old gray haired man on the bed. He turned and gazed at Enid as she entered and a great fear immediately clutched at her heart for it was the same face she had seen in the church.

"Oh Enid!" he cried, "Enid, come and let me explain to you before I die. Say you forgive me. Say you love me, Enid."

He reached out his arms imploringly—and Enid drew slowly towards him. She did not know how he knew her name nor why he wanted her, but she went.



"When you promised to marry me, Enid, I was perfectly happy. I loved you better than my life and I went to Richmond to study that I might be more worthy of you, dear. You know that, I know—but, but, ah yes—then came the fire. The apartments in which I lived burned down. I escaped, but in running to turn in the alarm I was knocked down by a heavy truck. After that I knew nothing. They say I lost my mind, but I only know that I found myself in an asylum about six months ago—an old gray haired man."

The old man paused for a moment but his eyes feverishly searched her face.

"Why you've not changed a bit," he declared, "you look just like you did that night I left." He grasped her hand and held it tightly as he continued. "I couldn't find anything about you, dear. Somebody somewhere said you had married." A troubled look came into his eyes. "You aren't married, are you?"

Enid shook her head.

"I am so glad," he said with a sigh of relief. "I was afraid you thought me dead, and married."

He tossed restlessly and then said, "yesterday I came back to Westfield to get you, dear, to get you. I searched and searched but I couldn't find you. Then I happened to stop in a church to rest and get a little warm, and there you sat, playing *your* piece—the one I wrote for you. Oh, I thank God I found you! I went out into the storm to get my papers and things which I had kept for you, and as I came back from the hotel I fell. I—I don't believe I've got much longer to live, but now that I've found you I can die happy. Only hand me that box on the chair."

Enid handed it to him.

"Here," he said, "I've been fixing up my property for you, dear, ever since I recovered my mind. Take it, and God bless you, Enid. Will you say you love me now and forgive me?"

Enid felt the spirit of her mother within her and she dropped on her knees and said brokenly:

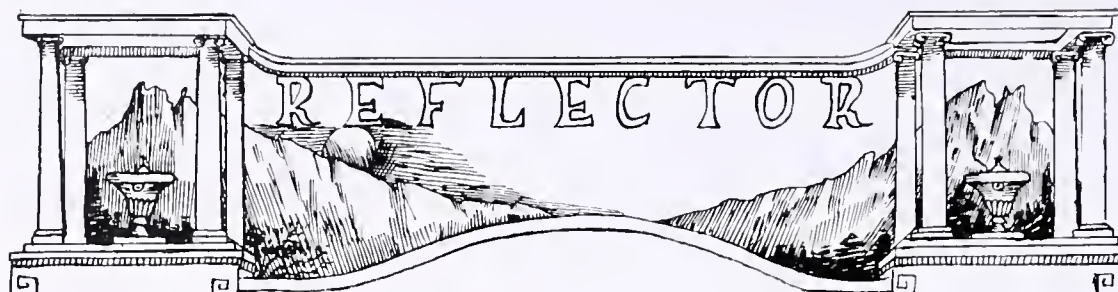
"I love you—I forgive you."

"God—bless—you," came feebly from the bed, and at that moment a nurse entered and carried Enid out.

When Enid had recovered she opened the box which had been given her and the first words which caught her eyes were:

"Property of Roger McClyde,

To go at his death to Enid Lanier, Westfield, Virginia."



An Evening Scene

GRACE COX, '16

As the western sun was sinking
Back behind the hills of gray,
I was watching from my window
The departure of the day.

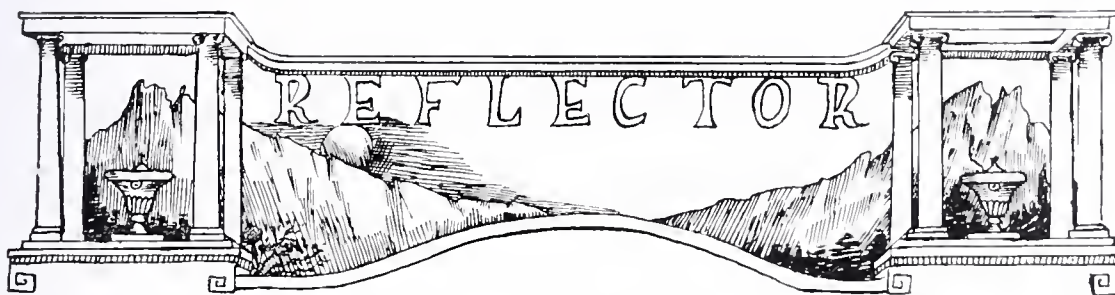
First the sun with waning brightness
Sank and sank, until at last
All it left for me to look at
Was a vision of the past.

Long I stood and gazed and wondered
Out into the evening dark,
Nature's beautiful," I whispered,
As I saw a shining spark.

"Tiny star, so far above me,"
Said I to the far off light,
"Thou art there to guide the traveller
And to make the world bright."

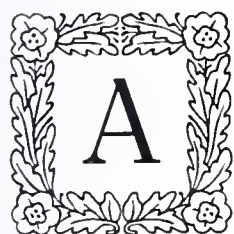
And there seemed to come an echo
From the tiny spark of light,
"Yes, I am where God has placed me
And I shine with all my might."

So we all should learn a lesson
From our friend, the little star,
Do our best where we are stationed,
Prove our worth, and what we are.



The Surrender of A Woman Hater

KIRK CALLUM, '15



MEDIUM-SIZED man of about thirty years, with serious blue eyes and black hair, sat in his den. He had always been known as a woman hater and shunned women as much as he possibly could.

As he sat there in his big arm chair, smoking and blowing rings with the smoke, he seemed to be dreaming. Then, holding the cigar between his fingers, he said half aloud, "I don't see why those girls keep speaking to me; I don't like them anyway, and I wish I could go where I never would hear or see another woman."

For several days he studied the matter and finally resolved to go way off in the woods to live. He made his plans for a very nice little bungalow; had it built, and went there to live.

He was exceedingly happy in his new house, and his dog was his only companion. He kept busy by reading and tending his garden, but often he wished for the city.

One afternoon while he was deeply interested in reading a book, he was disturbed by a light knock at the door. He did not stir, and again the feeble knock came. This time he got up and opened the door. To his amazement, what should he see before him, but a beautiful girl. She looked frightened and tried to tell him that she had come into the woods looking for her dog, and was lost.

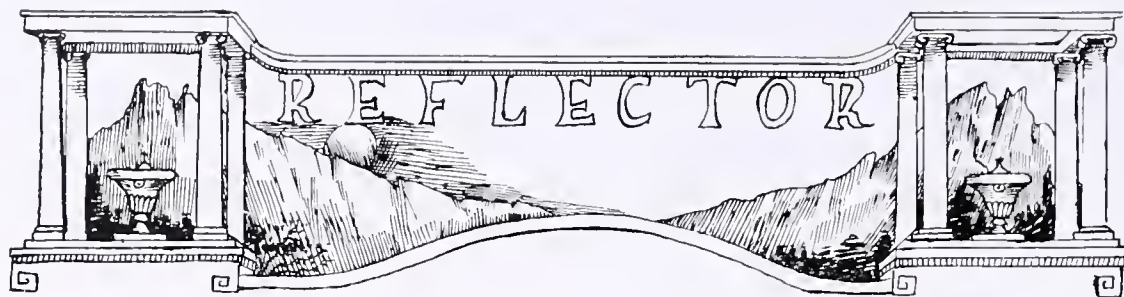
While she told her story he listened with eyes fastened upon her. He was fascinated by her entrancing beauty, and when she had finished he was too spell-bound to speak. When he had recovered himself, he told her that he was truly sorry that she was lost, but to sit down and he would direct her the way.

He told her the way out of the woods, and when she had gone he took up his book to read again. The story which had been so interesting to him, now seemed dry and dull. He could think of nothing save the charming young creature who had just left his door. Finally he put aside the book and decided to go to the city to look for her.

As he rode through the lonely woods his thoughts were of her and of what her answer might be.

Upon reaching the city and making inquiry about her, he found her one of the leading lights in benevolent works, besides being the most talented and lovable young lady of the city.

He went to see her and she received him very graciously and hospitably. Her manner was so thoroughly encouraging that he at once told her of his great admiration for her, and of his past aversion to women. He was so totally different from any one she had ever known that she became intensely interested. After spending



an hour or so in pleasant conversation, he left her with the promise of an early call.

When he turned his back upon the city, the way never seemed so long; the woods never so lonely and dreary, and the little home which had been such a haven of rest seemed like a prison. His books no longer interested him; his garden was a bore, and even his faithful old dog was in his way. His thoughts were continually of the city and of the noble young woman who had left such a lasting impression upon him. He determined to go back to her and to tell her of his love for her.

He immediately went to her home where he was again received by her. He instantly told her that he was deeply in love with her and asked her hand in marriage. He was astounded; for instead of accepting him, she laughed at him and told him that only a very lonesome man would be so hasty. But she said she had the greatest regard for him and liked him because he was so different from other men.

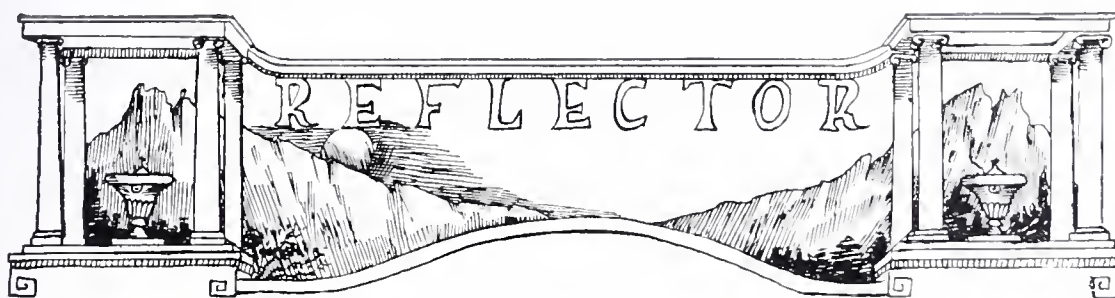
He renewed his courage and told her he had loved her since the minute he had seen her and nothing else counted but her—it was love at first sight.

He left her, not without hope of winning her, but more determined than ever to win her love, if possible; bearing in mind that "faint heart never won fair lady."

Being a man of untold wealth, her interests became his, and together they took up the splendid work of charity, and as the days passed on she realized that she loved him, and after much wooing and pursuing on his part she consented to marry him.

Several months after this they were married and now this man who had been so indifferent to women, sings:

I was a woman hater,
Hated women galore,
And said I would not marry one
For all the world, and more;
But when the right girl I did find,
I put that theory behind;
And after all,
'Tis best to woo
A little girlie too.

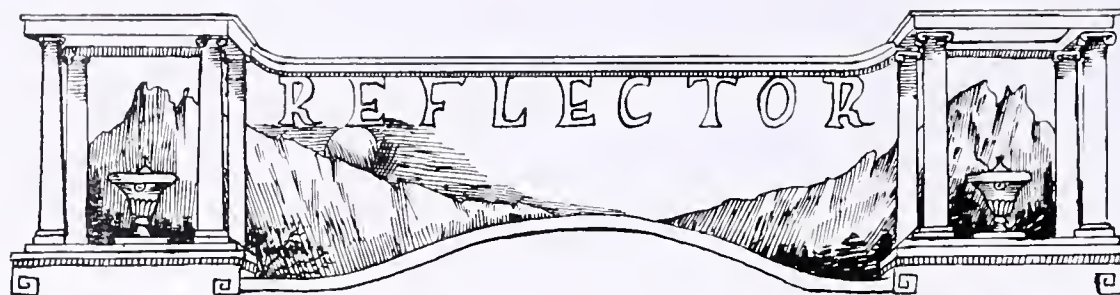


Soliloquy of Study

ROBERT FRAZIER, '15.

To study, or not to study; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous laziness,
Or to take arms against a sea of difficulties,
And by opposing end them? To work—to study—
Always; and by study to say we end
The heart reproofs and thousands unnatural feelings
That bad marks make us heir to—'tis a consumption
Devoutly to be wished. To work—to study—
To study! perchance to secure good grades! ay that's the pleasure.
For in the study of lessons what pleasures may come
When we have secured a good grade
Must give us pause; there's the pleasure
That partly causes study in school life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of the slothful,
The work of study, the missing of the picture shows,
The seeming pleasure of nothing to do,
When he himself might likewise do
With taking a zero? Who would studies bear,
To grunt and sweat under a studious life,
But that they dreaded ignorance,
The state of being in whose hour
None rise to success,
And make our earth rather better
Than that which we already have?
Thus grades do make students of us all;
And thus a good resolution
Is not sicklied o'er with pale cast of thought,
With good resolutions do not turn aside,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!
So all of you must remember to make good grades.

(With apologies to William Shakespeare.)



Hindrances

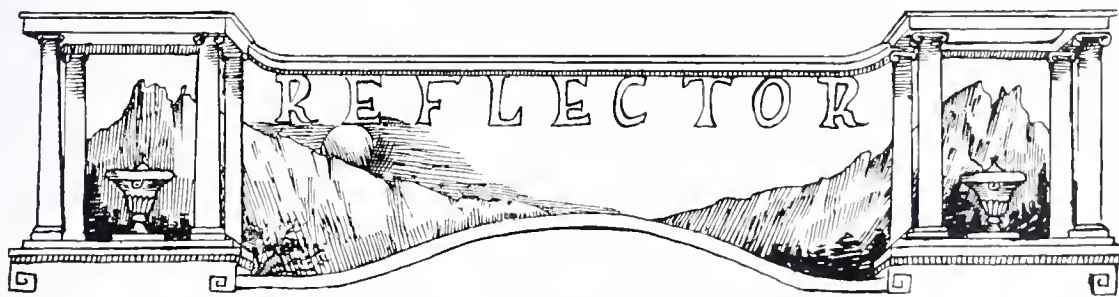
MARY C. WILSON, '17

Sometimes when things are dreary,
And everything goes the wrong way;
Somehow we just feel weary,
We don't know what to do or say.

We do those hasty little acts,
That never make glad or cheer,
We are always wasting the precious time,
And allowing our tempers to appear.

But every minute that we waste,
And every cross word or look,
Every mean act we do in haste,
Are in some one's memory book.

They are marked down heavy against us,
With a pen that is sharp and bright,
Don't say and do these little things,
That hinder you in the fight.



