

The Sage



December

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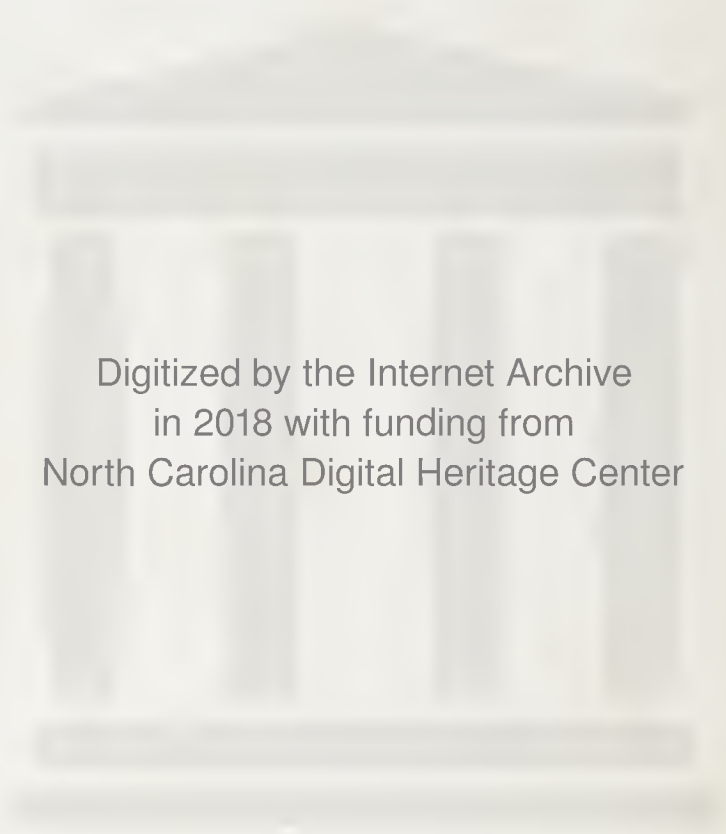
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THE SAGE

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No. 1

CHRISTMAS IS HERE.

With Christmas odors on the breeze
And spicy smell of cedar trees ,
Sprigs of mistletoe, holly for cheer,
Holly and mistletoe,—Christmas is here!

A sense of holiday in the air,
With joy of hurrying everywhere,
The mistletoe—to lovers dear,
Holly for cheerfulness,—Christmas is here!

What matters the weather, snow or rain,
We welcome it back to our hearts again,
We twine the old-time wreaths for cheer,
Holly and mistletoe,—Christmas is here!

BROTHERS.

Irma Sadler, '20

It was in the early spring of 1902 that Herman Kaufman came to America from Germany bringing with him his wife, two flaxen-haired little daughters, and a baby boy named Karl. In a blaze of enthusiasm Kaufman had sold his little patch of land and his household goods and prepared to come to America. However, when the money was counted there was only enough for five fares and no amount of skimping and saving would produce the rest. Very sorrowfully the two parents decided that one of the little flock must be left behind.

Herman was the oldest and as an uncle agreed to keep him in return for his help on the farm, it was decided that he should stay. The great day arrived and after separating Karl from his "big brother" by force the little group went on board ship and sailed out of sight, leaving Herman standing on the dock, while the tears welled up in his big blue eyes.

Herr Kaufman and his wife and children reached America safely and settled on a tiny farm. Here they were successful on a small scale and became true Americans. Herr Kaufmann became Mr. Kaufmann and the K in Karl's name changed to C. Every day they loved their home more and longed for the time to come when they could send for Herman and include him in their joy. His mother especially missed him and her love for him grew stronger day by day. He was her eldest son and held a place in her heart that no other could fill.

At last after six years, when the home had been paid for and money enough saved for a passage to America they sent for Herman. A month later he arrived, a big, stalwart

lad of fourteen, not at all like the one who had trotted Baby Carl on his back. In vain they sent him to school and tried to impart to him some of their love of America's freedom, for loyalty to "Der Fatherland" seemed to have been burned into his soul and always he talked of the greatness of Germany.

Three years passed and although he spoke English Herman still worshipped at the shrine of German accomplishment. "Germany," he would say, "is the greatest of all nations. Her people are God's chosen people and some day the world will be forced to realize this." Then would follow a long tirade on her progress in science and all other branches. The rest of the family were grieved at the stand he had taken and Carl was especially worried. Carl was convinced concerning American superiority and many and long were his arguments with Herman on this subject. Each member of the family except his mother, acknowledged to himself that he was disappointed in Herman. They had thought that he, too, would honor and love America.

Herman's desire to return to his native country was fed continually by the letters he received from his friends there and finally on his seventeenth birthday he asked his father's permission to return to Germany and enter a Military School. As Mr. Kaufmann knew that the boy's heart and interests were in Germany, he consented and once more the family was divided. This time, Carl did not cling to his older brother; they had grown apart. The family went with him to the ship and after he had sailed they turned and went home to dream not of the Herman to whom they had just said good bye, but of the bright-faced boy they had left behind in 1902.

Time went on and every two weeks letters came telling of Herman's success. For two years he led his classes and in the third year, 1914, Germany declared war, and started her bloody invasion of Belgium. Herman was swept away by the great dream of power for Germany and seeing, in true German fashion, only the one side of it and

forgetting that such things as honor, fidelity and truthfulness exist, enlisted and was made an officer in the army of the Huns.

The news of his enlistment reached his family along with the news of the destruction of Belgium and Carl, ashamed that a brother of his should participate in such a carnage, snatched Herman's picture from the mantel and told his mother, if she wished to keep it, to hide it from view.

For two years they heard almost nothing from Herman and his mother drooped more and more daily. Her hair was rapidly turning white and her eyes told of nights of torture and suffering. In vain they surrounded her with love and care, for she wanted her boy, the idol of her heart, and nothing else would suffice. Then in 1917, America awoke to her duty and joined the forces trying to turn the Hun from his course. Although only a boy, Carl enlisted and became a sergeant. After eight months training he was sent across, with thousands of other enthusiastic boys. His mother went to the camp to tell him goodbye and her last words were, "Carl, if you meet Herman remember that he is your brother, and that I love him." Yes, she loved him, loved him more than she did any of her other children because he needed her love more. Carl promised. He could not do otherwise, for her body was shaken with sobs and her eyes dark with pain.

