

**NEWS ITEMS OF
BEAUFORT SCHOOL**

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The two playlets reproduced below are the work of two members of the sophomore English class of Beaufort High School. They were selected as the best of a number of papers prepared by members of the class.

THE DUMB BELLS.

(By HELEN HENDRIX)

Characters:
The Boss..... A farmer
Jim..... a colored boy
Malanda..... a colored girl
Scene: The living room of a country house.

Time: Late in the afternoon.
Setting: The Boss is seated in a chair smoking.

Boss: Well, that sho' was a hard day's work (moves in chair) uh I'm sore (looks around) wonder where that foot stool is? Guess that thar niger gal has took it in the kitchen agin. Malanda, Oh! Malasses come here (a pause) Confound that niger, where is she. Oh! Lassies—I say bring me that foot stool. She is as deaf as ma. I wonder if she heard me?

(Malanda comes strolling lazily across the stage. Goes up to the boss and looks at him in a silly manner.)

Malanda: "Didn't I hear yo' mumblyng my name boss? Seems as yo' said something about my foot. Well I'll tell yo' I've habing a powerful lot of trouble with this here bunion. (Sticks up her foot and shows it to him. In the meantime the boss is laughing, but suddenly becomes serious) And I heard yo' say yo' wanted some molasses. We just ain't got narry bit. I wish yo' would send Jim to de stow' after some."

Boss: (Heard) "I didn't say anything like that. I said I wanted my foot stool."

Malanda: "Uh. What did yo' say boss?"

Boss: (Becoming impatient) "Go get me my foot stool—foot stool!"

Malanda: "Say it jest a little louder. I didn't quite hear yo'."

Boss: "My foot stool, go get me my foot stool."

Malanda: "Oh! your foot stool." (exits mumblyng to herself.)

Boss: "You sho' is a dumb bell." (Enter Jim groaning and rubbing his back)

Boss: "What in the world is the matter with you, you look like a crazy niger."

Jim: "Yes sah boss (groans) and I sho' feels it."

Boss: "What is the matter with you, speak up?"

Jim: "Oh! I fell off—"

Boss: "Fell off, what do you mean, fell off—"

Jim: "Fell off de—de—(groans)"

Boss: "Jim what in the mischief is ailing ye?"

Jim: "I fell off de barn—(Gets down on the floor and rolls about) Oh! dont let me die, spare me a little while longer. Oh! hab pity on me soul and spare me. Oh! don't let me back brake."

Boss: (Looking on and doesn't know what to do) Jim you ain't dying niger, what's ailing of ye?"

Jim: "I tell yo dis—I don said I was and I am don't I look it?"

(Enter Malanda. Looks at Jim with astonishment. She is carrying foot stool)

"Oh! Jim how is yo dying whats de matter?" (Gets down on floor beside Jim) "Oh! Jim tell me what is de matter wid yo?" (Jim only groans) Jim don't yo' lob me jest a tiny bit?— tell me afore yo' die?"

Jim: "Oh! Malanda do yo think I's gwine die?"

Malanda: "I cant seem to hear yo, tell me again."

Jim: "Yes I lob you but Malanda don't let me die"

Malanda: "Oh! niger aint a gwine die yo' lob me, I heard yo' say it. (Jim sits up and stares at her and begins feeling of his back)

Jim: "Oh! aint a gwine let me die. My back has a stopped hurting. (Gets up and grabs Malanda starts dancing round the stage and exits.)

Boss: "Confound them nigers, jest found out that they is in love. Curtain—Finis.

THREE "KIDS"

(James G. Whitehurst)

CAST—Bob Wilson, Bill Wilson, Mr. Everett.

SCENE—The Everett Brook.
The curtain rises on the Everett brook where Bob and Bill are fishing. Bob and Bill are twins, red headed and freckled faced. They have on straw hats, blue shirts and overalls. The overalls are rolled up any where between their feet and

knees. All about them are pine trees and much under-brush. On one of these trees is a large sign with big bold black letters on a white background which reads:
FISHING ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN IN THIS BROOK

Z. X. Everett

Bill: Bob don't you think it's a-shame old man Everett don't want us kids to fish in this brook. Up till last fall when Mr. Everett come up here it was as free as air. Now we can't come here 'less he puts his old dogs on us. I wish he'd leave. Don't you wish so too, Bob?"

Bob: "You said it, Bill. (Rebais books and drops it with out a splash into the water) but take it from yer uncle Bob no sich good luck is a coming to us kids."

Bill: "I reckon he never will leave but I do wish so."

Bob: "Yeah, so do I, but wishing wont do it. Wish in one hand and pour water in the other and see which one gets full—"

Bill: (Begins to reel in line) "Oh Bob! I've caught one, look!"

Bob: "By George, you have, a nice ten inch speckle' one."

Bill: "You betcha life this chick-en is not going to let a sign like that (pointing towards sign) er dog er any thing else old man Everett's got keep me away from this brook."

Bob: "Yeah I've been thinkin' 'bout goin' to grandfathers this summer if pa'll let me. Wanta go?"

Bill: "If pa'll let us."

Bob: "We can fish there with out being 'fraid the dogs'll ketch us. Then we can make grandmother's cooky jar look like the bottom drapp out o' it."

Bill: "Since ye're talkin' 'bout cookies, lets eat our lunch."

Bob: "All right."

(Bob takes a package out of their basket and removes the paper. He hands Bill a sandwich and three cookies and also keeps a sandwich and three cookies for himself)

Bill: "Um! I didn't know I was so hungry, did you?"

