

REMINISCENCES

COUNTIN' LICKS

March 15, 1917.

Whew, I'm so mad! Old Dorothy Hooper! I can hardly write her name, old teacher's pet, she thinks she so big just 'cause she has long curls and black and white shoes! Well, she got me in trouble today but I got her back all right. If it weren't for you, diary, I'd explode. Well, here's my story.

Pate Jackson brought a frog to school this morning and of course it had to get out and hop right up to the teacher's desk. Also of course, Pate got a beating. Every time Mrs. McSorley applied the paddle, I raised up a finger. When ten had been raised and I was wondering where the rest were coming from, the sounds ceased and teacher and pupil returned to the room. Everything was ready to start again when old pesky Dorothy raised her hand and to the teacher's "What is it, Dorothy, dear?" responded, "Mrs. McSorley, Mary raised up a finger every time you gave Pate a lick." Gee, but that made me mad! The next thing I knew I was counting my own licks—eight of 'em and every one harder than the one before. I still sting!

Well, I was just settin' for that old Miss Priss. She had on her best dress and I was determined she wouldn't get home with that adjective still in front of it. After school I headed for the park and waited in the ambushes (we had that word in reading today—it means some bushes that you hide in when you want to jump out on somebody and surprise them.) Pretty soon she came along, walking just as daintily and eating an apple. I stepped out into the path and a look of horror came into her eyes. Now it was her time to count licks and believe me she did it!

MARY THURMAN.

MY NEW UMBRELLA

I was about the age of three and had just become the owner of a very pretty umbrella in which I took much pride. I was so proud of it that when I was permitted to use it, it was almost impossible to get it away from me or to even let it down on proper occasions. I always wanted everyone to see it and made every effort to get them to look at it.

Sunday came, the day of all days, when I knew I could attract most attention with it. I walked to Sunday school feeling very big with my umbrella over my head and imagined every one looking at it. All went smoothly with me until I reached the door of the church—here is where the calamity came.

A very prominent woman was to speak in our church that day and there was an unusually large crowd there. This woman knew my mother and as she happened to be near me on entering the church of course helped me. When we reached the door of the church she thought she would kindly assist me in letting down my umbrella. But lo! instead of it being a kindness to me it was an insult, and I set up such a howl and took it so hard that the astonished woman was forced to put the umbrella up again and in this way led me into the church. I sat on the very front row and proudly held my umbrella over my head, perfectly unconscious of the mirth I was causing all around me.

GRACE MARSHALL.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

September the first! What agonies doesn't that day spell for the average American youth! The preceding day is usually spent by the "Jimmies" and the "Johnnies" in concentrating on the burning of the schoolhouse or in imagining that ever-present nightmare, the school marm, stricken with an incurable malady.

The first graders, like lambs led to the slaughter, cherish no such devastating thoughts. The dire day is looked forward to and longed for with all their six-year-old ardor.

Such was my case. After a violent but unsuccessful scrimmage at the wash basin and being unwillingly forced into "rubbers" and burdened with a huge umbrella, I set out for the great adventure.

I finally reached the school block, but not before a disaster with the lunch basket clasped tightly in my right hand, which a stray dog had sniffed and im-

mediately set in pursuit of, causing the loss of one peanut butter sandwich, one orange, and one red-fringed napkin, generously supplied by "Grandma."

The grief, however, did not dim my enthusiasm, for I walked up the steps and entered the building, a very snaggle-toothed smile on my shining face.

After blundering into the second, third and fourth grades successively, I managed to reach the assigned room with the combined aid of the janitor and a long-legged boy from the sixth grade.

Entirely undismayed at my lateness, I seated myself at a front desk, all the while quite conscious of the pink bow adorning my scanty locks.

But "pride goeth before a fall." Being immediately seized with a violent crush for the teacher, who was both young and pretty, I made all kinds of wild efforts to attract her attention, from sticking the little boy across the aisle with a pin to making crowing sounds from the top of the desk.