The Brooklet

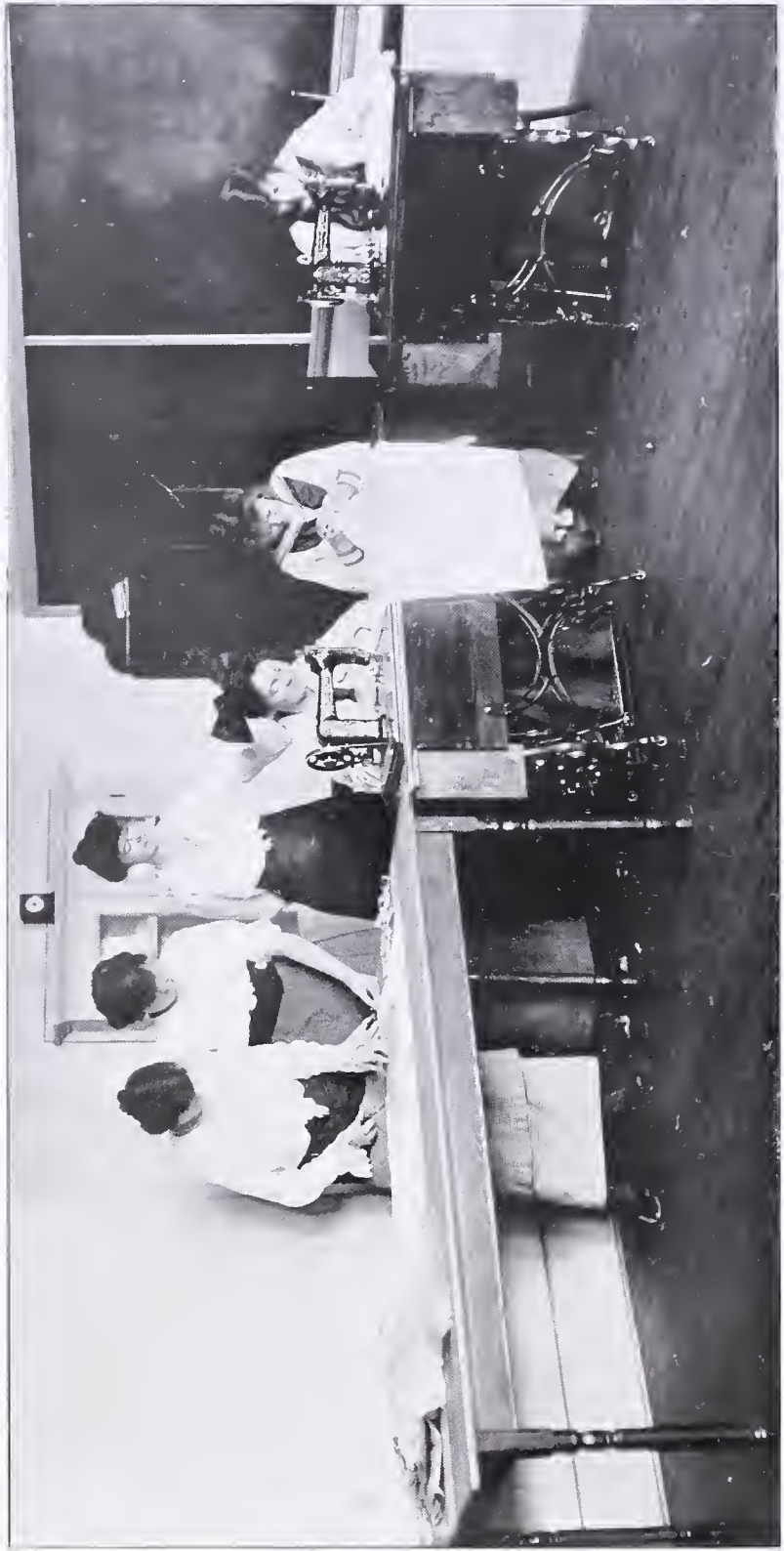
KATHLEEN PRICE, '16

Rippling over rock and shell,
Glides the brooklet through the dell.
By the mossy bank it flows,
Making music as it goes.

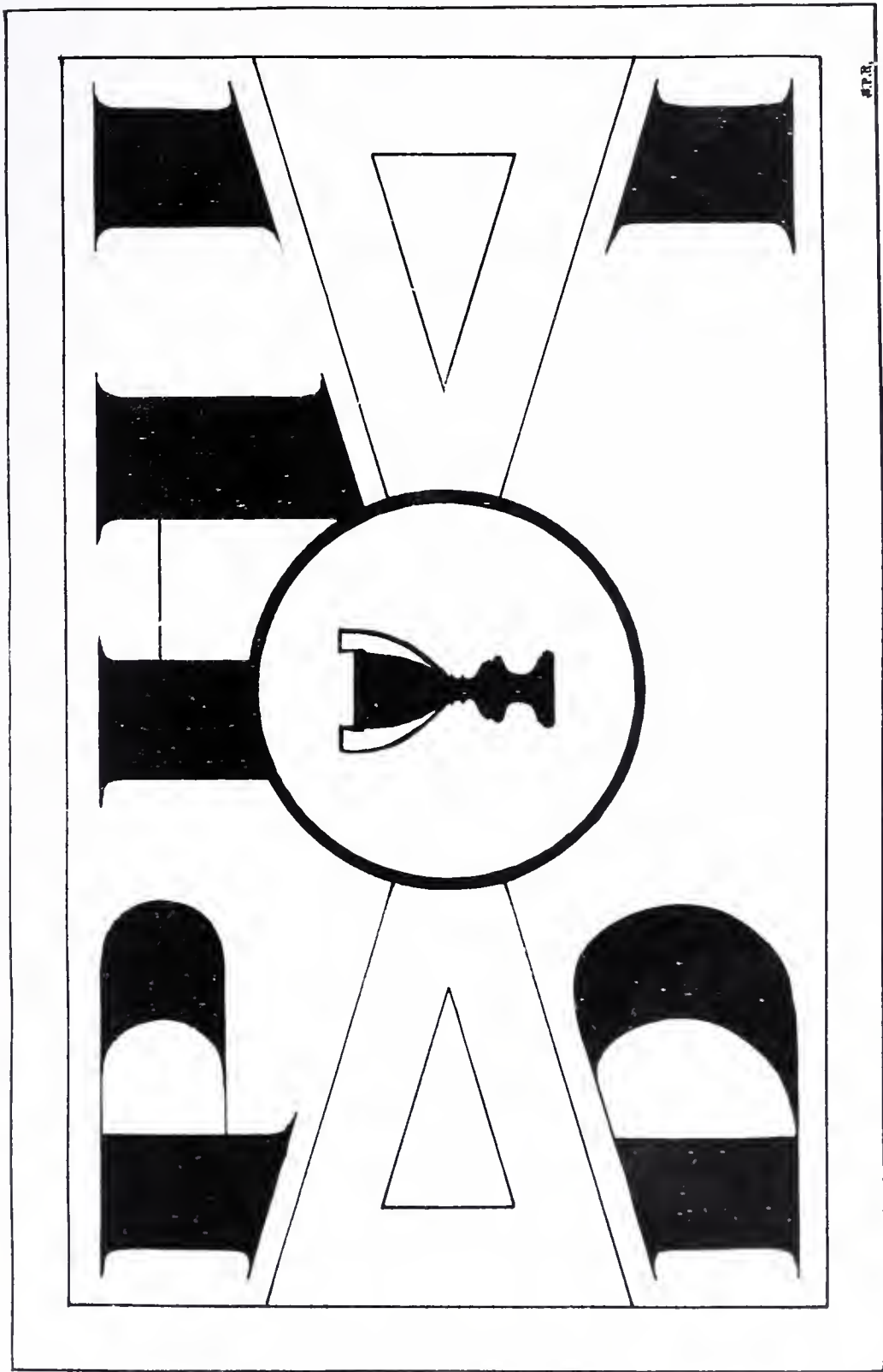
Winding through the meadows green,
Now in view, again unseen.
Gleaming like a silver thread,
In its cool and rocky bed.

Sunbeams gaily fleck the rills,
While it hurries through the hills.
Slipping to its port of rest,
In the ocean's mighty breast.

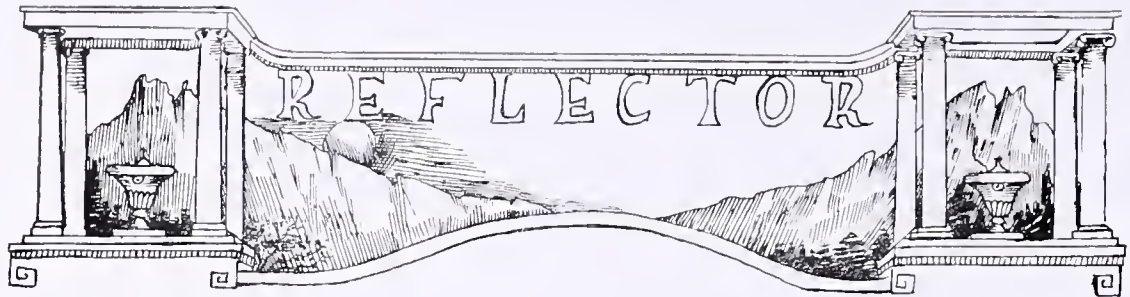
When its winding course is o'er,
Billowing from shore to shore,
It will cease its laughing way,
Ending with a "Perfect Day."



SEWING GROUP



472



The Philomelian Literary Society

MOTTO ----- *Esse Quam Videre*
 COLORS ----- *Blue and White*
 FLOWER ----- *White Rose*

OFFICERS

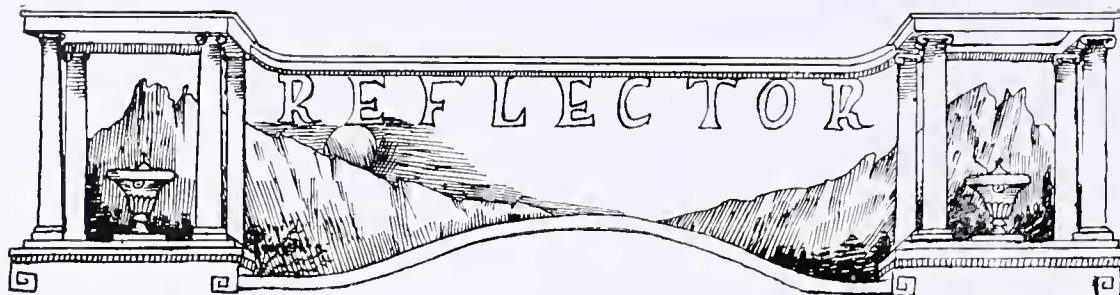
GORDON HUNTER ----- PRESIDENT
 CLARENCE ANGEL ----- VICE-PRESIDENT
 WINFREE ALDERMAN ----- SECRETARY
 JAMES WITHERSPOON ----- TREASURER
 ELLEBRE BROADNAX ----- 1ST CENSOR
 ERNEST BROADNAX ----- 2ND CENSOR
 JOHN McALISTER ----- PRESS REPORTER
 ELLSWORTH TESSIER ----- MONITOR
 DUNCAN WICKER ----- MONITOR

ROLL

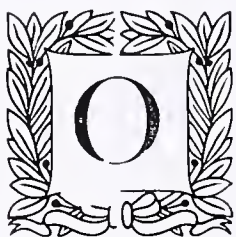
WINFREE ALDERMAN	TYRE DODSON	PAUL NICHOLS
CLARENCE ANGEL	EDWARD FAULCONER	ALBERT NOWLAND
JAMES ALBRIGHT	FRAZIER FORSYTHE	FRANK PATTERSON
ERNEST BROADNAX	CHAS. HUNT	OSMOND PATE
ELLEBRE BROADNAX	GORDON HUNTER	SAMUEL ROBERSON
MARK BUSH	JOE MORTON	EARLE RIVES
HENRY BLAKE	LEON MILTON	ARNOLD SCHIFFMAN
FELIX BROCKMAN	CLARENCE MARTIN	ARCHIE SHELTON
TRAVIS CALLUM	WILL McLARTY	ELLSWORTH TESSIER
BENJAMIN CONE	JOHN McALISTER	DUNCAN WICKER
ELDRIDGE CLARY	WILSON MITCHEL	SAMSON WEISS
	ALBERT McADAMS	



PHILOMELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



History of the Philomelian Literary Society



ON SEPTEMBER 25, 1914, the old members of the Philomelian Debating Society met in room number 3, of the High School building and organized the Philomelian Literary Society. The constitution adopted was a fine one. It was prepared by the faculty, and was quite different from the old one. Many profitable clauses were contained in this constitution.

One of the rooms in the basement was given to the boys for a society hall, so with a hall to themselves they started to work with a vim. One of the first things to do was to furnish the hall. "Jumbo Jum," a farce comedy in three acts was given, with a great success. Scenery was borrowed from the theatre and the actors were taken from the society. It pleased the audience exceedingly well. The financial success enabled us to furnish the hall very beautifully.

The program was changed this year. This change in program caused the change in name from Debating to Literary Society. Declamations, compositions, current events and humorous selections were included with the debate. These additions varied the program and made it very interesting.

The Phi's. got only one man on the Triangular Debating Team this year. But as he is a man with several years experience we expect to win the series, that is, with the aid of the Di's.

The rivalry between the Phi's. and the Di's. has not died. In all inter-society events they are bitter rivals. In basketball the Phi's. completely swept them away. Only one game was played and the Phi's. won that one by a large majority. Other athletic meets have been arranged for the future, which the Phi's. are sure of winning.

On February 12, 1915, the boys societies joined together and entertained the girls of the High School. The Society halls and halls of the school were very artistically decorated. The Winston-Salem football boys were invited guests. Every one left telling what a good time he had had.

The Society has won honors in debating, securing at least one man on the Triangular Team each year. In athletics, we have defeated the Di's. in every contest. So in a sense we are proud of our society.

In these various ways we have endeavored to create a better spirit among the boys, by bringing them together in sociables and meetings. And to cultivate the habit of public speaking we have the boys to speak at each society meeting. To broaden their minds we have the current questions and very deep questions argued by them.

We bring this year to a close, as the best year in the history of the society. We hope that each succeeding year will continue to improve.

CLARENCE ANGEL, Historian.



PHILOMELAN SOCIETY HALL



TRIANGULAR DEBATERS



LEWIS SCHENCK



GORDON HUNTER

GREENSBORO vs. RALEIGH, at Raleigh, N. C.

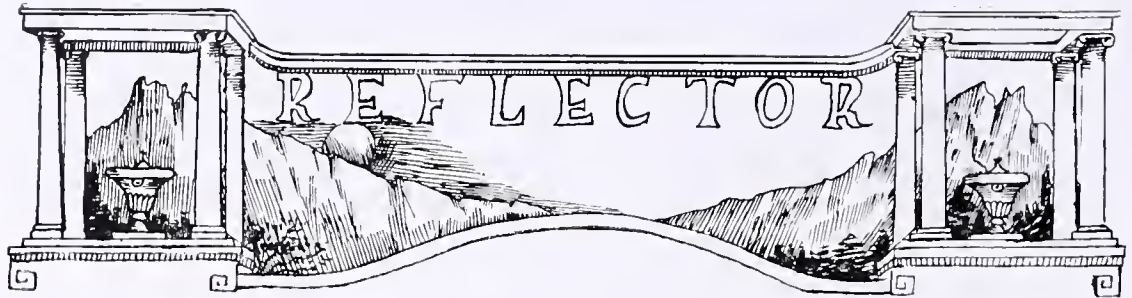


ELLOWOOD MITCHELL



WILLIARD RAINEY

GREENSBORO vs. CHARLOTTE at Greensboro, N. C.



The Diaphesian Literary Society

MOTTO ----- *Fideli Certa Merces*
 COLORS ----- *Red and White*
 FLOWER ----- *Pansy*

OFFICERS

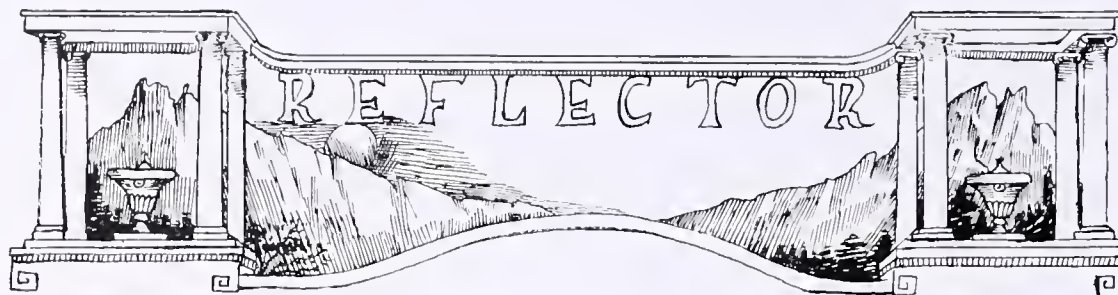
EDWARD MABRY ----- PRESIDENT
 HILTON WEST ----- VICE-PRESIDENT
 RYLAND OLIVE ----- SECRETARY
 LACY McALISTER ----- TREASURER
 KEMP CLENDENIN ----- 1ST CENSOR
 LELAND PORTER ----- 2ND CENSOR
 ROBERT FRAZIER ----- PRESS REPORTER
 ROBERT PEARCE ----- MONITOR
 WAKEFIELD MOWERY ----- MONITOR

ROLL

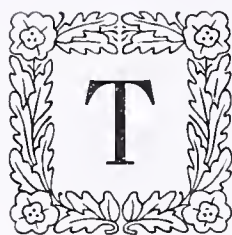
OSCAR BOYST	HENRY JACOBS	WILLARD RAINEY
MYRON CAFFEY	JOHN JOHNSON	FLETCHER RIDGE
DWIGHT CLAPP	EDWARD MABRY	EUGENE SHAW
KEMP CLENDENIN	ELWOOD MITCHELL	LEWIS SCHENCK
PITTS COBB	WAKEFIELD MOWERY	JACOB SHENK
HAMPTON CARTER	LACY McALISTER	GILMER SHERRILL
CHAS. CAUSEY	BURTON OAKES	HOBART SOUTHERS
HARRY FLUHARTY	RYLAND OLIVE	ENOCH STAMEY
ROBERT FRAZIER	ROBERT PEARCE	WILLARD TAYLOR
JOE GOLDSTEIN	LELAND PORTER	JOHN WALKER
EDWIN GORDON	HAROLD PUGH	HILTON WEST
NORMAN HANNER		GORDON WEST



DIAPHESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



History of the Diaphesian Literary Society



THE Diaphesian Literary Society really began with the year 1914. At the first of the school term of 1914 the members of the Diaphesian Debating Society met and reorganized, adopting a new constitution and changing the name to the Diaphesian Literary Society. The Society this year has been far different from what it was in former years, as it has been changed in several ways and the Society members have shown much greater interest in their work.

