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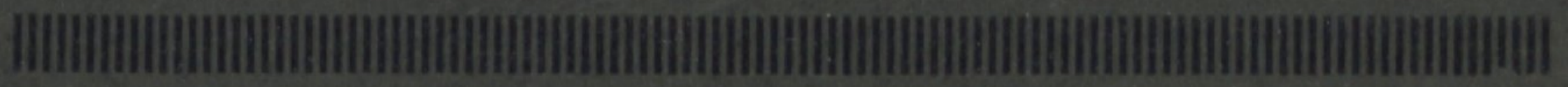
# Pine Trail



Arapahoe Public Schools

Arapahoe, North Carolina

MAY, 1923



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THE PINE TRAIL, ARAPAHOE, N. C., MAY, 1923.

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ARAPAHOE, . . . . . NORTH CAROLINA

**SENIOR CLASS POEM, '23**

I've tried my best to write a rhyme  
 And tell about my class.  
 I've mused and dreamed a bunch of time,  
 But nothing could amass.  
 I'll introduce this class of ours—  
 The Class of '23,  
 Well yes, we're small in numbers,  
 But we're bright as we can be.  
 First of all there's Vera—  
 Always jolly—never trite.  
 Just you bet she knows the weather—  
 She always dresses right.  
 When the air is cold and spicy,  
 You should see her bundled up;  
 If she doesn't bring her parasol,  
 It just don't rain a drop.  
 There's Mae L. Reel—  
 She just don't squeal,  
 No matter what the test is.  
 She can make you feel,  
 She's as true as steel,  
 And she'll be there if the best is.  
 Well now, I guess Ill take some words  
 And mix them 'till they mingle,  
 To tell about a great old pal  
 Whose initials are Edmund Tingle.  
 Sedate—well, yes, I guess that's right,  
 It seems to fit him well,  
 For who is more collected, calm,  
 Or who knows more to tell.  
 He doesn't care a bit for French,  
 But just you bet a quarter,  
 That guy, he takes to history  
 Like a duckling takes to water.  
 Then next of all there's Reuben;  
 The ladies think he's cute,  
 They say he has most winning ways,  
 But math is his long suit.  
 I'll say that fellow uses math,  
 Even uses it in flirting,  
 Most always has a dozen girls,  
 And he will keep two—that's certain.  
 'Tis now I tell you of myself,  
 I'm the black sheep of the class.  
 All my soul is turned toward learning  
 But exams—I barely pass.  
 My store of knowledge is limited:  
 'Tis very small indeed,

But in spite of luck and trouble,  
I hope yet to succeed.  
Now this classic I'll be ending,  
I have done my very best  
To tell you of this class of ours,  
Tho' it may seem like a jest.  
But really ours is a great old class,  
Its ideals too are high.  
I'm sure each one will win success,  
Or at least each one will try.  
On and upward we'll be climbing,  
We to higher things aspire,  
And to find and fill our places  
Is a thing we each desire.  
Foster mother, will you bless us,  
As from you we now depart?  
Let your loving hands caress us;  
Keep us ever in your heart.

—DAVID B. TAYLOR, '23.

## SENIOR CLASS SONG, '23

Tune: "Juanita"

Dear Alma Mater,  
Time has come for us to go.  
Oh! Alma Mater,  
We must say adieu.  
'Neath thy care we've labored;  
We have shared thy joy and pain,  
In our hearts we wonder  
When we'll meet again.

CHORUS—

School mates, merry school mates,  
Let us see your sunny smile.  
School mates, merry school mates,  
Thus our cares beguile.

Oh! how we'll miss you,  
As we face grim life alone;  
Then shall we bless you,  
And the seeds you've sown.  
In our hearts while tender  
E'er we're hampered by life's care,  
In our hearts we'll praise thee  
As we breathe our prayer.

CHORUS—

Mater, Alma Mater,  
Though we wander far away,  
Mater, Alma Mater,  
All our hearts shall stay.

—DAVID B. TAYLOR, '23.

