

BARKS OF THE BULLDOGS

A Paper to Keep the Public Posted on Happenings in Henderson High School.

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James Jenkins, Editor-in-Chief
Nancy Farham, Assistant Editor
Pauline Jenkins, Typist
S. M. Crowder, Sponsors
Maxine Taylor

OUR HEROES HAUNT US

During the last two weeks we have celebrated the birthdays of two of the greatest leaders our country has ever known, Abraham Lincoln born February 12, 1809 in Kentucky; George Washington, born February 22, 1732 in Westmoreland County, Virginia.

Although we in Henderson High School were not directly affected by these holidays they should cause us to pause and think about these men and just what they have meant to our country. Have you ever thought what Lincoln did when he was a boy your age or what did Washington do when he was a young man? Did either of them go to school? Did either work when he was fifteen or sixteen years old? Did these two men study? Did they waste their time; or, apply themselves?

Barks of the Mastiff

Editor: Al Wester
CLASS SONG.

After several weeks of untiring effort our class song has been finished by its composers, Margaret Candler and Alice Harrison. We are really proud of this composition because it is our own and it was written by members of our class. The words for the song, written by Nancy Farham, are as follows, they speak for themselves. First Verse: Let us join in chorus For we're the happiest class alive! Let us sing the loyal praises Of the Class of '35. We'll look back in the fond tomorrow On the days spent together here; There's been a joy for every sorrow And a smile for every tear.

Second Verse: As classmates we've lived our lives together, And, all too soon, these days must end. We must leave our Alma Mater, Our beloved and cherished friend, As the time draws near for our parting.

Let's make the goal for which we strive Successful, virtuous, happy lives— For the class of '35. Chorus: We'll always love our Alma Mater And ever praise her name; With her we leave our burning hope For glory, honor, fame.

SCHOOL OBJECTIVES.
1. To live now in order to enjoy a richer life tomorrow.
2. To learn how to live in order to spend a successful and profitable leisure.
3. To learn something of the society in which you live in order to make the proper adjustment in the social world of which you are soon to become a part.
4. Above all to live a true life in order to reap supreme happiness here after.

—From the Hi-Rocket, Durham High School, Durham, N. C.

Grows of the Terriers

Josephine Martin Editor
Associate Editors: Nell Rowland, Mary E. Posthress
Sponsors: Lily Kyle, G. W. Crawford

THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS

The low average economic, industrial, political and educational standards in the South as compared with those in the North are the South's chief problem. One of the main troubles is the system of one crop farming, whereby the farmer depends almost entirely on one crop. Instead of having several crops and livestock. Another trouble is the low standard of living of the industrial workers, particularly the

miners. We must tear down our old methods of class status and live up to the Declaration of Independence. We must rid our nation of the curse of Child Labor. We must free it of political curses by "being ourselves" and developing our representative functions and our sense of human kindness. We now have to train the young people in club work and vocational agriculture, in thrift and home ownership.

A third problem is the poor health of the South, its many diseases and its high death rate. We also need to give the people more libraries, and educational and literary opportunities. We need a deeper understanding of our fellowmen and a "well of human kindness" to prevent strikes, civil war and communistic government.

ANN WATSON.

THIS IS NO BULL.

I'm One of the Jones.
The lawyer's son on Turner avenue, has a new V-8. Watch out girls, here he comes.

V-8's seem to be getting all the publicity this week. Have you heard about the blonde on Burwell avenues budding romance with a certain boy who also drives a V-8? Our Rosebud's power must be waning. Otto (of the Junior Play) was seen hanging around Nettie right much last week.

Yelps of the Pugs

Editor: Frances Danic
Associate Editors: Alice Whitmore, Maurice Capps
Sponsor: Miss Althea Turnage

USE OF SPARE TIME.

How do you use your spare time? Do you read good books? or exercise? or do you loaf around doing nothing? A good thing to do in your spare time is to exercise by walking, taking hikes, and playing outdoor games. If you leisure is at night you will find it profitable to read good books; such as your English parallel books, and newspapers to find out about the news of the day. Reading the newspapers will inform you well enough to carry on a conversation or to join in on anything going on in the world today such as the Hauptmann trial the decision of the Supreme Court on the gold policy, the World Court on almost any other current topic.

Listening to the Radio is a good form of entertainment. There are many good programs such as those given by the news commentators, Lowell Thomas, Borake Carter, and Edwin C. Hill. Grand Operas also come on on Saturday afternoons and Sunday nights. There are several short plays such as the plays Mary Pickford puts on; the plays put on on Sunday afternoons that are summaries of Motion Pictures, and on every Friday night there are short plays sponsored by Italian Blam. There are Educational pictures and pictures that have been taken from good books, such as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "David Copperfield," "King Henry the Eighth" and others. Loafing and wasting your time will cause the formation of bad habits.

