

# The Black and Gold

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WINSTON-SALEM  
CITY HIGH  
SCHOOL

NOV.

1916

# Funny, Aint It

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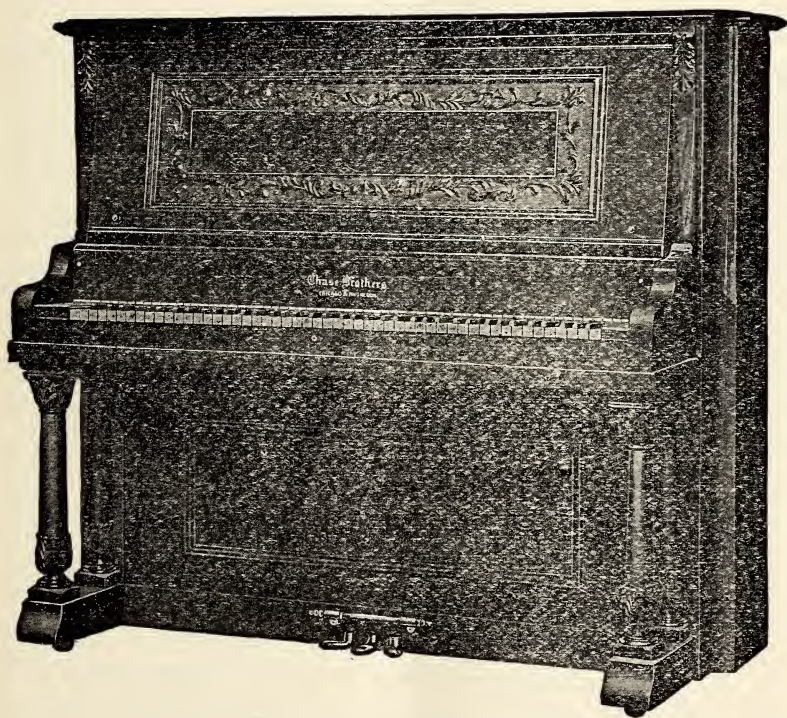
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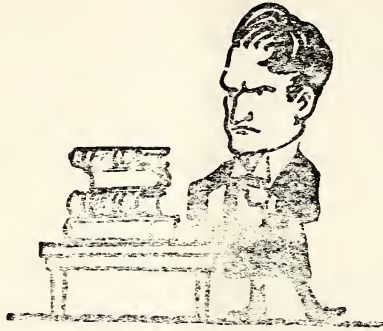
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# The Black and Gold

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

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VOL. VII

NOVEMBER, 1916

No. 1

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## A Bird

“Tell me, little bird, are you  
The one I saw last year?  
The one who 'gainst my shutter flew  
And had no thought of fear?”

“Fair lady, yes, that bird was I,  
But since I saw you last  
I've seen the world, and Oh, I sigh  
To think of what is past.”

“I've seen the world, the good, the bad,  
I've seen some joy, some pain,  
I've seen it all, but now I'm glad  
To come back home again.”

F. L. Jewett, '17

## Bob's Experience



WITH bated breath Bob Sloan watched his aeroplane as it rose swiftly into the air. For months he had been working on models and now that he had succeeded in making one that would really fly he was almost beside himself with joy.

Quickly climbing into his lookout perch in the tall poplar that marked the southern boundry of his fathers land, he watched the little model as it sailed up, up and out over the meadows toward the deserted house on the neighboring farm.

Seeing that his model was making straight for this house, he dropped to the ground, and started toward it. Thoroughly searching every bit of the ground in the course of the model's flight, he slowly advanced. He did not realize how far he had gone until he came out into an open space, and looking up saw the forbidding stone structure before him. He looked up at the house and as his eyes roved up the wall, he saw his model. It had landed on the roof, and he could see the tail sticking over the edge.

Making quickly for the deserted house, he crawled through an open window into the cellar and cautiously started up the steps.

Suddenly he heard a queer noise in the room above. Quickly he made his way up the steps to the door of the room from whence the sound came, and peeped through the key hole. The sight which met his eyes made him give a gasp of surprise. Inside were two men, strangers to Bob, Bob recognized another. They were working on some dies and just behind them was a printing press of queer style. The old man, who appeared to be the leader cried out "Hurry up and let's try this one. I don't believe it can be distinguished from real yellow backs."

Realizing that they were law breakers and were dangerous men, Bob decided to retreat at once. Accordingly he turned back down the steps, intent upon making his escape through the cellar window, by which he had entered.

But here his luck failed him. Before he could reached the steps, one of the men suddenly opened the door, and caught sight of him.

With a startled cry, the man started in pursuit of Bob. With a desperate effort to save himself Bob flung himself against a small door in one end of the dimly lighted hall. It gave entrance to a narrow winding stairway. With the speed of an antelope, Bob dashed up the steps, up, up, to a tiny room at the top, which was bare except for a ladder leading up to the trap door in the roof.