Chief among the work of the Society was the entertainment, "Mutt and Jeff's Greater Shows," given for the purpose of furnishing the new Society hall, given us at the first of the year. In this play, every member of the Society had a part and all took great interest in fixing up their respective booths or in their parts in the play, given at the last. This entertainment proved to be the biggest success ever given at the High School. The proceeds of this entertainment have enabled us not only to put our hall in fine shape, but to pay for the Society space in the Annual, and also to meet many other little incidental expenses, without assessing the members of the Society, as has previously been done.

Great interest has also been shown in debating this year, especially among the new members, and we are proud of the fact that of four debaters representing Greensboro in the Triangular Debate, three were from our Society, and two of these were new members.

In the regular Society work, however, the greatest interest has been shown. The ones on the program instead of trying only to speak the required three minutes, have tried to make their talks as interesting as possible without regard as to the time taken. The order in the Society has also been much better than before and all seem to take pride in keeping the hall in good shape. In fact this has been the best year ever in the history of the Society work, and all because of the interest and enthusiasm shown by the members of the Society in their work.

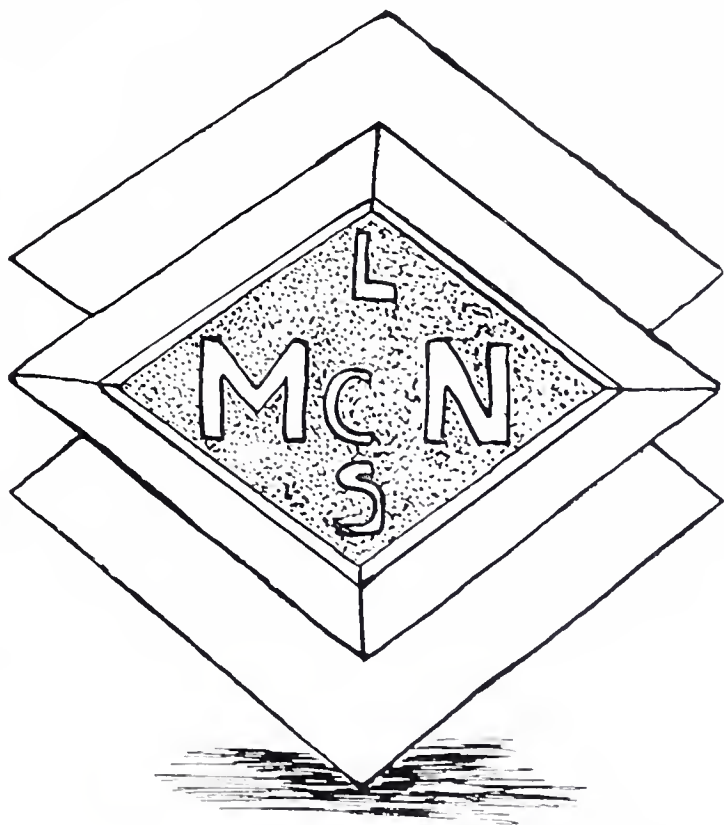
EDWARD MABRY, Historian.

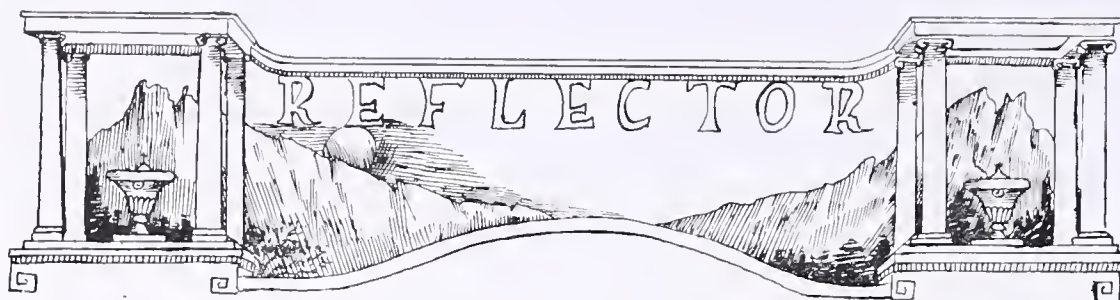


DIAPHESIAN SOCIETY HALL



MISSES BONDURANT AND ALEXANDER
AT RECESS





The Ionian Literary Society

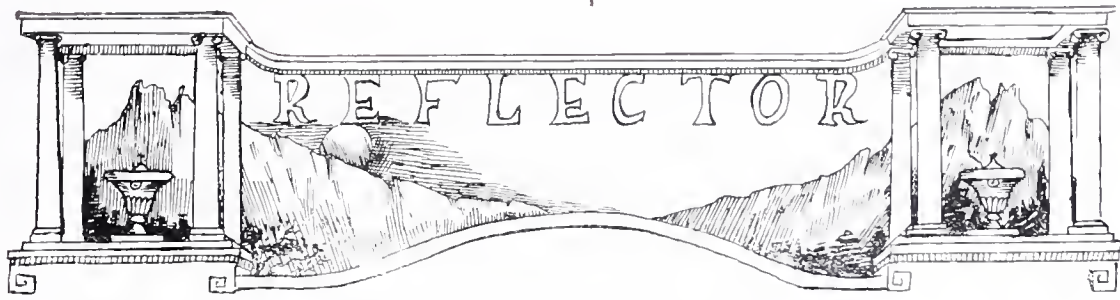
MOTTO ----- *Aude Supere*
 COLORS ----- *Black and Gold*
 FLOWER ----- *Black-Eyed Susan*

OFFICERS

CONNIE STOUT ----- PRESIDENT
 EDITH HALLER ----- VICE-PRESIDENT
 KATHERINE KEITH ----- SECRETARY
 MARGARET GOLD ----- TREASURER
 VIRGINIA LEA ----- CRITIC
 MARY ADELE GLENN ----- CENSOR
 ROBERTA STRUDWICK ----- MONITOR
 CLAIRE STAFFORD ----- MONITOR
 LILLIAN MERRIMON ----- PRESS REPORTER

ROLL

EUGENIA ATKISSON	JESSIE HOWARD	FLORA PORTER
VADAH BRYANT	ALICE MAUD JOHNSON	BARRE PRITCHETT
MARGARET CHAMBERLAIN	MADÉLINE KEELING	ELOISE RACKLEY
ELIZABETH CLEGG	KATHERINE KEITH	MARY RAGLAND
LOIS DODSON	MOZELLE KING	FRANCES RANKIN
MARY LOUISE DONNELL	MONA LANE	MARY SANDERS
MARY FOUST	VIRGINIA LEA	JULIA SILVER
MARGARET GOLD	HELEN MANGUM	CONNIE STOUT
MARY ADELE GLENN	MILDRED MATTHEWS	CLAIRE STAFFORD
MADONNA GRANTHAM	LILLIAN MERRIMON	ROBERTA STRUDWICK
IRENE GRIMSLEY	GERTRUDE MERRIMON	EVA THOMAS
EDITH HALLER	CORA MOORE	RUTH VERNON
SUSIE HOGSHEAD	MARY PATTERSON	MARY C. WILSON
	SARAH POOLE	



The McNeil Literary Society

MOTTO ----- *Facite Officium*
 COLORS ----- *Dark Green and Gold*
 FLOWER ----- *The Jonquil*

OFFICERS

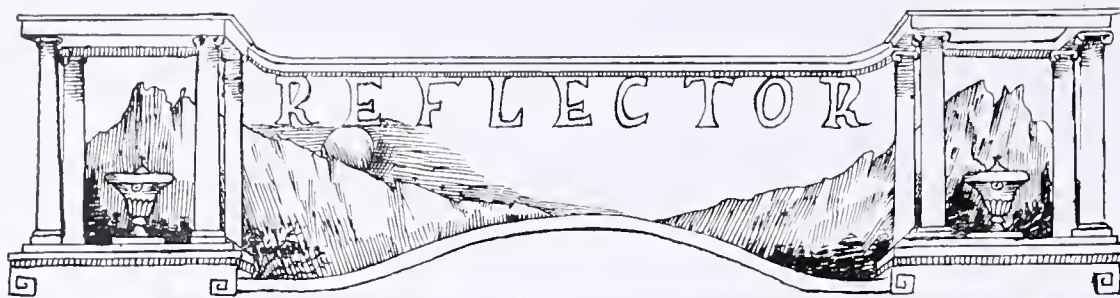
MARY REES ----- PRESIDENT
 ADELAIDE VAN NÖPPEN ----- VICE-PRESIDENT
 ELIZABETH SMITH ----- SECRETARY
 MARY MURRAY ----- TREASURER
 CELIA GOLDSTEIN ----- CRITIC
 KIRK CALLUM ----- CENSOR
 CAROL SHELTON ----- PRESS REPORTER
 JEAN McALISTER ----- MONITOR
 EVANGELINE BROWN ----- MONITOR
 MAGDALENE MONROE ----- HISTORIAN

ROLL

MARY ALDERMAN
 JANIE ANGEL
 MYRTLE ASHWORTH
 HENRIETTA BEALL
 EVANGELINE BROWN
 KIRK CALLUM
 DORIS CHAPEL
 EVA CLARK
 ELIZABETH CLARY
 LUCY CLAPP
 LOUISE CLEGG
 GRACE COX
 WILLIE CUTTS
 CLAUDE DANIELS
 VIRGINIA DAVIS

BESSIE DENNY
 CELIA GOLDSTEIN
 MARY HENDRIX
 CORINNE JUSTICE
 MARY LOUISE LOWE
 BLANCHE MARTIN
 FAY MARTIN
 AUGUSTA MEINHART
 ADELAIDE VAN NÖPPEN
 MARY MORRISON
 MARY MURRAY
 JEAN McALISTER
 EUNICE PEARCE
 LANETTE PORTER
 MARY REES
 ETHEL ROWE

EVELYN SCHEFFMAN
 CAROL SHELTON
 MOZELLE SHEPPARD
 LILA SLACK
 MARGARET STROUD
 ELIZABETH SMITH
 MARIE TESSIER
 KATIE THOMAS
 MAGDALENE MONROE
 MARY A. WILSON
 JULIETTE WHITE
 JESSIE MAY YOUNG
 SELLIE SMITH
 LALA TRENT
 BONNIE HOWARD



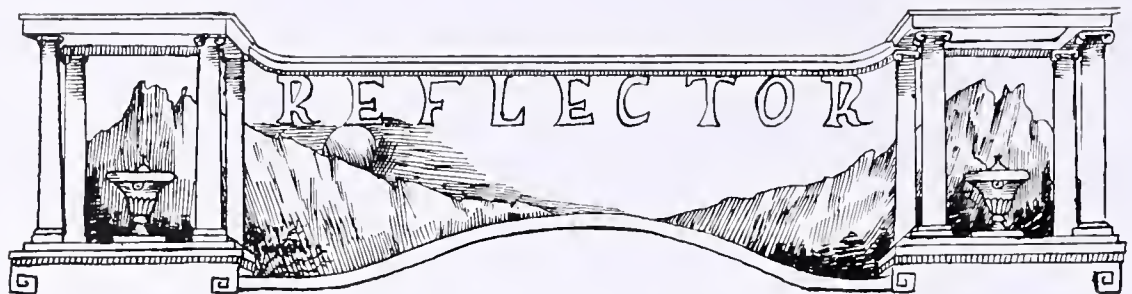
Marshals

HENRY BLAKE, *Phi.*, CHIEF
LELAND PORTER, *Di.*
MARY SANDERS, *Io.*
LACY McALISTER, *Di.*

OSMOND PATE, *Phi.*
EDITH HALLER, *Io.*
MAGDALINE MONROE, *McN.*
ELIZABETH SMITH, *McN.*



JONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY



History of the Ionian Literary Society

IN THE FALL of 1909 the girls of the highest classes met in the auditorium of the G. H. S. and formed the McNeil Literary Society, the only girls' society.

At the beginning of the next term on October 28, 1910, it was decided to divide the society on account of its growth, so the Ionian Literary Society was formed. At this first meeting Black and Gold were chosen for the society colors and *Aude Supere* (Dare to be wise) for our motto.

The Ionian Society have heretofore had a three-fold purpose. First, to cultivate a greater appreciation of literature; Second, to enable the membership to express their thoughts intellectually and lastly, to foster a better social spirit. This year we have added the fourth, namely: To beautify the G. H. S. In order to do this the society sold sandwiches and candy to the students and in connection with this gave a play, "The Musical Boquet," which was given to the public. Quite a nice sum was realized, the proceeds of which were to buy scenery and pay off the deficit on the stage.

An hour and a half every two weeks is set apart for our regular programs, which consist of music—instrumental and vocal, readings, recitations, plays, and debates. These programs have proved very beneficial and enjoyable, and there isn't any department in the school that helps to bring out a girl's talent like our society work.

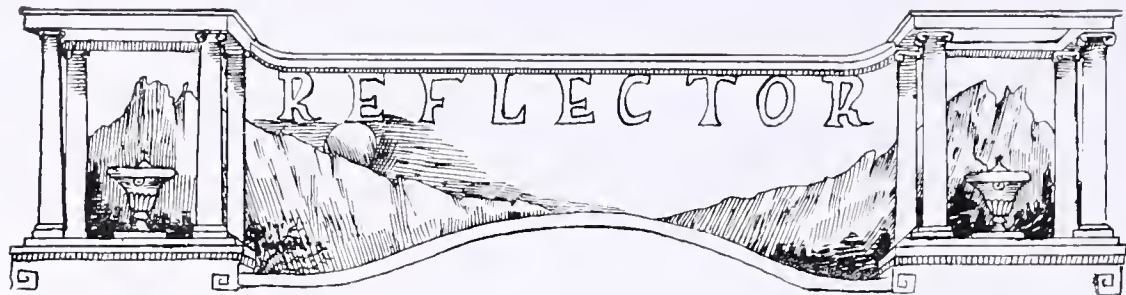
This society work is under the management of competent teachers and to them we owe a great deal of our progress.

Although we are the youngest society we stand on the same basis as our "Mother Society," the McNeil. Each year increases our membership, and now at the end of the fifth year the Ionian Society is one of the strongest societies in the High School.

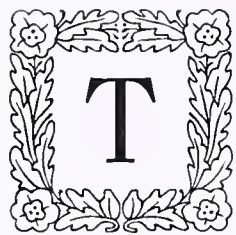
JESSIE HOWARD, Historian.