Carroll Singleton.

PEEPING!

A certain little brunette girl on the Oxford Road is going "nutty" over our Red-headed basketball star. It looks like little "Charlie" likes "Weenie" a lot.

Our little Ruth and her Prince Charming have been coming along nicely.

"Patty" is surely "making things hum" with "Ikey."

Yips Of The Puppies

Editor: Billy Dennis
Associate Editors: Edgar Edwards, Tommy Jenkins
Sponsor: Miss Evelyn Bickley

BE CAREFUL STUDENTS.

There has been nothing out of the ordinary going on in the Freshman Class in the last week or so, therefore, there is little to write about; but there is one thing that needs attention. That is the keeping of the school desks and prevention of marking on desks and walls.

When the school was painted and fixed up last fall, Prof. W. D. Payne asked for the cooperation of the student body in keeping it in good con-

dition. The pupils have done this very well up to the present time. The "Home Room Contest" has done a great deal toward keeping the building clean, but the only way to keep the toilets, walls and floors in good shape is by each boy or girl cooperating with the faculty in this matter.

Mr. E. M. Rollins, the County Superintendent of Schools, has complimented Prof. Payne on the way the school has been kept, so every person in the school must do his part in order to keep Mr. Rollins's good opinion.

HOME ROOM 3 LOSSES ATTENDANCE PRIZE.

The Freshman Home Room 3 lost the second prize given for the best attendance of parents at the P. T. A. meeting. This room has had the first prize for the first month of school and has had the second prize since then, until last Wednesday when Junior Home Room 10 won it. The Freshmen will have to step up, since the Class wants to have a prize in at least one of the four home rooms.

HIGH CAGERS AWAIT ROANOKE RAPIDS

Doubleheader Carded Tuesday Night on High Price Court Be Thriller.

Henderson High School court teams will meet Roanoke Rapids here Tuesday night at 7:30 o'clock on the High Price court in what should be a thrilling doubleheader.

The girls' game will be played first, the boys' encounter following shortly thereafter.

In the first game of the season for the boys, they were defeated by Roanoke Rapids, there by a close score. Since that defeat, the locals have been coming along in fine style, and they hope to avenge that defeat tomorrow night.

The girls bowed to tomorrow's visitors by a decisive score sometime ago but since that time, they have shown a great deal of improvement and they are expected to look like a different team when they stack up Tuesday night.

Henderson Given Drama Groupings

(Special to Daily Dispatch)
Chapel Hill, Feb. 25—Preliminary contests for county and city high schools entered in the production contests of the twelfth annual Festival and State tournament of the Carolina Dramatic Association, to be held at Chapel Hill March 27, 28, 29, and 30, were announced today by Mrs. Irene H. Fessler, Secretary of the Dramatic Association.

All county high school preliminaries should be concluded by March 6, Mrs. Fessler said. Contests in the county groups will be held at Whiteville for Hillsboro, Whiteville, St. Pauls, and Tabor; at Paw Creek for Marshville, Paw Creek, and Cabarrus; and at Chapel Hill for Swannanoah, Pinehurst, and Zebulon. In the city high school groups, Rocky Mount, Henderson, and Wilson will compete at Rocky Mount on March 6; Albemarle, Concord, and Shelby will meet at Concord; and at Chapel Hill March 15 Broughton and Morsom high schools of Raleigh, South ern Pines and Chapel Hill will meet.

Wife Preservers



As a substitute for a pastry board, get a half yard of white cloth, bind edge with a tape binder. Roll your piecrust or knead your bread on it, then clean by washing it with damp cloth, roll it with rolling pin and put away for future use.

Puppet Drama on Care of the Teeth



Prof. Frederick H. Koch, director of the famous Carolina Playmakers, a puppet drama illustrating proper care for the teeth, which is to be presented in grammar schools throughout the State during a tour beginning this week. Also shown in the picture above is the puppet stage and some of the actors.

MIDDLEBURG GIRLS HAVE GOOD RECORD

County Champions Win 9, Lose Three and Tie One Game During Season.

Middleburg high school girls' basketball team has laid claim to the title of "county champions," holding two victories over every girls' team in the county they have met this season, winning 9 games, losing 3, tying one.

Prof. C. P. Rogers, principal of the school, released today the games played by the girls and the final scores of these encounters. Three girls, Misses Virginia Newton, Jessie Currin and Miss Rose Mabry have played their last game for the Middleburg school on the court.