With his pursuer close behind him he managed to gain the

roof, and drawing up the ladder, slammed down the trapdoor. The man finding it impossible to reach the trapdoor by himself, and fearing to leave lest Bob should get down during his absence, called loudly for his accomplice. But it was in vain.

In the meantime Bob was safe on the roof. This was almost level with a low parapet around it. Peering over the parapet, Bob saw that it would be impossible to climb down. He also saw that he was entirely out of sight or hearing of anyone who might be passing along the road. Casting about for some means of escape, his eyes fell upon the model.

"The very thing," was his thought. "I can send a message by it."

Hastily he scribbled a message telling of his position and the number and character of his captors, and attached it to the model so that it would be noticeable.

"If you ever make a grand flight", he said as he prepared to launch it, "now is your time."

As if in answer to his wish the plane rose gracefully into the air and cleared the surrounding tree tops, headed toward the road. He watched it until it sank out of sight and then sat down on the parapet to wait.

After what seemed ages, but really a half hour or so, a slight movement in the shrubbery growing thick about the house attracted his attention. In his eagerness to see more he leaned far out over the parapet. His father and two men, officers he was sure, was creeping cautiously around to the cellar window.

A minute later and Bob heard the crack of a pistol, then scurrying steps on the stairs beneath his prison. A short scuffle followed. The counter-feiters were arrested.

With his share of the reward, Bob is now building a passenger-carrying aeroplane. Yet he declares he shall always keep the plucky little model that helped him out in his thrilling experience.

Burke Fox, '17.

## Death of Wildfire

Rushing out across the meadow,  
Bringing to hunt his rider,  
Came a horse all damp with sweating,  
Came a horse with white foam dripping.  
He it was who won the prizes,  
Won at all the hunts the prizes;  
For he was the best of coursers  
And his swiftness was unequaled.  
But the hunter riding on him  
Was a man who knew not horses,  
Knew not of their strength or weakness,  
Knew not of the power within them.  
As across a field they galloped  
Through the dizzling rain and snow flakes  
Suddenly a fence they saw there,  
Saw a fence staked high with pickets.  
Then the rider knew his error,  
Knew how much he had mistaken;  
For the horse, though swift and supple  
Could not turn aside from leaping.  
Up he leaped to clear the pickets,  
Leapt as though a whip had struck him.  
Ah! brave steed, though you jump higher  
Than the highest of the jumpers,  
Still you can not clear the stakes there,  
Leap across the fence before you.  
When the horse had reached the summit  
Of his leap to cross the hedgerow,  
Down he came upon the pickets,  
With a cry of pain he fell there.  
Forward fell the rider from him  
Rolling out upon the meadow;  
But the horse, the coal-black beauty  
Got not up from off the pickets.  
Thus it is in all our doings;  
Whether they be kind or careless  
Someone always is affected,  
Someone profits or he suffers.  
So let us remember Wildfire,  
Forget not the handsome courser  
And, henceforth in all our dealings,  
Whether with our friend or servant,  
Try our best to treat them kindly  
And our world will be much brighter.

T. R. C. '81.

## Prince Roberts' Request



NCE upon a time there was a king who had only one son, handsome Prince Robert. Now Robert loved the beautiful Princess Angelica who ruled the adjoining kingdom and he wished to marry her.

But Angelica was not to be won so easily. "I will not marry you till you have proved by some great deed that you love me," she said. "You may decide what you wish to do. It must be not only something that a strong man can do but something which requires a great deal of wisdom."

The young Prince was in a dilemma. He did not know what to do. But his father came to his assistance. "My boy", "he said", as you know I am very anxious for you to marry this Princess. Now I know of a witch who lives in a cave on the mountain side. Go to her and she will tell you some brave deed to preform.

So the next day Robert started for the witch's cave. After searching for awhile he found a hole in the side of the hill and went in. There was no light in the cave except at one end where a bubbling pot hung over a crackling fire. Over this pot an old woman was bending, slowly stirring the liquid in the pot and crooning a strange, weird song. On the walls of the cave hung bunches of herbs, snake skins, bats and toads. High upon a big rock a large owl perched and on another rock a big black cat lay curled up.

The horrid scene so frightened the prince that he started to run away but feeling ashamed of himself he slowly retraced his steps toward the old woman. "Good dame," he began "I wish to ask your help on a very important question."

The witch looked up from her stirring. "You will have to wait," she said sharply, "until I call the spirits."

So saying she put another pot over the fire and stirring in some blood of a black cat, a bats' head, a scorpion's heart and the skin of a spotted snake she began a slow monotonous song which no one has ever been able to learn. As the mixture in the pot began to boil two faces appeared above the steam and with these the witch held conversation in the language of the dead.