MCNEILL LITERARY SOCIETY



History of the McNeil Literary Society



THE history of the McNeil Literary Society really begins with the division, in 1909, of the one girls' society into two separate organizations, known as the Ionian and McNeil.

During this year, the object of the Society has been four fold: First, to encourage the study of Southern poets and their works; second, to become more efficient in the art of debating; third, to become more familiar and therefore more accurate in the minute following of Parliamentary Rules; fourth, to promote school spirit and closer friendship among the girls.

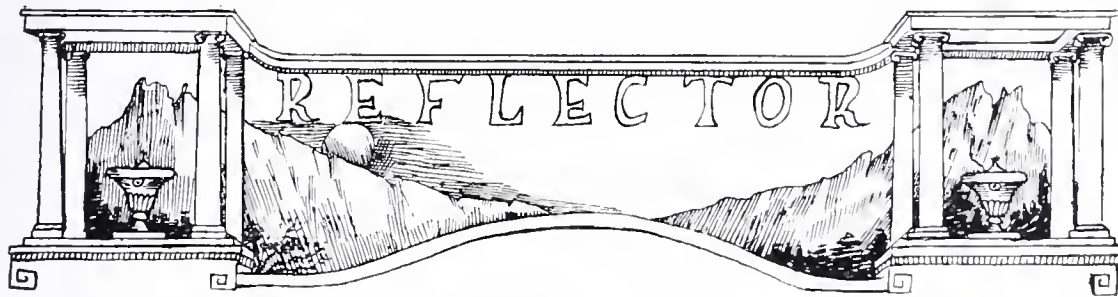
The work of preparing the programs has been in the hands of two chairmen, newly appointed for each meeting. The membership is divided into two sections, musical and literary. The musical section has rendered its programs in the chapel, the programs consisting of instrumental and vocal selections, as well as recitations, dialogues, and short plays. The literary programs presented in the Business room, have been for the most part composed of interesting and also spirited papers on the lives of Southern poets, recitations selected from the poet's works, on such subjects as, "Resolved, that immigration to the U. S. should be restricted;" "Resolved, that every year in America, the floods are more destructive than the fires; and "Resolved, that athletics in a high school are beneficial mentally, morally, and physically." The McNeils have challenged the Ionians to a debate to be held some time during the Spring, and it is with a confident hope of victory that we await the event.

We have also been active in athletics. A McNeil basketball team has been organized with which we are to defeat our rivals the Ionians.

As a gift to the school we have purchased a drugget for the Chapel stage, which will be quite an addition for useful as well as ornamental purposes.

In conclusion it may be said for the Society that this has been its most successful year, and there is every reason to believe that the future has in store for us even greater things.

MAGDALENE MONROE, Historian



VOL. X

NO. 4

THE SAGE

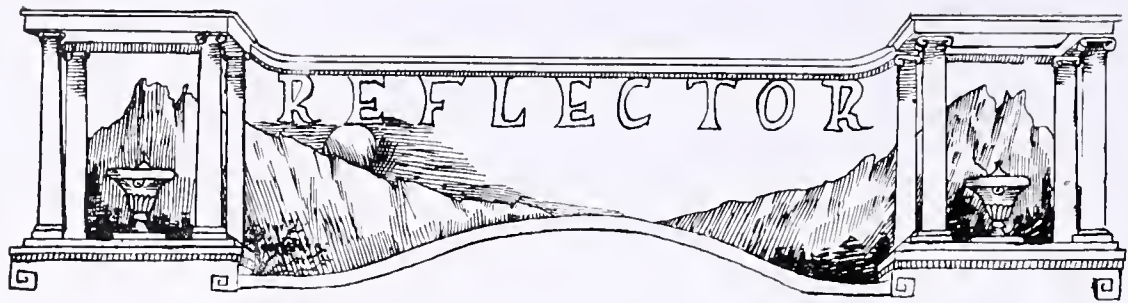
APRIL 1915



Greensboro High School
Greensboro, N. C.



SAGE EDITORS



THE SAGE

Editorials

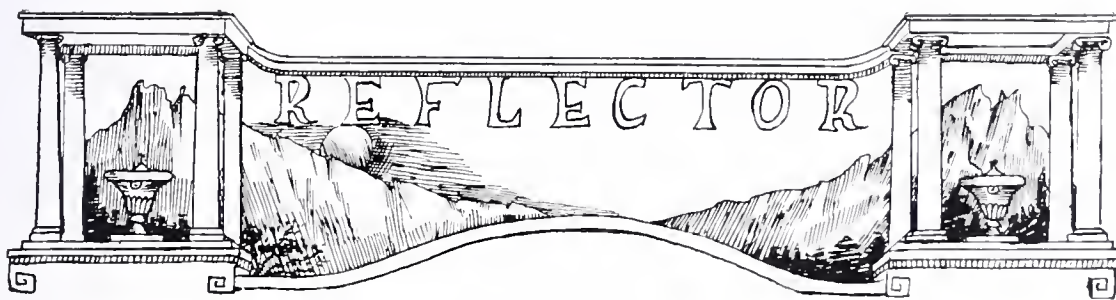
That "High School spirit," of which we have heard so much has certainly been in evidence since the very first day of school. The way the pupils have responded to all requests of the Principal and teachers is all that could be desired. The hearty spirit which is shown by the way the boys and girls are co-operating with the athletic association is splendid. All we have to say is "Keep it up!" just "Be sure you're right—then go ahead."

The SAGE has not yet reached the goal towards which it is working. You have all heard the old saying, "Hitch your wagon to a star," but our aim is not quite so high and much more easily accomplished, if you, girls and boys, will only help. When every pupil at the Greensboro High School feels that THE SAGE belongs to him or her, that he is responsible for its success or failure; when each boy and girl contributes something which is his best effort to make the magazine more interesting—then will the editors feel that something of that which is attempted has been accomplished and they have not labored in vain.

One of the editors of THE SAGE recently had the privilege of hearing Mr. Richard Wyehe, the famous story teller, discuss the European War.

"The allies," said he, "are now fighting for the good of Germany, and the worst harm which can befall her is for her to be victorious."

Mr. Wyehe then went on to say that the Germans are simply crazed with the idea of war. Their prominent writers have changed the beatitudes of Christ to a gospel of war, by such sayings as: Blessed are the warriors, for they shall inherit the earth. Christ said 'Blessed are the peacemakers' but nay, rather, Blessed are the valiant" The prophecy of Mr. Wyehe is that the war



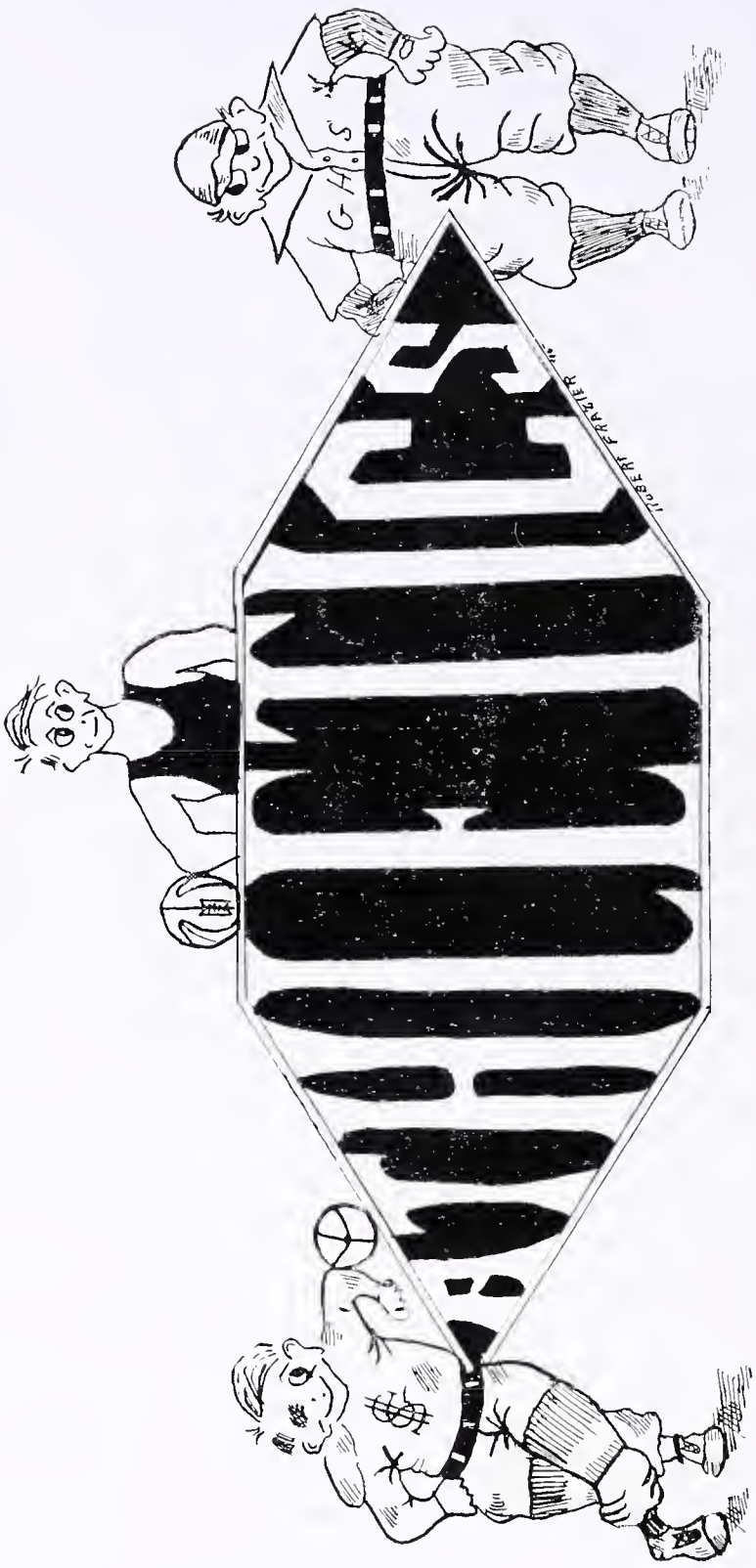
THE SAGE

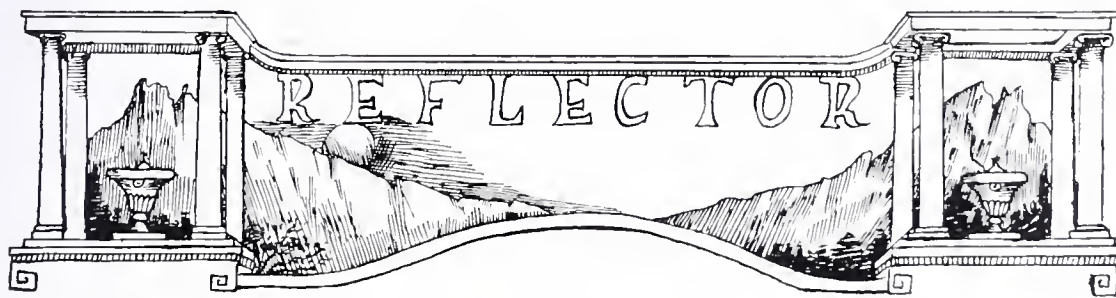
will end as suddenly as it began; that Germany will find herself in a critical position with no means of escape, and then, but not until then, will come peace.

He concluded by saying that this war has proven that the popular idea that preparation prevents war is a fallacy, and when nations prepare for war the war is sure to come. If Germany is defeated in this war, she will be obliged to give up her "gospel of militarism" and then, being a nation of teachers, she will send forth such teachers as the world has never seen to spread the truth among all civilization.

We hope the High School pupils will take due cognizance of the dire fate which has befallen the Sophomore Class of Trinity College, and never, never raise a class flag on a college flag pole. Little did that young Sophomore think, as he raised that numeral "17" on the college flag pole, that he was perpetrating the act of a "buffalo, a scoundrel, a coward and a Benedict Arnold." Little did he think, as he raised that numeral "17" on the college flag pole, that he was committing a deed so dastard, a crime so foul and contemptible as to lower himself to the plane of that arch traitor Benedict Arnold.

It really looks as though Bishop Kilgo was rather hasty in applying such approbrious terms to the Sophomore Class as a whole, and in causing the many to suffer for the misdeeds of the one. When the ex-president of the college, and a Bishop, deigns to give a matter serious attention, the public generally "sits up and takes notice;" but we hope it will, in this instance, when the "crime" was that of a thoughtless school boy, look at the act from the angle which it was committed, not by a hardened, well-poised person of maturity, but by a second year student of effervescent spirits, who, in all probability, meant no insult to his college, flag nor nation.





Athletic Poem

GRACE COX, '16.

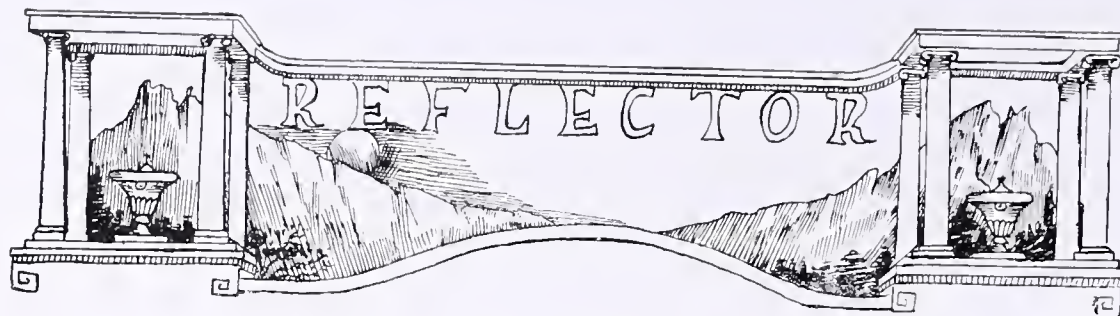
Athletics in the High School
Is a most important feature,
And it is the only phase
Which we learn without a teacher.

All day long the boys are busy,
In their work inside the schoolroom;
Then when all this work is ended,
For the baseball they're in tune.

Oft we play with other High Schools,
When we girls help in the winning;
For our presence at the game,
Gives them courage for beginning.

Then again by some misfortune,
If, perhaps we lose a game,
We're not by this defeat, discouraged,
But keep our spirit just the same.

So Athletics in the High School,
By all means should be encouraged;
For by it we gain essentials,
Outside of our book-taught knowledge.



Football

The Athletic season started with football. The following officers were elected for the football season:

JOHN McALISTER ----- CAPTAIN
 BEN CONE ----- MANAGER
 GORDON HUNTER ----- ASST. MANAGER

Practice was held every afternoon on the old Carnival Field. Although the team had no coach at the first of the season, it made a wonderful showing. A great deal of the old material was back this year, but the new material was, by no means, bad. The new material made the old players play hard to keep their places.

Though we did not win the championship, we were not dishartened. Our team was one of the lightest teams in the State. It was known as the best self-made team in the State.

Thanks to Messrs. Max Hendrix and Lunsford Richardson that the team was put into better playing condition along toward the last of the season. They were old High School stars, and had had a great deal of training at college, so they helped us considerably.