All the way over each boy pictured himself going "over the top" and each planned how he would serve the Germans. They were attacked by a submarine but the gunners sank it and the big grey transport sailed safely on to its port. At last they reached England and stayed there in a rest camp for two weeks, but little rest was to be had for the quarters were cramped, and it rained almost continually. Finally, however, the weather cleared and one bright, sunshiny morning, they sailed across the English Channel to France. After disembarking they were taken in trucks to an Overseas Training Camp and during that ride the full

horror of war dawned upon them. Mile after mile they saw only ruins, and yet more ruins. Ruins that at one minute made them sick at heart and the next called forth deep oaths of vengeance. Carl caught himself trying to re-people this devastated region in his imagination, but the contrast was too painful and only strengthened his determination to help conquer the German and rebuild the happy little homes of France.

After they had received the last necessary training they were packed into tiny, queer little cars and sent to that awful, indefinite place called the "front." They were placed back of the lines and here they waited a few days until they were more accustomed to the shrieking and screaming of the shells. On entering the trenches they met the men they were relieving coming out. Haggard, muddy and tired they were, but still cheerful. Almost all of them were smoking cigarettes and sometimes one of them would shout a word of fun to the fresh forces.

The first night in the trenches was a nightmare of weird lights and noises. All night long one thought kept hammering away at Carl's brain. "What if Herman were in the trench beyond? What if he were? What if he were?" It formed a sing-song and repeated itself over and over. To Carl it seemed that he would go crazy unless relief came. For two days they held the trench and then they were relieved and sent to a rest billet behind the lines.

The second day there were here numerous rumors went around. "A German spy had been caught behind the lines. He had been dressed in an American officer's uniform and could speak English, but would tell nothing. They were bringing him there for the night and he would be shot at sunrise." Of course all the boys wanted to see the spy and when they brought him in they watched. The prisoner was sullen and aggressive and something about his attitude seemed familiar to Carl, but it was not until they passed directly by him that he knew. "Herman!"—almost he said it, and then wheeled on his heel to hide the look of recogni-

tion on his face. The little squad marched on and Carl sought a place where he could be alone to think.

What should he do? It was his brother, his brother, and he was to be shot in the morning. Suppose they should select him for one of the firing squad. Dear God, suppose they should! What would he do? Could he shoot his brother, even for the sake of the "Cause?" Swept away in an instant was his disappointment in Herman. He did not see him in terms of an enemy but only as the "big brother" of his boyhood days. He knew that some way he must free him. But how? He was on guard duty that night but that would not help him unless ——. Just then an orderly came up and informed Carl that instead of the regular sentinel duty, he was to help guard the spy. This was his chance and he must succeed.

Carl went on duty promptly at two o'clock that night and many and complex were his thoughts as he did so. Drearly he took up his watch to endure as well as he could the struggle raging within him. The minutes dragged like white heat. What if in his attempt to escape, Herman was caught? Then his sacrifice would be in vain and there would be two lives lost instead of one—Herman dying as a spy, he as a traitor. A traitor! Surely God would not let them think him a traitor. He who had given up everything to come and defend his country's honor. And yet, if he did this thing he would be shot as a traitor to America. Oh, it was too much to ask, he could not go thru with it. But then how could he face his mother knowing that he had deliberately allowed Herman to be killed? He knew that he would blurt out the whole story when she asked him if he knew any of the particulars of Herman's death. He could not look into those trusting eyes and lie. In his imagination he saw her look of love change into one of horror and a shudder ran through him. Finally he knew that he must make his decision and act quickly if Herman was to have time to escape in the darkness before the next guard came on duty. Which should it be, a traitor to America or a

traitor to his mother? It seems that all nature was still, awaiting the decision, and Carl felt that his heart would beat out of his body. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead and he trembled so that he could hardly stand. Then like all men he turned to the only one who could help. "Oh Thou, who died for all men," he prayed, "show me the way."

A moment later he raised his head and opening the door went in. "Herman," he whispered. In the dim light he saw the man turn and look toward him. "Damn you," growled Herman, "what made you come? Don't you know they'll get you?" Carl heard the words but the ugliness of the tones made no impression on him for he had risen above them and his eyes were shining with a high resolve. "Herman," he said, "the door is open and no one will know until morning. Go quickly." Herman stood quite still for a moment and at that time he reached the height of his manhood. "No," he said hoarsely, and his voice trembled with his desire, "no, I will not go. I have chosen my work and I alone must pay the penalty." Then Carl began to talk, to plead for the mother waiting in America. "Oh, Herman," he almost sobbed, "it will kill her, kill her, and it is almost too late now. Hurry! Hurry!" Unconsciously he had taken hold of his brother's hand and was drawing him toward the door.

Outside all was excitement. Everyone was running to and fro. There was an air raid on, but inside the two men had heard nothing but Carl's low voice. They were almost at the open door now. Hark! What was that whirring noise? The next second they felt a terrific explosion and they knew no more.

Slowly Carl opened his eyes and tried to see where he was but something warm and sticky was in them and he could not. He wondered dully if it were blood and if so where it was coming from. He wanted his mother too, and it seemed to him that he would give everything he possessed

do. What had he been saying about her and to whom? Was do. What had he been saying about her and to whom? Was it—Herman— Yes, that was it, Herman. Where was Herman? Was he making that queer little noise we had been hearing? It sounded directly to his left. Oh, if he could only see. Clumsily he lifted himself on his hands and dragged his mangled body toward the sound. Yes, it was Herman for he could feel him in the darkness. After much fumbling he got his arms around Herman's neck and snuggled up close. It was good to have someone you loved. "Dear God," he prayed, "forgive us all." Then his head fell back and the two brothers went "West" together.

THE SEASONS.

'Tis Spring—

And the world is budding glory.

From the depths of winter hoary
Merges; and the leaves all dressed in bright green,

With softly murmuring chatter are seen
Moving in the wind.

'Tis Summer—

The flowers, decked in brilliant hues,
And birds, carolling the glad news,
Are happy; tiny girls in colors gay,
And little boys the livelong day
Play on the grass.

'Tis Autumn—

The flowers have laid aside their blue,
And donning their dresses brown in hue,

Lie asleep; but the leaves in all their beauty
Are doing now their poyous duty
Making the world fair.

'Tis Winter—

The fields are clothed in spotless white,
And the wind, chill and shrill in the night
Blows; but around the fire the children sing,
And no one feels the wind's sharp sting,
Save the poor beggar.

But Christmas comes—

When no one is ever grieved or sad,
And even joyful, blithe, and glad,
The beggar; so let the merry bells all ring,
The story of Christmas cheer to bring
To all the world!

ELIZABETH JONES, '20.

OLD MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"Pretty baby, ma'am," 'the old conductor said, as he helped a pale little woman, who held a tiny baby in one arm and a big package in the other, into the street car. "Here's a good comfortable seat," he said, showing her a seat at the back of the car.

"Thank you," the little woman replied, as she settled down comfortably in the seat. She handed a nickel and two pennies to him as she said: "It 's so kind of you. So—warm in here!" But the shiver and sigh as she finished seemed to speak of the cold outside, and how miserable it made her feel. So penetrating.

