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LOUISBURG HIGH SCHOOL DEPARTMENT

A SNOW-BALL FIGHT ON TOP OF THE HILL

(Louise Joyner)

'Twas the 25th of December. A heavy snow had fallen and the earth was covered to a depth of from twelve to fifteen inches. It was cold and cloudy. What an ideal day for some fun.

A crowd of jolly young folks gathered together, tobogganed and hooded, ready for a snow ball fight.

"All right, Tim, old man, lead on," they urged. And off they started.

"Where are we going inquired Alice Greaves, a girl friend of Mary Green, was spending the holidays with Mary.

"Oh, we're going to have the most fun you ever heard of," replied Jones Dean, who walked beside her. "We are now headed for Wilder's Hill, the scene of the annual battle of the Mohawks, in other words, the snow fight girls against boys of New Haven."

"How exciting," exclaimed Alice. "This is the first time I have ever seen this much snow. At home, it just covers the earth occasionally. We never have a real big snow storm, as you all did last night. And we are going to snow ball. I've always wondered how it was done. Doesn't the snow nearly freeze your hands?"

Jones replied that she would soon find out as they were nearing Wilder's. In fact they then were in sight of that high mound of snow, which resembled a small mountain.

"Heaven! I'll never get to the top of that hill," gasped Alice.

No sooner had she spoken than she was grabbed by both hands and with a running start, practically pulled to the top of the hill. Laughing and breathless she looked back down the dizzy height.

The boys began work now earnestly and within an hour, a huge fort about fifteen feet square had been completed. In the meantime the girls had busied themselves making snow balls. Poor Alice tried bravely to keep pace with the crowd but her Southern blood rebelled and she often stuck her nearly frozen hands deep into her pockets.

"All right, we're ready. All aboard!" shouted the boys and the girls crowded into the fort.

"Now listen," said Tim, who seemed to be managing the affair, "we're all old at this game, except Alice and Chick, so we know what to do. At a given signal, we charge up the hill, in an attempt to take the fort. If you girls can hold us off for twenty minutes, then the victory is yours. If not, of course we win."

The boys ran down the long steep hill, and the girls arranged themselves along the four foot walls, five at each wall. The boys could attack from all sides, by agreement. At a signal the attack was begun. The girls saved their snow balls until the boys were nearly up the hill, then they opened fire. They had the advantage of the boys as their snow balls were already made, and the boys had to make theirs on the run. For what seemed to the girls twenty minutes, they held the attackers at a standstill. Their ammunition was now getting low and poor Alice was hard at work awkwardly making more. Suddenly, with an echoing war whoop, the boys made a dash for the fort. The girls threw as hard and fast as they could, but in two minutes their enemies were running over the sides of the fort.

"Boys have won! Ray, rah boys!" they yelled.

The girls now helpless yelled for quarter since the boys could make and throw balls twice as fast as they could.

The girls now helpless yelled for quarter since the boys could make and throw balls twice as fast as they could.

The Four Dragons

A. H. Fleming, Jr.

"Roaming the world is a tiresome thing. It wears you out and no luck does it bring.

These two lines seem to daze John Jacob, a boy of about nineteen as he gazed into the book he was reading. Jacobs father had been killed about a year ago by a man named Charles McKay ever since John had been following him, even through the jungles of Africa.

When in Switzerland among the Alps he lost his man and as the days passed John seemed to grieve more and more over his father.

Trembling with rage and madness he threw the book down and ran into the street. A group of people were standing around a dead man.

John walked closer he could hear them talking one of them the one who had evidently killed the man, was talking "and there's no man that kill my folks and get away with it. I followed him up and got him too." With that he kicked the murdered man, spit on him and dragged him away.

This was too much for John, he ran to his room and in a rage tore up all of the bed clothes and broke the furniture to splinters. He fell against a chair and knocked himself unconscious. When he came to he heard a noise in the street he looked out of the window and saw a man of high rank in military power from another country.

From the "Gate of Hell" as was called a cave in a nearby mountain came the fire breathing dragon "crime". The picture of "crime" was painted on him. In every breath came forth "crime". Ugly and hideous was he the monster that called all "crime".

Jacob saw him he breathed the monsters breath, he was hypnotized by the dragon and unknowingly he shot and killed the man.

His guards seized a nearby hunter who had a gun and was suspected of the murder.

The hunters friends begged the guards to release him saying that they would prove his innocence but the men refused.

They were also seized by "crime" and killed the guards to release the hunter.