Then my chance came. Lifting her voice above all the confusion, she asked for the scissors. A dozen hands, all probably as eager to carry them to her as mine, grabbed for the desired article. But I was first. Marching across the room with a self-confident strut and giving my defeated rivals a contemptuous look, I handed them to her, point first. But instead of the gracious smile I was expecting, she looked past me to the unfortunate group and said, "Will some one please show this rude little girl how to hand the scissors to me?"

And that was my first day at school.

CORINNE COOK.

OCTOBER

The following is a contribution from Master C. S. Vestal, a sixth grader, whose birthday is on the same anniversary as Longfellow's birthday:

*When bright October comes along,
The leaves all sing her a song;
The trees are very bare and bleak
The same and dear old mountain peak,
Everything outside is very sad,
But when comes home our dear loved
Dad,*

*We all to entertainment seek.
The night is slowly dragging by,
That is before the scene would die.
Dad thinks it's all right to peep;
The horse out in the barn is pawing,
We'll all soon be asleep.*

LEAKSVILLE HIGH GIRLS PLAN TO HAVE TITLE TEAM

The Leaksville girls' basketball team put Greensboro out of the running last year in the championship series. This year we wonder what they're going to do. Here's their view:

"The students of Leaksville H. S. have always exhibited great interest in athletics, and this fervor has in no way abated this year. Although it is the beginning of the basketball season, feeling is running high, and the school is looking forward to the winning of new laurels.

"Last year the girl's basketball team made a wonderful record, losing only one game during the entire season. Owing to the fact that this year's team is composed of the same competent players of last year's team, they hope to make a perfect record.

"Evelyn Gunn holds down her position as center with a vengeance. Terror follows in her wake, and when she appears on the field fear strikes into the hearts of her opponents.

"Lola Hill is one of our iron-clad guards. When the enemy's ball comes into her territory, it is immediately intercepted and started on its homeward journey. Lillian Ault is our other guard. She covers her field in the twinkling of an eye. She has the happy knack of always being where her opponents don't want her, and just where her own teammates can count on her.

"Liz' Gunn, Mary Marshall and Eunice Barkam continuously feed the hungry little basket. Once the ball is in their hands its destination is fixed.

"With Mr. E. W. Tenney as coach, the team expects to have a very successful year."

Prof: "Tell me, Miss Jones, what do you think of the Turkish atrocities?"

Co-ed: "Sir, I'll have you to understand that I'm one of the few girls who still refrain from smoking."—*Carolina Buccaneer.*

MANSIONS

Many, many years ago there was a boy—not just a plain, ordinary boy, but one who was different. Even when he was small, he did not romp and play among the villagers' children around his mother's doorstep. Instead, he sat off by himself, planning and thinking. One had to speak a dozen times before he came out of his trance, and even then he was so dazed and half-asleep that people called him crazy and even the little children avoided him on the street.

One day, he was a fair, slender lad of sixteen, the boy had become tired of the common villagers, toiling day after day, year after year, for a mere existence, so he decided to set out into the world. Placing his few, meager belongings into a handkerchief, tying the bundle to his staff, and putting a few crusts of bread into his pocket, he set out.

He traveled hard, and on the third day, weary and footsore, arrived at the beautiful Sea of Dreams. It shimmered and shone in the brilliant sunlight; and on its waves, as they splashed on the white sands, sparkled like the diamonds on the robes of the Queen, whom he had once seen when he was a small boy. Gazing in rapture at the sea, he thought not of the wild storms and mighty waves which might harm; for across the Sea of Dreams was a silver shallop sailing toward him. Its silken sails were all unfurled and he heard sweet music wafted softly to him on the breeze.

Wading out to the shallop he climbed aboard to find himself surrounded by beautiful maidens, who lulled him to rest among the silken cushions, softly caressing his cheek as he fell into a deep sleep.

When he again awakened he found himself on the Island of Fancy, while the silver shallop sailed away into the distance, until its sails were behind the horizon. However, he did not care, as the island seemed the most beautiful place in all the earth, and he would have been content to stay there forever. It was always summer, and the most exquisitely perfumed flowers bloomed everywhere in riotous profusion. On looking about him, the Boy discovered that the pebbles on the beach were precious stones,—rubies, sapphires, pearls, and diamonds. He fell upon them, drunk with joy, tossing them into the sunlight, and laughing with glee as they rained glittering about his head.

