

BARKS OF THE BULLDOGS

A Paper Dedicated to the Promotion of a Better High School for Henderson

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The official organ of the Senior Class of Henderson High School.

EDITORIAL STAFF Editor-in-chief... Nick Chavasse Assistant editor... Elizabeth Polston Sports... Tom Powell

The world is now going through a very tense and critical period. Times now are being compared with the times before the outbreak of the World War in 1914 and it seems that there is just as much of a possibility of a war now as there was then.

The idea of starting a war to help rid of depression is foolish to say the least. All wars are fought on credit and though they may bring temporary relief they make things worse afterwards.

Everyone is so stirred up over the troubles in the East that they have practically forgotten the depression. Perhaps this is good, at least we know that when we don't think about a thing that it doesn't bother us.

We suppose that it is a good thing that the depression catches us in high school. We will have plenty of time to study the situation and when we get out we can all put our pet theories to work and lift the depression in no time.

We'll have to give it to Japan. She is certainly an arrogant fellow. So far, she has seized the beards of all the nations who had anything to say and told them that if they didn't like it they could lump it.

We are pretty sure of the fact that Otto's "Gym" will be of great benefit to the high school as a whole. It will provide an excellent place for high school boys to find healthy and wholesome recreation.

THE THREE MONKS

We see all—we hear all—we tell all. At the beginning of this year there came to Henderson High School a certain young man who has quite a talent for drawing.

If you believe in signs then you believe that the depression is over. Every one in Henderson must have felt that it was his duty to enlighten his fellow man on the fact that the high school has had the partition that divides our once great Study Hall.

The Monks are sorry that the school has painted over the list of love affairs; results of many athletic games, and the many, many, autographs of the school's famous and well known people.

Note: The following comment was headed to me late Friday night by a young man who said that he wished to have it inserted in the Monk column. The monk column had already been prepared so (with apologies to the Three Monks) I take the liberty of adding this to their column.

It is to be regretted indeed that Miss... made such a grave error in the identity of the author of a phone call that she received late Friday night.

Bertie: You know, I got a bright idea out of a corner of my brain today.
Gertie: Ah, ha, a stowaway.

SOCIETY

Katherine Faulkner, Editor

Mabel Thorne has as her visitors over the week-end Mr. Aubrey Blankenship and Mr. Frank Mitchell of Norfolk, Va.

Spends Week-End Away Louise Rideout spent the week-end in Warrenton with her cousin, Mary Hester.

Winifred Tucker Sick Winifred Tucker was out of school for a week on account of illness. She has returned now and is much better.

Hurts Ankle Sue Kelly has not been able to attend school for the last week on account of her ankle being hurt.

Miss Bethes Visits Over the Week-End Miss Julia Bethes spent the week-end with Mrs. B. H. Hamlet in South Hill, Va.

Mrs Faulkner Returns Beatrice Faulkner was sick for several days but has returned to school.

Chapel Program

One of the most enjoyable chapel programs of the year was a two-act play put on by Home Room 9 for the entertainment of the Freshman and Senior classes.

The second act was a scene in a village schoolroom and this act consisted mainly of wisecracks by the pertinent country boys and girls, who kept the audience roaring with laughter.

The whole play was enjoyed so much that it was repeated for the Juniors and Sophomores on Friday morning.

Chapel Assembly

The Sophomore and Junior classes of high school assembled in chapel Tuesday morning for an enjoyable period. Mr. Cobb introduced the speaker, Dr. H. A. Ellis.

Over the Alumnae Table

Margaret Bunn, Editor

This time, as we meet over the Alumnae Table, we wish to discuss the remainder of last year's seniors. Some of them are staying at home, some are taking business courses, some are working out of town, and some are at college.

Martha Pope, Crandall Nelson, and Mabel Nelson are staying at home this year, but Mabel is planning to go in training for a nurse, the first of September.

Maria Hardee is taking a business course at the Henderson Business school. Ethel Wortham is also taking a business course, but she is studying at King's Business College in Raleigh.

William Johnson is working in Meaderville, Pennsylvania.

James Hight is taking a A. B. course at High Point College. James was one of Henderson's star basketball and baseball players. William Finch was another good player on our football, basketball, and baseball teams.

He is going to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. We were sorry to see this class leave Henderson, but we all have to part at some time in our lives, so Henderson High wishes you good health and the best of luck.

Patient: Oh, Doctor, I'm so sick—I feel all right.
Doctor: I'll do the very best I can for you.

SPORTS

FLASH-BACKS

This week we intended to give you a complete resume of Henderson High School's Conference record. However, the game with Efland which was supposed to have been played last Friday night and was the last Conference game of H. H. S. was called off on account of the illness of the Efland coach.

Last Tuesday night the Bulldogs engaged the Oxford Orphanage quint and though again defeated they were by no means close to being disgraced. At the half the score stood 11 to 7 and at the end of the game it was 26 to 18.

On Friday night the Bulldogs met the famous All-Stars of Henderson and triumphed over them by the score of 24 to 20 after a hard fought game.

