



Frank Sizemore is certainly living up to his name; he is size more than brains.

We see where Miss Frank has bought her a new tennis racquet. If she swings as mean a racquet as she wields a wicked bow, then look out Helen Wills!

ANSWERS ON A FRESHMAN TEST

The following answers were received on a freshman English test on "Treasure Island."

A corack is a small coin.
The old sea dog was named Admiral Benbow.

Stevenson was born in Kentucky.
A coracle is a small fish; den; island.

Admiral Benbow was a town; a parrot.

Israel was Flint's wife, boy, brother.

Jim Hawkins was Silver's parrot.
Pew was an old saying.

The squire's name was Captain Smollett.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE MONDAY AFTER THE THANKSGIVING HOLIDAYS

Teachers with geometric circles under their eyes which bespeak a vacation crowded with happenings which required more than the average twenty-four hours a day—hence some encroaching on the night. Or it may have been early rising to catch a train back to the city.

An unusual display of fever blisters, Christmas decorations, so to speak—which speak with remorse of turkey and dressing, cakes, pies, and the whole catalogue of non-Puritan foods.

Cars spattered with mud and trailing the somewhat bedraggled colors of a favorite football team which met either a glorious defeat or victory. On a Monday after Thanksgiving, it doesn't matter which.

Students listlessly turning over the pages in their books, wondering what in the Sam Heck, they were studying before the cessation of school hostilities.

This morning I came upon a fellow who even the blind could have recognized as a tramp. His whole being bespake his downcast frame of mind. Upon questioning him, I learned that he was hungry—and not all the turkey carcasses disposed of! Mirabile Dictu! I asked him if he had any Thanksgiving dinner. He said "Yes," but that he hadn't been able to obtain a square meal since. (I wondered at his persnickitiness in the shape of his meal). He went on further to explain that people persisted in giving him turkey carcasses, but since he was very particular in his choice of food, he didn't care for turkey or turkey bones. Truly a grave situation for a tramp to find himself in at this season of the year.

The next person I met was a very fat boy, whose face fairly sparkled with smiles.

"Son," says I, "what causes your excess happiness?"

"Thankfulness," says he.
"You mean Thanksgiving?" I questioned.

"Yes, both. Thanksgiving, because I had so much to eat, and thankfulness, because I had a stomach big enough to hold all I wanted."

In his case, then Thanksgiving is not just an annual affair, but one of daily occurrence.

DICK DOUGLAS WRITES ABOUT AFRICAN LIONS
(Continued from Page 1)

C., and he writes from there. Although only half of his story appears in this issue, the second and concluding installment will be found in next week's POINTER.

Making Flashlight Pictures of Lions

For the past week we had been

SHO KAY



Well, Thanksgiving's over and the next thing is Christmas. I wonder how many mamas and papas will get a Christmas message from the teachers similar to the Thanksgiving thoughts that flooded the postoffice the other week. Oh, you know what I mean.

spending most of the days in making moving pictures of the various species of game that abounded in the plains near camp. We had made several fairly good photographs of lions, but we wanted to get a good "close-up." The only way to do this was to make a flashlight picture at night, so one Saturday afternoon, we went down to a little ravine about a mile from camp and set up our flashlight apparatus for making night pictures.

First we killed a zebra, the favorite food of lions, and pegged the body down so that the lions could not drag it away. Then we drove one of Mr. Johnston's big trucks within twenty feet of the kill. Halfway between the two, we set up the cameras.

Three of us were to spend the night in the truck. There were Dave Martin from Minnesota, Doug Oliver from Georgia, and myself, of North Carolina. We were spending the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, the big game photographers, in Africa. The purpose of the trip was to be with the Johnsons, and on our return, write a book about the summer.

To return, however, to the night; the truck had sides of wire and a good top, so the only thing necessary to make it secure was to lash several heavy logs across the back and front.

Just before dark, we climbed into our "cage" and Mr. Johnston wired us in. In our pajamas, we ate the lunch which we had brought along, then lay down in the blankets.

Mr. Johnston had told us that lions would probably not come up until about midnight, so we hoped to get a little sleep before doing our work.

We had hardly been in the truck half an hour when we suddenly heard a bone crunch outside. It was some seconds before we could gather enough courage to shine our lights out the back, but when we finally did so, we saw on the kill, a huge lion.

He fled the minute he saw the light, but in a few moments returned and began to eat upon the body of the zebra.

After some time, waiting for others to join him, we decided to snap the picture. I was the one who was to set off the flash and was holding the two wires which, when touched together, made the connection that snapped the pictures and set off the flares. I whistled to make the lion hold his head up, but he was not quite in the right position. I was just drawing in my breath to whistle again, when the flares went off with a loud report and a blinding flash. We were at loss for some time to explain what had happened. Then we saw. I had been holding the wires, one in each hand. In my excitement, my hands had been shaking so that the wires had touched without my knowing it.

The other fellows kidded me about this for some time, but from the way they were shaking then, they were just as frightened as I. Thinking that the noise had frightened everything away for good, we lay down and soon went to sleep.

(To be concluded next week)

ROOMS HAVE UNUSUAL PROGRAMS LAST WEEK

Thanksgiving Plays Are Presented in Several Rooms—"A Western Tour" Is Subject of Talks

Several types of programs have been given in the school lately. Much more interest is being shown

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this year in preparing and taking part in programs.

In rooms 105, 205 and 315 Thanksgiving programs were given, consisting of plays, poems and talks. In rooms 313 and 105 discussions on health standards were made.

An unusual program was given in 307, Mr. Andrews' class, on "A Western Tour." Sightings one would see in western cities such as New Orleans, El Paso, Chicago, and Salt Lake City were described by students in the class. Mr. Andrews told of his visits to these cities.

In home room 308, a play, "Scotch Grace," was given by four girls and one boy. This was appropriate to the Thanksgiving season.

In everything, give thanks.—Thessalonians, 5, 18.

By ignorance we know not things necessary; by error we know them falsely.—Ibid.

S. C. CLARK

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It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.—Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography.

To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.—Tennyson.

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