The games and scores as released today by Prof. Rogers follow: Middleburg 28-Zeb Vance 5. Middleburg 18-Aycock 8. Middleburg 19-Zeb Vance 3. Middleburg 16-Warrenton 23. Middleburg 35-Henderson 19. Middleburg 12-Bethel Hill 20. Middleburg 24-Bethel 41. Middleburg 51-Henderson 8. Middleburg 16-Norlina 16. Middleburg 27-Warrenton 26. Middleburg 33-Townsville 7. Middleburg 17-Aycock 16. Middleburg 33-Norlina 20. Middleburg 30-Townsville 10. Game forfeited in fourth quarter to Middleburg 2-0.

Gold Decision May Quicken Commerce

(Continued from Page One.)

what the average man, hard at his daily tasks, cannot well do.

TELEPHONE

The senatorial-communications commission investigation into the American Telephone and Telegraph company will proceed very slowly.

Although the Senate voted \$750,000 for this investigation, largest initial sum ever voted by the Senate for an investigation, fully a year and a half will be required to get at the substance.

Why? The A. T. and T. has scrambled its subsidiaries to such an extent that investigators will have to follow countless trails. Experts confess they are confused by the tentacles of this octopus, largest corporation on earth—with more wealth than the majority of governments.

GOLD DECISION CONTAINS NUMEROUS RAMIFICATIONS

By CHARLES P. STEWART
Central Press Correspondent
Washington, Feb. 25.—Considerations involved in the U. S. Supreme Court's recent gold decision are so numerous and complicated that it is almost a hopeless task to try to reckon with them.

Nevertheless the nub of the controversy seems to me not impossible to focus on: Congress' constitutional power to regulate the national currency.

SPECIFIED COINAGE

The national currency? America is on a dollar basis, and a dollar, until after the present administration's advent, was defined as consisting of a specified weight of gold, of a specified fineness.

Many money lenders, in the past, have been satisfied to contract for repayment by borrowers, simply in dollars, assuming that the dollars would be gold dollars of the then standardized quantity and quality of the precious metal. However, some money lenders, slightly fearful of congressional tinkering, have taken the precaution to describe, in their contracts, the dollar that they were to be paid off in, as of the same weight and fineness as the dollar at the time they made their bargains.

DEFINING THE DOLLAR

In other words, these latter folk (as a majority of the Supreme Court justices see the matter) undertook to create a dollar of their own independently of the government's dollar.

Supposing such contracts to be recognized as valid, Chief Justice Hughes and Associate Justices Brandeis, Stone, Roberts and Cardozo hold that the United States will be placed upon a basis of two different kinds of dollars—the old dollar, as defined by the money lenders, and the new dollar, as more recently defined by congress.

The supreme court's majority quintet takes the position that private individuals had, at no time, the right to define a dollar—that contracts, attempting to do so, never were valid, because contrary to public policy; unconstitutional also.

GYPSY GIRL

THE STORY OF AN IMPASSIONED ROMANCE
By McDONALD FEADER

READ THIS FIRST:
Consuelo, a beautiful gypsy girl, longs to dance with all the world at her feet. In love with her are the Dummy, a deaf mute, and Marcu, both members of her tribe. She has only hate for her mother, Anica, but is extremely fond of her father, Girtza. The father repudiates Anica for her treatment of Consuelo. When Anica finds Consuelo dressed in her own wedding skirt, she beats her with a whip. Marcu rescues the girl and her father then turns the whip on Anica! (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)



His artist soul was stirred.

CHAPTER 4

THE DANCE was over. The gypsies had gone back to camp. Only lezzers and concessionaires stayed in the hot smelling air of the fair grounds. In town the little restaurants and ice cream parlors were swarming with people. Getting a moment's respite, they were, before going back to the "doings" that night. A wild time it was, too, for these farmers and workmen to have a free day in town and spend their hard earned money on such foolishness as eating dinner in a restaurant and buying endless pink lemonades and sticky popcorn and trying their luck in the shooting gallery.

And the ladies—oh, how foolishly they spent their money! But who could resist the bright pillow covers with American flags and shamrock and hares and horses and calli lilies. The pattern, the hook-needle, the yarn all for the price of a dollar and it was so easy to do, just punch the needle through and pull it back and presto, a rose was made.

But their talk was not all of their purchases. "The gypsy told me of money and a trip." The fortune teller said that "I'd marry soon." "The gypsies look bad. I don't see why the sheriff let them stay in town—" "Did you ever see anything cuter than the little bear by the gates, how he rolls and blinks his little black eyes—" "Ah, but that gypsy girl with the long hair called Penny. Never have I seen the like of it and I've been to the big cities and to shows that played for weeks on end in the same theater and they never ran out of people to come. Yet in all my experience I have never seen dancing as this wild gypsy dances."

"She is beautiful," said the fortune teller. "I have told my son to keep away from them. One of my horses didn't come to the barn last night—" And so on and so on.