"Many miles west of here," began the witch, speaking as if to herself, "the brother of Angelica lives a captive in a cave. An evil charm has turned him into a bear and if you would free him from the spell he is under you must drop on his head the dew of the red flower of courage. This flower grows upon the top of yonder mountain," and she pointed her skinny finger to a lofty peak in the distance. "It blos-

soms once a year and then for just a short while about sunset on the first of September. In its center it holds one drop of dew. When you find the flower go at once to the den, drop the dew on the head of the bear and your task is completed."

Eager to win the lovely Princess, Robert would have started at once on his journey but his father, fearful of letting him undertake such a dangerous enterprise, day after day refused to give him a ship.

One morning, however, after a dream in which he saw a ship in a sheltered bay manned and ready to sail, he determined to find a vessel for himself and searching for and wide he found at last a little craft just like one he had seen in his dream. And the next day having provided provisions and water he secretly set sail for the land beyond the sea.

The sea was very rough and the little craft was tossed to and fro by the wind. But Robert kept bravely on until at last on the thirty first day of August he spied a high volcanic mountain. He felt that upon this mountain grew the red flower of courage so he cast anchor and early the next morning started in search of the flower which meant so much to him.

The path at first was smooth and the bright flowers blooming on each side seemed to beckon to him. As he traveled on however the path grew steep and rocky, great boulders were in the way and climbing became very difficult. Suddenly he heard piteous cries in the clear mountain air and turning aside he found a little child moaning on its mothers lap. Its leg was broken and it was hours before Prince Robert could feel that he was needed no longer and could resume his journey.

The mid-day sun shone upon him as he painfully continued his way. Suddenly a little bird fluttered before him. He saw that its mate was caught in the branches of a tree. If he stopped to release it he would lose many precious minutes of his fast flying time and yet—he quickly retraced his steps. In a minutes time, he had flung aside his coat and was climbing the tall tree. As he set the bird free, it seemed to thank him and his heart grew happier as he went on his way, and a cloud passed over the sun so that its rays did not beat so fiercely upon him.

But the way was long and it was a hard pull up the mountain side. He would have reached the summit, before sun set, however, had it not been for a little lamb he heard bleating on an over hanging crag. He climed down to rescue it and as he painfully brought it back to its fold, the sun dropped below the horizon. Gone was his last hope of finding the red flower of courage.

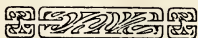
Sorrowfully he turned to retrace his way down the mountain side. His foot caught in a snag and as he stumbled he

caught a glimpse in the soft after glow of a bit of red. It was the brilliant bloom of the flower he was seeking.


With trembling fingers he secured the precious bloom and hastened down to his ship. The next morning he set sail for the island prison of Angelica's brother and releasing him from his cruel enchantment carried him in safety to the lovely Angelica.

Thus Prince Robert won his princess and like all lovers in Fairy stories they were married and lived happily ever afterwards.

Lucile Nichols, '18.



## The Penalty

“ TELL you that this building is nothing but a fire-trap. Unless you put up more fire escapes, you will have to account for the loss of some life some day.”

The speaker was Mr. Gunston, the principal of the South End Graded School, at the meeting of the school board.

For several moments there was only the nervous tapping of fingers. One member of the board was leaning forward, his elbows propped on the arms of his chair, his hands locked together. There was a look of intense eagerness on his face, in great contrast to that of the Chairman of the Board, Mr. Sentel. Mr. Sentel was frowning and he seemed displeased with the words of the principal.

“I believe we need more fire escape Mr. Gunston” Mr. Lambert replied, after a moment had passed. He was very interested in this question. “I have a son in that school and I do not like to think of him, as staying in such a building. I move that we install more fire-escapes.”

“But, Mr. Lambert, do you not know that we have already spent more than the sum which we are allowed by the city. There has never been a fire in that building and one is not likely to be there. Why must fire escapes be put in just now? Is there an urgent need? Let us wait until next year, when we shall be in a better financial condition argued Mr. Sentel.

“Well, let us put off this discussion until the next meeting,” proposed one member. “I move that we ajourn for today.”

“I second the motion,” replied another.

Thus the South End Graded School did not have fire escapes installed at that time.

Ding Dong-Ding Dong-Ding Dong-three!

Ding Dong-Ding Dong-two!

Thirty two.

Thirty two was the number of the school building. Many faces paled in different parts of the city, when they heard that alarm because there were three hundred and fifty little children in that building.

The principal rushed into the hall. He saw smoke, curling up from the basement and coming from the side wall.

He did not wish to get the children into a panic by sounding the real fire alarm. Instead he rang the number for a fire drill. But the children smelt the smoke and realized the truth. Then there was an awful panic. The grades on the lower floor rushed into the hall and thence out doors.

Children began to tear down the stairs. All were push-



ing, pulling. In a word they doing everything but that, which they had been taught to do, when they had drilled for a fire.

By this time the fire engine had been connected and water was pouring on the burning building.

Different parts of the building were burning. Each child acted as if he was the only one who had to get out of the building. In the mad struggle many fell and were trampled on by others.

When all the children were supposed to be out of the building and men had removed all those, who were lying senseless on the floor, the main stairs caught.