"Surely," he thought, "these are the most beautiful stones in all the world, and of these will I build my house."

Each day he labored, with aching back and sweat of blood, till finally his house stood finished on the beach. It stood tall and spacious above the whispering trees; and even the gorgeous butterflies flying about its shining towers seemed to fly more happily because of its great beauty.

On the night of its completion the Man (for he was now a man) entered and lay down to rest from his labors.

"My house is the most beautiful in all the world," he said to himself, "for it is built of nothing but the precious, flawless gems of Fancy."

Then he slept, but in the night he was aroused from his slumbers by the waves pounding unceasingly about the towers. He got up and went outside. The waves climbed higher and higher, until they reached the door of his wonderful mansion, and he was forced to take refuge on the one gray rock in the center of the island. Crying out in his anguish for God to save him, he saw the waves beat against his House of Dreams mercilessly till at last it crumbled with a roar into the sea.

All night he clung to the rock, and when day dawned at last, nothing was left of the island but the great gray rock, which before he had thought rough and ugly. All day the sun beat its rays down upon him, till in exhaustion he was about to give up, when he saw a small raft being brought to him over the waves. With his last feeble strength he swam out to it, and sailed without food or drink for many days.

Finally he was thrown up on the Island of Faith. By this time he was a middle-aged man, but taking courage, he gathered delightedly the Rocks of Love and labored for many years to rebuild his house. He worked tirelessly till he was an old, old man, and his hair was long and white, and although he was still unsatisfied, he was too weak and infirm to work longer.

"See!" he cried to himself, "it is no mansion! It is only a small hut, but it took me twice as long to build it as it did my House of Dreams! Why should I labor so hard, and have nothing but this for my work? Nothing but a little hut, made of plain brown stones! Why did I not give up before I started? Other men have beautiful mansions for almost nothing, but I—I have to labor for years for only the smallest shelter!"

And he fell across the doorstep, dead. The next day, as the people passed on their way to the fields, they stopped and stared in amazement at the structure, for it was no longer a little brown hut, but a stately, columned mansion, shining and sparkling in the sun so brightly that they hid their eyes from its dazzling brilliance; for it was built of pure gems—ideals.

MARJORIE VANNEMAN.

A DISCARDED EVENING DRESS

How many good times a party dress could relate, I mused, as I happened upon my first evening dress in a little bundle in the bottom of an old trunk.

It was once a beautiful shade of delicate pink chiffon, with little touches of cream lace and French blue ribbons here and there. Holding it up before me, I fingered it fondly, recalling as I did so the many delightful occasions on which I had worn this dress. Then there was the little hole in the skirt which had been torn on the door of an automobile. How well I remembered my dismay at this mishap! I could not help smiling as I beheld the little pink satin rosette on the shoulder. It had seemed to sit there like a gay, living thing, enjoying the fun as I did, but now it is faded and torn. I sighed to think of this little rose: its good times are over but mine will keep on. I sighed again, I do not know why, and laid the little bundle of pink chiffon, lace, ribbon and pleasant thoughts away.

LOIS SCHOONOVER.

THE ANTIQUE MIRROR

There she hangs on the drawing-room wall, blinking and flashing amidst the dazzling lights. Although a relic of long ages past, the mirror still has her place in the evening's festivities. No wall-flower is she. Each newcomer, without exception, first seeks her smiling face; and vanity crowns her the belle of the ball.

What a contrast this presents to her life of former days! Hanging year after year in one of those quiet, musty parlors of many centuries ago, the old looking-glass had acquired its dreamy, moss-grown atmosphere. In her cool depths had been reflected the same old family heirlooms, from ages immemorial. Thus, shut out from the world with all its throbbing life, the mirror had come to personify self-satisfied complacency.

Now she has been ruthlessly snatched from her quiet retreat and thrust into the full blaze of a fashionable society. But, just as when an orphaned country girl, who had been adopted by a wealthy aunt, contrary to all expectations, blossoms forth into a belle, so this handsome looking-glass, when forced suddenly into another world, changes her character to suit the occasion and surpasses even the most sophisticated coquettes.

