

"THE INDIAN WARWHOO"

Edited by the English Department of Ahoosie High School

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A BOY'S THANKSGIVING

(By One)

THANKSGIVING comes on Thursday by the President's decree, But Friday, good old Friday, is Thanksgiving day for me. There's lots to eat on Thursday, just heaps and piles of stuff, But Mother always worries for fear there's not enough. So many folks to dinner, she's sure that some will starve, And whispers to my father, "Be careful how you carve." And as for me, she warns me—I've heard it all before—"No matter what we pass you, don't ask for any more." But Friday, one day after, she doesn't feel that way. I've heard it all so often, I know she's going to say: "Whoever would have guessed it, to see those people eat, That on this turkey's carcass there'd be left a shred of meat? I thought before they finished we should have to cook its mate, But there's quite a lot left over. Come, Willie, pass your plate." Thanksgiving may be Thursday by the President's decree, But Friday—oh, boy, Friday is Thanksgiving Day for me. And it isn't only turkey, for there's nuts and fruit and pie, And on one counting noses with a watchful worried eye. There's joy in every closet, a surprise on every shelf, And only gentle warnings if I go and help myself. There's candy in a box upstairs, and in the shed a jug With just enough of cider left to make it go ker-chug! Thanksgiving may be Thursday, if you're eating as a guest, But I give thanks on Friday—For folks at home that's best.

—ARTHUR H. POWELL

WHY WE CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING DAY

Something like three centuries ago when our Pilgrim Fathers were delivered from starvation by the arrival of the food-laden ship, some of the more God-fearing men among the colonists suggested that they should appoint a day in which to return their thanks to God for their deliverance and for His loving watchfulness in protecting them from the savages and wild beasts that lurked behind every tree and stone, watching for a chance to kill them.

As the years passed on the people gathered year by year with thankfulness in their hearts for the blessings of the past year.

In New England they gave thanks in the form of a great feast and a home gathering of the scattered members of the families.

Today it has become a great American institution, celebrated from one end of the country to the other. Our President issues a proclamation each year calling on the people to assemble themselves together at their usual places of worship and to offer thanks to God for His untold blessing and mercies to us as a people.

The day always comes at the close of the harvest season, when our barns are bursting with their loads, and our pantries are filled with an abundance of good things stored against the day when the snow covers the land and the cold winds howl around the houses and through the trees. If ever a time comes when we should be thankful it is then. We meet our Heavenly Father publicly to thank Him for our personal blessings as well as our national blessings and to ask for His continual care and guidance.

If any people on earth should be thankful, it is the Americans. We seem to be peculiarly blessed of God. Our overflowing crops, our national prosperity, our public health, our splendid government and our liberty, all these we should be thankful of. These are just a few things for which we should never cease to be thankful.

In the last few years it has become customary with us to make as large a contribution to the orphans of our country as we can, thus in a small way showing our gratitude by helping to manage the lives of these unfortunate children a little brighter and happier. We cannot express our thanks to Him, I think, in a more pleasing way than by giving a small portion of the good things with which He has blessed us, thus giving the fatherless and motherless children a chance to make good christian citizens.

NELLIE MAE BAKER—27.

JANE'S THANKSGIVING

"Oh goody, it's going to be a sure 'nuff Thanksgiving!" exclaimed little ten-year-old Jane as she opened her eyes on Thanksgiving morning, to find the ground covered with snow and the clouds showing signs of more to come. "What a good time I am going to have today, eating all those good things I saw mama and Aunt Dinah putting in the cupboard yester-

terday, and seeing grandma and playing with Cousin Joe and Isabella. Oh dear! I wish mama would let me get up now."

And indeed she did have an enjoyable day. At an early hour appetizing odors from the kitchen found their way to all parts of the house and one brief visit to the large, spacious cook room where Aunt Dinah was giving proof of her wonderful skill as a cook would cause one's own mouth to purely water. There was also the joy of seeing Grandma, who always came to spend Thanksgiving with Jane and her parents. She was such a gentle, affectionate, light-hearted old lady that she carried happiness wherever she went and Jane looked eagerly forward to her visit to her home. Then there were Cousin Joe and Isabella. To little Jane, who had no brothers or sisters and was sometimes a little lonesome, the presence of these young folks was a treat and many were the shouts of laughter which floated to the ears of the older members of the party during the day.