## HISTORY OF SENIOR CLASS

On about the sixth or seventh of January of 1920, school began at Arapahoe for the first time in two years. The new brick building was ready for use. For the second time in its history, high school work was to be done at Arapahoe. There was no library, laboratory or domestic department. The school term was but six months. Miss Thelma Woodard was the principal, and the only teacher in the high school department.

With the opening of school, came a number of boys and girls to enter the eighth grade. Some had studied the eighth grade before, the rest had not. The class that entered the eighth grade then is the Senior Class of '23. We were fresh as any other freshmen class and we had a great many other disadvantages which freshmen today do not have, but we did have one great advantage which freshmen hereafter will not enjoy. That was the fact that there was no sophomores to run us around over the campus and laugh at us. We went to work with high hopes and determination to make our high school life count for something. We were handicapped by the influenza epidemic which cut the school term down to five months. Because school started so late, it lasted until late in June. This caused some four or five members of our class to have to quit school before it closed. Those of us who finished out the term were promoted to the ninth grade.

In November 1920 we entered upon our studies again—this time as sophomores. Mr. R. C. Holton was our teacher then. For some cause, we did not welcome the freshmen nor did we start the practice of hazing either, a practice which has not yet been started and which we hope never will be. We numbered about ten at this time. At Christmas, Miss Katherine E. Wilson was secured to assist Mr. Holton in the high school work. This was a considerable help to Mr. Holton and the students too. The term lasted six months, an increase of one month over the previous year. With these two improvements, the school as a whole improved a great deal, we sophomores receiving as much benefit as anybody. It made it possible for us to get better teaching, therefore it was much easier for us to make our grade. Nothing more of importance occurred during the rest of the year, until the close of school, which found us promoted to the tenth grade.

October 1921 found us in school again, this for an eight months term. Mr. Holton was again our teacher and Miss Sallie E. Braswell was the assistant. We still had no laboratory, or library, or domestic science department, so we had to do the best we could without them. Our numbers had dwindled to seven, but we decided not to let that affect our work. Since we had an eight months term, we were able to put more time on our studies and consequently do better work than we had done any year previous. We studied hard and because of the splendid teaching of Miss Braswell and Mr. Holton, all of us finished the tenth grade and were promoted to the eleventh grade.

When we started to school in October 1922 we were only five strong. The new building which was to be used as a laboratory and a domestic room was ready for use two weeks after school opened. Mr. Holton was again our teacher. This time with two assistants, Miss Minnie Lee Cooper and Miss Elva Templeton. A few weeks after Christmas the library was completed. This put our high school on the accredited list. When this was

done our hearts were filled with joy, because we knew that we could finish high school with full credits.

About the beginning of the spring term we organized for the first time. This being also the first time in the history of A. H. S. that any class had organized. We elected David B. Taylor, president; Reuben W. Banks, vice-president; Mae L. Reel, secretary-treasurer; Vera Tingle, prophet; Mae L. Reel, lawyer, and David B. Taylor, poet. It is interesting to note that we did not have enough members to go around to the various offices, so we had to give several two offices. We selected purple and gold as our colors, white rose for our flower, and chose (B. C.),<sup>4</sup>—Be Cind, Be Courageous, Be Careful, Be Courteous, for our motto. The other classes followed us in organizing.

In all our years at A. H. S. we have perhaps not done the best work that we could have done; we have perhaps not set the best examples for those who follow us, and our mistakes have been many to be sure. But remember, we are the first to graduate from Arapahoe as an accredited high school. We have had no others to follow, we have had to blaze the way as the first Senior Class, a great responsibility rested upon us, that of setting worthy examples for those who will follow us. We realized this and have constantly striven to keep ourselves upright and to make ourselves worthy of the great and noble school which we hope Arapahoe will one day be. Let us hope that, as the years go by, those who follow in our footprints, will profit by our mistakes, build where we left off and make greater and nobler the standards of A. H. S., than it has been possible for us, who blazed the way, to make them. —W. E. T.

## AN OUT DOOR FROLIC

The Freshmen Class decided that we would like to honor our Seniors by giving them a Twilight Supper. The following invitations were mailed:

**Time: uncertain. Place: unknown.**

**When: Thursday, April 26, 1923.**

**Time: 5:30 P. M.**

**Meeting Place: In front of Christian Church.**

**What for: An out-door frolic beneath the stars and moon.**

A crowd of merry girls and boys were eager and ready for this frolic even before the appointed time.