There she hangs tonight on the drawing-room wall, her gilt outer edge rivaling her polished surface as she ogles and winks at the gay, laughing crowd.

ELIZABETH SMITH.

*He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have woe.*
—Burton.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

Class Games

- Nov. 24—Junior-Senior, Y. M. C. A. at 7 o'clock.
- Nov. 25—Soph-Junior, Y. M. C. A. at 4 o'clock.
- Dec. 2—Senior-Fresh, Y. W. C. A. at 4 o'clock.
- Dec. 3—Fresh-Soph, Y. M. C. A. at 7 o'clock.
- Dec. 9—Fresh-Junior, Y. W. C. A. at 4 o'clock.
- Dec. 11—Senior-Soph, Y. W. C. A. at 4 o'clock.
- Dec. 12—Final.

Alumni News

The student body will be interested to know where some of our former teachers are spending the winter.

Miss Cross is teaching in Chattanooga. Here is a short extract from one of her letters:

"Chattanooga is lovely and I shall enjoy teaching here; but somehow I can't help longing for the wonderful spirit of G. H. S. Then, too, I haven't as yet discovered 'a darning Herman High,' 'a gallant Albert Uzzell,' 'an adorable Egbert Anderson,' or 'a pert Jimmie McAllister.'"

Miss Summerell is teaching English at Winthrop College.

Miss Gressitt is teaching at a boys' school, Silver Bay, New York, on Lake George. She reports a lovely and beautiful school and is enjoying her work greatly.

Mr. Jenkins seems to think tobacco buying is much nicer than teaching, and so is engaged in this business in Buena Vista.

Miss Orr, our lovely librarian, is living in High Point.

Mr. Hauk is studying at Columbia University.

Miss Dorsett finds Durham a nice place to live in and so is teaching there.

Mr. Fulton is in Durham in the tobacco business.

Miss Morrow is spending the winter with her sister at El Paso, Texas, where she intends to "study a little, play a little, and rest a little."

From the *Daily Record* we copy:

"Word from College Park, Md., where the University of North Carolina Freshmen played the Maryland Freshmen Saturday is that Bobby Wilkins, of Greensboro, played a superb game at quarterback for the Tar Heels, who finally were beaten by one point after scoring two touchdowns in the first quarter.

"Wilkins, son of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Wilkins, this city, was a star during the time he was a student in the Greensboro High School and he and Norman Block had no difficulty in negotiating the Carolina first year team when they entered the Tar Heel university for the present term. Block has been used regularly at center.

"Greensboro high schoolers who are away at college are playing an important part in football doings.

"Down at Trinity Buster Swift, Earl Sellars, Willie Green and the two McIntosh brothers, Penn and Brooks, are regarded as among the best material Howard Jones has for the Blue Devil varsity a year from now. First year rules have prevented Jones from using most of these players in games with state elevens; in others they have played well.

"Greensboro has turned out good elevens for the past three years, and in each instance, one of the Purple Whirlwinds has been eliminated from the championship contest by either ill fate or a plagued small number of points. The season that is ended is no exception, and if we were in charge of the gang next season we'd have a horseshoe emblazoned on each jersey for the good luck such an emblem might bring."

The *Greensboro Daily News* makes honorable mention of our boys, too:

"At Davidson this fall two Greensboro boys demonstrated that they were not back numbers at all. Hendrix, finishing his football career at the Presbyterian school this year, is undoubtedly one of the cleverest and fastest offensive backfield men in the state. Then, too, Charlie Harrison, another G. H. S. man, made things hum in the Wild-Kitten backfield this fall. Harrison was one of the best ground gainers in the Davidson freshman lineup.

"Up at Episcopal High, Alexandria, Va., Chaptain George Taylor and Garland Daniel, Jr., have made names for themselves in Virginia prep school circles. Newspaper reports from Washington and near-by cities herald the two Greensboro boys as the outstanding players on the strong and undefeated Episcopal eleven. Daniel plays at full, while Taylor holds down the pivot position in the line."