Then it was discovered that Alice Sentel was missing. Men went all over the lower floor looking for her. Her father wild with anxiety, dashed here and there. He ran into one room, but was beaten back by the flames. He dashed into another. He was forced back again. He started up the burning stairs. He was burnt badly, after he had gone up two steps. He kept on, at the fifth step he fell back, as he fell he cried:

“All my money to the man, who rescues my child.”

His head hit some object as he fell, making him unconscious.

Several fireman climbed up the ladders. The flames drove them back.

Mr. Sentel was carried to his car which was outside. He had aged terribly in that short interval.

The building fell in, one part at a time. Soon there was only a heap of smouldering ruins. Men searched the ruins for the little girl as soon as they were able. In the ruins, where the side wall had once been, was found a little fountain pen. It was the one which Alice always carried with her. On a little gold plate was engraved A. E. S.

One year later an up-to-date, fire proof building was erected on the site of the old South End School. In connection with it was a gymnasium, given by Mr. Sentel for girls in memory of his little girl, Alice Everett Sentel.

Lucia Wilkinson, '18.

## Locking Out The Master



AS Anna Eliza drew near the school house she saw, that morning, that something unusual had happen, for the scholars instead of boisterously playing, were gathered under the big sycamore near the spring.

"Oh, Ann Eliza, have you heard?" cried Betsy running to meet her.

"Heard what?" asked Ann Eliza.

"About Master Meachams!" said Betsy.

"Why, what's he done?" said the surprised Ann Eliza.

"Don't you know anything Ann Eliza? The Trustees have asked him to resign, and there's to be a new Master tomorrow!"

"Oh, my goodness, who's the master?"

"That's just what we don't know. The Trustees won't tell!" the other children all exclaimed at once, for by this time, Ann Eliza and Betsy had joined the others under the sycamore.

"We don't want any new Master. He'll be strong enough to use the rod!" grumbled lazy Ebenezer.

"He won't let us bring our knitting to school!" wailed Sarah Jane.

"Are our dolls!" cried little Prudence.

"He won't let me use the counter!" and little Abraham commenced to weep loudly.

"Wouldn't Master Meacham be surprised if he knew how bad we want him to keep on teaching!" Betsy exclaimed.

"I tell you, let's see if we can't think of some good way to make the new Master not want to stay!" Ann Eliza suggested.

"Fine!" they all agreed, where upon they put their heads together, and the result was that the next morning when the new Master arrived, he found the winders securely fastened, and the door locked.

"Hm, I know what's happening!" the new Master remarked to himself.

Inside all was excited giggles and whispers. Presently Ebenezer, peeping through the window, exclaimed.

"Look, look! He's come! He's come!"

"Call out to him, what I told you to say." Ann Eliza commanded him.

"Oh Master Who-ever-you-are, we're your new scholars and we're very glad to see you. If you would like to see us, just promise us a candy pull, and say you won't use the rod on any of us, for two weeks, no matter what we did!"

Perhaps the Master didn't hear him, for with out saying a word, he walked around the school house, to the corner

nearest the chimney. The school was built with the corners pig-pen fashion, so that the corner made an excellent ladder up which he quickly climbed. On reaching the chimney, he pulled from his pocket, and let down the chimney, a long strong string, to the end of which was fastened a large cloth bag with a hole in one corner.

Suddenly there came from the school house one piercing scream; then another, and another; the sound of boyish laughter, over-turned benches, and shouts.

The Master quickly climbed to the ground and made for the door. Just as he reached the door it was flung violently open, and Ann Eliz followed by the rest of the girls rushed out screaming.

"Why, Ann Eliz," exclaimed the new master, "will you run from mice?"

Ann Eliza gasped, "Why, Isaac, are you our new Msater?"

"Yes," replied he, "and why not have the candy pull at our house tonight?"

Mary Holland.

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## Autumn

The day is fair and bright and calm  
The leaves are red and gold,  
And in the autumn's sweetest balm  
Is not a hint of cold.

The maple's dress is brightest gold,  
The oak is dressed in red.  
All shades and colors, new and old  
Are gathered over-head.

For Jacky Frost with motion's sly,  
Has kissed each blushing leaf,  
And whispered; "Winter-time is nigh  
When on the ground you'll sleep."

Alice Butner.