"Why, good morning my little man!" the conductor said, as he helped a little boy with a huge basket into the car. "Going down to attend to business this morning, are you?"

The little boy grinned as he handed him the seven pennies, "Bet yer life!"

Two business men came in and were greeted with a cheery word. They sat down together and began talking. "Tom, the old man said, "just watch that conductor greeting everyone. Quite an improvement over the regular car grouch, eh?"

"H'm, well, I don't know," Tom replied.

"Don't know? Man, doesn't it make you glad to see some one say and mean 'Merry Christmas' in these busy holidays—of rush—while—and the 'cold eye.' Just look at that."

Tom was looking. He saw the conductor help the little woman off the car. "Merry Christmas, ma'am," he called.

And the woman looked up with a grateful smile as he handed her the package.

An old man came in just then. The conductor steadied him while he walked to a seat, for his steps were feeble and halting.

A tiny girl with her brother were the next to be seated. The conductor gave her a sprig of holly from the lapel of his coat. "Just the color of your cheeks and such a Christmasy look;" the two listening men heard him say.

"But Dick," Tom said, "of course, that may help, but he is using up his time and giving it to people who don't give a hang. He's not doing what he's paid for! It's not his business." (This in an argumentative tone.) Tom always managed to get on the other side of the fence.)

Dick chuckled. "Hell, I say you can be the biggest—not attending to his business, eh? That's rich. Why, man, that conductor used to be a small boy like that one sitting across the aisle. He has worked on this road for years. He

has a name—and the initials are M. C. He is called by that because everyone loves him so! He knows that a grouch on a car does not work, because in just that way has he become the President of this company. But—do'nt gasp. Yes, he comes here every Christmas and takes up his old job because he wants to enjoy his Christmas and put a bit of Merry Christmas in everyone else's holidays."

Tom said nothing, but with a new light in his eyes, he saw the conductor hand the small boy his huge basket.

"Goodbye, Merry Christmas!" the boy called back. "See you on my go-round toward home."

Tom sees now how the gray-haired conductor earned his name "Old Merry Christmas."

KATHERINE GRANTHAM, '22.

TRIPS

Jessie Brandt met "Winnie" Cobb
 In front of school one day,
 They started talking of thrilling trips
 In a most familiar way.

Said "Winnie" Cobb to Jessie Brandt;
 "Alas, how happy as I;"
 Said Jessie Brandt to "Winnie" Cobb:
 "I know the reason why."

Now Winnie gave her head a twist—
 And commenced to use her mouth,
 "Upon a wild, wild trip I've been,
 And now I'm heading South."

Said Jessie Brandt with sage disgust,
"This trip will be your last
For the suspension law at G. H. S.
Has recently been passed."

But "Winnie" shocked by this sudden news,
Thought it was all a lie—
And turned and said in mocking tones
"No, no, that's not for I."

But Jessie Brandt was serious,
"Please harken to my text
And cure yourself of taking trips,
For something may happen next.

"You might as well conform to law,
Evading is no use.
You'll some day be amazed to know
That you are just a goose."

Then "Winnie" Cobb began to weep
"Oh! thus deprived, can I exist;
Without my trips I can no more
Add lovers to my list.

"And think of all the boys and girls
At school in years to come
Who'll be assigned to research work
To find out what is fun."

But Jessie Brandt maintained her point—
"It is best by far," said she
"That girls should stay at home
And learn their chemistry."

So "Winnie" sadly climbed the steps
And 'neath the sun's bright ray
She walked in school a better girl,
For she was there to stay.

MARY POOLE, '20.

A CHRISTMAS WAGER

Richard Grey came down Payton Avenue, Christmas Eve, at a steady gait. He looked inquiringly at the row of flats and hesitated. Then, as if remembering something he dug into his pockets, and finally produced a small card with "68 Payton Avenue" written on it.

This proved to be the last flat, and going up on the porch he rang the bell. While Richard stood in front of the door waiting for an answer to his ring, he produced a striking picture. He was a tall, robust young man of twenty-one. He wore becoming clothes, and hung on one ear was a jaunty sport cap.

While he was whistling a low strain, the door opened and an attractive girl smiling sweetly said: "Why, Richie, I am so glad you decided to come at the last minute. I was so disappointed when your telegram came. Come right in, and make yourself at home."

Richard followed her into a large room, which was decorated for Christmas with holly and mistletoe. Just then some one called, and she left the room. She was a lovely blonde with sky blue eyes and a rosy complexion. She wore a tailored dress of blue serge which made her all the more attractive by its simplicity.

Richard sat down in a large rocker, and looked around him. In a few minutes the girl returned laughingly: "Old Aunt Dinah just wanted me to say that she 'sho was glad her little Richie was gwine to be here fo Christmas.' Cheer up, Richie, you look so solemn. What makes you stare at me so? I'm the same little Milly you used to play with all the time. Everyone says I haven't changed in looks much, but maybe you think so."

"No, I can't say I do," replied Richard with a queer smile, "but you sure are good to look at."

"There you go, just like you always did. Won't you ever get over your foolish notions?"

"Maybe," he said, straightening his tie.

"And, Richie, tell me about your room-mate, Richard, that is always writing notes on my letters from you. I'm just crazy to see him, but I just imagine he carries on with every one, but I never have been able to overcome that demon of feminine curiosity."

Richard moved uncomfortably in his chair, and coughed. "I'm afraid you have the wrong opinion of Richard. He is a genuine sport, and all the girls like his company."

"I wish you had sent me his picture with some of those kodak pictures, because I would like to see how he looks."

"Well, I'll tell Richard of his unkonwn admirer when I get back."

"Indeed you won't" she replied indignantly, "I've never admired him in the least. I think you're awful rude. The idea of you telling him anything I said."

With this she began to pout, as if terribly hurt. Richard looked puzzled and getting up said: "Come, come, Milly, old girl, I'll not be naughty again. Come, show me your presents, and forget about our little spat."

She brightened up, and taking him by the arm they went out into the adjoining room.

"Now, this silver card case is from dear Cousin Emily, you know she always remembers me. This candy is from Charles, and by the way, he is coming over tonight to see you."

"That's nice, and who is this pin from?"

Just then they heard a loud masculine voice in the hall.

"Anybody at home? This is a nice way to treat a fellow."

Milly gave a little startled cry, and looked at the young man who had just entered.

"Why, who-o-what. who are you both? Which one is really my cousin? Am I seeing things or dreaming? Richie, my cousin, speak up."

Both boys looked at each other with a surprised countenance.