At the gypsy camp the noisy and hurried preparations for dinner went on. Going back to the fair that night, baskets must be sold; Consuelo was going to dance again; Anica must take up her stand at the fortune telling booth; Zina and Marcu to wrestle; Voda to make little Honey roll and perform his merry tricks and make the children laugh and toss their pennies; and all of the hundred and one things the gypsies could do to make money out of the gorgio fair.

Down at the creek Consuelo dangled her restless feet in the water, cooling the dusty toes. She lay back against the moss, eyes closed. Perhaps she was weary or perhaps she was only weaving her dreams into form. For a long time she lay motionless and the jingling music of her was silenced. It, too, was resting.

The Dummy came down the trail and saw her there and the artist soul of him was stirred and he stood and stared at her. In his mind he painted the picture of her lying there, the graceful curve of her body, the drooping of the hands, the wistfulness of her face which never held that wistfulness in animation. He would paint her so and because he could not speak or hear he was gifted with a mind that carried to

the smallest detail the thing he saw so that once seen it was never forgotten and at his call would stand forth so clearly that his fingers could reproduce that which he had seen. In his own heart he knew this but the time of testing had not yet come. It would—too soon.

Consuelo yawned and sat up. "Hello, my Dummy."

He sat down at her side. The girl reached into the deep pocket in the folds of the torn wedding skirt and drew forth a handful of coins. She let them run through her fingers into her lap, displaying with pride the money she had earned. She counted it then. Six dollars and seventy-eight cents.

Three pennies. She picked the pennies up in disgust. They had tossed her pennies. Pennies for the dance that was a part of her very life. She threw them into the stream and then almost instantly laid the other coins upon the moss and, wading out into the water, picked up the bright coppers. She made a little face at the Dummy and put the pennies back into the pile.

Lovingly she fingered the money. Six dollars and seventy-eight cents. She'd turn over to Girtza a dollar seventy-eight and that would leave her five dollars. Five dollars. With that much she could buy that set of ruby earrings from Gita—Gita was too young to wear such fine earrings. Five dollars all her own and no one knew about it except the Dummy and he didn't count. Maybe another five, or more tonight.

She sifted the silver through her fingers and then sorted out the dollar seventy-eight and laid it to one side. She tossed a nickel back into her pile, then a dime and counted it again. She added another dime. A dollar and a half and the contemptible three pennies—that was enough to turn in. She hated to part with that much. Would like to have kept it all, but something was disturbing her conscience, perhaps the memory of Girtza stepping down from the van after he had beaten Anica. She was glad then of the blue marks on her neck. Undoubtedly that was why he had let her wear the skirt and why the whip had not been used again.

She turned to the Dummy. "Why do you suppose papa whipped Anica today? Do you think it was just because she tried to

choke me or was it because he knows that Anica is in love with Marcu?"

The youth shook his head. His lips moved vaguely but no sound came from them.

"Don't! Oh my dumb one, you make me want to cry when you do that! Why can't you talk? My darling, you're everything that any girl would want—yet you might as well be dead!" She put her arm around his neck. "Dummy, I love you, I swear I do." Her lips were hidden that he might not see. "I go to the end of the world with you, if—her voice broke, "if you could ask me to."

The warmth of her soft body, her arms about him, madened him and he held her to him passionately, his dark eyes desperate. Then almost instantly he released her. His hands fell listlessly to the moss, a futile gesture the girl knew so well.

Blank emptiness between them. The low whistle sounded through the wood. Once, twice, three times. "Supper's ready," Consuelo said. She picked up the money, keeping hers separate. The dollar fifty-three jingled in her pocket as she swung along the trail to the camp. The Dummy following, but the rest was wound in her sash, held close against her body. She could feel the warm imprint of the coins against her flesh as she walked. It was good so.

Into the common purse went the few pennies. "Where is the rest of it, little pig?" demanded Girtza. "That is all," was the reply. "Give me the rest."

"That is all," she repeated loudly. "Now you will not lie to your father!" He reached out and slapped her across the face. "You may lie to the gorgios and cheat them if you can but with me you will be clever, my young one, or I find you out!" He ran his fingers under her sash and extracted the money. He jingled it in his hand and his black eyes began to twinkle. He held out a dollar to her. "Here, little pig, this is for trying." He pulled her ear and sent her along with a clap on the back and he threw back his head and laughed his great laugh when she turned and stuck out her saucy tongue at him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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NOTICE TO COUNTY TAXPAYERS

1%—PENALTY—1%

Will Be Charged on 1934 County Taxes After

FRIDAY, MARCH 1st

This is an opportunity to make a saving on your tax bill and I urge you to pay now and take advantage of it

J. E. HAMLETT,

Sheriff of Vance County.

1%—PENALTY—1%

Will be added to all 1934

CITY TAXES

That remain unpaid after

Friday, March 1

Please pay-up at once and not make it necessary for you to be assessed with extra penalty.

S. B. BURWELL,

City Clerk and Tax Collector