

## THE POINTER



Published Every Monday by  
HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL

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## SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Members of City School	\$ .35
Others	1.00

MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1925

## CRACKS O' THE BAT

The Pointers have a hard hitting nine this year. The fielding has been good, too, but before the season closes—well, watch 'em, and see what they do.

"Buck" Johnson, freshman outfielder, has been the brunt of much kidding by members of the squad because he's a little slow. The boys have nicknamed him "Comet." Buck, you have three more years—stay in there, boy.

The fellows have cracked ten bats out of a dozen so far. Boys, if you can hit that hard, keep it right up. We'll buy 'em for you.

"Ty" Holcomb marched out on the field at 5:30 the other evening. He explained that they had closed the office a little earlier than usual.

"Coach" is some stepper. The other afternoon he knocked a homer inside of the fence. Howzat?

In a practice game "Coach" pitched the second team to a victory over the first string. He says he has two styles of balls, one slow, and one a little slower. He calls the faster one his "dark green ball."

The girls' baseball team has a game with Winston there Tuesday. They have been workin' hard every even. Let's go over and see them do their stuff. Whaddya say, gang?

Folks that have never been known to own a pencil of their own have been sporting big six inch pencils for the past week. The Guilford Business College handed out pencils to every junior and senior in school.

## ELM STREET NEWS

Miss Clara Cox was a visitor to Elm Street School Wednesday morning. She gave an interesting talk on the subject, "Straightway." She told them always to be prompt in their duties and emphasized the value of promptness and obedience.

Thursday morning the primary grades were entertained in chapel by Miss Shipwash's grade.

On Wednesday evening, the Elm and Emma Blair baseball teams met in a spirited game. Both teams played good ball. Although it was a hard fought game, the Elm street boys were victorious. The score was 6 to 1.

## JUNIORS MEET

The Junior Class held its monthly meeting in the auditorium Friday, March 20.

The meeting was called to order and devotional exercises were turned over to Miss Kathleen Snyder.

The class decided upon sweetpeas for their class flower, lavender and white being the class colors, and because sweetpeas may be purchased any time of the year.

The class song was also decided upon at this meeting. The song was written by Ruth Farlow, Herbert Combs and Doris Harris, members of Room 24.

The first number on the program was a talk on parliamentary rules by Mr. Patrick. This talk was an interesting one and was greatly appreciated, as it was much needed. The second number was a story by Elizabeth Brown, which was enjoyed by everyone. The last number was the school song by the class.

## CHAPEL PROGRAM GIVEN

A very interesting chapel program was given by Miss Tabor Thursday morning, March 26, 1925.

The devotional was read by Fred Moral. Mr. and Mrs. Abels then favored the students with several solos and a duet. The Jackson twins then danced for the student body. A song entitled, "Did She Come From the East" was acted by "Slim" Dallas as the Prince of Wales, Evelyn Crater as the girl from the East, Wilma Brooks the girl from the north, Frances Evans the girl from the west, and Nellie Hayes the girl from the south.

The program was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone.

## A CORRECTION

Owing to a mistake made in composition last week the Pointer carried an ad stating that the Young Men's Store were the agents for Schloss Bros. and Fashion Park Clothes.

The Pointer wishes to correct this error, as the Cannon-Fetzer Co. is the sole agent for Schloss Bros. and Fashion Park Clothes in High Point, and not The Young Men's Store as was stated.

Sometimes errors such as this slip by and go unnoticed until the paper is out, however rarely.

## PRESS ROOM PARAGRAPHS

## TED THOMPSON

The pressroom sincerely hopes this issue of the Pointer meets everyone's approval. Some of you know why, the rest of you will know next week.

The pressman is the kind of a guy who thinks "The Isle of Chance" is a gambling game.

A letter from the pressman's buddy:

New Orleans  
Thursday

Dear Bud:—

Guess you think it's funny I'm way down here. I decided to leave Baton Rouge, and was standing on a street corner wandering just what I wanted to do when a man in a new lookin' roadster passed by. The man looked back and asked if I wanted to ride. I told him yes real pronto and hopped in. He said he was goin' to some little joint, I forget where now, and asked if I was goin' that far. I told him it didn't make no difference where as I didn't have any engagements for the evening. He laughed and we started ridin'.

He was a nice lookin' chap, and said he was from Mass. He had plenty of good cigars, too. I smoked three of them. When we got to where he was goin' he said he was goin' in and eat, and asked me if I wanted something. I didn't see no kind of hotel or nothing but a livery stable, but I told him I wouldn't mind a bite as I hadn't eaten since day before yesterday. We went around the corner to a cafe and I ate \$1.95 worth of fairly good steak and two pieces of pie that was kinda stale, but tasted mighty good.

I felt almost as good as if I'd have eaten hearty. The man wouldn't hear of my paying for the dinner, so I let him pay for it as I didn't have but three cents no way. I found that tied up in a handkerchief on the sidewalk.

In about an hour the man said he was ready to go and asked me if I wanted to go on to New Orleans. I said it didn't make no special difference and we started on the way.

Yours roamingly,

"The Sawed Off Runt."

P. S.—Don't write to me until I send an address.

It grieves us much to write these words,  
But the pressroom "vic" is gone.  
For now in peace the thing doth lay;  
It has played its last sweet song.

Records and needles, a thing of the past,  
Litter the tables and floor.  
But the pressroom "vic" has gone its way,  
Never to play no more.

Sweet memories that come out of the past to haunt;  
O can we never forget.  
But the spring on the pressroom "vic" is broke,  
And now we can only regret.