"Why, Rich, what brings you here on Christmas? I thought you were in Georgia. Milly, meet my room-mate, Richard Grey. Richard, my cousin, Mildred Hanson," said the boy.

"Why, we are already acquainted old sport," replied Richard Grey.

Mildred stood by in amazement. Here stood two boys so near alike that she had taken an impostor for her beloved cousin Richie! What had she done?

"Well, Richie," said Richard Grey, "I've played a good trick on you, so I'll have to explain it."

"I think somebody better," replied Mildred, still looking from one to the other.

Richard Grey looked at Richard Carson and Mildred Hanson, and laughed heartily.

"Miss Hanson, I am due you an apology, and so I'll explain it all. Richard is my room-mate at Harvard."

Mildred gasped, and turned from one shade of red to another.

"As you see, we are very much alike, and are often taken for each other. I became acquainted with you through Richard and I was curious to see you in real person. Some of the boys heard Richie was coming to spend Christmas with you. Four of the boys made me a wager of five dollars that I couldn't come here and meet you without your recognizing me as a stranger. I was game, and so here I am. Even my old friend Richie here knew nothing of the plan."

"How foolish I was not to ask if you were Richard Carson at first. Oh! why am I so silly?" cried Mildred.

"Old sport, you are a game bird sure enough, and you sure played the part fine," said Richard Green slapping Richard Grey on the back.

"I'll let you decide whether or not I've won the wages Miss Hanson," he said laughingly.

Mildred looked up, and suddenly seeing they were standing under a large bunch of mistletoe, she replied sweetly:

"You've won the wager, and also an invitation to Christmas dinner."

Richard looking up, also discovered the mistletoe and with a broad grin replied:

"You bet I'll stay!"

ETHEL STOCKTON, '22.

MY HISTORY

By J. C. Berry, '21

I sit and study and try to learn
To know my history,
And to late hours, the light I burn
To learn my history.

In Shorthand I am quite a swell,
But not in history;
In English I do very well,
But, O you history!

The zeros, O, the zeros fall
On me, because of history;
In vain upon my brain I call,
But naught can get for history.

I close my book and give a sigh,
All for my history,
For twelve o'clock is drawing nigh,
And still it is not done—my history!

RONEY, THE DETECTIVE.

Hunter Roane, '21.

Rooney had just returned from clearing up the Carlton murder mystery and was seated in his office looking at a list of finger prints through a magnifying glass, when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," he said. The door opened and in came a middle aged man of striking appearance.

"My name is Barker," he said, shaking hands with the detective. "I am manager of eastern branch of a large firm, and I have come to ask your aid in a matter of great importance."

"Have a seat and tell me your story. Then we can decide what is best to be done," said the detective, as he sat down.

"The first warning I had was when I returned home from a meeting last night," began Mr. Barker. "When I opened the door, I found a sealed letter that had been slipped under the door. I opened the letter and found a note warning me that a plot was on foot to blow up several of our plants. As I do not know whether this is a plot of rival concerns or a plot of alien anarchists, I am willing to pay you any price to keep this plan from being executed.

"Have you this note with you?" asked Rooney.

"I have," replied Mr. Barker, handing the note to the detective.

The note was in a white envelope and addressed to Mr. Barker, but there was no postmark upon it. The note read: "There is a plot on foot to blow up a number of your plants within the next month. I will let you know at what time the first plant is to be blown up." Signed: "One who needs you to help him get revenge."

"A very curious note," said Rooney. "I will retain it and try to find who wrote it. In the meantime, keep a close

guard around your house. When the man comes to let you know when the first plant will be blown up, try to get him while he is slipping the note under the door. Then let me know what you learn, immediately.

Two weeks later, while Detective Rooney was at his desk, the telephone rang and he answered at once. "Hello," said a voice. "This is Mr. Barker talking, please come to my office as soon as possible."

When Rooney reached the office of Mr. Barker, he found him pacing the floor.

"I received an unsigned letter from Greensboro this morning, saying that the first explosion would be there at five o'clock Monday morning," said Mr. Barker.

"I have found out who is at the back of these plots," replied Rooney. "It is the Russian Anarchists. We raided their headquarters last night and got hold of some of their papers before they could destroy them. One of them stated that a Russian by the name of Bowloskie and two others were appointed to blow up oil plants all over the country."

"What can I do to prevent this explosion at Greensboro?" asked Mr. Barker.

"Telegraph the plant to arrest all suspicious characters, and keep a strict watch day and night. Tell them we will leave for Greensboro on the next train."

Mr. Barker and Rooney reached Greensboro Sunday evening at six o'clock and went to the plant at the Texaco Oil Company at once. They found the plant well guarded and after talking with the manager and finding that no arrests had been made, returned to town.

A few minutes later while walking along the street, Rooney saw Bowloskie turn a corner on the opposite side and he began to follow him.

"Bowloskie," he called as he caught up with him, "You are the man who sent Barker that warning."

"I am," he replied. "I did it not so much as aid to him, but for him to aid me. These two men that I work with do not know that I am the son of the man they killed in Russia

or they would have murdered me. I swore revenge on them but I cannot do anything against two men. Therefore I will betray them to the law and get my revenge in that way. Come with me and we will disconect the bombs and spoil their plan and then you can arrest them.”

After this had ben done and the two men safely lodged in jail, Rooney went to bed. He had not been asleep very long when he was awakened by a loud explosion. Bowloskie had overlooked one of the bombs. One life was known to have been lost by the explosion.

The two men were electrocuted later so Bowloskie had gotten his revenge.

Bowloskie was never seen again. Some think that he thought of the other bomb and arrived at the oil plant just in time to be blown to atoms.

“PEP.”

Here's to the teams of Greensboro High,
May the banner of victory ever fly!
But if, by chance they should be beat,
May they proudly say, “We can take defeat.”

Now, boys and girls, you all must know
That G. H. S. is going to grow.
But what you do gives it a “rep,”
And what we need is High School “pep.”

RHEA VAN NIPPEN, '20.

THE SAGE

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James Hendrix Athletic Department
Wallace Stamey Humor Department
Elsie Coleman Art and Exchange Department
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Shelley Caveness Business Manager
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Katherine Wharton " " "

VOL.XII

DECEMBER

NO. 1

EDITORIALS

After a lapse of two years, due largely to the high cost of paper and the high tide of patriotism in Greensboro High School during the war, The Sage again makes its appearance, and again bids for the whole-hearted support that it was accustomed to receive in former years from a loyal and spirited student body.

In two years the High School has nearly doubled in size, and a publication that once was welcome to two or three hundred students, must now win its way into the good graces of half a thousand. There is no phase of High School activity that can so closely and intimately touch each stu-

dent or give as much genuine pleasure to so large a number as a school publication. Whether or not we can all be stars on the athletic field, or win cups in debating contests, all can read, all can support, and many can contribute to the success of *The Sage*. It is the purpose of the Editors to make this magazine truly representative of the whole school, but we can do that only if the whole school is pleased to help us do it.