The ones who played:

John McAlister ----- (Captain), Quarterback
 Kemp Clendenin ----- Left Halfback
 Ryland Olive ----- Right Halfback
 Charlie Causey ----- Fullback
 Leon Milton ----- Fullback
 Henry Blake ----- Right end
 Clarence Angel ----- Right tackle
 Hubert Sherrill ----- Right guard
 John Callum ----- Right guard
 Leland Porter ----- Center
 Olan Barnes ----- Left guard
 Samuel Robinson ----- Left guard
 Edward Faulconer ----- Left tackle
 Lacy McAlister ----- Left end
 Winfree Alderman ----- Left end

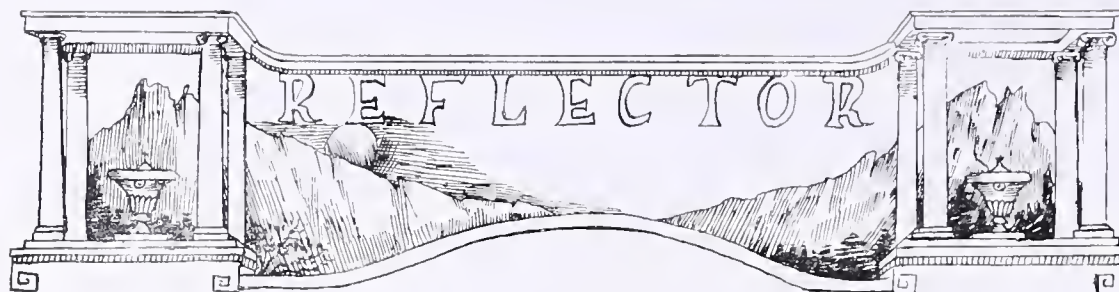
Substitutes: Nowland, Clary, and Rawlins.

SCHEDULE

Greensboro at Winston-Salem ----- 13-6
 Raleigh at Greensboro ----- 32-6
 Greensboro at Raleigh ----- 0-54
 Winston at Greensboro ----- 0-18
 Charlotte University at Greensboro ----- 7-14



FOOTBALL TEAM



Basketball

This was something rather new at the High School, but it created a great deal of enthusiasm.

OFFICERS

JOHN McALISTER ----- CAPTAIN
 KEMP CLENDENIN ----- MANAGER
 LEWIS SCHENK ----- ASST. MANAGER

The boys practised on the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium floor, and there received some excellent training from Messrs. Stockard and Parlow.

The basketball team was a success in every way except in being champions. This would have been ours if Winston had not had the advantage of several years experience. This was our first year, and we are proud of our merits; but most of all—*of our boys.*

TEAM

John McAlister ----- (Captain), Right guard
 Lacy McAlister ----- Left guard
 Sidney Pruden ----- Left forward
 Eldridge Clary ----- Center
 Henry Blake ----- Right forward

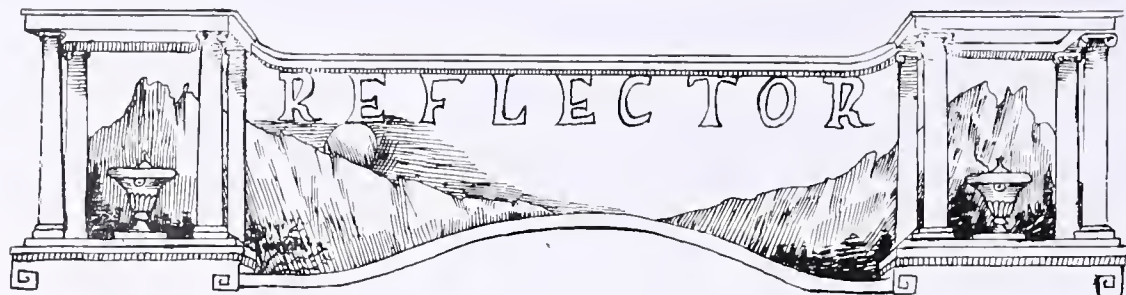
Substitutes: Schenk, Nowland and Alderman.

SCHEDULE

Lexington at Greensboro -----	15—14
Greensboro at Carolina (Freshmen) -----	18—20
Greensboro at Durham -----	30—17
Durham at Greensboro -----	16—38
Guilford High School at Greensboro -----	11—12
Greensboro at Guilford High School -----	24—17
Greensboro at Winston -----	8—22
Winston at Greensboro -----	27—19
Carolina (Freshmen) at Greensboro -----	17—36



BASKETBALL TEAM



Girls' Basketball

Something in the way of athletics that was entirely new to the High School was basketball among the girls. The girls went into athletics with a vim, not one team was organized, but five. The two girls' societies each have a team, and the school as a whole has three teams.

The girls practiced on the Y. M. C. A. floor under the direction of Mrs. Barlow and Mr. Tully Blair. Several games have been played but as yet it is quite difficult to say which team will be the champion.

The beginning of athletics among the girls not only help them, but it also helps the boys and the school. It arouses enthusiasm that has never been evident at the Greensboro High School before.

THE TEAMS

McNEIL

Mary D. Murray	-----	Captain
Jean McAlister	-----	Manager
Virginia Davis	-----	Right Guard
Jean McAlister	-----	Right Guard
Adelaide Van Noppen	-----	Left Guard
Claudie Daniels	-----	Left Guard
Magdalene Monroe	-----	Center
Mary Murray	-----	Center
Carol Shelton	-----	Right Forward
Mary Murray	-----	Right Forward
Evangeline Brown	-----	Left Forward
Janie Angel	-----	Left Forward

IONIAN

Mary A. Glenn	-----	Captain
Virginia Lea	-----	Center
Edith Haller	-----	Guard
Mary Sanders	-----	Guard
Sarah Poole	-----	Forward
Mary A. Glenn	-----	Forward
Substitutes: Cora Moore, Roberta Strudwick, Claire Stafford, Mary C. Wilson		

BLUES

Jean McAlister	-----	Captain
Kathleen Price	-----	Forward
Mary Jordan	-----	Forward
Miriam Lindau	-----	Guard
Jean McAlister	-----	Guard
Virginia Lea	-----	Center

REDS

Mary A. Glenn	-----	Captain
Mary A. Glenn	-----	Forward
Cora Moore	-----	Forward
Sarah Poole	-----	Guard
Roberta Strudwick	-----	Guard
Virginia Davis	-----	Center

GREENS

Ruth Dillon	-----	Captain
Blanche Sternberger	-----	Guard
Lillian Brandt	-----	Guard
Margret Crater	-----	Forward
Ruth Dillon	-----	Forward
Margret Meadows	-----	Center



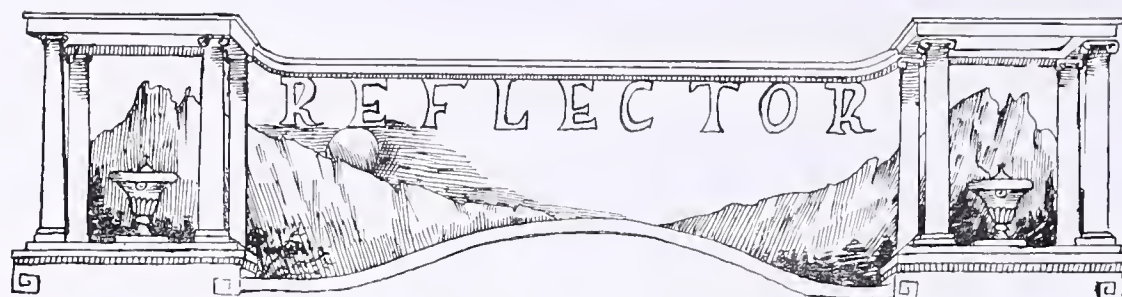
BASKETBALL TEAMS



IONIAN BASKETBALL TEAM



MCNEIL BASKETBALL TEAM



Track Team

Athletics took a different turn this year. Not only football, baseball, basketball was indulged in, but a track team was organized.

The track team practiced at the Y. M. C. A. and at the fair grounds. Mr. Gantt assisted Captain Olive and they worked hard to get the team in shape in so short a time to carry off the honors at the University.

OFFICERS

RYLAND OLIVE	-----	CAPTAIN
GORDON HUNTER	-----	MANAGER
W. A. H. GANTT	-----	COACH

MEET AT THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C.

At the interscholastic track meet, held at the University of North Carolina, on Friday, April 16th, the Greensboro High School made a fine showing: Winning the relay cup and taking second place in the meet. The score was tied 35 to 35 points between Friendship and Greensboro, until the last event and we then lost by five points. Considering the lack of training and the short time in which to prepare for the meet, the Greensboro boys made the best showing.

The relay cup which was won by the Greensboro team was a very pretty and valuable one, and was presented to the High School by the relay team.

RYLAND OLIVE { 1st place Pole Vault, 8 feet.
3rd place Broad Jump 18 feet 11 inches.

JOHN McALISTER { 2nd 120-yard Low Hurdles.
2nd Shot Put, 36 feet 6 inches.
1st Broad Jump, 18 feet 8 inches.

LACY McALISTER—4th place, 440-yard Dash.

ELDRIDGE CLARY—2nd High Jump, 5 feet 4 inches.

GORDON HUNTER { Shot Put, 34 feet.
Hammer Throw, 70 feet.

JOHN JOHNSON—Hammer Throw, 71 feet 6 inches.

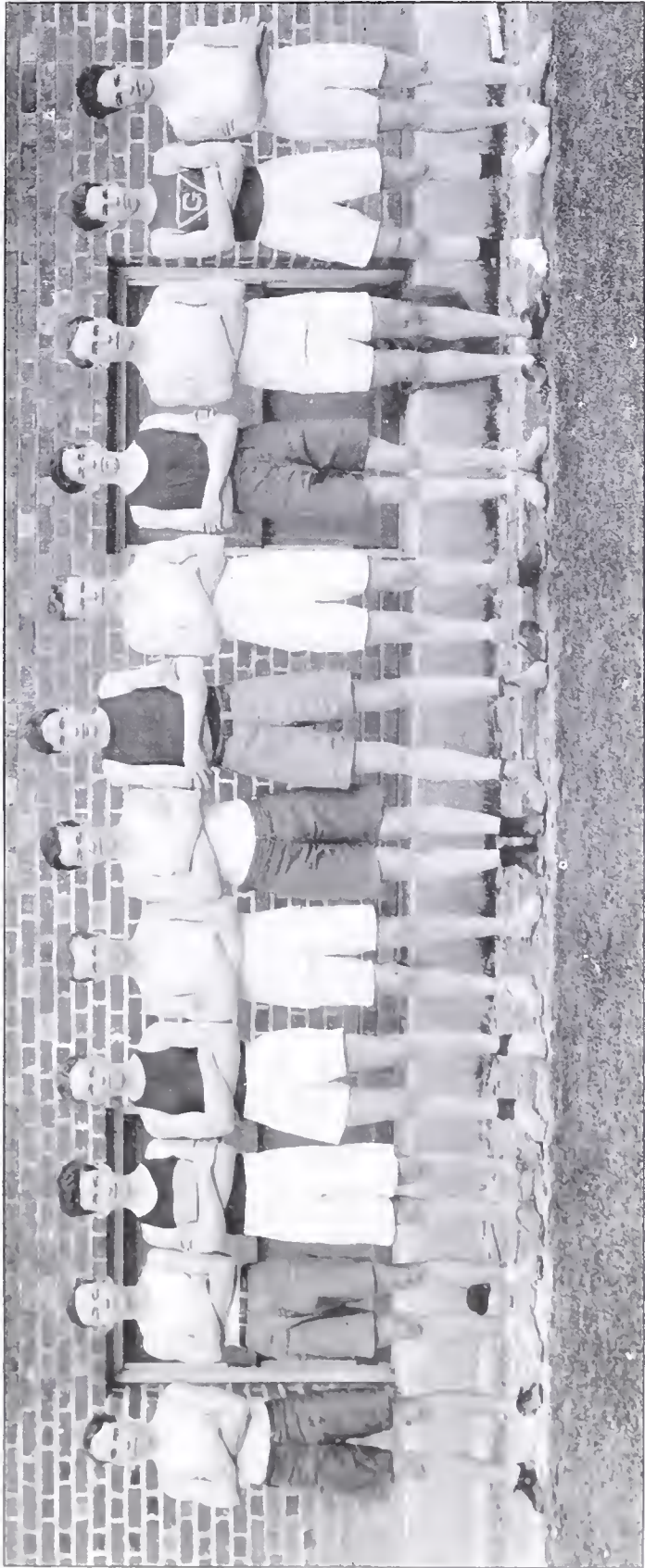
WINFREE ALDERMAN—1st place, 880-yard Run—2 minutes 16 seconds.

KEMP CLENDENIN—1st place, 1-mile Run—5 minutes 15 seconds.

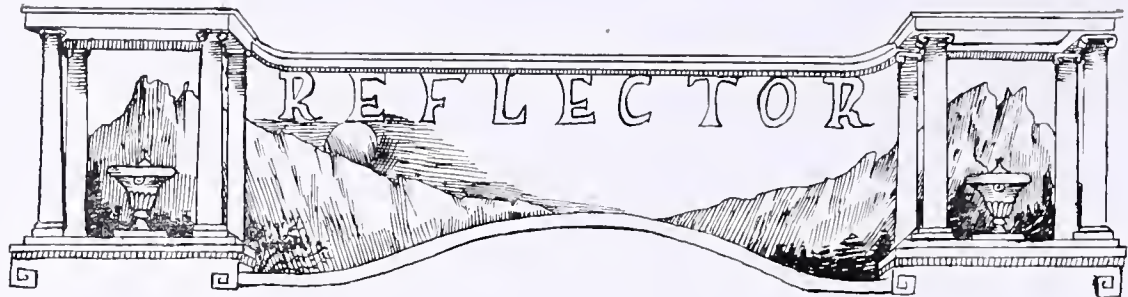
SYDNEY PRUDEN { 2nd place, 100-yard Dash—10 $\frac{3}{8}$.
4th place, Pole Vault.
3rd place, High Jump, 5 feet 2 inches.

Two-third-mile Relay, 4 men, Average 36 seconds.

Sydney Pruden, Winfree Alderman, Ryland Olive John McAlister.



TRACK TEAM



Baseball

As we had no baseball last year, it was rather new this year. The boys started out in good spirit and practices were held every afternoon at the old ball park, on church street with large numbers out. Under the skilful guidance of Mr. Charlie Sisson, of the Elmira New York Club, and the captain, a good well-rounded team is promised.

At this writing no High School games have been played, but a fine schedule has been arranged by the manager.

The boys are working hard to put out a champion team. Filled with enthusiasm and genuine good spirit for old G. H. S.—the boys are working to a victorious end. So here's to the team.—MAY SUCCESS BE YOURS.

OFFICERS

KEMP CLENDENIN	-----	CAPTAIN
JOHN McALISTER	-----	MANAGER
GORDON HUNTER	-----	ASST. MANAGER

TEAM

Kemp Clendenin	-----	(Captain) Second base
John Callum	-----	First base
Leland Porter	-----	Left field—Catcher
Oscar Boyst	-----	Left Field—Catcher
Lacy McAlister	-----	Right field
Clarence Angel	-----	Center field
John McAlister	-----	Center field
Ryland Olive	-----	Third base
Eldridge Clary	-----	Pitcher
Henry Blake	-----	Pitcher
Leon Milton	-----	Shortstop

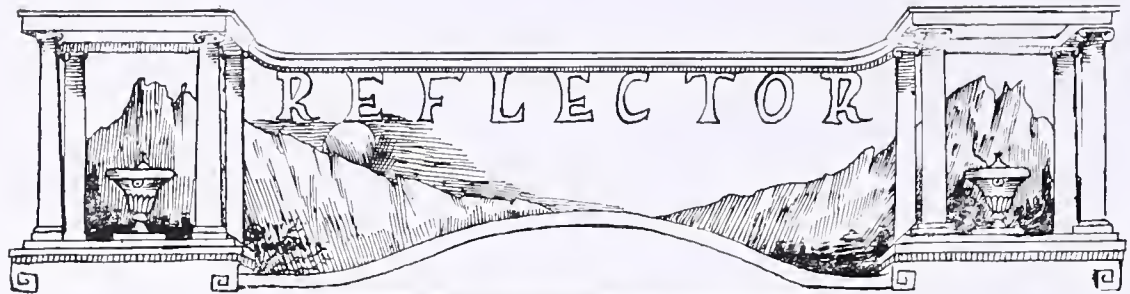
Substitutes: Clyde Crutchfield, Winfree Alderman, Albert Nowland.