When we reached the place, which was a grassy hill just out of town, we began our program by playing all kinds of active games. Then came the moon—and best of all, supper. Of course we were thrilled, but who wouldn't be?—at the thoughts of such a supper as ours: Sandwiches, pickles, cake, fruit—just a picnic supper, in fact.

After supper we stood around a large fire, the sparks flying high in the moonlit sky; every one was singing, giving yells, etc. Just before we departed we sang, "Good Night, Ladies." We sang to the Seniors, they sang to us. They gave us a yell, and we gave them one.

Then we departed, each and every one happy.

—LILA B. TAYLOR, '26.

## OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of '23, noting that our time of sufferance is drawing to its close and that we must leave this beloved institution for parts unknown, being of sound mind, or at least we think so, do declare this to be our last will and testament. We further want it to be distinctly understood that if any one of the beneficiaries of this will shall attempt to dispute or in any way change the items of this document, he, or she, must be immediately cut off wholly and entirely from any and all of its provisions.

ITEM I. To the Seniors of '24 we hereby bequeath our hopes, our fears, and our awkwardness.

ITEM II. To Gilbert Brinson, Mae's ability to act dainty at a banquet.

ITEM III. To Nelson Broughton, Edmund's ability to empty the school-room in five minutes by singing "Keep Sweet," in his very best, up-to-date style.

ITEM IV. To Alton Belangia, Reuben's winning ways.

ITEM V. To Lessie Reel, David's artistic penmanship.

ITEM VI. To Cecil Reel and Nelson Broughton, the right of visiting other rooms.

ITEM VII. To Lillie Lee, the privilege to laugh when, where, and about what she pleases.

ITEM VIII. To Gilbert Brinson and Lillie Tingle, a home in the East where they will find perfect peace.

ITEM IX. To Selma Wise, Edmund's melodious voice.

ITEM X. To Della Paul, Vera's skill with the rule and compass.

ITEM XI. To Myrtle Reel, the 1920 style of discarded hats.

ITEM XII. To Beatrice Rawls, the right to mind every body else's business.

ITEM XIII. To Clarence Holton, Edmund's great ability to spell.

ITEM XIV. To Kate Brinson, the privilege of talking to Alton Belangia any time she pleases.

ITEM XV. To Miss Templeton, because of her extraordinary love for souvenirs, all the "composition books," well-filled, which testify to our long career of studiousness.

ITEM XVI. To the Athletic Association, success ever.

XVII. To Miss Cooper, the right to appropriate anybody's beau.

XVIII. To Prof. Holton, our cur dog whose unerring and almost human instinct will enable him to detect and trace any "lovering" among either Juniors or Seniors.

ITEM XIX. To the faculty as a whole, the power to influence other lives as they have ours.

ITEM XX. To Roy Fornes, the business talent of the business manager of The Pine Trail staff.

We hereby appoint "Speck" Dixon sole executor of this our last will and testament, said executor to furnish all funds necessary for the execution of this will.

In testimony, we have hereunto set our hands and seals this the first of May, the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-three.

(Signed)

DAVID B. TAYLOR,

VERA L. TINGLE.

MAE L. REEL,

W. EDMUND TINGLE,

REUBEN W. BANKS,

# THE PINE TRAIL

PUBLISHED BY THE ARAPAHOE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

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MRS. MINNE H. JOHNSON, First Grade.....	Student E. C. T. College

Volume II. Arapahoe, N. C., May, 1923. Number 2

## EDITORIAL

With our compliments and good wishes we issue THE PINE TRAIL for May 1923, and hope you will find in its pages information that will prove of use and interest through the years to come. File it in your library so it may not be misplaced, for you will find yourself wanting to refer to it many times.

Patronize our advertisers. They help us and we want to help them. They are good folks to deal with or we should not solicit their co-operation.