We want each edition to be better than the one before, and to make it better, we must have material from which to choose. If you do not like the stories and poems and articles and jokes in this number, write some better ones for next time. Give *The Sage* the same whole-hearted support that you give to every other school activity and *The Sage* will be a success and will please you.

Subscribe now, contribute now, and enjoy later.

The story, "Brothers," by Irma Sadler, won the prize last year that was offered the two Literary Societies of the North Carolina College for the best short story coming from any High School in the state.

A WELCOME

To you, the Teachers, we wish to extend a welcome and a sincere hope that you will spend a happy year with us. May those of you who have come to us for the first time this year, find us as loyal and true to our school and faculty as your former pupils. Especially, may the one of your number who has come to us from our allied country find us friendly, and may she love us as well as we already love her. May those of you who have taught us before be as happy to return as we are to have you, and may you be as

lenient towards us as you have always been. Lastly, may all of you give unto us the grades that you would have us give unto you.

To Mr. Price, we wish to extend a welcome also, and may he find us eager and willing to co-operate with him in making a stronger and better High School.

Greensboro High has three enthusiastic literary societies this year. These organizations are hopeful of doing big things, before long, but this is impossible without your support. Enthusiasm alone, can accomplish little, but true loyalty and help will work wonders. Every student in High School is eligible to membership in one of these societies, and all should be eager to join. Only one hour a week, or at most an hour and a half of your time would be taken up, and think of the benefits derived from society work. Everyone admires a forceful, "to-the-point" speaker, but the only way to be one is by practice. Join a literary society and watch the fear of hearing your own voice diminish, until it is entirely gone; notice how your hands stop trembling when you play before an audience; see how familiar you become with the rules of parliamentary procedure; see how your appreciation of good literature increases; and finally, watch yourself develop into a well-rounded man or woman, because society work certainly helps this development. The literary societies need you. You need them. Won't you join?

Exchange Department

As this is the first number of The Sage this year, we have not received any exchanges, but The Sage hopes to make this a red letter year in the Exchange Department as well as in others and we solicit aid from you, our Exchanges.

We welcome our exchanges right gladly as they are a source of delight to the whole school.



ATHLETICS



 FOOTBALL.

G. H. C. has been very successful in athletics this year the football team winning the championship of Western North Carolina, the track team a loving cup in a cross country race, open to all the high schools in the state, and the girls basketball team winning the only game played up to the time The Sage went to press.

This success has been due in part to the splendid support given the teams by the students. Let us continue to support the teams and stick to them in defeat or victory.

The football team has just closed its season, making for itself a splendid record. Of the ten games played G. H. S. won three, tied three, and lost four. Three of the four games lost were to the same school—Chapel Hill High School.

The championship of Western North Carolina was won by defeating Charlotte and Asheville, two of the strongest teams in the state. However G. H. S. met defeat when she went to Chapel Hill to contest for state honors; losing to a much heavier and more experienced rival, Chapel Hill High School.

Two of the most interesting games of the season were with Winston, the ancient rival of G. H. S. The score was 0-0 in both games although G. H. S. held a decided advantage and was prevented from scoring both times only by bits of "hard luck."

The games and scores were as follows:

October 4—G. H. S. 6; Danville H. S. 7.

October 11—G. H. S. 0; Chapel Hill H. S. 25.

October 18—G. H. S. 0; Winston H. S. 0.

October 24—G. H. S. 13; Raleigh H. S. 13.

November 1—G. H. S. 0; Chapel Hill H. S. 26.

November 8—G. H. S. 40; Oxford H. S. 0.

November 14—G. H. S. 0; Winston H. S. 0.

November 25—G. H. S. 27; Charlotte H. S. 0.

November 29—G. H. S. 33; Asheville H. S. 14.

December 6—G. H. S. 0; Chapel Hill 78.

The last three games were of the championship series and deserve a little fuller attention.

G. H. S. VS. CHARLOTTE H. S.

Five teams entered the race for the western championship, Winston, Charlotte, Monroe, Asheville and Greensboro.

According to the schedule made out by the officials of the teams and the officials at the University of North Carolina, on November 22 Charlotte and Winston played, also Monroe and Asheville. The winner of the Charlotte-Winston game was to play Greensboro on November 25 and the winner of this game was to play the winner of the Asheville-Monroe game for the western championship.

Charlotte won from Winston and so on November 25 G. H. S. met Charlotte H. S. at Cone Park.

Charlotte depended upon long end runs and forward passes to bring her victory because these had worked against Winston. In spite of Charlotte's beautiful interference most of her end runs were broken up and, although Charlotte tried many passes, nearly all of them were broken up or intercepted by G. H. S. Only once was Greensboro's goal in danger and Charlotte was then forced to try a forward pass, which was broken up. On the other hand G. H. S. had little trouble gaining ground and piling up a score of 27.

Greensboro's teamwork was splendid and at times there was some stellar work. On the offensive Grimsley and Hendrix made some good gains and on the defensive Transou and Barker shone because of their splendid work breaking up Charlotte's end runs. Fordham also did good

work in the secondary defense. One touchdown was made by Grimsley on an intercepted pass and a beautiful field goal was kicked by Phillips.

The lineup for G. H. S. was: Left end, Maus; left tackle, Transou; left guard, Taylor; center, Daniel; right guard, Phillips; right tackle, Barker; right end; Hinkle; quarterback, Wynne; left half, Grimsley; right half, Hendrix; fullback, Fordham.

G. H. S. VS. ASHEVILLE H. S.

Having defeated Charlotte, Greensboro met Asheville, the winner of the Asheville-Monroe game, on November 29 at Cone Park.

Asheville was a bit heavier than Greensboro but the latter had little trouble, emerging victorious by a score of 33-14.

Greensboro worked forward passes with great success, Hendrix making a touchdown on a beautiful pass from Grimsley. However Asheville made one of her two touchdowns on a pass which she intercepted. Asheville's other touchdown came in the third quarter, the only time her offensive was very dangerous to Greensboro.

As in the Charlotte game G. H. S. had little trouble gaining ground and making an even larger score.

Transou went into the game with a bad shoulder and stuck to his post until forced to give up. Grimsley was also injured in the game and played a large part of it on a very bad ankle and making another touchdown on an intercepted pass. The grit of these two men was very commendable.

Fordham did good work in the game, ploughing through Asheville's line for two touchdowns on offensive. Grimsley and Hendrix did good work and Captain Wynne ran the team at quarterback in fine style. Daniel, Barker, Taylor and Phillips did fine work in the line.

