

brothers and draw cows, dogs and other animals in the woods.

Later in life he painted the dog picture called "The Aristocrat."  
—Kathleen Peeler, Grade 7A.

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**The Blue Boy**

Gainsborough painted "The Blue Boy," to show one of his five friends that it was possible to paint a picture and use just one color on it and that it would be attractive. "The Blue Boy" is a beautiful picture which is painted in blue; no other color is used. His picture became a famous one, and many other painters are now trying to paint pictures, using only one color. His picture has the title Gainsborough's Blue Boy.  
—Margaret Hackney, Grade 7A.

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**A Photograph of Edward Bok**

Two weeks ago the 7A class of the West Lee St. School, completed the "Dutch Boy Fifty Years Later," by Edward Bok. We enjoyed the book so much that Margaret Hackney, a member of our class, sent Mr. Bok a letter asking him for some article by which we might remember his book. By return mail we received a photograph of Mr. Bok and a letter from his secretary saying that as Mr. Bok was in the south she sent the photographs herself. We are very proud of being the only school in Greensboro which has a photograph of Mr. Bok sent from his office. The following is a copy of the letter:

March 13, 1923

My dear Margaret,

In Mr. Bok's indefinite absence, in the south, permit me to thank you for your letter of appreciation of his book and to send you the photograph for which you asked for the members of your school.

Sincerely yours,

Edward W. Bok.

—Charles Lambert, Grade 7A.

**LINDSAY STREET NEWS**

**PUPILS WHO ATTAINED SCHOLARSHIP AVERAGE FOR MARCH**

Grade 5B.

- Archie Joyner
- Jane Crabtree
- Rieves Moon
- Millie Allred
- Rebecca Heath
- Mary Long Benbow

Grade 5A.

- Edward Michaels
- William Spradlin
- Adelaide Fortune
- Audra Everhardt.

Grade 5A.

- David Stern
- Emma Hardee
- William Hart
- William Parsons.

Grade 6B.

- Elizabeth Boyst
- Margaret Bobbitt
- Katharine Lambe
- Elizabeth Stevens
- Dixon Thacker.

Grade 6A-2

- Annie Ware Caffey
- Marianna Murphy
- Melford Wilson
- Elizabeth Apple
- Lee Vanstory.

Grade 6A-1.

- J. D. McNairy
- Davis Hodgkin
- Emma Griffin
- Annette Donavant
- Katherine Nowell
- Mary Leigh Causey.

Grade 7B-2.

- Margaret Sockwell
- Eugenia Isler
- Margaret Blaylock

- Sadie Sharp
- William Byers.
- Grade 7B-1.
- Dorothy Donell
- Jack Kleemier
- R. J. Whittington
- Ruth Ferree
- Graham Cockrane.

Grade 7A-2.

- Mildred Knight
- Frances Hart
- Edna Farmer
- Madelyene Hubbard
- Egbert McNairy

Grade 7A-1.

- Mary Lyon Leak
- Rose Schachner
- Louvine Hunter
- Elizabeth Wilson
- Kathleen Lashley.

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**Girls Begin Base Ball Practice**

On Monday, the Lindsay aspirants to baseball fame met their most formidable opponents—the Lindsay faculty. The girls were just beginning practice, looking toward the winning of the championship. To give them a boost, and to help launch the campaign, the teachers agreed to forego work, dignity, and rheumatics long enough to show just how a real game of baseball should be played. The game ended with the score 5-5. The tie will be played off at an early date.

**LINDSAY LYRICS**

**School**

I think it's awful for a boy to have to go to school;  
He has to study hist'ry, and mind the teacher's rule,  
And while you have to get up and your 'rithmetic recite,  
The butterflies are flyin' and the sun is shinin' bright.

And then when class is over, and I have to stay in after school  
I see the other boys go to the ole' swimming pool,  
If I could make the laws and rules  
I'd say 'at none uv the boys an girls  
Would have to go to school.

