

RULES GOVERNING THE AWARD OF CERTIFICATES

The following system was adopted by the athletic council in the spring of 1922. It has worked successfully and will be followed during this year. The certificate is very attractive.

1. Football—12 full quarters, plus approval of coach.

2. Basketball—10 full halves, plus the approval of coach.

3. Baseball—60 full innings for all positions except pitcher, plus approval of coach. Pitchers may pitch as low as 40 innings and with the recommendation of the coach receive a certificate.

4. Tract—1st, 2nd, and 3rd places in the State meet at Chapel Hill. 1st and 2nd places in any other meet in which as many as five schools take part.

5. A block 6 inch "C" will be the standard letter for all sports. This may be bought by any student who has a certificate.

6. A star will be awarded for each additional year in any sport. The captain may wear a star with a circle around it.

7. At the end of each season the coach must hand the record of the individual members of the team to the Council with recommendations. The Council will formally make the awards.

PROGRAM TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE BASEBALL TEAM

Coach: Mr. Phillips. Assistants will be appointed later.

Manager: John Sikes.

Time allowed from school for games, including Championship Series, minus the final game at Chapel Hill—5 school days. Four last period classes will be allowed and not counted in the five days.

15 games will be allowed before Championship Series—8 scrub games must be played if possible.

State rules require passing grades on a majority of the work in the present term. Trips should be planned without losing money. Local teams must entertain visiting teams.

G. B. Phillips.

PROGRAM TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE BASKETBALL TEAM

Coach: Mr. Parks. Assistants will be appointed later. Manager: Spencer Adams.

Time allowed from school for games including Championship Series, minus final game at Chapel Hill—5 school days. Two periods missed at the end of the day may be allowed. Fifteen games will be allowed before Championship Series, ten Scrub games must be played if possible.

State rules require passing of a majority of the work of the present semester as well as monthly work. Trips should be planned so as not to lose money. Local team must entertain visiting team.

G. B. Phillips.

Miss Coleman Speaks to Athletic Association

(Continued from page 1)

was passed down from mother to daughter.

The first thing that the Czechs did after establishing a stable government, was to build a large gymnasium. Last year over 4,000 women participated in an athletic festival held in this gymnasium. They have a point system similar to G. H. S's, whereby honors are awarded to the winners.

The highest and most coveted honor is the old time laurel wreath.

These women are probably the best athletes of Europe.

According to Miss Coleman, the women of the British Isles are true sportswomen. Theirs are the cleanest and most admirable of athletics. They excel in many sports, but seem to be exceptional hikers. One thinks little there of walking ten or fifteen miles a day just to have pink cheeks.

The men of England are also fine athletes. Wherever the British soldiers make their camp, they always teach the boys and girls their games.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT TO PRINCIPAL

Nov. 1, 1922.

G. H. S. Athletic Association
Dorothy Albright, Treas.

Receipts:

Fayetteville game	...\$146.50
Sanford game 125.00
Money for equipment	
for boys 35.00
Dues & Tickets Oct.	405.58
Burlington game 25.00
Asheboro game 12.50
Danville game 62.64
Oxford game 87.00
Lincolnton game 38.80
Dues & tickets Nov.	83.25
Total\$1021.27

Expenditures:

Expense of Visiting	
teams\$350.67
Traveling expenses	
Greensboro team	177.56
Truck for team 54.00
Tennis—H. Lefler 12.50
Equipment 207.61
Tags & tickets 10.50
Miscellaneous 45.00
Total 857.84
Balance on hand 163.43
C. W. Phillips, Faculty Mgr.	

Autobiography of a Letter

I, A. Letter, am bound to write my autobiography. My associates here in this mother-of-pearl box have urged me to tell them about myself and as I tell them I shall write it down for the world to know.