However, although the individuals playing was good, Greensboro's team work won the game for her.

This victory left G. H. S. the football champion of Western North Carolina.

Lineup for G. H. S. was as follows:

L. E., Maus; l. t., Transou; l. g., Taylor; c., Daniel; r. g., Phillips; r. t., Barker; r. e., Hinkle; q. b., Wynne; l. h. b., Grimsley; r. h. b., Hendrix; f. b., Fordham.

Substitutions: Caveness for Transou; Bogart for Hendrix; Hendrix for Wynne; Stafford for Grimsley; Wynne for Hendrix; Grimsley for Stafford, and Hendrix for Bogart.

G. H. S. VS. CHAPEL HILL.

On December 6, G. H. S., Western Champions, journeyed to Chapel Hill to meet Chapel Hill H. S., Eastern Champions, to decide who should be the state champions.

In this game G. H. S. was out-weighed, out-played and defeated by a score of 78-0.

Chapel Hill played fine football and with one or two exceptions had no trouble scoring on Greensboro. Our team was not quite up to its standard, but at its very best it would have had a hard time beating Chapel Hill.

Fordham was the star for G. H. S. in this game. On defensive his work was spectacular and on offensive he tore through Chapel Hill's massive line for several pretty gains. Captain Wynne also played a good game, making beautiful forward passes, only to see several of the best dropped by his half-backs. Foushee did good work when he entered the game in the last quarter.

This game also showed that our team and rooters could take defeat as well as they could take victory.

The lineup for G. H. S. was as follows: L. e., Maus; l. t., Transou; r. g., Phillips; r. t., Barker; r. e., Hinkle; q. b., Wynne; l. h. b., Grimsley; r. h. b., Hendrix; f. b., Fordham; c., Daniel; l. g., Taylor.

Substitutions: Bogart for Hendrix; Hendrix for Grimsley; Caviness for Transou; Foushee for Taylor.

The members of the football squad have worked hard and have won the praise and respect of the state. Much credit for the success of our team is due to its coach, Mr. J. M. Parker, of the Science Department. Of absolutely "green" material Coach Parker formed a football machine which gained a good "rep" among the high schools of the state.

A FEW COMMENTS ON THE CHAPEL HILL GAME

By Mr. L. H. Edwards.

On the 6th of December the Greensboro High School football team met and played the Chapel Hill High School team for the championship of North Carolina. The game was staked on Emerson Field at Chapel Hill before a large crowd of enthusiastic spectators. All of western North Carolina was pulling hard for the Greensboro team and the cheering, led by Earl Rives, an alumnus of G. H. S., was thrilling and exciting. About fifty of our High School boys and girls were on the side-line yelling and "rooting" with all their might for their team.

Greensboro's team came on the field with lots of snap and "pep" and so did their opponents. Chapel Hill appeared to be in the very best of condition while Greensboro was slightly crippled in two positions. Both teams fought hard from the first to the last blast of the whistle. However, Chapel Hill had little trouble scoring again and again. Their team was much heavier and more experienced than ours and on account of these facts, piled up a big score on our team. So far as the score is concerned we were badly beaten, but a finer spirit of true sportsmanship was never exhibited on Emerson Field than was shown by the team

and "rooters" from Greensboro. The way the "rooters" stuck to their team even when they were losing and the way the boys played, evoked much favorable comment from the students and faculty of the University and of Chapel Hill High School. That happy school spirit is undefeated and we confidently look forward to another year when we shall march out upon the gridiron and again match our strength and skill against the other High Schools of the state.

BASKETBALL.

The girls opened their basketball season on the night of November 28 in fine style, winning their first game by a score of 19-6. High Point was the unlucky rival.

The lineup for G. H. S. was as follows: Forwards: Nellie Irvin, Edith Clement; guards, Bessie Hunter, Maude Forsyth; center, Doris Stinnett. There were several substitutions as follows: Inez Pearce for Clement; Katy Whitley for Stinnett; Frances Glascock for Forsyth.

A number of students accompanied the team to the Furniture City, and were greatly pleased with the showing made by it.

TRACK.

On Thanksgiving a cross country race was held in Greensboro under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. This race was open to all the high schools of North Carolina.

Greensboro of course entered and, as has been the custom lately, emerged covered with glory. G. H. S. not only won the loving cup, but her representatives also won two of the three medals offered. These medals were awarded as follows: Herbert Cole, G. H. S., 1st place, gold medal;

James Stone, G. H. S., 2nd place, silver medal; F. S. Gibbs, Burlington H. S., 3rd place, bronze medal.

The Greensboro High team was composed of four members: Herbert Cole, James Stone, Neal Jones and Shelley Caviness. The members of the team finished in the following places: Herbert Cole, first; James Stone, second; Neal Jones, sixth, and Shelley Caviness, eighth.

Among Ourselves

SENIOR HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

The opening social event of the school year was the Senior party in the Cafeteria on Hallowe'en night. The faculty had been invited to share in the fun, and right gladly did they put aside their academic dignity and frolic with the ghosts and gablins. The inquisitive-minded revellers had their fortunes told by a charming gypsy, who later proved to be Miss Gressitt. The athletic spirits played with a wondrous volley ball—a balloon that positively refused to burst. The Victrola furnished music for those who cared to dance. The refreshments consisted of ice cream cones, which seemed to be limitless in quantity, and it was a late hour before the guests could be induced to leave.

Friday night November 30, 1919, Miss Mary Mitchell's room gave a Hallowe'en party in honor of Miss Fanny Mitchell's room. The halls were appropriately decorated with Hallowe'en novelties and the High School colors.

On entering the hall the guests were directed to strings, on which their names were found—the letters all mixed up. Here, many briny tears were wept (?) over the grave of "Lessons." After everybody had puzzled out their names, we were corralled in the chapel and the real fun began.

A peanut race between Charley Chaplin, Pluto and the "man from Mars" was staged. Charley Chaplin won, thus proving his nose to be longer than any of his rivals. Following this, the Mistress of Ceremones—Miss Mary Mitchell, called all important personages to engage in a regular "Cock Fight." Those contesting were Mr. Price, Miss Sumneral, Miss "XYZ" alias Miss Mary Mitchell, Miss Meyers' Department Store, Little Boe-Peep, Charley Chaplin, "the Man from Mars," Pluto and the man(?) from Turkey with

his Cranberry. After a brief struggle the man (?) from Turkey was awarded the prize, a bag of peanuts.

Then fortunes were told, all kinds of games played and trips made to the "Haunted Rooms" where hair raising tales were told by Mrs. Estes.

After this apples, candy and peanuts were served. Then songs and yells were given. The evening ended by forming two lines and marching out of the building singing "Good Night High School."