## A Letter From An English School Girl



THE following is an extract from the letter of a real, truly English school girl. It was sent September 16th and was received here October 1st. It was opened and read in England and a piece of paper on which was written "Opened by Censor" was pasted across the end. In New York it was also opened and stamped. F.E.S. '17

Now that I have answered your letters I am going to tell you about the thrilling times we have had here lately and I hope the Censor will not cross it out as I shall say nothing more than has already been said in the newspapers. Well at 2 a. m. last Sunday a week I was awakened by the sound of guns firing and looked out of the window and saw the flashes from the shells bursting. It was a most quaint misty night and seemed quite light. About 10 minutes after I got out of bed Mother came into my room and we distinctly heard the Zeppelin pass along. The engines make a noise very similar to a train but quite different to an aeroplane. The guns kept on firing and a few minutes afterwards the whole sky became bright red and lit up the whole place. It was weird. At first we thought a whole town was on fire and then we heard such cheering going on that we thought the fire engines were coming along. However, noticing the light to be even brighter from a window in my room facing North, I rushed to it and there saw a sight grand but terrible, a sight I shall never forget, namely, the Zepp in flames falling slowly to earth. It was thrilling. After this Mother, the maids, and I all went downstairs but soon came up again and retired. However we did not get much sleep as soon there was a continual rush of cars, motorcycles and bicycles past our house as the people were off to see the Zepp. Owing to the petrol crisis people are only allowed so much each month many of the cars got stranded and had to be left by the roadside.

The Zepp fell in a field three miles from here at a tiny little place containing a station and about 2 houses, called Cuffley. As I expect you have seen in the newspapers that enormous crowds visited the field, as a matter of fact there were five hundred thousand in six hours. The road past our house in one of the routes to Cuffley and there was not a pause in the traffic all that Sunday even though a very violent thunderstorm raged most of the morning. We heard from our curate that there were nine persons at Church that morning. I have been given a few tiny fragments of the Zeppelin and naturally they are great treasures. A great number of bombs were dropped very near to us, many houses having every bit of glass blown out. Happily there were on

casualties in this district. On Sunday evening we went out into the town and it was a marvelous sight to see the people fighting to get on the tramcars. Mother and I went by train to Cuffley on the Friday and although there was not a scrap of the airship left (it was all carted away to London where it is going to be on show) we saw the field where it fell and the scene then represented the beach. There were crowds of people and all were digging with forks and small trowels trying to find relics. An old man was there selling postcards of the "Ero who wrecked the Zeppelin every one a postcard" and who often got muddled and said "Postcards of the wrecked Ero." It was astonishing to see the wide tracks through the fields for miles round where the people climbed over the hedges to get to the field and owing to the storm the place was a mess of mud. The other day I went for a motor ride with a school friend, and first of all we went and saw the graves of the Zeppelin crew in a tiny cemetery five miles from here. Although they were Germans, I could not help feeling sorry for the relatives mourning for them.

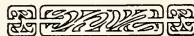
Afterwards we drove on to a village to see the damage from bombs. This village possesses a powerful searchlight but no gun and when the searchlight was turned on the bombs rained down on the little place. Part of a colonel's house and two cottages have been demolished and the chancel of an old church, the organ of which has been blown partly through an arch into another part of the church. The whole place is a mass of debris and hardly a house has any glass left in. It looks as though an earthquake had been there. It is wonderful that only two persons were killed, they were killed in running out into the fields behind their house. Every night when we go to bed it is horrible to think that the Zepps are probably on their way here. Lots of people are moving away to places on the South and West coasts to get out of the way of the bombing. Sometimes the number of searchlights round here are so many that one could not count them if one tried. They all cross each other and those farther away only the "blob" can be seen, and it looks like a piece of cotton wool darting about in the sky. The searchlights practice every night for a certain time.

## Old Salem

(After Scott)

If thou wouldst view old Salem aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
For the gay beams of the lightsome day  
Gild but to flout the buildings gray.  
When the low buildings are dark in night,  
And the church's tall steeple glimmers white,  
And the moon's uncertain ray  
Shines on the Academy old and gray;  
When the houses and trees are still,  
And everything is quiet until  
The distant creek is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
Go through the lane, hear cedars sigh.  
Go see the graves where the dead do lie.  
As you view that place, the dead man's city,  
Feel your heart swell with sadness and pity.  
Then go home and soothly swear  
'Twas ne'er a scene so sad and fair.

Emerson Martin, '19.



## An Old Diary



ABOUT twenty-five years ago, in looking through some old papers, my mother found an old Diary which had been written in 1800 by Alexander Lillington. He was the grand-son of General Alexander Lillington who fought in the Revolutionary War with George Washington.

This diary was written at "Lillington Hall", a large rice plantation on the Cape Fear river. The child was only eight years old when he wrote it. He made it by tying pieces of writing paper together with flax. The ink and paper have lasted unusually and the handwriting is especially worthy of note and would do credit to a much older boy.

He pictures very plainly the loneliness of the time.

"I don't not know nothing to say for we don't hear no news at all."

As his mother was a widow she tended to the negroes; this explains the following:

"Mamma is gone to the Tarkiln and Sarahann and myself is keeping house."

Another very extraordinary entry is: "I have got a wheel and I am learning to spin."

You may be surprised at this:

"November 22

"Mamma and Sarahann is gone to the Tarkiln.

"Afternoon,

"They have got back again and they say that they saw a man pass by."

"November 16, 1800

"Mamma is gone to the Tarkiln and that is all I can say for nothing at all happens."

Lucy Jewett.