SCHEDULE

Burlington at Greenboro April 2nd	Charlotte at Davidson May 1st
Charlotte at Greenboro April 17th	Winston at Winston May 7th
Winston at Greensboro April 24th	Durham at Durham May 8th
Mebane at Mebane April 30th	Burlington at Burlington May 14th
	Durham at Greensboro May 15th



BASEBALL TEAM



Riffity, Raffity, Riff, Raff!
 Chiffity, Chiffity, Chiff, Chaff!
 Riff, Raff, Chiff, Chaff!
 Let's give 'em the horse laugh
 Hee! Haw! *Raleigh!*

Hit 'em up,
 Have a tussel!
 Clean 'em up,
 Make 'em hussel!
Greensboro!

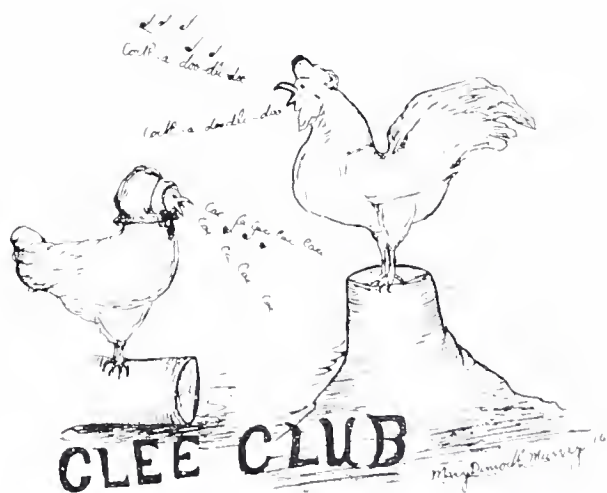
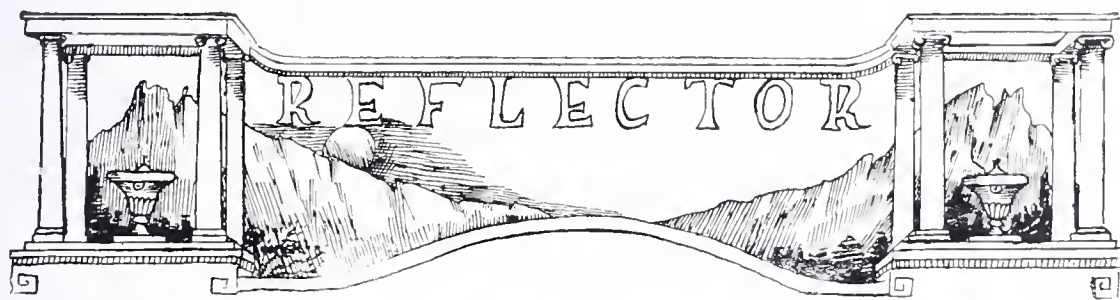
Rah, Rah, Ray, Rum!
 Greensboro's goin' some,
 Believe me!

Rah! Rah! Rah!
 G.! H.! S.!
 Team! Team! Team!

Rah! Rah!
 Ra! Ra!
 Greensboro
 Team! Team! Team!

Hi, Yi! Ki, Yi!
 Siss! Boom! Ba!
 Greensboro High School!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

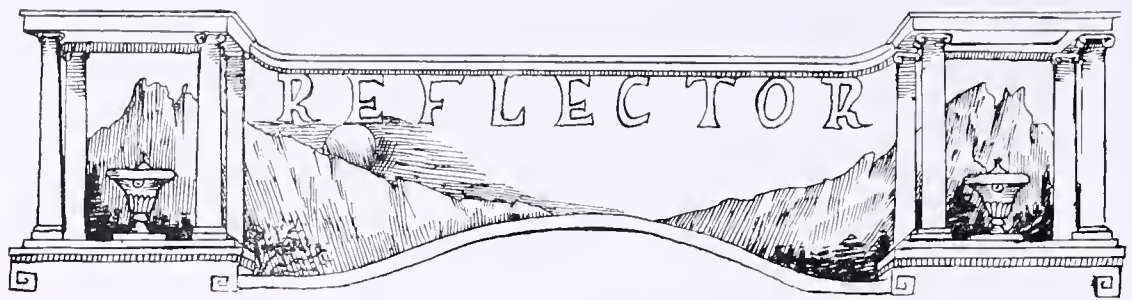
Are we in it!
 Well I guess!
 Greensboro High School!
 Yes! Yes! Yes!



OFFICERS

KEMP CLENDENIN	-----	PRESIDENT
ADELAIDE VAN NIPPEN	-----	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH SMITH	-----	SECRETARY
KIRK CALLUM	-----	TREASURER
CELIA GOLDSTEIN	-----	PIANIST
LILLIAN MERRIMON	-----	ASST. PIANIST

W. F. WARREN, DIRECTOR

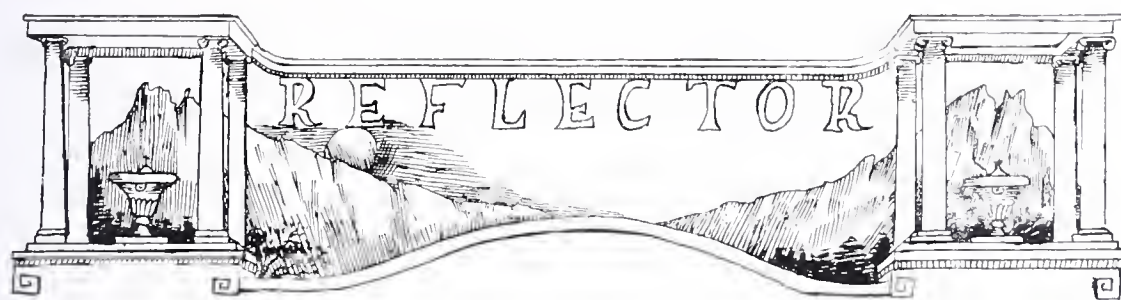


Boys' Glee Club

WINFREE ALDERMAN
 OSCAR BOYST
 VANDERFORD BOULDIN
 OLAN BARNES
 ELLEBRE BROADNAX
 WASHINGTON CLARK
 ELDRIDGE CLARY
 CLYDE CRUTCHFIELD

BENJAMIN CONE
 JOHN CALLUM
 KEMP CLENDENIN
 ROBERT FRAZIER
 JOE MORTON
 CLARENCE MARTIN
 WILL McLARTY
 ELWOOD MITCHEL

LACY McALISTER
 LELAND PORTER
 STOKES RAWLINS
 EARLE RIVES
 EDWARD SCOTT
 ELLSWORTH TESSIER
 GORDON WEST
 SAMSON WEISS

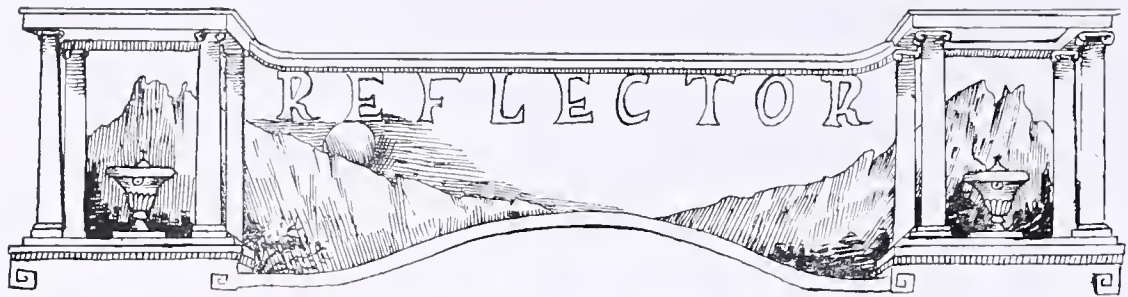


Girls' Glee Club

EVANGELINE BROWN
 EMMA BLAKE
 VIRGINIA BLOXTON
 KIRK CALLUM
 BESSIE DENNY
 MARY LOUISE DONNEL
 PEARL ELLIOTT
 ETHA GLASCOW
 CELIA GOLDSTEIN
 MARY ADELE GLENN
 MARY HENDRIX
 EDITH HALLER
 LOVE IRELAND
 CORINE JUSTICE
 MARY JORDAN
 KATHRYN KEITH
 VIRGINIA LEE

MIRIAM LINDAU
 KATHLYN McClAMROCH
 CORA MOORE
 KATHERINE McCURRY
 MILDRED MATTHEWS
 JEAN McALISTER
 MARY MORRISON
 GERTRUDE MERRIMON
 LILLIAN MERRIMON
 MARY MURRAY
 MAGDALENE MONROE
 RETH PICKARD
 KATHLEEN PRICE
 MARY REES
 ETHEL ROW
 MARGARET STROUD

ERMA SHAW
 ELIZABETH SMITH
 MARY SANDERS
 LILA SLACK
 ROBERTA STRUDWICK
 BLANCHE STERNBERGER
 LUCILE STEWART
 CAROL SHELTON
 CONNIE STOUT
 EVA THOMAS
 MARY THOMAS
 SANFORD THOMAS
 LALA TRENT
 MARY WILSON
 EDYTH WILSON
 RUTH WILSON
 ADELAIDE VAN NOFEN

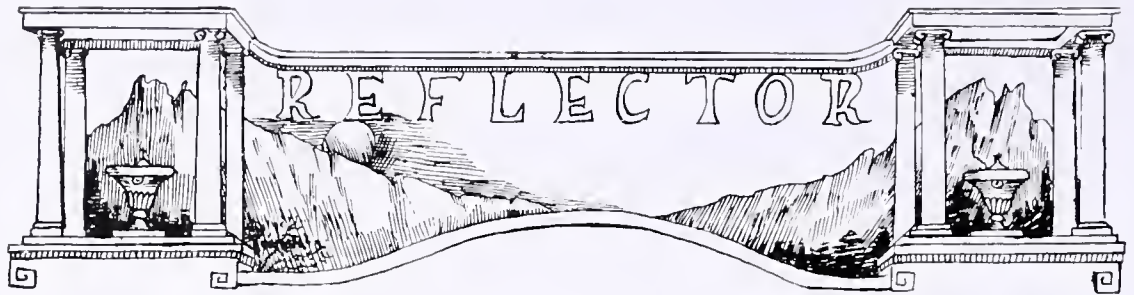


Orchestra

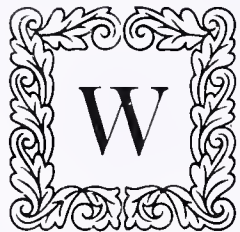
MISS BERG	-----	1ST PIANIST
MARY MORRISON	-----	2ND PIANIST
JOE GOLDSTEIN	-----	1ST VIOLINIST
EUGENE SHAW	-----	2ND VIOLINIST
BLANCHE STERNBERGER	-----	2ND VIOLINIST
JULIAN TURRENTINE	-----	2ND VIOLINIST
HARLEY MOWRANE	-----	2ND VIOLINIST
JAMES ALBRIGHT	-----	FLUTE



Fly Leaves



Keeping Up The Good Work

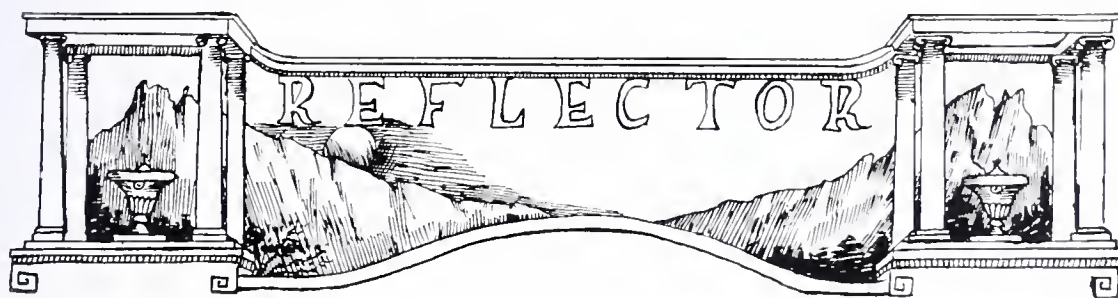


HERE are all your flies," asked a drummer of a resident of Greensboro, upon which he received the proud answer, "we haven't any." And he was about right when he said it. For so vigorously and conscientiously had the war against this pest been waged and so effectually had he been swatted on all sides, that indeed as far as Greensboro was concerned the flies were few and far between.

Drummers and traveling men found it a pleasure to stop over in Greensboro for Sunday, for who so hates annoyance as a busy man? Aside from the annoyance which the fly causes, the people of Greensboro should be thankful from a sanitary standpoint, and they are. Who wants this germ carrying insect crawling over the food which one must eat or, falling into a bottle of milk, which after the cook has removed the fly, is set upon one's table, or is given to the defenceless baby. Have you ever examined a fly under a microscope, no, of course not or you would be more particular about preventing the materialization of this pest.

Spring is upon us, so let's get ready and not give the fly a chance to breed. You can do this by co-operating with the committee on this work and by keeping your premises clear of filth. Some say that it is not worth the trouble and expense. But after some loved one has died of a disease contracted from germs brought in by the fly, how these same people would wish that they had spent a small sum each month in getting rid of the filth of their premises. Don't wait until a great disaster of this kind convinces you of the awfulness of the presence of flies.

Last year the slogan of the workers against flies was "Swat the Fly," but this year, people of Greensboro, let's make it possible for Mr. E. P. Wharton and other leaders of the campaign, to send out the challenge far and near, "Find a Fly."



Social Events

We have had the pleasure of enjoying many receptions and other socials, along with our school work this year.

On Saturday night, October 21, the Athletic Association gave a delightful reception in honor of the Raleigh High School boys at the pretty home of Mrs. Charles Gold, on East Washington Street. The home was beautifully decorated with various flowers, and a delicious course of refreshments was served. All present declared that they had the time of their lives.

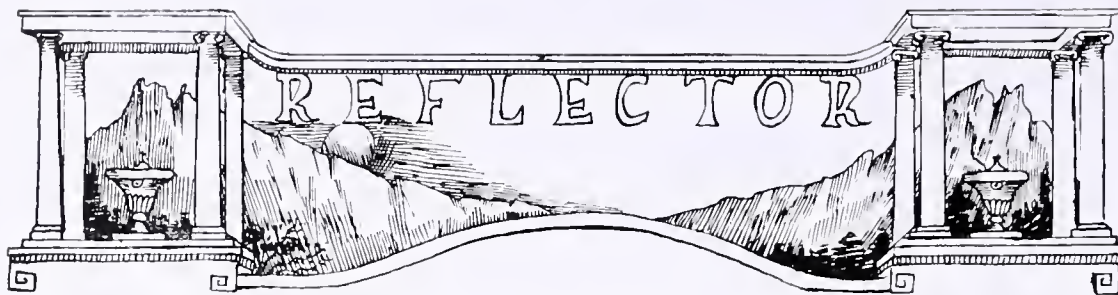
On Friday night, October 23rd, the G. H. S. teachers delightfully entertained the Grammar School teachers at a swell reception at the High School. "Progressive Hearts" was played and a dainty course of refreshments followed. This occasion was greatly enjoyed by all.

The Diaphesian and Philomelian Societies entertained the McNeil and Ionian Societies and the Winston-Salem football boys at a big reception at the High School. The two society halls and the main hall of the building were tastefully decorated in the colors of the two societies. A delicious course of refreshments was served and everyone went away declaring they had a fine time.

On Saturday night, November 12th, an enjoyable reception was given at the home of Miss Roberta Strudwick, on Mendenhall street. On account of the snow the U. N. C. Freshmen were not present, but the G. H. S. boys and girls spent a very pleasant evening.

After the entertainment given by Mr. Thomas B. Lindsey, at the High school, a short reception was given to the Charlotte football team. Punch was served and everyone enjoyed the short "Chat" with the visiting boys.