Following the Greensboro-Oxford football game, Miss Eva Dillon entertained the Oxford boys at her home on Pearson street.

The Cafeteria was the scene of a very pretty reception November 14, in honor of the Winston-Salem football squad. Progressive conversation was the chief event of the evening.

Friday night, November 21, in the High School building Miss Morrow's section of the ninth grade entertained Mr. York's section of the ninth grade. A large number from each section was present. The faculty was also well represented by Messrs. York, Edwards and Parker, Misses Stout, Bennett, Summerell and Morrow. Many interesting games were played and prizes were given. Mr. Parker solved the problem of word, and received the big stick of candy. Ice cream cones were served. Everyone expressed his thanks for the hospitality that was shown him by Miss Morrow's grade.

A delightful football reception was given the Charlotte boys Tuesday night, November 25, in the High School. Progressive conversation was played, then refreshments, consisting of mints and ice cream were served. This indeed was a most enjoyable affair.

On Friday night, November 28, at her home on North Edgeworth street, Miss Susie Brandt, charmingly entertained a number of her High School friends.

In the High School building Saturday evening, November 29, a reception was given the members of the Asheville football squad. A short program was rendered, headed by Miss Miriam Rankin in a charming solo dance. This was followed by Mr. Archie Brown and Buster Clement with their musical feet. Then Messrs. Hoyt Boone, Charles Hinkle, Bill Bogart, and Paul Transou kept the audience in an uproar for several minutes with an original production. The reception ended with the serving of delicious refreshments.

Greensboro High School has been very fortunate this year in having some splendid programs presented to the students. We were greatly honored with the presence of Gypsy Smith, Jr. Indeed, he was so highly appreciated that he came to talk to us three times while in the city. Of course, all of us know that he belongs to a tribe of English gypsies and is one of the best of England's great ministers of the Gospel. We were also greatly indebted to the quartette of the First Presbyterian church which accompanied Mr. Smith and assisted in the singing. On one of his visits, he brought Miss Harberson, an artist from Chicago with him.

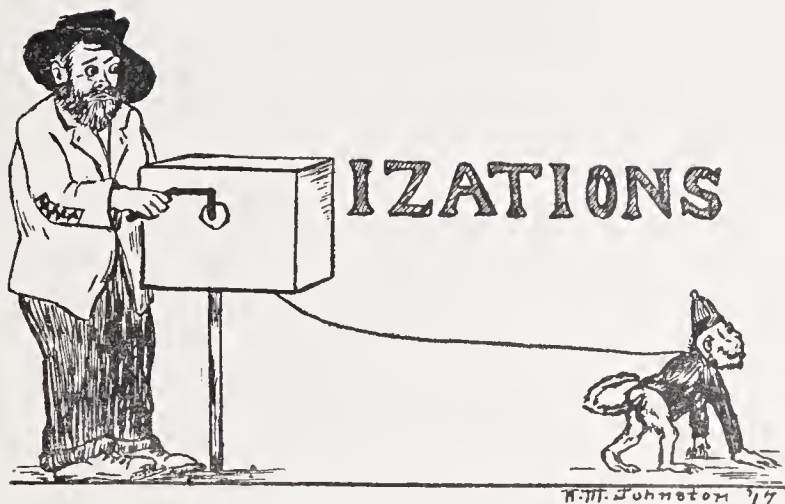
We must not forget to remind the public of the splendid program given us on November 11th by the Seniors. The Board did not see fit to give the schools a holiday on this day, so the Seniors prepared a program in commemoration of one of the G. H. S. boys who paid the Supreme Sacrifice in the Great War—John Callum. Readings by Grace Wimbish, Garland Coble, and Wallace Stamey and a recitation by Grace Wimbish were given in an effort to do honor to one of us who has given so much.

Others who have been so kind to talk to us are Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Bates, who brought us a great message, saying that all obstacles could be overcome if we would only grit our teeth and persevere.

One of the best and most interesting though, was the program given us by Miss Bivens, of the North Carolina College. Miss Bivins visited us last year, so the most of us knew what a splendid treat was coming when she appeared on the platform.

We must not forget to mention the jolly times spent in Chapel practicing yells for the on-coming games. That is where we have aroused so much of the old G. H. S. spirit. Here's to those who have given us so much pleasure and may we have many good things to publish in the next issue of The Sage.

One of the supreme achievements of the motion picture world is going to be presented to the Greensboro public on December 29th, 31st and January 1st, at the Bijou Theater—"The Miracle Man." Be sure and see it! It is a picture that pleases.



ANNA HOWARD SHAW LITERARY SOCIETY
AND
MARY LYON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Probably one of the greatest steps forward that the High School has taken this year is the reorganizing of the literary societies. On account of the unsettled conditions of the school hours last year the society work was dropped altogether.

But this year the girls have started two popular societies—The Mary Lyon, and the Anna Howard Shaw. These began as one, with over one hundred members, but soon decided to divide, believing that this would bring out more individual talent, and that the rivalry thus created, would stimulate interest. This plan has worked very successfully, judging from the enthusiasm shown in each. These societies meet alternately in chapel and in room 106, every Tuesday afternoon directly after school. Their programs have been very interesting, and one of the most enjoyable ones was on November 11, when the two held a joint patriotic meeting. The two feature numbers of this pro-

gram were a talk by Mlle. Laurent on the last Armistice Day in Paris, and a reading by Miss Alexander—Dr. Shaw's "The American Flag."

The officers of the Anna Howard Shaw Literary Society are: Rhea Van Noppen, president; Mildred Little, vice-president; Bonnie Elam, secretary, and Estelle Mendenhall, treasurer. This society was named for Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the splendid American pioneer and patriot, who did so much in her long and brilliant career, to help and inspire the girls and women of this country.

The Mary Lyon officers are: Edith Lindley, president; Lewellyn Williams, vice-president; Katherine Wharton, secretary, and Louise Jones, treasurer. This organization was called the Mary Lyon Literary Society in honor of the New England school teacher, who by patient effort and in the face of cruel prejudice and opposition opened the doors of high schools to the girls of America.

THE BOYS' LITERARY SOCIETY.

In place of the old Diaphesian and Philomenian Literary Societies, the boys have organized an entirely new society this year, which bids fair to surpass the old ones, both in activity and enthusiasm. This society meets on Thursday evening at 7.45 in the auditorium. Membership in this organization, as well as in both the girls' societies, is altogether voluntary, and all the meetings are held outside of school hours. Thus, only those who are interested come.

The officers elected for the first semester are: William Bogart, president; James Hendriv, vice-president; Wallace Stamey, secretary; Garland Coble, treasurer; Lawrence Thomas, first censor; Paul Transou, second censor. and James Poole, press reporter.