# The Black and Gold

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## Editorial

During the closing months of our last term, students were given credit for reading certain books. As a consequence, the students read a great many of these books. For reading done during the summer credit was also given. However, the number read during the summer was not proportionally as large as the number read during the school term. Therefore if a student is more likely to read during school than during vacation, he is not likely to read so very much after he graduates unless he has formed the habit of reading, so he should be encouraged to form this valuable habit while still in school.

We believe that the reading of good books should be encour-



aged in the schools. Accordingly we are in favor of having among the English requirements one which compels the student to read a certain number of books from a selected list. Not only would the actual reading do them good, but the habit formed would be of inestimable value later in life. F.

\* \* \*

## Our Self-Government

We all know what self-government is and something of its fundamental principles. We have heard reasons advanced by scholars and professors for and against it, but do we as students understand all the merit in the honor system? Why do schools encourage self-government? Is not this the reason? Because the system places the student solely on his honor and forces that student who has no honor to develop that trait. Then, too, it increases self-reliance and initiative in the pupil. It makes him more careful in keeping law and order, for a student has a personal pride in the laws he makes himself. Another reason for the honor system is that it protects the ambitious student from annoyance from the indifferent one, and compels the previously "terrible" student to behave himself. The system is a great aid to the teachers also. It relieves them of the responsibility of continually watching their classes and causes them to feel examinations well be honestly stood. Self-government lends dignity to a class; and the lower classes, the faculty, and the world outside will look with admiring respect upon that class that preserves the true spirit of school honor D.



## School News

Much interest has centered around the marriage of Miss Winnie McWhorter and Mr. Robert L. Cox which occurred August, the thirtieth, nineteen hundred and sixteen at Calypso, North Carolina. Miss McWhorter was one of the teachers in the High School for the past three years and she will be greatly missed by her former pupils and numerous friends in this city.

---

The marriage of Miss Jessie James, assistant teacher in the Commercial Department last year, and Mr. Edward Dixon of this city, solemnized June the twenty-eight, nineteen hundred and sixteen. Miss James besides being a member of our High School faculty for two years was a graduate of the class of '11.

---

To the surprise of her classmates Miss Emma Bryant of the class of '17 was married in the summer to Mr. Ellis Fulk. Her High School friends wish her much happiness and are glad that she will continue to make her home here in Winston-Salem.

---

The Junior Class of the High School held a class meeting on September 14, 1916, in order to elect the officers for the coming year. Eustace Whalina was made president; Lucia Wilkinson vice-president; Elizabeth Hendren treasurer.

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At a class meeting called on September 13, 1916, the Seniors of the High School elected their class-officers. The following were made officers: Baily Liipfert, president; Jessie Norman, vice-president; Annie Bell Yingling, secretary and Julian-Buxton, Treasurer.

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On account of the large number of girls in the Charles D. McIver Literary Society it has become necessary to divide it into two sections. This will give each girl more chances to display her talent; and the Societies are planning to accomplish a great deal this year.

---

The Senior Class rendered a most interesting program for the Chapel Exercise on Thursday morning, the twenty-eighth of September. Mr. Moore, conducted the devotional exercises. The president of the class Baily Liipfert, then took charge of the program. In behalf of the Senior Class and the High School he welcomed the new pupils. Several short talks were made by different members of the class on the various branches of high school work.

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This year, the Rooters' Club has organized with more enthusiasm than ever. As the boys have their Athletic Association the rooters' club has been given over to the girls entirely. However, at all the games the members of the Athletic Association help the rooters. Our Rooters' Club will always give loyal support to all of our teams in victory or defeat.

---

The Chapel Exercises on October the twelfth were conducted by the tenth grade boys, under the leadership of their president, Eustace Whaling. After devotional exercises a fine program was rendered. The feature was a male quartet, which received several encores. The humorous speeches by Tom Cushing and Charles Langley were also much enjoyed.

---

We have been particularly favored this term in having with us three brilliant and interesting speakers. The first of these Evangelist Cross of Texas spoke on "The Secret of Success." To reach this, he said, you must work willingly, orderly, religiously, and knowingly. Dr. Cross drew a great many illustrations from the foot-ball field, and in appreciation our team gave a yell for him at the close of his address.

The second speaker, Dr. Falkner, best known as "Dr. Sunshine," a delegate to the Sociological Congress then meeting in our city, gave a "Health Savings Account." He gave good advice, and any one who receives it will be benefited not only physically but morally and spiritually as well.

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For the first time in the history of the Black and Gold we have girls in the Business Management of our Magazine. We feel this is a step in the right direction and we rejoice that our girls are becoming recognized as a power in the life of our progressive High School.

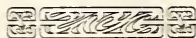
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One interested in the history of our South-land could hardly have heard Miss Rutherford in her all too brief talk on the reasons why we should know the history of the South,

without an intense desire to learn more of it. By throwing herself into her speech, Miss Rutherford gripped the interest of every hearer, causing him to fairly lean forward in his eagerness to hear what she would say next. Her thorough knowledge made Miss Rutherford capable of handling a most difficult subject with ease. We are looking forward to the time when we may hear her again in her talks on the Sunny South.