The Philomelian Literary Society presented the comedy, "Jumbo Jim" in the auditorium of the High School, on Friday evening, December 11th. A large audience witnessed the play and all declared it a big success. "Jumbo Jim," who was Jas. Witherspoon, kept the audience roaring by his funny actions and bright sayings.



The Durham Basketball Team was delightfully entertained at the lovely home of Miss Sarah Poole. A dainty course of refreshments was served and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

DIAPHESIAN PLAY

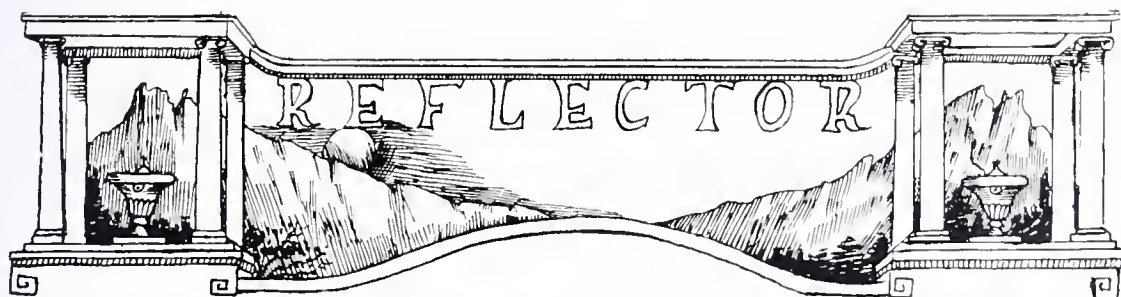
One of the big social events of the school year was the "Mutt and Jeff's Greater Shows." An entertainment given by the Diaphesian Society, on January 14, 1915. The school building was artistically decorated with bunting in the Diaphesian Society colors, but their costumes formed such a complete disguise that one could only guess at their identity.

"Mutt" and "Jeff" sold tickets at the door for the different attractions. The main ones being "The Goblins Den," where ghosts and goblins would appear from some dark corner of their den and jump at the rash intruder with terrific cries (which were aided by the cries of the victim): "The Hindu Mystic," who told fortunes, and promised wealth and fame to those fortunate enough to incur his favor: "The Wheel of Fortune," which pointed out your destiny: "The Clowns," with their many funny jokes: "Little Jimmy and Mary Ann," one a pigmy and one a giant, who were husband and wife, and "The wild man" of ferocious aspect, who ate people alive. During this time Miss (?) Boyst sold candy and peanuts to all that would buy.

After these side shows came the principle part, "A Day on the Farm," which pictured graphically and amusingly early morning in the farmhouse, and "Ye Auld Tyme Dance," at night. The evening's entertainment closed by all of the characters singing "Good Night, Ladies." And the patrons went home voting the evening a great success.

Miss Kathleen Price was the charming hostess to the U. N. C. Freshmen, at her home on Bellemeade Avenue. Music was furnished by Mr. Warren and several of the G. H. S. boys and girls, while others engaged in dancing. All came away feeling that they had had a pleasant evening.

Tasty invitations of green and white were issued by the Tenth Grade, stating that the Class of 1916 would be at home to the Class of 1915, Friday, February 12, at the High School from Eight to Ten-thirty. On that date the building was the scene of the *swellest* reception of the season. "Progressive Hearts" and "Progressive Courtship" were engaged in, and it was interesting as well as amus-



inging to see the boys on their knees to the girls. Delicious refreshments, consisting of a salad course and ice-cream and cake were served. All agreed they had the best time ever.

On Saturday evening, March 27th the G. H. S. Baseball Team and the Charlotte Triangular Debaters were entertained by Miss Edith Haller, at her charming little home on Morehead Avenue. This was the first baseball reception of the season and was enjoyed by all.

A Pageant of History is being planned with over 150 characters, to be given in May, at the opera house. Scenes: Ancient Britain, Robin Hood, Indians, Pilgrims, Colonials, Days of '61, and America Triumphant.

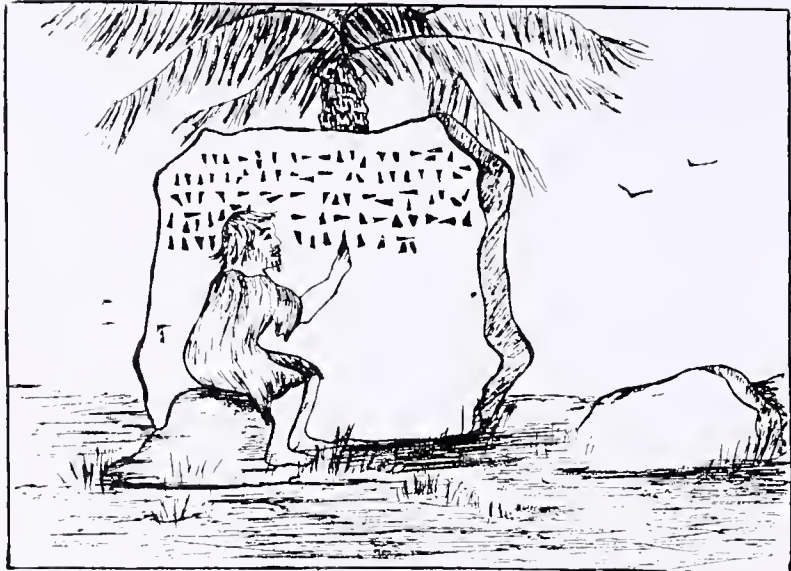
On Saturday night, April 17th, the athletic association of the G. H. S. gave a reception to the Charlotte baseball team, at the lovely home of Miss Love Ireland, on west Gaston street. Conversation and old-fashioned games were engaged in. After a course of delicious refreshments the guests departed declaring they had an ideal evening.

Gordon Hunter and Louis Schenek, who represented G. H. S. in the Triangular Debate, in Raleigh, were given a most delightful reception by the Raleigh High School pupils, at the home of Miss Anne Kitchen. The Kitchen's spacious home looked more beautiful than ever with its flowers, music and fair maidens. A unique game was played and enjoyed by all. There were delightful refreshments and punch in abundance, and the Greensboro boys returned with most tender memories of Raleigh.

The Class Day Exercises, given by the Senior Class of '15, were held in the chapel of the High School building, April 23rd. The program, which was well rendered, was one of the most attractive and original that has yet been given. The Last Will and Testament was especially original and witty, and caused much laughter. While singing the last verse of the class song, softly, the seniors marched down the aisle and after reaching the door gave a hearty yell to G. H. S.

A big picnic is being planned for the entire school, to be given sometime in May. All are looking forward to this event with much pleasure.

ANCIENT HISTORY



CAUSE —



EFFECT.



HUMOR



THE REV. DR. JOSH, DD. PHD.

Dedication

Dr. Josh is famous for his beauty and the ladies are very fond of him. His ideals are very high, about 3 feet, his ideas are very long drawn, about 2 inches, his smiles very funny. For the above reasons this the "Comforts for the Grouchy" is dedicated to him. Long may he live if he doesn't live too long. Are you related to Dr. Josh?

“Comfort For The Grouchy”

EXPERIENCE



By HAPPY EXPERIENCE

Author of "The World of Laughter"

I. LAUGH, U. GRIN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
COMICVILLE, N. C.

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Q. E. D.
Hence This Book



PREFACE

Like its many companions, this book sets before the reader the humorous side of life, and especially at the High School. Everything brought forth in this book is simply facts, and the real object is merely to bring forth simple, truthful and forcible facts. Knowing the book will be dry and fearing the fact that some may not wonder more than one page deep, we have endeavored by the help of good suggestions to add a few minor facts or details, that we sincerely hope will bring tears of laughter, and smiles that savor of sunshine, to those who do not always look on the bright side of life.

Comfort For The Grouchy

EXPERIENCE

- Chapter I.—Our Beloved Studies.
Chapter II.—Personal Compliments.
Chapter III.—Organizations.
Chapter IV.—Great men and famous women.
Chapter V.—Proverbs and Famous sayings.
Chapter VI.—Why ? ? ? ? ?
Chapter VII.—Synonymous terms.
Chapter VIII.—Personal Jokes.
Chapter IX.—Advertisements.

CHAPTER I.

Our Beloved Studies

GEOMETRY.

“The Call of Geometry.”

If there should come another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
Geometry would still be dry.

Geometry is that branch of science that deals with the many sleepless nights, trials and tribulations, and final failure of the boys and girls.

HISTORY.

History is that branch of study that brings forth so many new and unpronounceable names that the dictionaries are burdened with addition and revision.

“The Call of History.”

If at night you are sleepy and tired,
And to bed you wish to crawl;
Take this book and read a while,
And then you can study them all.

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

BUSINESS COURSE.

The business course is that branch of study that gives you time to talk over the current events of the day.

If you have ambition in your soul
Above jerking soda-fizz,
Take this course, apply yourself,
And then be a man of bizz.

ENGLISH.

English is that branch of study that teaches us to curse a man in a better language.

If your English you do not know,
And can't study before the bell rings,
Take your les-on on the last page,
And memorize three little things.

LATIN.

A study intended for killing time and lowering recitation averages.

If Latin was the only study I took,
And A. R. the only teacher,
I'd go and commit suicide,
Without consulting my preacher.

SCIENCE.

(Note.) We refrain from giving a definition of Science, as such language is not allowed in print.

If you want to know how to skin a cat,
And don't exactly crawl the situation,
Go to the "Lab." and see "Fess" Gautt,
As he's delighted with such occupation.

CHAPTER II.

Personal Compliments

- MR. WARREN—Full well he sang the service divine. Eternal in his nose full sweetly.
MR. WILLIAMS—Such a bean pole as I never saw before in all my life.
MR. GANTT—He weareth a divinely sweet grin upon his noble countenance.
MISS HOWARD—Ay me, how weak a thing the temper of woman is.
MR. LASLEY—He is a very perfect harmless infant.
MISS SUTTON—Honor is the subject of my story.
MR. FERGUSON—He is a man, take him for all in all, he will some day achieve the art of teaching.
MISS WATERHOUSE—Fear me not.

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

MISS MICHAEL—Screw your courage to the striking point and perhaps you can stand her.

MISS ALEXANDER—Suit the action to the word and the word to the action.

MISS BERG—?

BILL TAYLOR —(Two fools well met.

STOKES RAWLINS (

GLEE CLUB: "Swans sing before they die;"
"Twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die
Before they sing.

EIGHTH GRADE: "They were so fresh that full grown blades of grass
Turned green with envy as they chanced to pass."

E. BROADNAX: "Sweets to the sweet, (translated) I love well my chewing gum.

ORCHESTRA: Shakespeare's estimate of music dwindles in comparison?

G. H. S. BOYS AT RECESS: So meek and gentle a bunch I have not seen.

CHAPTER III.

Organization

HISTORY CLUB

CLARENCE ANGEL -----Chief Shooter
JOHN McALISTER -----Chief Spreader
KEMP CLENDENIX -----Window Raiser
ELLEBRE BROADNAX -----Revisor

Common History expressions:

Studied history between halves at the Basketball game last night.

Stayed up till 12:30 studying history last night.

Got up this morning at 4:30 and studied history.

I am getting hungry for I forget my meals when studying history.

Motto: Give me history or give me death.

LOAFERS CLUB

"To work is hard; to sleep is divine."

Officers

MARK BUSH -----Secretary
WILLARD TAYLOR -----Treasurer
EARLE RIVES -----Chief

Purpose

"To idle all day the time away."

Motto: Self Comfort

Candidates must be good loafers, good idlers, good sleepers, good dreamers, good players, good for nothing-ers.

Do you wish to join ? ? ? ?

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

CHAPTER IV .

GREAT MEN AND FAMOUS WOMEN

1. CLARENCE ANGEL was born April 1, 1492 and proved to be an April fool to his parents from then until now. He is rather old for a young fellow and thinks he knows more than the trio of officials.

2. MAGDALENE MONROE was born Feb. 14, 1915, and twas a pity sure, for her parents were sad that such a comical valentine should be presented.

3. ELLEBRE BROADNAX will be born may 28, 1915, that is if he studies Geometry very hard. We all hope for him, much candy, chewing gum and a great big juicy pie.

4. HUBERT SHERRILL was born May 5, 800 A. D., and is still growing. 'Tis sad that he was not born a thousand years earlier, so that David could have had him to fight Goliath.

JOHN WALKER is so old that the date has been forgotten, however he is still on the job, and Miss Howard has to work real hard to give him a zero.

6. LELAND PORTER does not want his age known, as he is "crazy" over several girls who hope to enter the High School next year. Porter should worry however for next year he will be "strickly in it."

7. RYLAND OLIVE was born Feb. 21, 1903 and is very young indeed to have the grouch so much. However several ladies are working with him, and hope to make a bright and happy boy of him.

8. MIRIAM LINDAU is very sensitive about her age, because she likes to flirt with both young and old. If watched very closely she will not flirt much, but it takes a great deal to keep her from riding in a "Cat."

9. MARY FOUST was also born on April 1, 1492. However she did not turn out to be an April fool, which she can easily prove by a certain boy in Raleigh. She sings "Perfect Day" and "Last Night was the End of the World" very pathetically.

CHAPTER V.

PROVERBS AND FAMOUS SAYINGS

(With apology to Shakespeare)

"There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass."
KATHERINE KEITH.

"We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be woo'd, and we're made to woo."
MIRIAM LINDAU.

"Women may fall when there's no strength in men."—EDITH HALLER
Two women placed together makes cold weather."
MISS SUTTON.
MISS HOWARD.

"If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."
MARY REES.

"Dumb jewels often in their silent kind
More than quick words do move a woman's mind."
MISS BONDURANT.

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

- "Girls are angels, wooing." MARGARET STROUD.
 "A woman may be made a fool,
 If she had not a spirit to resist." MISS BERG.
 "How weak a thing
 The heart of woman is." MISS MICHAEL.
 "Kindness in women, not their beautiful looks,
 Shall win my love." MR. WARREN.
 "She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won."
 (MARY)
 (Pardon me for saying this). JOHN Mc.
 "'Tis beauty that doth oft make girls proud." PEARL ELLIOTT.
 "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in
 faculties! In form and moving how like a monkey! In action how like
 and elephant." ANON.
 "Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."—GORDON HUNTER.
 "What fool these mortals be." ELLEBRE.
 "'Tis not a year or two shows in a man; but a century."
 EARNEST BROADNAX.
 "Boys at some time are masters of their fates."—JOHN JOHNSON.
 "Do you know what a man is?" SYDNEY PRUDEN.
 "That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman."
 EDWARD MABRY.
 "They say an old man is twice a child." ALBERT McADAMS.
 "Just twenty-two and not yet through—Sth." HUGH ARMFIELD.
 "Old fools are babes again, and must be wed with checks."
 SAMSON WEISS.
 Smart, precocious, fresh children don't live long—they say.
 SAMSON WEISS.
 "When I ope my mouth,
 Let no dog bark." CLARENCE ANGEL.
 "A perfect ladies man, never been kissed." CLARENCE MARTIN.
 "Tell me where is fancy bred,
 In the heart or in the paint box." ETHEL ROWE.
 "My English! My English! for a grade." SAMUEL ROBINSON.
 "Truth will come to light." OFFICE.
 "In the Spring a young man's fancies
 Often turn to thoughts of love." KEMP.
 "Love is blind, and lovers cannot see,
 The pretty follies that themselves commit." MR. GANTT.
 "Love is blind." MISS WATERHOUSE.
 "Love is holy." GERTRUDE MERRIMON.
 "What pleasure, air, find we in life, to look at,
 From action and adventure?" E. TESSIER.
 "Hanging and wiving goes by destiny." TEACHERS.
 My Kingdom, My Kingdom, for promotion. STUDENTS.
 "Too much honor." CLARENCE A.
 "Words without thoughts never to heaven go."—THE THOUGHTLESS.

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

"Have more than thou shouist." LACY Me.
"O gentle sleep, Nature's soft nurse." ELLEBRE BROADNAX.
O report! where is thy grades?
O effort! where is thy victory? GORDON WEST.