When at last dinner was announced and they had filed into the dining room, what a sight met their eyes! The big table seemed to groan under its burden, in the center, as king of the occasion, lay a large turkey, all steaming and hot while seemingly all the other goodies which are mentioned in the cook books with a few others which owed their origin to Aunt Dinah, were scattered about over the table. What a dinner that was! Minutes sped into half-hours and half-hours into hours and still they remained at the table, eating, laughing, talking, joking, and having a delightful time.

But as all good things do have an end this proved to be no exception, and at last farewells were said and Grandma was gone, leaving Jane very sad and blue. Thinking that a little walk would do her good, she ran upstairs, put on her coat and hat and over-shoes and left the house. Having no definite place to go, she allowed her feet to take her where they would and was soon lost in thought. She was at last awakened from her meditation by the sound of some one just behind her and on looking around she found it to be a little girl about her age, with a kind and sweet but very thin, pinched face and wearing clothes which spoke very loudly of poverty. Around her Jane found that she had wandered down into the mining districts and this was doubtless one of those unfortunate people. She spoke to her very pleasantly and upon asking where she was going, was told that she was going to a Thanksgiving service. "I always attend every meeting I can," she explained, "and thank God for being so good to me."

A Thanksgiving service! And this little poverty-stricken girl attending. Of course Jane had heard of such services but she had never been to one or thought much about them for she was always having too good a time. She, Jane, had been enjoying almost every comfort possible for the years and had never one time returned her thanks for them; this little girl without even the barest necessities of life, at least annually, possibly more often, returning her thanks for what she did have.

Jane walked on with the little girl till they came to the small crude structure which she called her church and the little girl went in, seemingly perfectly happy. Jane stayed on the outside and watched the people go in, for a few minutes; those hard, coarse but peaceful men and the tired, worn-out happy-looking women and children. After the meeting place was about full, Jane started for her home. She was no longer lost in her thoughts but walked rapidly with the air of decision on her face. Upon reaching home she went at once to her room and closed and locked the door. What she then did was witnessed by only One, but never again did Jane Carr allow a Thanksgiving to pass without attending a Thanksgiving service.

M. C. H.

HESPERIAN SOCIETY REPORT

The members of the Hesperian Literary Society assembled in the Freshman class-room on Friday afternoon, November 23, for their regular weekly session. The society was called to order by the president and the minutes were read and the roll called by the secretary.

The following program was rendered:

Devotional exercises Chaplain Soliloquy Ray Hoggard
"Origin of Thanksgiving" Mr. A. G. Ottwell
Poem: "The First Snow" Vida Edwards
Pec pictures Henry Holloman
Thanksgiving poem Beatrice Holloman
"How I should like to spend Thanksgiving" William Odum
Recitation Vivian Hyatt
Paper, "What Thanksgiving Means to

Us" Foy Cowan
Jokes Ruby Wiggins
"Autobiography of a silk Umbrella" Arles Isenhower
Our critic's report was then given by Sailey Burgess who proved herself very capable of the task and gave to us some very helpful suggestions. The program as a whole was very enjoyable. Being unable to have any musical numbers on our program when meeting in a class room, it is often very difficult to plan programs which will be both interesting and helpful. There being no further business the society adjourned.

COLUMBIAN REPORT

The Columbian Literary Society held its regular weekly meeting Friday, November 23, 1923 in the auditorium. The society was called to order by the president.

The roll was called and the minutes read by the secretary. There being no important business meeting the devotional exercise was turned over to the chaplain, then the following program was rendered was enjoyed by each member of the society.

Song Society Debate: Query: "Resolved that dancing should be taught in public school." Affirmative: Rebecca Feldman, Eva Hoggard. Negative: Louise Dunn, Bailey Vaughan. Round, "Are You Sleeping" Society Reading Sallie Wynns Dunn Paper: "My Ideal and a Successful Woman" Mabel Claire Hoggard Prophecies Henry Godwin Vocal Duet Goldie Lassiter Harry Holloman Paper: "Imaginary Wedding" Ernestine King "High School for a Freshie" Everett Miller Riddles Thellie Modlin

The judges cast their votes in favor of the affirmative side of the debate. This being the conclusion of the program the society adjourned.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Everyone have your pennies ready on Monday next. Why? Because of the great Library Drive. Get ready to see Ahoosie High School with the best, most thoroughly equipped library of any other school in eastern North Carolina—so prepare for the drive!