Home Room Basketball Lately the different home rooms of Henderson High school have been engaging in a series of basketball games. These games are very interesting to watch, of course you do not see the skilled playing in them that you do when the Varsity is playing but you do see plenty of earnest endeavor.

Here is a list of the games played so far and their results: Home room 4, 10 points; room 9, 26 points; Mr. Crowder's room, 24 points; Mr. Singleton's room, 20 points.

Otto's Gymnasium

Ever since the town of Henderson has had a high school, boys of the school have wished for and dreamed of a gymnasium for their own use. At last the time has come for a realization of that dream and now they have one; even though it is not a high school project and is not located in the high school building the gym is essentially one for the use of high school students and located so close to the school that it seems to be a part of the school.

In the building right next to the high school formally occupied by Zollcofer Motor Company and now housing Powell's Service Station on the corner of Montgomery and Chestnut streets, Otto Fahman a well-known citizen of Henderson has opened a gymnasium.

The other shadow is of an edum height, blond-brunette (?) gentleman, who entered our class last fall from the wilds (?) of Cedar Cliff, Nebraska.

There seems to be a need for good treasurers. Well, here are four who know how to handle money. For the Seniors the editor-in-chief of this paper, Nicholas Chavasse is handling the finances.

The Titian League The Janitors were nominated during the last meeting after much discussion but nothing serious occurred although the members did some straightforward arguing.

The boy who holds the money bag for the Juniors in Franklin Mills, He also helped the football team last fall through his faithfulness and loyalty.

CAMPUS MIRROR Two shadows fell across the mirror this week—both boys and both seniors.

The boy who holds the money bag for the Juniors in Franklin Mills, He also helped the football team last fall through his faithfulness and loyalty.

Two shadows fell across the mirror this week—both boys and both seniors. The first is a tall, slim, dark-haired young man, a preacher's son. He appeared as the intellectual student in the senior's play last week—one who flattered the teacher.

The boy who holds the money bag for the Juniors in Franklin Mills, He also helped the football team last fall through his faithfulness and loyalty.

Lipstick Girl

A Romance of a Little Beauty

By EDNA ROBB WEBSTER Author of "DAD'S GIRL," "VIOLETTA" and "LOVE-PREFERRED"

DAVID MOYER had not done justice to his golden opportunity, and his chief had told him so candidly.

"That story from Springfield wasn't up to your level, Moyer," he told him on the day after the arrest of Eugene Campenu.

"Sorry," replied David, offering no excuse, which he might have done in all justice to himself.

J. T. Merrick looked at him closely. "Not a whimper, eh? Well, I don't know how you had the nerve left to write it at all, after finding your sister over there like you did. I happen to know a little more than most of the reporters learned. I can't hold it against you, boy. Perhaps you will have a better chance next time."

"Thank you," David said quietly. "I hope so." It was only a few hours later that the news came buzzing over the wires about the mysterious murder of Turner Gilmore. David was assigned the local end of the story, and he justified the responsibility.

On Friday night the Bulldogs met the famous All-Stars of Henderson and triumphed over them by the score of 24 to 20 after a hard fought game. The High School used many substitutes who gave very good accounts of themselves.

On Friday night of this week Henderson High will probably meet Middleburg High, for the first time this year.

He left alone with the ashes of a dead romance, which had burned out as suddenly as it had flamed up. By night, she was a lonely, remorseful child; by day, she was a woman, who had been involved in public scandal.

And it was Ted—unsuspecting, easy-going, honest Ted—who finally produced the evidence that convicted Gilmore's assassins and avenged his death according to the demands of society. But that was some time later.