The boys' society has challenged the two girls' organizations to an inter-society debate, on the same question as the state-wide triangular debate: Resolved: That the United States would adopt a policy of further material restriction of immigration. This challenge was accepted by the girls and the whole school is looking forward to a good debate in the near future.

The first meeting of the society to which the public was Sage — Galley 10— bmbmbm bm zbzbb invited was the preliminary contest for selecting the declaimer who should represent Greensboro in the annual declamation contest, held at Trinity College under the auspices of the Ninety-Nineteen Club. Greensboro High School had fourteen in this preliminary contest, in which Garland Coble won first place and Hoyt Boone, second. More interest in public speaking has been manifest this year, than ever before, due largely to the influence of Mr. York, who is not only an excellent debater and declaimer himself, but whose effort in this field are tireless.

THE BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Boys' Athletic Association is doing splendid work this year in backing the teams. It has opened a candy store with James Poole in charge, and this is netting good profits for the association. The officers of the Athletic Association are Morton Murray, president; James Hendrix, vice-president; Garland Coble, secretary and treasurer.

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The basketball season has barely begun so the Girls' Athletic Association has had little opportunity for real

work, so far. Several enthusiastic meetings have been held and a constitution and by laws have been drawn up. Most of the members are hard at work practicing basketball. The officers are Nellie Irvin, president; Frances Glascock, vice-president; Lucille Wynne, secretary; Catherine Armstrong, treasurer; Alice Wilson, press reporter.

THE SENIOR CLASS.

The Senior Class this year bears promise of being one of the strongest in the history of the school. In the recent Y. W. C. A. campaign a substantial sum was pledged by this class. The officers are: Frances Gilliland, president; Morton Murray, vice-president; Garland Coble, secretary; John W. Foushee, treasurer; Jessie Myers, press reporter.

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

The Juniors, as usual are loyally supporting all the activities of G. H. S. this year. They met recently and elected the following officers: James Hendrix, president; J. B. Stroud, vice-president; Richard Wharton, secretary; James Poole, treasurer.

The Freshman and Sophomore classes have not yet organized.

EXPRESSION CLASS.

“The Muse of Eloquence and the Muse of Liberty,” it has been said, “are twin sisters.” A free people must be a

race of speakers. The importance of speaking to a true national life and to the forwarding of all reforms can hardly be overestimated; but it is no less necessary to the development of the individual. Expression is the manifestation of life, and speaking in some form is vitally necessary to a consciousness of personal power.

Greensboro High School has its first expression class this year. Thirty-two girl are taking the course, and are doing successful work. Assisted by musicians in the school the class is to give several recitals during the school term. The first one, given on the evening of December 16, consisted of the following program:

WILLIAM GREEN HILL RECITAL.

Piano Duet Mildred Little-Helen Glen Rankin
 Reading: "Introducing William Green Hill" Marian Gilmer
 Reading: "The House of the Lord" Dolly Posey
 Vocal Solo Frances Gilliland
 Reading: "A Transaction in Mumps" Lois Moon
 Piano Solo Janice Brown
 Reading: "The Infant Mind Shoots" Gladys Flaherty
 Folk Dance—Ernestine West, Frances Clendenin, Ithea
 Van Noppen, Faith Johnson.
 Reading: "Salute Your Bride" Lula Caffey
 Reading: "A Green Eyed Billy" Adele Alexander
 Violin Solo Nell Westcott
 Reading: "Tellers of Tales" Edith Lindley
 Vocal Duet Nell Westcott-Frances Gilliland
 Reading: "A Right Sweet Little Cuss" ..Mildred Morrison
 Christmas Scarf Drill By twelve girls



FUN!

"THE LOVERS' QUARREL."

Here I stand, full of fears,
Listening to the falling tears,
Smattering, spattering on the floor
Only cause I made him sore.
Only this, and nothing more.

From Stanback's Bar Room Ballads.

Teacher: The first semester will end January 19, 1919.

Pupil: Is that when we get out for the Christmas holidays?

An old negro was burying the weeds off a field. Garland Coble came by and thinking he would make a bright remark said: "Old man, if you keep that up that field will soon be as black as you are."

"That's all right, sir, Boss," said the old negro, "next spring after the grass grows up it will be as green as you."

Mr. Edwards: Shelly that's fine, that's showing head-work.

Lawrence Thomas: If Shelly Caviness has brains I am glad I am crazy.

Norman: Billy, I found a big pocketbook on the street this morning.

Billy: What did it have in it?

Norman: A place to put money.

Winifred Cobb: I would only marry a man who has lived and suffered.

George: I suppose what you want is a widower.

Allan Stainback: We have an old family knocker on our front door.

E. J. We have one on the inside.

George Taylor (at the football game)—Joe Grimsley has the awfulest stiff arm I ever saw.

Jessie Brandt: O, poor Joe, what's the matter with it?

Wanted: To correspond with a young lady who is matrimonially inclined. I have a good farm and chicken ranch on the Guilford College road, and prefer a brunette

with light hair and blue eyes. John M. Foushee, R. F. D.
No. 4.

WHERE THE FOLLOWING ARE USUALLY FOUND:

Raymond Ralls—Shooting crap.

Jessie Meyers—Beauty parlor, O. Henry.

Wade Phillips—Rushing L. M.

Lois Moon—Vamping her teachers.

Mabel Alderman—Bossing the school.

Shelly Caviness—In bed at eight fifteen.

Frances Glascock—Flirting with John Foushee.

Garland Coble—Bald head row at Isis.

Zimena Simpson—Making “her” eyes.

Lawrence Thomas—Shooting “Bull.”

Eva Dillon—Raving about Groome “Brooms.”

Fred Troxler—Giving advice to lonely hearts.

Helen Stone—Vamping the visiting boys.

John Foushee—Weeping over the loss of Eva Dillon.

Mr. Coleman—Rushing Mabel.

Alleece Sapp—In the Bijou with Teddy.

Joe Britton—Making love to the Isis girls.

Inez Pearce—Training for the stage.

Morton Murray—Going to Jamestown to see Annie
May.

Dot Posey—At the dinner table.

Catherine Penn—Teaching fancy toe dancing.

Aubrey Edwards—Proposing to Grace Parrish.

Dolly Posey—Looking for Shelley to go to the recep-
tion.



Boys and girls, read our ads! They are not space fillers, or reading matter for someone else. When a business man runs an advertisement in our High School Magazine he rightfully expects something in return. Read every ad, then go to these places and trade, thereby helping to boost our school.

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Always in Stock.

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Three years ago the Southern Life and Trust Company had seventeen million dollars of life insurance in force. It now has about forty millions. The business more than doubled in three years.

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