LEARN a lesson from the ages, I-N the far dim distant past B-BOOKS were looked upon as sacred R-EAD and loved by every class A-RE we then of smaller vision R-EADING less than ancient man, Y-IELDING to a savage impulse D-RIVING us with unseen hand. R-ATHER let us seek for learning I-N the books around us spread, V-ISIT with the greatest masters, E-VEN though they've long been dead.

A wise mother and good books enabled me to succeed in life. She was very poor, but never too poor to buy books for her children. It is a mean sort of poverty that starves the mind to feed the body.

—HENRY CLAY.

My opportunities in youth for acquiring an education were limited; but I had the great good fortune of being well supplied with useful books, and these gave me my success in life.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Schools teach us the rudiments of our language, but books teach us how to think. Therefore, no one can truly be educated or successful in life unless he is a reader of books.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Send books through the land, educate the people, and we can bid defiance to the schemes of tyrants.

—PATRICK HENRY.

Books are the food of youth; the light of old age; the ornament of prosperity; the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home and no hindrance abroad.

—CICERO.

Our future men and women of influence and distinction are coming from those families that are well supplied with useful and attractive books.

—EMERSON.

Every reader who holds a book in his hand is free to approach the inmost minds of men, past and present; he needs no introduction to the greatest. He stands on no ceremony with them.

—FREDERICK HARRISON.

AHOSSIE DEFEATS WHALEYVILLE

The Ahoosie boys motored over to Whaleyville last Wednesday afternoon to play basket-ball. This was the first game of the season, but the boys made up their minds to win before leaving home. The game was hard fought from start to finish, the score at the end of the first half of the game being 10 to 6 in favor of Whaleyville. But the Ahoosie boys gained rapidly during the last half and when the whistle blew at the end of the last half, the score stood 19 to 18 in favor of Ahoosie.

The new players on the Ahoosie team showed fine form, and with a little more practice Coach Ottwell believes that the Old Gold and Black jerseys will come off triumphant as they did at the end of the past season.

Ahoosie will play Whaleyville again soon, the date not having been definitely decided upon. By that time the team should be in better shape, and we are looking for and hoping for another victory.

The team also plans to play several

other games in the near future with any team with which games may be arranged, and it is the firm belief of players, students and outsiders that Ahoosie is going to put out a winning team.

SCHOOL NOTES

The primary and grammar grade teachers of Ahoosie Township met in session in the Ahoosie School Saturday afternoon for a class in Reading Circle Work. Miss Mina Holloman, leader of the group, was unable to attend on account of illness.

Misses Mary and Bessie Gaddy were guests of Mrs. D. L. Myers at dinner Sunday.

Miss Etta Parker spent Saturday in Norfolk.

Misses Bessie Newsome and Lois Parker and Messrs. Harry Copeland and Clark Sinclair motored to Winton and Chowan College Sunday.

Miss Lillie Gray Mizelle spent Sunday afternoon in Murfreesboro.

Misses Ruby Wynn, Mabel Claire Dunn and Goldie Lassiter drove to Winton, Cofield and Harrellsville, Sunday.

Messrs. Columbus McKeel, Horace Garrett and Horace Johnson were visitors in Whaleyville, Va., Sunday evening.

Miss Beatrice Holloman was the guests of friends in Harrellsville on Sunday afternoon.

Misses Ernestine King, Arles Isenhower and Sylvia Applebaum were dinner guests of Miss Estelle Vinson Sunday evening.

School closed Wednesday for the remainder of the week for Thanksgiving holidays. Several of the teachers will spend the holidays out of town.

We were agreeably surprised on last Wednesday afternoon to have with us Mr. Yonap who spoke to the school children for an hour on the subject of the Near East. Mr. Yonap is a Persian by birth and an Armenian by residence and was living in that country during the greater part of the World War, therefore was able to picture to us very vividly the sufferings of the Armenians at the hands of the Turks. He has received the greater part of his education in America and has in him the making of a great orator which was proven by the fact that he held the strict attention of three hundred and fifty school children during his entire address.

The "Freshies" may be green now but they will some day make Ahoosie High proud of them, which was proven by the program that was given by the Freshman class in chapel last Friday morning. This program was well planned and well rendered and proved very entertaining to all.