—Rebecca Heath, Grade 5B.

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**Palmer Writing**

Two, four, six, eight, and ten,  
Get you up for your pen  
Get on your muscle;  
It's time to hustle  
For it's time for Palmer writing.

Come on children, don't delay;  
Send you papers off today  
If you've got correct movement  
Then perhaps you'll get the certificate for improvement

When it's time for Palmer Writing.  
—Margaret High, Grade 7A.

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**History**

The hardest study that I know  
And the very one in which I'm slow  
Is History

It always was a very hard job  
And makes some little girls sob  
and sob  
That History.

When the History exam comes rolling round  
And the teacher gets out his book of brown  
It's History.

Some boys and girls like History  
But to me it remains a mystery  
That History.  
—Mary Lyon Leak, Grade 7A.

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**At Night**

At night when all the lights are out,

And the ghost comes round about,  
I feel a sort of shuddering fear,  
Like spooks and goblins are hovering near.

So I ducks my head and shuts my eyes,  
And imagine I see about my size  
A goblin, all clothed in the purest white,  
Just like the beams of a moonlight night.

And then I think, "when the daylight comes"  
But just that second something big,  
black hums,  
"You'd be better off if you hadn't eaten those buns,  
Buns, buns, buns."  
—Jacqueline Alderman.

**The Birds' Welcome**

(Based on Birds of Killingsworth)  
"Welcome, ye birds," said the people of the town,  
"For we know at last our mistake has been found;  
Ye gay robins and sad crows,  
And sparrows are all welcome ye know."  
The blue-bird and the ravens too,  
Were welcomed again when the rest were few.

We missed your songs so gay and free,  
As you flew over the house-top, valley, and tree;  
Never before had we such a terrible spring,  
Or did we know what fortunes ye bring.  
Insects and worms were in every tree,  
And they dropped from the trees to fall on me.

So welcome, ye birds, of every kind,  
Welcome to this dreary land of mine;  
Never no more will we run you away,  
For we know what fortune will have to pay;  
Welcome ye birds and live all day,  
Here, instead of far away.  
—Doris Hogan, 6A-1.

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**Spring**

Oh, spring came over the hill  
And spring came over the mountain,  
And she woke up the brooklets,  
And she woke up the fountains.

Oh, she passed over the meadow,  
And she passed through the wood:  
Oh, she left not one dismal shadow  
In the meadow or in the wood.

And all of life burst forth,  
The beauty of spring to see.  
Oh, but the spring is lovely,  
A lovely maid is she!  
—Wade Stockard, 7B-1.

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**Jes' Me**

Some folks is big and merry,  
And some is lil' and sad;  
Some is fat as a berry,  
And some is skinny as bad.  
I'se neither one, and somehow, I'se glad,  
As I'm jes' me—at's all!

All folks is differena an' I is too  
You never see me do what other folks do;  
I'se jes' myself, and I'll do and be  
Jes' what is made and 'spected of me,  
The work that is ready and waiting to be  
Done; So I'm glad I'se me—at's all  
—Zaidee Smith, 7A-1.

**NEWS NOTES FROM ASHEBORO PEARSON**

**Scholarship List for March**

Grade 7A-1  
Arthur Campbell  
Carlton Wilder  
Alma Wells.

Grade 8B-1.  
Hazel Allred  
Bernice Apple  
Elizabeth Brown  
Mary Jane Wharton.

Grade 8B-2  
Ruth Heath  
Matilda Robinson.

Grade 6A.  
Daphne Hunt  
Annie Cagle  
Clem Campbell.

Grade 5 B.  
Richard Freeman  
Rutle Jones.

Grade 4A.  
Elizabeth Ayers  
Treva Williams  
Mildred Michael.  
Dorothy O'Connor  
Louise Reynolds  
Bernard Jenkins  
Jack Mundy  
Garland Whitefield.

Grade 6B.  
Louise Dick  
Mabel Smith  
Francis Murchison.