As we issue the last number of the second year of our school paper, may we not express our sincere appreciation for the patronage which has been given us in ever increasing measure; we also feel a deep sense of responsibility, that we may conduct the paper so as to deserve your confidence, and to make it an indispensable factor in the development of the school and the community.

In the throes of economic readjustment following the war, the position of high school student seems more secure and promising than ever before. And in the effort to stabilize and make secure his prosperity, we should enter heart and soul by binding all our energy, skill and experience into the preparations for better learning which shall multiply to the greatest possible degree, the results of our labor.

You seldom learn anything from people who agree with you, so read THE PINE TRAIL and see if you agree with us.

As this is the last opportunity the present Senior Class will have to contribute to THE PINE TRAIL, we are giving them a large share of space

THE PINE TRAIL, ARAPAHOE, N. C., MAY, 1923.

with our compliments and best wishes. They are making history for themselves and the school. If they say too much, charge it to enthusiasm—only one student in two hundred in Pamlico County has this distinction; if they say too little, succeeding Senior Classes will profit thereby.

We have one room for Domestic Science that accomodated 16 girls this year; we have 20 more girls for next year, but no room for them. The course is two years long. We have equipment for 32 girls. We have 36 girls. County Board of Education and people of Arapahoe, what are you going to do about providing the room?

We have a Library of 500 volumes, but no room for it. We have a principal, but no office for him. We have one Literary Society, that has no suitable room to meet in. We have papers and magazines, but no reading room—one suitable room would meet these four needs—shall Arapahoe School have less than the other schools of the county because it is the largest one? Our enrollment is 319.

The public meeting of the citizens a week ago speaks well for Arapahoe public spirit when the movement was started to put a light plant in the school.

As the faculty grows there is more and more demand for a Teacherage. Our school can not hold its best teachers or attract the best ones from other schools unless a home is provided for them. Teachers are entitled to conditions as near like their own homes as can be provided. They can not do their best work unless they are free and contented.

## WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT—

Seth P. has a monopoly on girls?  
Donnie S. is taking life seriously?  
Ruth J. would have the Beaufort fever?  
Louise R. is the pick of Arapahoe girls?  
Mae J. winks at "Speck"?  
Edmund T. shaves three times a day?  
Mary P. has lost out?  
Nelson B. applied to W. R. Reel for adoption?  
Speck tried to beat Roy's time with Lessie?  
Dollie's future home is being erected?  
The Arapahoe girls are flop-eared?

WANTED—Some one to tell Eva Paul what she is going to say when Rufus proposes next summer.—L. B. P.

Cecil: Miss Templeton if you'll let me go to my seat, I'll sit in the cloak room.

Miss Templeton: No, I don't want you to.

Teacher: Boys sit down, I don't want see you move any more this hour.

Boys: Shut your eyes, then.

## ADVENTURES PLEASANT AND OTHERWISE

"Oh, Miss Cooper, will you and Mae please come here one minute? This is the most beautiful moonlight scene I have ever cast my eyes upon," cried David Taylor one morning about four o'clock. We, Miss Cooper and I, had just arisen and walked out on deck of the steamer. The scene reminded us of the song, "Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight." It was truly beautiful. The dark, low, sailing clouds together with the large moon shedding its light beams upon the canal, was a thing indescribable. The signal lights on the bridge added much to the attractiveness of the scene. The plaintive call of the whip-poor-will from the marsh told us that day was close at hand and incidentally reminded us that we were not at home. We were all anxious for the boat to get under way.

The previous morning at six o'clock when we all had reached the dock, the steamer was there waiting for us. "All aboard for Beaufort," shouted Captain Keel. The morning was glorious. Everybody was cheerful, happy, gay, full of excitement and joyous expectation. The sun was casting its brilliant rays all around us, foretelling a perfect day.

This trip was planned by Mr. Rawls, manager of the Arapahoe High School baseball team. The boat which we had chartered to make the trip, was large enough that it was necessary to take several besides the players in order to meet expenses. We had two games scheduled: one with St. Paul's School at Beaufort, N. C., and the other with the Beaufort High School.

For the first five miles of the cruise the boys and girls amused themselves by singing popular songs, promenading the decks, chatting in groups and by looking for strange and fascinating scenes. Every one seemed to be occupied in some of the previously named amusements. More smiles than frowns were in evidence.