---

The Calvin H. Wiley Literary Society, sections A and B, organized for the year's work on Sept. the 22nd. Officers were elected and programs for the ensuing meetings were made out. Much interest is being shown in both branches of the society and hopes are high for a successful year of literary work. The new members coming in from the ninth grades have some good material among them, from which must come the debating teams of the school for the next few years. It is hoped that all members will keep up their interest in this work and go in and win the debating cup again.



## Personals

Tycho Missen and Henry Stanly both of the Class of '16 are taking technical courses at North Carolina A. & M.

\* \* \*

Harold Speer '16, the High School's star athlete of former days is now putting the phrase "too much Speer" in the mouths of the gridiron opponents of Furman University Greenville S. C.

\* \* \*

Clement Hanes of '16 is now a traveling salesman for the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., while our star typist of last year Banks Newman is a stenographer for the same company.

\* \* \*

Gordon Ambler '16 of oratorical fame in High School circles, is a student at the University of Virginia.

\* \* \*

Ruth Craver and Blanche Ziglar, of the Class of '16, are teaching rural schools this year, the latter in Forsyth the former in Davidson.

\* \* \*

Madge Sills of last year's class is a Freshman at Greensboro College for Women this year.

\* \* \*

Joseph Cook, winner of the Montague Medal and business manager of the Black and Gold, last year, with Luther Lashmit, assistant editor-in-chief of the Black and Gold, is further pursuing his studies at the University of North Carolina.

\* \* \*

The gridiron stars, Jaquin Taylor, manager of the football team and President of the Athletic Association, and Carl Long, assistant business manager of the Black and Gold, are learning more about the game at Davidson this year.

\* \* \*

Those of the Class of '16 whom the State Normal has claimed are Thelma Adams, Maude Long, Nolie Parrish, Francis Medearis, Mattie Wilson and Rosalie Wilson. We hope that they will become efficient schoolma'ams.

\* \* \*

The commercial world has taken its toll from last year's graduates. Luella Cockrane, the talented class poet, is cash-

ier at Wolworth's, Lurline Willis is with Boyles Brothers, Frances Hitchcock and Ola Shore are stenographers, the former at Leak-Cobb Company and the latter with Reynolds Tobacco Co. Alma Lackey is with D. G. Craven Company.

\* \* \*

Norwood Wilson President of the Class of '16 is now holding a perilous position with Dupont Powder Company at Hopewell, Va.

\* \* \*

There is quite a group of girls of the Class of '16 attending Salem College this year. Among the number are Mary Pollard, Bessie Ambler, editor-in-chief of the Black and Gold last year, Ruby Davis, Helen Fletcher, Nell Horton, and Nana Johnson.

\* \* \*

Ellen Shepherd, the pianist of the High School orchestra last year, and President of Charles D. McIver Literary Society, is perfecting her musical talent at Converse College.

\* \* \*

Edwin Nash, assistant business manager of the Black and Gold, '15-'16, is now in the Real Estate business with his father.

\* \* \*

Lena Hanes, of the '16 class is taking the rest cure at home this year.

## Gloom Chasers

Well Sophs, your green has slighty faded, hasn't it?

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"Say, pa, what is a foot-ball coach?"  
"Usually an ambulance, my son."—Ex.

---

To the freshmen we extend a hearty welcome and a hope that will stay on the sunny side of seventy-five.

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Miss D. "Robt. what does the debit of cash show?"  
R. C. "I don't know."  
Miss D. "Well, when did you debit cash?"  
R. C. "Yesterday."

---

Katherine B. "Why is it that the nose of the Statue of Liberty is eleven and nine-tenths inches long?"  
Miss Gleason: "Why Child if it were twelve inches it would be a foot."—Ex.

---

Prof. Edwards: "What is chemically hard water?"  
John Holton: "Ice,"

---

Niss V. "What is a right angle?"  
L. J. "A whole half of a straight angle."

---

WANTED! To know where the Juniors got their ability in conducting social affairs.—Seniors.

---

Ques. Who followed (Miss) Mary into the Senior class.  
Ans. Her little Lamb.

---

Mr. Ed., in eighth grade (after a "horse laugh" in the back of the room had subsided.) "If we are having a horse show, we'll let you come up to the front and bray."

German I. A boy was reading German in class with difficulty. He came to the word "damit" and, of course, pronounced it in the English way. The teacher, however, said it was pronounced "damit." "Oh, dear," he sighed, "it is the first familiar word I've come to."—Exchange.

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"If"

If I were a poet, I would write a poem,  
 With "Life" as my lofty theme.  
 If I were an artist, I would paint a picture,  
 "Sunset" as my color scheme.  
 Were I a musician a song would I compose,  
 And call it, "Song of the Sea."  
 But I'm neither poet, musician or artist,  
 Fact is, I never will be.