CHAPTER VI.

WHY ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Why does CLENDENIN always take the lowest PRICE?
Why does HENRY BLAKE want MOORE?
Why does a fellow like SHELTON take an ANGEL?
Why does KATHRINE KEITH like OLIVE(S)?
Why does LACY use STAFFORD'S Ink?
Why does SAM ROBINSON LOVE IRELAND if he's not IRISH?
Why does MARY like SASS with everything?
Why does CHARLES HUNT GRACE?
Why does EVA love AL-DE(R) MEN?
Why does CELIA use ELWOOD?
Why does CAROL SHELTON go WEST?
Why is JOHN CALLUM a KLING(ING) MAN?
Why does EDITH like Ice-Cream CONES?
Why does JOHN Me like to rock the CRADLE?
Why does MARK take to the BUSH(ES) when HOBBS appears?
Why does ARNOLD SCHIFFMAN have good wish to SINK?
Why does ROBERT CALL-um?
Why does JOHN like a STOUT person?
Why do the GIRLS like to be HUNT-ERS?
Why does MARY S. eat WITH-ER-SPOON?
Why is JAMES ALL-BRIGHT?
Why do negroes look like CARTER'S ink?
Why do some girls SCHIFF-MAN?
Why is Ry-LAND so BROWN?
Why does ELLEBRE have MEIN-HARDT?
Why do Seventh Graders like Porters?
Why does———? demand JUSTICE?
Why does Frank's mother PATT-ER-SON?
Why does Mary like AL-DER-MA(E)N?
Why are many boys so YOUNG?
Why is DAVID so SHARPE?
Why is IRENE so PREDDY?
Why is HARPER the BEST?

CHAPTER VII.

SYNONYMOUS EXPRESSIONS.

Di. Officers: An honorable bunch of grafters.
Senior Boys: Rough necks.
Slim Jim: James Witherspoon.
American Beauty: Mary Foust.
Deacon: Olive.

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

Kemp: More enduring than bronze.
C. and L.: Courtship and olive.
———?: Out of nothing nothing is made.
Edward: To act without talking.
Earnest-ly: Doing nothing.
Office: A place of rest from studies.
Ice-cream: Cone.
Charles: Hunt.
A flirt: Miriam.
Clarence: "He speaks an infinite deal of nothing."
Ellebre: Rip Van Winkle.
John: Athlete.
Olive: A fine fellow.
Adelaide: A student.
Robert: A good speller.
Physics: "Oh wisdom wherefore art thou fled."
Mark Bush: "Forgive us our trespasses."
Lacy—Lazy.
Mike—Patterson.
Bull—Alderman.
Hep.—Clary.

SENIORS

Ellebre: Oh, horribility.
Hilton: Gosh! Ding!
Clarence: May I raise the window?
Mary F.: I am about to freeze!
Kemp: Let's do dat thing.
John M.: That's nifty.
Kirk: Laisey-vous.
Carol: That's tacky.

John M.—Athlete.
Kemp—A fine fellow but fickle.
John W.—A natural born pessimist.
Hilton—A ladies' man.
Mabry—A good boy but remains silent.
Hunter—Simply crazy about G. W. C.
(Will probably enter next fall)
Clarence—A good fellow but fresh.
Mary F.—Prettiest girl.
Mary R.—Most attractive girl.
Adelaide—Best student.
Connie—A good jolly girl.
Carol—Most popular girl.
Kirk—A little Beauty.
Robert—A boy of fine judgment.
Broaduax—A noted dreamer.

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

CHAPTER VIII.
PERSONAL JOKES

Kate: "Who is Mr. Gantt's sweetheart?"
Nell: "Molly-Cules."

Mike: "Say Harry, I heard about that big one you pulled off last night."
Harry: "What was it?"
Mike: "Your shoe."

Mr. Gantt: "Hunter, give me the properties of hydrochloric acid."
Hunter: "It's transparent and you can't see through it."

Miss Sutton: "Kemp, what was the result of Charles V's wars."
Kemp: (having swallowed the dictionary). "The renaissance was chastised out of Italy."

Referee: (at the basketball game) "First half!"
Elizabeth Smith: "Magdaline, how many halves do they play?"

Miss Alexander: "Leland, what was the Stamp Act?"
Leland: "A law requiring stamps to be put on legal documents such as marriage licenses."
Miss Alexander: "How did the people decide to resist this act?"
Leland: "People swore off on getting married."

Edith Haller waxes poetic:
"March winds and April snows
Bring forth winter clothes."

Celia, reciting in society:
"Lives of great men all remind us
We should make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the SANDY time."

Mr. Warren: "James give a quotation from 'The Merchant of Venice.'"
James, (who after scratching his head for some moments, has a sudden inspiration): "I'll swear, Nerissa, I'm tired of life."

Miss Sutton: "Hobert, how is 'de' used in that sentence?"
Edith: "Used as an ornament."

Mr. Gantt: "What's that baking powder on the floor for?"
Henry Blake: "Must be trying to raise the dust."

Mr. Gantt: "Which is the warmest black or white?"
Sam: "Well Mr. Gantt do negroes get hotter than white folks?"

Miss Alexander: "Leland, tell me a few reforms in England at this time."
Leland: "Well they quit marrying."

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

In chapel the tenth grade was singing: "When You Were a Tulip and I Wore a Big Red Rose" when Henry Blake asked "Did Mr. Warren write this Miss Sutton."

Mr. Warren (explaining the word metaphysics to 10th grade).

"Class if I were to tell you that that is no wall which you see, what would you think?"

Class, (silently thinking said): "-----."

Miss Berg: "What are the three personal pronouns?"

Sydney Pruden: "He, she, it."

Miss Berg: "Give an example of their use."

Sydney: "Husband, wife, and baby."

-----: "The stars are very numerous tonight."

John Mc.: "Yes, and there are a good many of them, too."

Mr. Sink: "Vanderford, give me an example of a CLAUSE."

Vanderford: "Miriam's fingernails."

Mr. Gantt (Physics class): "Jim, how is the best way to raise turnips?"

Jim: "Take 'em by the tops and pull."

(James to Mary): "Mary, when you go home today, please bring me something to eat."

"There was an old man who had a wooden leg,
He was so poor, but he hated to beg;
He took four spools and an old tin can,
Made him a FORD and the darn thing ran."

Katherine Keith (waiting for Mr. Gantt to come to Geog. class): "Why don't Mr. Gantt hurry? I'm not used to having engagements with men and having to wait for them."

(Charles Hunt to Mr. Gantt on Physics): "Wouldn't it hurt Elwood to fall?"

Mr. Gantt: "Why?"

Charles: "'Cause he'd have so far to fall and so much to hurt."

Will.: "Mr. Williams, I was sick last night and I didn't study."

Mr. Williams: "I'm sorry, but I saw you in the drug store yesterday."

Voice from rear: "He was waiting for his medicine."

(Perpetual motion at last invented).
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Mr. Williams: "Give the principal parts of OCCIDO."

Class: "O'Kiddo, O'Kid-dearie, O'Kiss us some."

Mr. Williams: "Correct, now give the Latin parts of the verb TO TOUCH."

Class: "Tango, Tanagerie, Turkie, Trotum."

"COMFORT FOR THE GROUCHY"

CHAPTER IX

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN:—A Virgil pony by Prof. A. R. Williams. Large reward will be given for his recovery as he is very valuable in translating. "Deacon" Williams.

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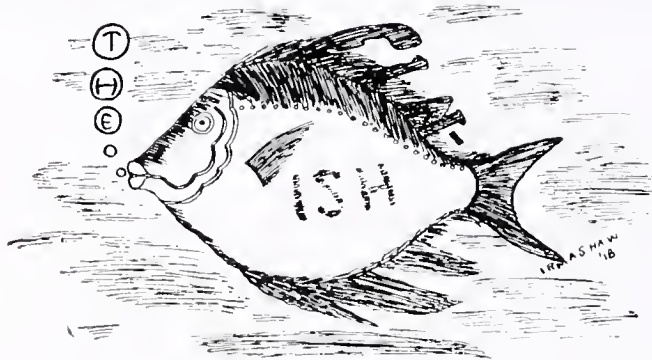
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Wakefield Mowry
Ellebre Broadnax
Frank Patterson

and all others in long jeans

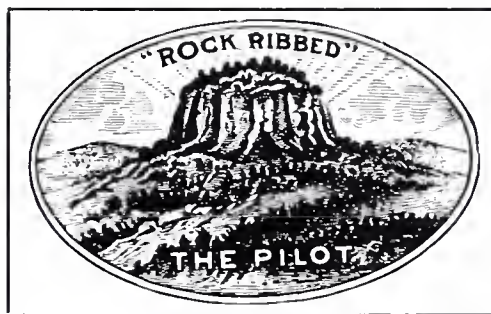




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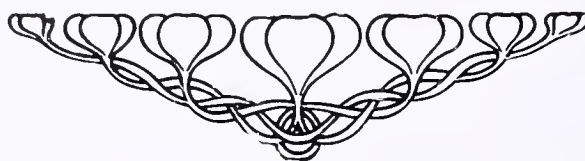
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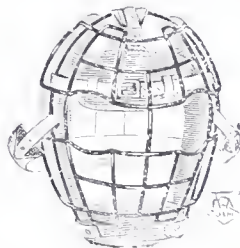
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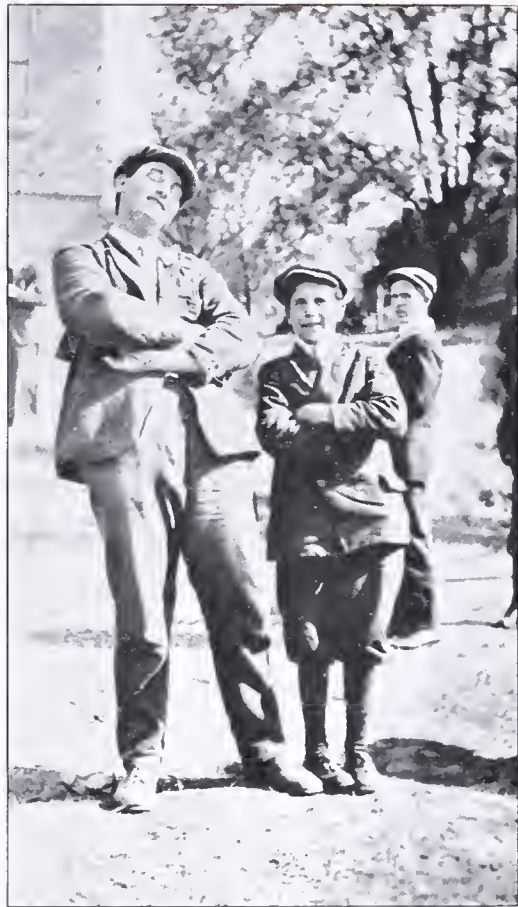
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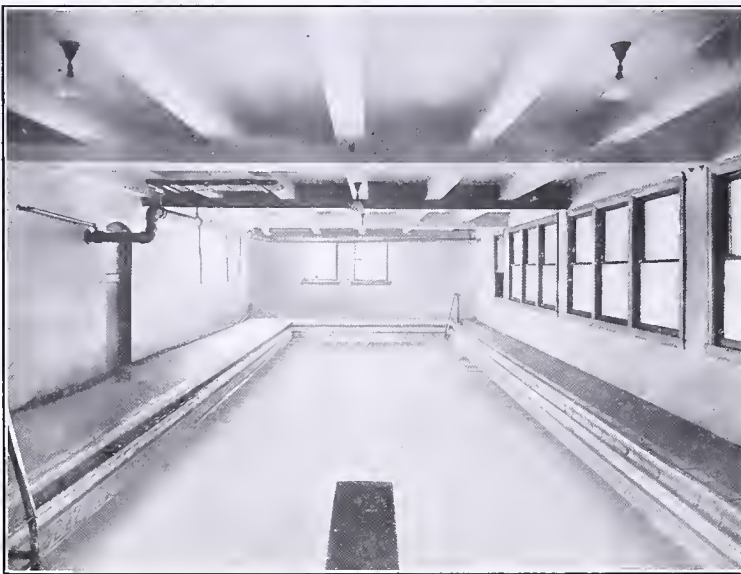
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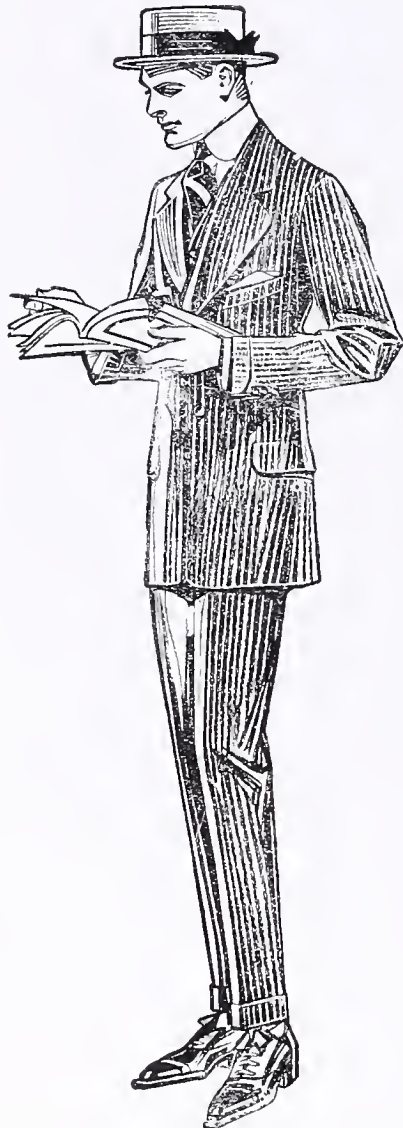
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Aetna	37.33	50.49
Connecticut Mutual	35.82	50.36
Equitable of New York	38.34	51.91
Fidelity Mutual	37.49	50.12
Germania	36.22	49.85
Hartford Life	35.37	49.56
Home Life	36.22	49.85
Manhattan	36.17	49.74
Massachusetts Mutual	36.17	49.75
Mutual of New York	38.34	51.47
Mutual Benefit	36.22	49.85
National of Vermont	37.27	50.90
New England	36.70	50.00
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Northwestern	36.85	50.64
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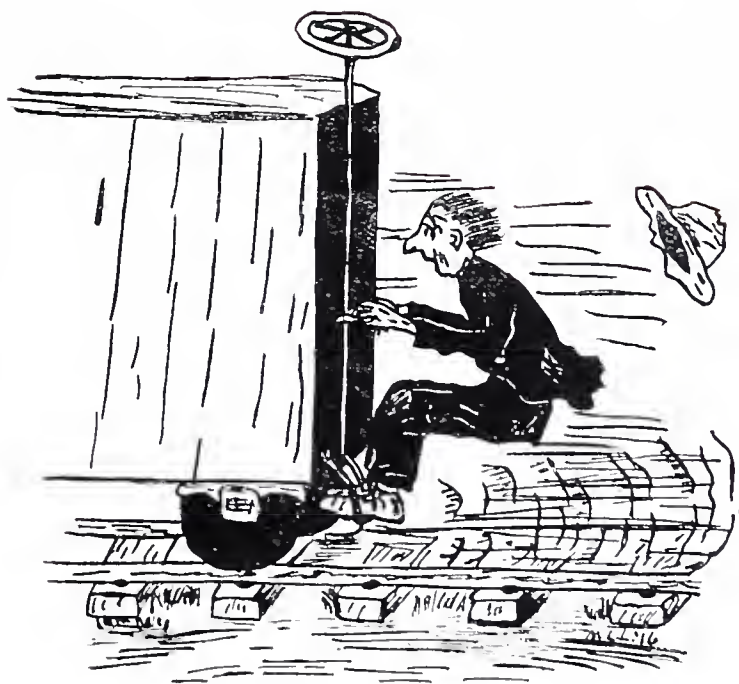
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