We made one stop about two miles down the Neuse and took on three passengers. While we were stopped the clouds overhead began to grow black and threatening. It was not long, however, before we realized the meaning of this, for a slow misting rain began falling. We were not discouraged tho' but continued on our way, with hopes that the rain would cease. In less than an hour we were glad that we had not gone back for the sun was shining again more beautiful than ever.

The salt air must have increased our appetites for at ten o'clock everybody seemed to be very hungry, so we spread our lunches on the lower deck. These lunches were enjoyed immensely. The green woods and flowers growing on either side of the Adams Creek Canal, through which we were passing, made our lunches more appetizing. The oyster rocks and wild ponies were also a source of pleasure.

It was about 11:30 o'clock when we arrived at Beaufort. We were met by some of the St. Paul team who escorted us to the ball park, where our boys began practicing for the games. The first game was played with St. Paul. Their team showed excellent training and team-work but our boys after a hard fight won the game with a score of 9-8.

The game with Beaufort High School was begun at 3:30 o'clock. Our pitcher was not feeling well and the cause of errors, we lost by a score 4-1.

At 6:00 o'clock we started on the return trip. Everything went smoothly until we reached the mouth of Adams Creek Canal. Then the captain decided to anchor for awhile as the wind was blowing too strong to think of crossing the river. Very soon after anchoring the wind began increasing instead of abating. At 12:00 o'clock the boat began dragging its anchor, then the captain decided to return up the canal. It was 1:00 o'clock; the rain was coming down in torrents, when we reached Core Creek bridge.

Because of wind and rain and limited space it was impossible for us to sleep comfortably. As all of us will testify, a cork life preserver does not make a very comfortable lodging.

Next morning at five o'clock, the weather being clear and calm, we again started for home. This time there was nothing to detain us and we reached Arapahoe about eight o'clock. Although we were tired and sleepy, we had all received much pleasure from the trip, for the moonlight scene at four o'clock was enough to repay us for the discomfort of the previous night.

—MAE L. REEL, '23.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The Arapahoe Athletic Association has put all its interest in baseball, both boys and girls, since the basket ball season closed. It has bought ten uniforms for the baseball team and has given all the other material that is necessary for a team to play good ball. The team has taken advantage of these things and has won four games out of six played. The games were played with Arapahoe locals, Oriental High School, St. Paul School of Beaufort, and Beaufort High School.

We are very sorry that we have not been able to get a game with Stone-wall. We were unable to learn the cause.

We are looking forward to Friday, May 11th when we play Oriental on their diamond, and Saturday, May 12th when both the Beaufort High School and St. Paul School of Beaufort will meet us on our diamond, for the last games of this season with those schools.

We are not sure that we will have a game with Marshallburg, but they have given us a challenge and if there is any possible chance for us to play this game, we are going to do so.

An extremely interesting situation arose last week in regard to a game which we had scheduled with Oriental to be played at Arapahoe, May 4th. We received a letter from the manager of the O. H. S. team, stating that the team would play us on that day, May 4th; then on Friday we received a telephone message from them to the effect that the team would not come and would forfeit the game.

Our team, which has made the success of this year, is composed of the following: Mr. Harry Rawls, coach; Cecil Reel, captain and catcher; Floyd Fornes, pitcher; "Speck" Dixon, first base; Nelson Broughton, second base; Alton Belangia, third base; Fred Hardison, short-stop; Oscar Waters, left field; Clarence Holton, center field; David Taylor, right field; Reuben Banks and "Tom" Banks, substitutes.

—CECIL J. REEL, '24.

## STUDENT ACTIVITIES

A delightful event of the spring term and one which was enjoyed by both faculty and members of the Senior Class was the luncheon on April 12th, given by the two High School teachers, Miss Templeton and Miss Cooper, and Home Economic girls. This was given in honor of the Senior Class. After entering the Domestic Science Laboratory, the Seniors were kept busy with old games of "Spinning the Plate," "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" and other active games.