I was on a shelf in one of the biggest stores in New York. I was there with some cousins and many friends. We were all friends and had a jolly good time together. One day a very beautiful girl came into the store and back to the stationery department. We, my associates and I, watched her with interest to see which one of us she would choose. She was so beautiful and pleasant that we all wanted to be chosen. I knew I would not be chosen because I am not dainty and perfumed; but I was much interested in one of my little cousin's excitement, however. She, my cousin, is very beautiful and dainty. She is lavender and slightly violet scented. The Fair Lady asked to see some lavender stationery, and the salesman's hand came right at my little cousin.

I was sorry to see her go, but her joy at being taken wiped out any grief I might have in parting. The Fair Lady said she would take her, so the salesman put her into a very pretty box, wrapped her neatly and handed her out with a bow. The Fair Lady smiled and walked away. I heard the salesman talking to a saleswoman later and from their conversation I learned that the Fair Lady was quite wealthy, and I was glad because my little cousin loves wealth and luxury.

Next morning I was thinking of my cousin and feeling rather lonesome when a young man came in. He was very handsome and seemed to be a man of wealth. (I can always tell when they are wealthy by the way Mr. Wade smiles, bows and speaks). This young man wanted some stationery. I was taken down almost immediately, purchased and put into a plain gray box. The young man carried me out, and we entered a

luxurious automobile. I was cast into one corner and we drove off.

When I was taken from the box I found myself in a very expensive uptown office. The young man bent over his desk, signed some papers, then picked me up. I was then put into a tiny little machine and a great punch came that nearly knocked me senseless. Such pain! When I came to myself and out of that terrible place the young fellow looked at my poor scarred surface with satisfaction. Just imagine! On the upper left hand side of me on the front page the letters "V. K." were stamped in gold. Then he reached for a pen and started writing. I had already suffered enough, and yet felt quite puffed up when I saw how really fine I looked. He wrote very well for a man and, finally, after writing on me for half an hour and using twelve or fifteen pages, he put me in an envelope and addressed me to Chicago. After this I was put into a little box with some official papers and carried out to be mailed by the ojce boy.

At the Post Office I was thrown with the very lowest kind of associates. I held myself aloof from them, however, and although a few insignificant cards and letters and one lumbering old package tried to get me into conversation I just gave them a withering, contemptuous look that silenced them. Soon all of us were thrown—just imagine! I was thrown across to another place where a man gave me a stunning blow around the stamp that ruined my outside beauty. When I regained consciousness I was being speeded toward the Grand Central station in a fast auto-wagon. Arrived at the station, we were separated into different dirty bags and pitched onto a train. No one spoke, every one of us was stunned. Not a word was spoken until we were again separated into the same kind of dirty mail bags as before and pitched into different corners. The old package was with me, and when he spoke I murmured an apology for my actions in the post office, because I felt that since that post office man had stamped my face I was in no condition to look down on anyone. After a long trip we finally arrived in Chicago.

I was taken from the bag, looked at, thrown to another bag and carried away by a big man in a gray uniform. In about two hours, after wandering all over the world, as it seemed, I was delivered at the door of a big mansion. A liveried person took me on a tray, handed me to a girl in black with frilled cap who in turn handed me to a gray-haired lady who gave me to—just imagine my astonishment—the Fair Lady! She gave a delighted scream, and cried, "Oh, Aunt Anna, it's from Jim!" She then read me. I was folded carefully and put with a loving pat into this mother-of-pearl box with other letters addressed by the same hand as I was.

I was very intelligent, so I put "two and two together" and concluded that my young man and my cousin's Fair Lady were in love. So my cousin, I decided, had gone to my young man and I to her Fair Lady. I am very happy again because I receive only occasional readings and loving pats. My associates are of the best because they are all very nearly like me.

—Martha J. Broadhurst.

Miss McAlister: What were the Egyptian kings wrapped in when they died?

Wendell Clem: Asbestos. They were preparing for the next world.

Howard Cagle: I want the "Wife of Julius Caesar."

Miss Colvin: Brutus is ahead of you.

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