Grade 7B.  
Lios Freeland  
Norris Long  
James Stewart  
Margaret Freeland  
Mary Baker  
Fay Bennett  
Elsie Neese.

Grade 5A.  
Lottie Wall  
Harvey Anderson  
Dale Johnson  
Ruth Mendenhall  
Francis Nowlan  
Lynette Williams  
Mary Berry

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**Dr. Williams Speaks**

Dr. J. A. Williams, prominent surgeon of this city, spoke to the eighth grades of Asheboro St. School on the subject of Rome. As the eighth grades have taken up Latin his lectures were the more interesting and has proven useful to us in our study.

Dr. Williams took up the history of Rome; told of its ancient ruins, cathedrals, streets, and historic spots. The Seven Hills of Rome, the Catacombs, the Pantheon, the Gate of St. Sabastian, the Colosseum. St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Peter's Cathedral, the Vatican, the Appian Way, and the Forum, were interestingly described.

We are grateful to Dr. Williams for this lecture because it has added so much to our interest in Latin. Dr. Williams has traveled in Rome for several months. This was one of the best lectures we have heard this year.

—Beverly Moore, 8B-1.

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**A Dream I once Had**

One very dark night I put on my wings and flew far, far away up to the palace of Zeus. He was very glad to see me for he ordered all the gods to have a celebration in my honor. At that celebration I had wine, meats of all kinds, fruits, candies, cakes of all kinds, and vegetables. When the celebration was over I told Zeus that I had to fly back to heaven. He was very much grieved that I had to fly back to heaven, but nevertheless let me go. So I flew back to heaven but how different it was from what it had been! There

was my mother and father sleeping in their bed. There were carpets, and oh! so many things that you could not see at the palace of Zeus. But at last I found it was a dream, nothing but a wonderful dream.

\*\*\*

**Spring**

Once more I hear the robins sing;  
They have so long been still  
The very songs they seem to sing,  
Bring messages of the hills.

Again we see the violets peep  
From out their leafy bed so deep.  
Once more the leaves and flowers unfold

In beauty rare, and new untold.  
—Rosalie Andrews, 8B-1.

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**The Announcement of Spring**

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
So the woodland creatures say.  
The blue bird is singing,  
Her sweet notes ringing,  
Announcing that spring's on the way.

Spring is coming, spring is coming,  
The children sing as they play.  
The flowers are waking,  
Their sweet buds breaking  
To greet the spring's glad day.  
—Mary E. King, 8B-1.

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**Skating**

Hazel and Annie are  
Very good friends,  
They visit each other  
When summer time come.  
When Annie is skating,  
There Toots will be found,  
And when I go with them,  
I am sure to fall down.

As we were coasting down Mendenhall Street,  
I surely performed a terrible feat.

I tripped on a stone  
And fell on my knees  
And when I got up  
I was ill at ease.

With Annie on one side  
And Toots on the other,  
I hobbled along,  
Till we reached Hazel's mother.

She had seen me fall  
And thought it no joke,  
For she was quite sure  
Some bones I had broke.

She bandaged my knee  
With black salve and white;  
So without further trouble  
I arrived home all right.  
—Bettie Brown, 8B-1.

**LIMERICKS— By 8B-1.**

The Girlie From Trake  
There was a small girlie from Trake  
Who tried some cookies to bake  
The stove was too cold,  
The flour too old;  
So she drowned her small self in the lake.  
—Mary Lynn Carlson, 8B-1

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**Little Joe C.**

There once was a boy named Joe C.  
And a funny little boy was he.  
He stumped his toe,  
And cried out "Oh!  
This is the end of me."  
—Joe Mann, 8B-1.

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**A Limerick**

There was a young lady from Salem,  
Long letters she wrote and to mail 'em,  
To town she would go,  
The people to show,  
The letters she wrote to young Balem.  
—Thelma Niles, 8B-1.