Following is the program given: Song, "Thanksgiving" School Devotional exercises President Song, "Palm Branches" Class Recitation, "Can I" Emily Summer Poem, "Autumn Moods" Pearl Gattling Chorus, "All Through the Night" Eight Girls Class Poem Mary Louise Dunn Instrumental solo Everett Miller Vocal solo Rebecca Feldman Poem, "The Flag is Passing By" Class

"FRESHIES"

Look out for the Freshies of '23, A right nice lot of us you as you well see.

We are studious too, as one can tell, Because we speak so exceedingly well.

We want to win our teachers' praise, Right now in our beginning days. We Freshies like the Golden Rule, And practice it each day in school. These Seniors, Juniors, Sophs, and such,

Don't make us angry very much. Until one says in a wasteful way, "Well kiddes, you'll be up some day. Look out for the Freshies of '23. A right nice lot of us as you all see. And when our teachers let us rule, Ahoosie will have a CRACKER-JACK School!"

—MARY LOUISE DUNN '27.

JOKES

Horace—And why do you think I am a poor judge of human nature? Nellie—Because you have such a good opinion of yourself.

"I wonder if my little girl knows how many seconds there are in a minute," asked Mrs. Curtis of Louise the other day.

Louise: "Do you mean a real minute, or one of these great big wait-a-minutes?"

The train was approaching Ahoosie, and the colored porter walked briskly up to Mr. Raynor, and, smiling broadly, asked, "Shall I jest brush you off, sah?"

"Not on your life," replied Mr. Raynor. "I'll get off this train in the regular way, as soon as it stops."

Edmund—Haywood, do you know anything about Napoleon?

Haywood—You bet.

Edmund—Well, can you tell me his nationality?

Haywood—Course I can.

Edmund—Corsican is right. I

didn't know you knew so much.

A man stepped up to Mr. Ottwell the other day and said, "Sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss the question with you. I am also an annihilationist; I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank goodness for that!" said Mr. Ottwell as he walked off and left the man dazed.

"Did you fall?" said Harry rushing to the rescue of Sallie who slipped on the ice pavement one morning last winter. "Oh, no," she said, "I just sat down to see if I could find any four leaf clovers."

There is rivalry between two budding boy orators at the local school. One was chosen to exhibit his ability before a meeting of the Parent-Teachers' Association. He began: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears."

"There," sneered the mother of the unsuccessful pupil, he wouldn't be a true son of his mother if he didn't want to borrow something."

Last Sunday morning in one of the Ahoosie Sunday schools the class was about to be dismissed. The youngsters were already in anticipation of relaxing their cramped little limbs after the hours of confinement on straight-backed chairs and benches when the superintendent arose and instead of dismissing them announced: "And now, children, let me introduce Mr. Boggs, who will give us a short talk."

Mr. Boggs smilingly arose, and after gazing impressively around the room began with: "Well, children, I hardly know what to say." At this juncture the whole school was con-

vulsed at the sound of a small, thin voice in the rear whispering: "They 'amen' and thit down!"

Tom Tarheel says that he is going rabbit hunting with his boy pretty soon now and they are going to talk over a lot of things about trees and birds and wild things of the woods.

In the Superior Court—Before the Clerk.

In the matter of S. C. Godwin, J. W. Godwin, Rosa A. Modlin, Mary T. Dilday, A. J. Godwin, and A. E. Godwin.—Ex parte.

Notice of Sale for Division

Under and by virtue of an order of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Hertford County in the above entitled action appointing A. E. Godwin, Commissioner to sell the hereinafter described lands for partition among the heirs-at-law, the said Commissioner will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash the following real estate to wit: that certain tract of land known as the Eley land and bounded on the North by Bear Swamp and A. E. Godwin; on the East by the lands of S. C. Godwin; on the West by the lands of A. E. Godwin; on the South by the County Road leading from Joe Slaughter's farm, to the farm formerly owned by A. R. Harmon, containing 60 acres more or less.

The above described land will be sold in front of the postoffice building in the Town of Ahoosie, on Saturday, the 29th day of December, 1923, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m., and 2 o'clock p. m.

The terms of sale will be cash.

The 28th day of November, 1923.

A. E. GODWIN, Commissioner.

W. W. Rogers, Attorney. 11-30-23

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