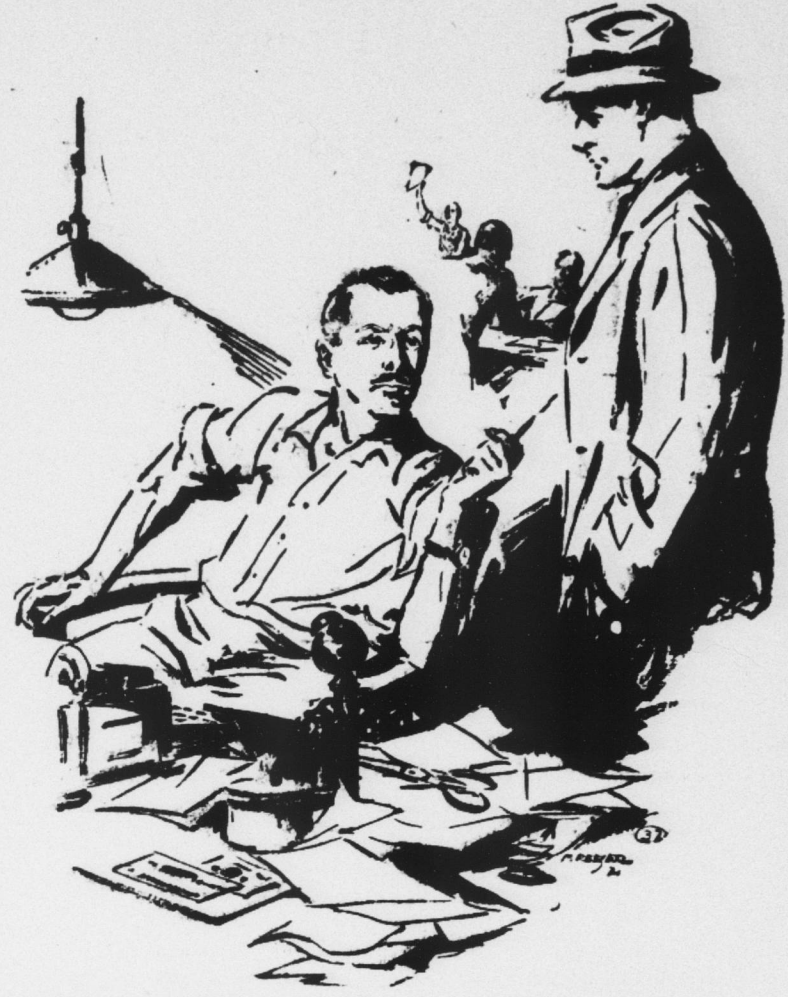
He delighted his home room by giving a fifteen minute concert, using the harmonica and accompanied by his younger brother.

The Sophomore's collected funds are in charge of Eric Flannigan. Eric has a reasonable and methodical way of thinking, which he showed in a discussion about the Sino-Japanese situation the other day.

Eric is a good, well-behaved student who thinks before he speaks. Eric, keep on in the way you have started and you will be an important person one of these days.

The Freshmen seem to be the only ones who would intrust their money to a girl. Why not? A girl is just as capable as a boy. Ann Peace is their treasurer. Ann is rather small in stature, but that doesn't keep her from being a sweet, lovable girl.

During the last part of the meeting, the nominees for Emperor Clerk took advantage of the opportunity to make speeches.



"That story from Springfield wasn't up to your level, Moyer."

destination—always had amused Marcia. Older people they were, usually, or those who were making a journey for the first time.

On her left, towered the rugged walls of the Catskills, deeply and beautifully furrowed with pine trees, through which the rising sun flickered intermittently into the car windows of the rushing train.

Further down, the rounded and rounded hills across the river resolved into the magnificent splendor of the Palisades, with the sun gleaming against their sheer, rocky walls rising for miles along the river bank.

Arrived at her hotel, she went through the usual routine, and finally reached the privacy of the small room that had been assigned to her. It was surely a small part of that great city but it was enough for Marcia.

Indications of the city began to flash by the windows: suburbs, street

electric trains, apartment houses, and larger buildings. Then they dashed into the subway tunnel, under the streets of the city, she knew. The train slowed gradually.

Then they arrived. Marcia followed the slowly moving line, and finally stepped onto the platform that was level with the vestibule of the train—the usual selection of her baggage, and trailing a red cap down the apparently endless passage between long trains of Pullman cars.

Sprinkled among their prominent majority, were scores of luxury motor cars that attracted attention by their contrast—like smartly gowned aristocrats in a shabby throng.

Through the usual routine, and finally reached the privacy of the small room that had been assigned to her. It was surely a small part of that great city but it was enough for Marcia.

The power and beauty of it gripped Marcia so that she sat rigidly on the edge of the slanting leather seat, and jerked backward with every sudden stop at the crossings.

Indications of the city began to flash by the windows: suburbs, street

(TO BE CONTINUED)

High School Fun

Frieda Hayes Editor

Mother: It is rude to whisper, Johnny.

Johnny (aged five)—Well, I was saying what funny nose that man's got. So you say it would have been much ruder if I'd said it aloud.

The Stage Manager: "Now then, we're all ready, run up the curtain." The New Hand: "Wot yer talkin' about 'run up the curtain'—think I'm a bloomin' squirrel!"

"What's the matter, little boy?" said the kindhearted man. "Are you lost?" "No," was the manful answer; "I ain't lost; I'm here. But I'd like to know where father and mother were mandered to."

Shopper: Are these eggs fresh? Clerk: Yes, ma'am, they be. Shopper: Hol long since they were laid? Clerk: 'Tain't ten minutes—I know, I laid them eggs there myself.

Guest: Well, good-bye, Old Man, and you've really got a very nice little place here.

Host: Yes, but it's rather bare just now. I hope the trees will have grown a good bit before you're back, Old Man.

At the beginning of geometry class, Miss Kyle asked: "What did you do in today's lesson, Lillie?" "I learned how to multiply," answered Lillie F. Peace.

Hotie: "Yes, I've hugged all over

the world—India, Africa, South America—everywhere. Boredone: Really? What had you lost?

Mrs. Snapper: When I was 16 my father gave me a beautiful ring. Would you like to see it? Mrs. Raper: Yes, I just adore rings.

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