M. H. '18.

---

Charles M. My middle name is Longworth, but Mother calls me Long for short.

---

Prof. E. "Define 'specific gravity,' Phin,"

P. H. "I can't define it but I'll give you a definition if that will do."

---

First Girl: "How do they ever get the boys clean after a foot-ball game?"

Second Girl: "Didn't you know they had a scrub team."—Exchange.

---

WANTED! To know where C. O. gets his questions!—Seniors.

---

Phin H. "I want you to understand that I don't stand on small things."

(Ed. Note: "We notice that, Phin.")

---

Voice: "I move that he be unanimously elected by acclamation."

Pres. "All those in favor of this please rise."



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## Exchanges

Up to the time of publication we have received no Fall exchanges, but we hope that before our next issue all our old friends will be back with us again. This is the most interesting department of our Magazine as it lets us know what our friends, the other High Schools, are doing.

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## Athletics

She's a pretty little creature  
And her beauty's not skin deep  
For her studies are a feature  
And her thoughts are very deep  
You would laugh to see her boasting  
For her base—or foot-ball team.  
On a broken bench she's roosting,  
While her bright eyes fairly gleam.  
Why, who couldn't see the reason?  
It is just as plain as day.  
Lack of interest is treason,  
Though she doesn't know the play.  
It's a Winston team that's playing  
And her girls are always there.  
It's their tribute that they're paying,  
Be the weather foul or fair.  
That is why we all adore her.  
That is why she'll all surpass.  
That is why none go before her.  
The Winston High School lass!

Tom Cushing '18.

## Athletics

The prospects for a successful year in athletics are brighter now than ever before. At the present time foot-ball is the one of interest along this line and every afternoon finds a squad of twenty-five or thirty boys on the field for practise.

Our first game of the season was played with Guilford and while it can not be classed as a High School game, the result was important as it showed how the local squad would work under the attack of a stronger team. The score was 7 to 0, a hard earned victory for the college men.

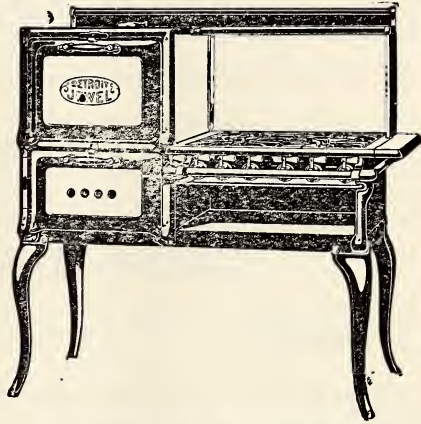
On October the 14th, the wearers of the Black and Gold met Greensboro on our own field and, after a hard-fought game, came out victorious by a score of 33 to 0. The unattainable had been attained! All the defeats of the past three years had been avenged! And it was no easy matter. The visiting team went into the game with the same fight which for three years had made it impossible for the Black and Gold to gain a victory over them; but they were not the only ones who had that fight. Realizing that it was "now or never," the Winston-Salem boys went into the game with a determination to win if it took the last bit of breath in their bodies. From the first kick-off until the final whistle blew they did not let up in their onslaught against the opposing team. On the kick-off, Whaling, quarter-back for the locals, ran the ball back 85 yards for a touch-down. By line bucks and short end runs, the ball was again carried down the field to Greensboro's 2 yard line, from which Fulton, full-back, carried it over for a second touch-down. Whaling kicked goal. Greensboro received and returned the ball to her 45 yard line, but was held for downs. From her 60 yard line, the Winston team marched down the field for another touch-down, Captain Fearington carrying the ball over an end run. Whaling again kicked goal. The 4th touch-down was made in the 3rd quarter, when Fulton, recovering a fumble on our 45 yard line, ran the ball back to Greensboro's 3 yard line and, after being held with no gain twice, Hancock, half-back, scored. Goal was again kicked by Whaling. The final score was made in the last quarter, Whaling carrying the ball over for his second touchdown. Much of the credit for the victory is due to the line, which was impassable on the defense and which opened holes through the opposing line on the offensive that a wagon could have gone through. The entire team starred. The line opened up a way and the back-field marched through. To the Rooter's Club much praise is due, for with their encouragement the team is inspired to fight as they never fought before. The team plays Statesville next on her own ground, then "on to Charlotte."

Tom Cushing.

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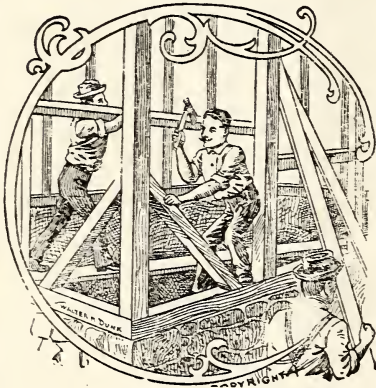
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