The table was beautifully decorated with flowers; high school seniors (small dolls) were attached by means of a card of gold and blue to a college senior in the center of the table who seemed to be reaching and pulling each senior to occupy the position that she held. The real Seniors found their places by means of attractive place cards, which were gold and blue spoons tied with Senior colors.

The candle salad seemed to make every one brighter. The high school teachers and Home Economic girls had a feeling of sadness when the five stately Seniors left the door.

We (Home Economic girls) just felt that we couldn't let the school year roll by without allowing the committee to come into school and see what we were doing. On May 3rd we prepared a very delightful supper for them. We were overjoyed when we saw them coming with their wives and husbands. We will always appreciate the things they are doing to help our school stand with the best schools in the state.

—DOLLIE HARDISON.

The Sophomores invited the Seniors to join them in a Japanese Tea Party. The dainty invitation had a quaint Japanese figure which added much to the anticipation of the affair. One could not wish for a prettier evening. The moon shone in all its brilliancy down a silvery path that led to the Domestic Science Laboratory. All wore Japanese costumes and held their umbrellas over them all the time—(if they lowered them it began to rain at once). We served a delightful little menu, on the floor, in Japanese style. It consisted of: custard (eaten with chop sticks), iced tea and cake. Many interesting stories were told by the Seniors, and many games were played. Japanese fans were the souvenirs received. The evening was very enjoyable. At 9:30 the Seniors bid us "adieu."

—LOUISE REEL, '25.

### SAYINGS.

Ham sandwiches are best when made of cheese.

Ice will last longer when used only in winter.

Prohibition will remove wine stains from table linen.

Remember that pride costs us more than hunger, thirst or cold.

Always take things by their smooth handles.

A workman on time saves nine jobs.

When a fool realizes his condition he is no longer quite a fool.

Lots of men are sifting ashes today because they were burning money yesterday.

THE PINE TRAIL, ARAPAHOE, N. C., MAY, 1923.

## TERRORS OF MONEY DIGGING

"If we work right we can get a good size fortune from the Lee Place," said Ed Horton to his chum, Floyd Eldridge, one evening as they were returning from school.

"Yes," replied Floyd, "and the time to go is tonight, so we can get to dig before anyone else."

"You're right," said Ed, "let's go tonight. Nobody has dug there since the place was deserted and it was just learned today that money was buried there."

After considerable discussion of the hazards of digging and of the possibilities of a fortune, they made out plans to dig at the Lee Place for money that night.

A while after nightfall, Ed and Floyd equipped with an ax, a shovel, a money rod and a sack, set out for the Lee Place. It was a calm moonlight night, one that was most suitable for digging. They could easily see their way, in fact everything seemed to them to favor their enterprise. With these encouragements they made the trip happily.

They got to their destination at about 10 o'clock. There was an old dilapidated house there, that looked as if it had been deserted a hundred years. A number of high trees were growing near the house. The ground was covered with short grass. The entire place had a barren look, though not the least bit haunted. The Neuse River, which was near by was quiet as a sleeping lamb. Not the least bit of noise of any kind could be heard.

According to their plans they began to try out the money rod. They tried it around all the large trees and the stumps near the house, but to no avail. After trying it at every likely place on the outside of the house, they decided to try it in the house. There they tried it in every corner, at every door and window, but it still did not work.

"It looks as if we might as well go home," Ed said. "It doesn't look as if there is any money here."

"No, let's try the place where the chimney was before we go," replied Floyd.

"All right, but it is no use," said Ed. Floyd stuck the rod down among the old brickbats and mortar, where the chimney had once been and sat down to watch it. In a few minutes it began to work, which was a true sign of money. Floyd and Ed did not dare speak now, because of the old superstition that money would run if a person spoke while digging it. They just sat down to wait until twelve o'clock.

Ed, who had a watch, looked at it continually until twelve. When the time came, he went to work and motioned Floyd to do likewise. First they cleared away the bricks and mortar, and began digging in earnest. It was hard work but that did not discourage them. The chances of a fortune overbalanced all thoughts of being tired or afraid in their minds. They worked like tigers. The fact that they did not speak made it much harder for them to dig, and at times it seemed as if they must speak or quit digging,



but they must not speak, because that would eliminate all chances of getting money. So they dug on with dauntless courage.

