

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '22.

(By Ethel Snuggs.)

In nineteen hundred and seventeen, thirty-two boys and girls, all full of life, started on a picnic, or at least they regarded it as such. This care-free, happy-go-lucky group were as follows: Mary Anderson, Wilma Anderson, Agatha Blackwelder, Gazelle Brooks, Ardis Casper, Gladys Cooper, Annie Drye, Evelyn Hall Mary G. McLauchlin, Bernice Moss, Bernice Smith, Pauline Lowder, Cozette Drye, Ethel Snuggs, John Boyett, Clarence Casper, Robert Drye, Claude Floyd, Winfred Gaddy, Marvin Huneycutt, Spears Hurt, Roy Johnson, Hubert Little, Harvey Simpson, Calvin Lefler, Henry Snuggs, Robert Watkins, Carl Winecoff, Wayne Neal, Grady Austin, Hoyle Lowder, and J. P. Sibley. Prof. M. S. Giles, and Misses Brown and Dellinger were the leaders of this picnic.

At first we had a very enjoyable time on our outing, but soon, as we went further and further, we discovered that the ground had become rough, with many boulders to scramble over, and many steep hills to climb. We came to the conclusion that this was not such a picnic after all, and, as we were young and inexperienced, we became disheartened and discouraged. But our leaders cheered us and revived our fallen spirits. They told us that this forest was large and filled with many difficulties, but that at the end there was a treasure which, if found, would help us in the future.

Therefore, we took heart and started out with the resolution to turn our picnic into a hunting expedition.

We highly resolved that we would never give up until we had found our reward.

Before we had gone far in our big search, we found in the forest a very poisonous vine called "influenza". Many came in contact with it and fell by the way. But the touch proved fatal to two only, Pauline Lowder and Robert Watkins. Soon the hunt became very wearisome to Roy Johnson and Hoyle Lowder, and they turned back. At this juncture we also lost two of our leaders: Misses Brown and Dellinger, but these were replaced by Prof. E. W. Cranford and Miss Smathers, who directed our search with great skill.

We did not find our reward the first day, so, after a good rest we came back on the next morning to search for the fascinating treasure. We discovered that we had entirely new leaders in this continuation of our hunt. They were: Mr. J. H. McIver, and Misses Pike, Pinkston, and Thompson. Although many of our companions had dropped out of the search, others joined us. These were: Ruth Pickler, Irene Skidmore, Annie Lowder, Gus Boger, George Harris, and Marvin Tucker.

On this trip, the travelling became more and more difficult. We soon lost Annie Lowder, but Margaret Ledbetter came running to take her place. However, she seemed to find the search beset with too many difficulties, for she also soon left us. After a long hard search we had not discovered the long-sought treasure, so, wearied and discouraged, all of us left the great hunt for another rest.

On the next morning, we started again with the thought that we would

surely find that which we were searching for. The party then numbered about fourteen. We soon increased it to fifteen, for Paul Smith joined us. We looked in vain for our old directions and instructions from our directors and instructors, for we had an entirely new force: Mr. Higginbotham and Misses Reap, Davis and Liles. (Mr. McIver now gave his entire time to supervision). Under the able leadership of these, we surmounted many difficulties and made such progress in our search that we were sure that we would soon reach our goal.

Next morning we began again with enthusiasm, with Misses Moye Pridgen, Keel, and Mr. R. G. Stephens as leaders. Robert Drye decided that he could find his treasure elsewhere, so he departed from our midst. After another day's hard search, we have now come to the end of the vast forest and have at last found the much desired treasure—a diploma, and though the search was strenuous we have indeed received a reward that has repaid us fully and has made us feel that our efforts were worth while.

THE CALL OF THE BUGLE

(By "Sailor" Gaddy.)

It was the first week of school, and, as usual, all teachers wanted to find out what I knew. In order to do this they overworked my brain. This caused me to dislike my studies and turn to seek my fortune. I walked home at noon, and on the way home a little blue-bird sang:

"Enlist in the navy, my son, today,
And serve your country far away;
Uncle Sam needs young men to do
work,

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