Bob: "Naw (Takes a big bite of his sandwich) but I know it now."

(A sound comes to the boys. It is like some one running through the underbrush. Bob exchanges glances with Bill. They see it is Mr. Everett.)

Mr. Everett: (Rushing up) "I've told you kids to keep away from here. I don't want anybody to fish in my brook. (Rushing over to the basket, kicks it into the water, loses his balance and falls in. Bob and Bill wait for him to come out, but he doesn't. They go over to the edge of the brook and see him struggling in the water. They both jump into the water and grab him. He is finally brought to the shore where he lies down. After he recovers he motions to the boys to come over beside him)

Mr. Everett: "Boys if it it hadn't been for you I would have drowned sure. Come up to the house and dry your clothes. But before you go I want you to take that down, (pointing to the "No Fishing" sign) To-morrow or any yether day you can come here and fish. But be sure you stoop and get me so that all three of us kids can fish together. Come on, boys, lets go over to the house."

Science Club Meets.

On Wednesday, November 11, Mr. Elmer Higgins of the United States Bureau of Fisheries visited the school at the time of the meeting of the Science Club. He gave an interesting lecture on "The need of the preservation of Fish."

Two Best Selected Papers

From Sophmore Class

The two following papers were selected as the best papers from the Sophmore English Class to be published in the School News:

My Autobiography.

(Ruth Morrison)

As I take pen and ink in my hand, I hardly know how to express in words the autobiography of my life. Some say I was born for good luck and prosperity because I was born on leap year. But of course that is just an old saying; or at least I think so, because I have had luck. When I start to school a black cat will be sure to cross my path, and all day I will expect to be sent to Detention Hall for knowing my lessons.

I was born in New Bern a small city in North Carolina, on one cold bleak Saturday evening on the twenty ninth day of February. Therefore I can proudly say that I am a tar heel and also a leap year girl.

From two years old until ten, I lived in Norfolk, Virginia. I started to school at the age of seven. Although I was very small I would take a great delight in jumping off and on the trest cars going and coming from school.

I always attended the Methodist Sunday School. I can remember very well one occasion at the Methodist Church as a bridesmaid in a boyless wedding. I was eight years old then and very proud of the fact. I have been going to the Methodist Sunday School and church every since I have been in Beaufort. For the last three years I have been to Sunday School every Sunday and have a beautiful pin and wreath for the reward. During the last week in May, 1925 I joined the Methodist Church.

When I was ten years old I came to Beaufort. As I had never been there, I was expecting from what I had heard that it would be a city. When the train stopped at the depot I saw everything else but a city.

I started to school in the third grade but I did not get along very well on account of my eyes, but I struggled on through all my trials and tribulations until I am now a Sophmore in the dear old Beaufort High School. I have always like to go to school and I also like to study. In 1923-25 I went to school without missing a day or being tardy.

When I was in the fifth grade Mr. C. W. E. Pittman, or new superintendent started Basket Ball. I took a great delight in it from the very first. When I was in the seventh grade I went to New Bern as one of the two best subs to play Basket Ball. I am very proud to think that I will be on the Basket Ball team this year.

How The Pyramids Were Built.

(Virginia Howe)

Herodotus, "The Father of History," was the earliest known natural born traveller and accountor of

his travels. Among other places he visited he especially tells of his trip to Egypt among the pyramids of Gizer. He was able to learn from his conversation with the Egyptians

all about building of the pyramids. King Cheops, of Egypt was the chief constructor of the "Great Pyramid of Gizeh." It was to be his tomb. After having shut up all the tem-

ples he ordered all the Egyptians to work for him. Some were appointed to draw stones from Arabian Mountain quarries down to the Nile. (Continued on page five)

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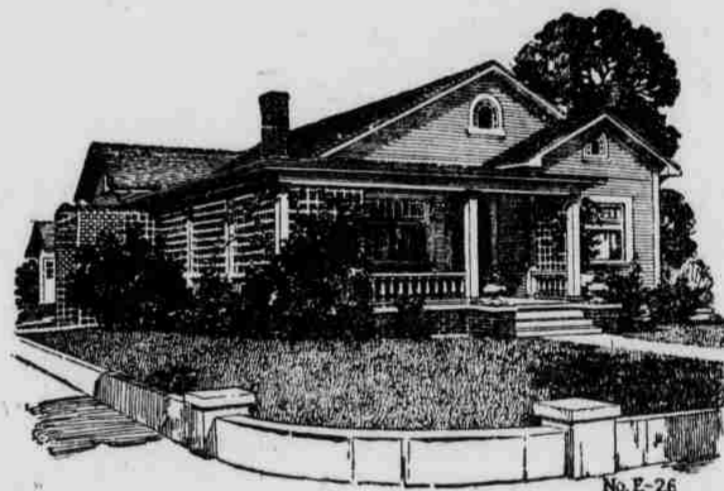
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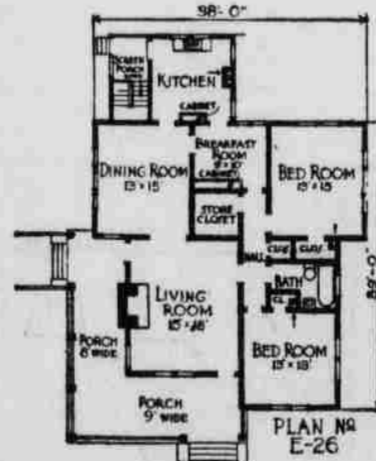
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