As the hole grew deeper it became harder to dig and with no sign of money it became harder still. They dug on until they got a hole about eight feet deep, but still no money. It seemed more than could be done to dig on without speaking, but still it had to be done, because the money rod had said money was there and it would run if they spoke. In fifteen minutes they came to an old iron pot. As quick as lightning Floyd pried the lid off and to their great joy it was half filled with gold and silver coins, which had been coined before the Mexican War. He motioned Ed to help him lift it out of the hole. Together they lifted it up and started to put it out. Before they got it out, however, Floyd's hand slipped and they dropped it on his leg.

"Ouch, that hurts!" he exclaimed in a loud voice.

"You darned idiot, you've ruined every thing. Don't you know that if you speak the money will run," Ed replied in an equally loud voice.

"But it does hurt and if you will look on my leg, you'll see that the money is not running, either," rejoined Floyd in a voice louder than before.

"Well, don't bellow over it so big," replied Ed.

"Well," said Floyd, "help me get that durn pot off my leg."

Ed rolled the pot off of Floyd's leg and began to try to lift it again. At this moment they heard a lonely and loud groan which lasted fully a minute.

"What's that?" asked Ed.

"Don't stop to talk," replied Floyd, "let's get from here as fast as we can."

Before they could get out of the hole the moon quit shining and the wind began blowing a gale. Then came a heavy crash within, the house and the roof fell in. Out of the window came a white apparently burning coffin, sailing through the air. When it got over Ed and Floyd it stopped and a large white form came out of it. Then the coffin vanished. After groaning and dancing around awhile, the form also vanished.

When it was gone, Ed tried to pick up the money again. When he touched it something grabbed him and carried him out in the river and dropped him in deep water. He returned to the hole to find Floyd lying down on the bottom with a motionless white form standing over him. A minute or two after Ed's appearance the form disappeared and Floyd raised up. Both boys started for home but something held them back. In about a minute the money came out of the hole and started sliding towards the river, Ed and Floyd following, not because they wanted to but because some unknown force pulled them along. When the money got to the river it parted the water in front of it, Ed and Floyd being pushed along after it by some irresistible force.

The next morning they came to consciousness in a fisherman's skiff about a half mile from the place where they had dug.

—W. E. T.

## BEATITUDES OF THE NINTH GRADE

Yes, sir, I have 'em.—Elma B.  
I just can't do it.—Dollie H.  
Ha! Ha! Ha!—Donnie S.  
That makes me mad.—Eva P.  
I won't take it.—Mae J.  
What do I care?—Fred H.  
Where is the place?—Seth.  
I've lost 'em.—Lessie Banks.  
I have it now.—Louise Reel.  
Where is the lesson?—"Speck."  
What have I done?—Nannie W.  
Have you got my name?—Cassie C.  
What did you say?—Lola Rawls.  
I don't know.—Joe Reel.  
I don't care.—Leona Rice.  
How did she get that?—Ruth J.  
I'm not taking French.—Randolph B.

—MAE JOHNSON AND LOUISE REEL, '25.

## WIT AND HUMOR

### WOULD YOU BE SURPRISED—

For Miss Beatrice to go with Will R.?  
To hear Edmund T. singing "Keep Sweet"?  
For Louise to be tickled to get an article in THE PINE TRAIL?  
To know that Cecil and Nina are afraid of a Beaufort policeman?  
To know that Vivian B. loves Zacharias Paul?  
To know that Cassie C. is ticklish?  
To know that Kate B. has fed enough mules that she has the "hay fever"?  
To know that Edmund T. never fails to turn a jar of flowers over when passing by them?

Miss Cooper: "Speck," if you had a thousand dollars, what would you invest it in to obtain the best profits?

"Speck": Lola Belle Rawls.

Miss Cooper (on the campus): Cecil, why did you jump up so quickly, you didn't even get down.

Cecil (in a mad voice): I couldn't set on that bee comfortably.

Why are beans like bread?

Because they are such stomach crackers.

Roy: Clarence, why is Miss Cooper so much like a banjo?