The news of all this spread to the murdered mens native land and the king was so baffled and surprised by this that at first he did not know what to do.

Then from the "Gate of Hell" came

another dragon "war." Even more terrible than the first was this time.

He breathed into the king who immediately commanded war.

The terrible sound of the bugle was heard all over the city. Men rushed to the palace and before daybreak an arm was prepared and ready to start. Presently the bugle sounded again, this time the men marched away over to Switzerland.

Four days they marched thru woods over rivers and lakes. The piercing yell of the wolf was echoed among the vines as he was driven from his home.

The monster dragon "war" also seized the Swiss people and they too prepared for war.

In the first battle the Swiss were beaten terribly and driven back for fifty miles. In the second battle the same thing occurred only worse.

So unprepared for war were the Swiss that in every battle they were beaten until they were driven back Douton, the village where Jacobs killed the man.

The firing and noise of the enemy's guns could be plainly heard in the village.

A Swiss mother knelt down before her statue of Christ and prayed that something might happen to prevent her two babes from being killed.

Then as if in answer to her prayer a third dragon "Famine" crawled slowly out of the "gate of hell."

This one was the most terrible of the three, from his nostrils came forth fire and smoke that killed all vegetation around the village. With no food the troops could not fight.

What little food was in the village was given the Swiss soldiers and as the enemy had nothing they were driven back over a hundred miles.

So terrible and fierce was the dragon "famine" that he killed all the food in the country. The soldiers were so starved that they wanted to return home.

But from the "gate of hell" came a fourth dragon "peace."

Peace met the dragon crime and in a hard fought battle killed him.

A man was riding peace and the two swords he held no longer shined and sparkled in the sunlight but it was stained with the blood from crime.

Next came war who was even harder than the first to overcome but after a while he too fell dead on the ground.

The man riding peace no longer held two swords but the hilt of one in his right hand and half of one in the other.

Who was this man riding peace, no one knew except the mother who had prayed for peace and she cried with joy when she looked at the two dead dragons crime and war. Her joy turned to sorrow when she saw on the hill-top another monster famine. This time it was not a dragon but a skeleton of a dragon robed in black, the fire he breathed was not enough to melt iron, but peace and its rider fearlessly met him. For hours they fought and at the end victorious was peace.

She slowly came through the village and the rider climbed down from her back.

It was none other than John Jacob. As the people recognizing him they gave a yell of delight.

Peace breathed life into all of the things famine, crime and war had killed. So beautiful was peace that the two armies agreed to sign a peace treaty. They then marched back to their native land. The people once more resumed their work and play.

Jacob now a grown man returned to America and married the girl he loved. Six years later he was heard to read to his child

"Roaming the world is a tiresome thing. It wears you out and no luck does it bring."

A Snow Fight on a Hill

Ethel Bartholomew

One morning when I awoke, I was startled by the sounds under my window. I ran to the window and whom should I see but all of the boys in the sophomore, uniors and senior classes standing out there yelling, "Come on old boy, we are going to get the freshmen now. Just well to come out or

we're going to pull you out."

My heart jumped right into my throat. I was so excited that I put nearly all of my clothes on wrong. I was scared that if I did not go out that they would call me a sissy and when they did get me they would nearly kill me.

When I opened the door to the hall, I found all of the boys in the freshmen class waiting for me.

When we reached the door all of the boys on the outside, were yelling for us to come on out.

Mr. Jenkins a very possey math teacher and a very small man ran out and said in a very screechy tone, "Boys, boys, you must not do that, you must not do that."

As soon as Mr. Jenkins said this all of the boys opened the doors and started to snow balling Mr. Jenkins and the freshmen.

Mr. Jenkins realizing that the president would not like for the boys to snow ball in the halls of the college, so he dodged them and ran out on the side of the college on a large hill. All of the boys opened the doors and start was where the battle began. Thousands of snowballs whizzed around my head. There was more noise and harder licks by those snow balls than any chalk has ever hit the board in my freshman year of high school.

"The boys had taken up so much snow to fight with that you could nearly see

the ground. Something popped into my mind. I decided that the next ball that hit me, I was going to fall down like I was dead. Finally one ball hit me and I fell. All of the boys waited to see if I was going to get up but I never did. Then the boys began to gather around me they thought I was dead, but there was nothing the matter with me, but half scared to death that a snowball would hit me. After they had taken me to my room I never did want to see any more snow.

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Theiford's BLACK-DRAUGHT

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