Clarence: Because she has to be picked on.

## SOCIETIES

### ARAPAHOE LITERARY SOCIETY

#### ROLL.

Nina Belangia	Sallie Brinson	Hattie Hurst
Alton Belangia	Elma Brinson	Glen Haskett
Nelson Broughton	Kate Brinson	Clarence Holton
Daisy Broughton	Clen Dixon	Ruth Johnson
Neva Banks	Minnie Ensley	Lennie Martin
Vivian Banks	Ora Ensley	Eva Paul
Gilbert Brinson	Floyd Fornes	Della Paul
Alton Brinson	Irene Freeman	Seth Pipkin
Albert Brinson	Roy Fornes	Virginia Reel
Ethan Brinson	Ida Fornes	Louise Reel
Randolph Brinson	Bonnie Green	Lessie Reel
Reuben Banks	Mary Helen Hancock	Carlos Willis
Miss Minnie L. Cooper	Dollie Hardison	Nannie Williams

#### Officers Spring Term

President .....	Clarence Holton
Vice-President .....	Seth D. Pipkin
Secretary .....	Louise Reel
Treasurer .....	Hattie B. Hurst
Pianist .....	Nina M. Belangia
Critic .....	Miss Cooper

Colors: White and gold. Flower: Nasturtium.

Motto: "Out To Win."

### PINE-KNOT LITERARY SOCIETY

#### ROLL.

David Taylor	Selma Wise	Thelma Williams
Edmund Tingle	Cecil Reel	Era Ensley
Mae Reel	Oscar Waters	Rosa Belle Sutton
Vera Tingle	Joe Reel	Dalton Tingle
Lillie Lee	Fred Hardison	Lessie Banks
Cassie Cahoon	Sadie Bennett	Willie Taylor
Beatrice Rawls	Lila Mae Brinson	Eva Scott
Lillie Tingle	Amanda Parsons	Donnie Smith
Mae Johnson	Gaston Fornes	Myrtle Reel
Lola Rawls	Harry Lee	Clem Dixon
Leona Rice	Grace Fornes	Miss Elva Templeton

#### Officers Spring Term

President .....	Selma Wise
Vice-President .....	Fred Hardison
Secretary .....	Leona Rice
Treasurer .....	Era Ensley
Pianist .....	Mae Johnson
Critic .....	Miss Templeton

Colors: Red and white. Flower: Carnation.

Motto: Success in cans, failure in can'ts.

The history of the societies has been told in previous issues of THE PINE TRAIL, so there is no need of repeating it here. The purpose of literary societies is to promote school spirit and to give the students a chance to develop their literary talents. In this, our societies have succeeded to a great extent. Since they were organized a year or so ago they have contributed large sums of money to the school which the students without the societies would never have done. The rivalry between the societies is great, but not so great that they cannot work together for the best interests of the school. They take some of our time from our studies, but the benefit we get from the debates and other parts of the programs over-balances the loss in studies. This shows that societies are indispensable to school life.

The most important thing that the societies have had anything to do with, since the last issue of THE PINE TRAIL was the triangular debate. Roy L. Fornes and Reuben W. Banks of the Arapahoe Literary Society upheld the affirmative side against Stonewall School at Arapahoe. David B. Taylor and W. Edmund Tingle of the Pine-Knot Literary Society upheld the negative side against Oriental School at Oriental. It was our first time in the triangular debate and we lost. Three of the debaters were Seniors and will not be at Arapahoe next year to debate, but let us hope that those who do debate for A. H. S. next year will not be discouraged by defeat this year.

—ALTON P. BELANGIA, '24.

—W. EDMUND TINGLE, '23.

Mr. Holton: Miss Neville, what shape is a sphere?

Miss Neville: It is round.

Mr. Holton: What!

Miss Neville: Well, square then, I don't want to hold any contention over it.

Reuben: Edmund, how many feet make a yard?

Edmund: Why, I guess that two the size of yours would be it.

WANTED—To know what makes Lola Rawls so pretty. (Signed)—  
Seth Pipkin.

No wonder Vance has to wear glasses—"love is blind."—Lola and Eva.

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