

THE POINTER HOW'RE YOU FEELIN'?



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HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL

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MONDAY, MAY 25, 1925

MEDITATIONS OF A
SENIOR

A trust fund has been established for the library! Not by the senior class, nor any one of the four regular classes, but by a certain group of people. These spirited school citizens have put much into the library. To qualify for membership return a book to the library about two weeks over due. You are then a member of the society.

If this year's junior class will carefully think over the following it may find an inspiration for a project next year.

1. Have you ever been resting peacefully on a class and have the bell clang on you? The racket is very disturbing. At the end of each period, why not a whistle that would wheeze gently?

2. The following is the result of much deep thought—electric pads for every chair in chapel. The result would be very satisfying next January.

3. The changing of classes is accomplished with good speed. The speed could be increased at the dinner hour. A moving stairway could be installed at a moderate price.

4. A primping parlor would cut down a great deal of confusion in the class room.

* * *

Here's hoping H. P. H. S. has a winning track team next year. Feet run in many families.

* * *

The boy who stood on the burning deck had nothing on a certain senior boy. Some one wrote "Stop" in his geometry book last month, and he hasn't turned past that page yet.

First let me assure you that this is not an editorial. Then you can go on and read it knowing that it's not a sermon about something somebody thinks we ought to do, but something the writer of which, wouldn't have the slightest idea of doing himself. And speaking of editorials reminds me of one I read in a pre-Thanksgiving number of the Pointer stating that Thanksgiving was near at hand (as if we didn't know it) and that we should enjoy ourselves to the utmost during the short holidays. Then the writer pleaded with us to come back to school with the determination to dive in and study harder than ever and to make better grades than ever before et cetera et cetera. Bunk! That kind of an editorial makes me sick. I'll bet the guy who wrote it hasn't carried a book home since Thanksgiving.

But I don't want to make this an editorial about editorials. The Pointer has to be filled up with something and this ought to take up several inches.

It is only two weeks until June 6 if anybody should ask you. You know what happens then—or you know one specific thing that happens on that glad day. If I were to judge others by myself, though, I'd say there were several things we aren't plumb sure will happen. About passing on all exams for instance. It's worrying me right much.

As soon as we pass (which is somewhat jumping to conclusions) we'll graduate, and then we'll be alumni of dear old H. P. H. S. Which fact causes me to wonder how it would feel to be an alumni. And I wonder if any of our fair classmates will be flitting about boo-hooing into a handful of lace at the thought of leaving? I'm going to count all I see.

And when I get a diploma, and it is then my privilege to turn away for all times my wrinkled (?) brow and to close forever the old door that has creaked reluctantly open each morning for nine long, brain-racking months to admit one who is even more reluctant to enter, I am going to carry the diploma home and after nailing it to some spot on the wall where it will be the last thing I see on retiring and the first thing I see on awakening, I'm going to paint underneath it in black, bold letters the following: ALL VISITORS AND BURGLARS BEWARE! IT TOOK FOUR LONG YEARS TO EARN THIS! And then I'll get Charlie Manus or some other noted artist to draw underneath that a picture of yours truly deeply engrossed in a Latin or history book which I think would be a very good joke.

—Ted Thompson.

Morganton, N. C.

Mister Journalism Class:

If Ignorance was bliss Youall would be busted. You Guys is so ignorant the Pointer is red in the bug house here. They Won't let us read anything else cause your paper is in our class. But I savvy you. Your paper is so old its got feathers growin' outta Joe Keditar's ears.

Yu' know that guy that writes the Paragraphics about the Pressmen. Well he ain't s'dumb but he's spoofing th' readers. I ain't traveled none in seven Years.

I ain't never been in Noo Orleans. Yu' know I been tryin' to get him to come and live with me but I guess he ain't educated enuf.

Yours till they classify bootleggers in Church directories.

The Scribbler Kid.

GIRL RESERVES GIVE
BANQUET

The Girl Reserve Mother and Daughter banquet, held at the Y. W. C. A. Friday night at 6:30 was a scene of beauty and harmony. A fine spirit of good will and friendliness prevailed at this meeting.

The banquet began by Ruth Clinard, president of the club, giving a short address of welcome. This was responded to by Mrs. E. M. Shipman, who told of the meaning of the three candles which were the centerpiece for the tables. The tables were tastefully decorated in red roses and the candles used were quite effective. The program for the evening was heard over the radio.

Miss Semmie Herman gave Health Ideals for 1925. This was followed by messages from different countries to the Girl Reserves of High Point. Next, Miss Helen Reich sang "Mighty Lak a Rose." Following the quartette from the local Glee Club sang a selection. This quartette was composed of Elizabeth Welch, Dorothy Hoskins, Helen Reich and Margaret Gurley. Next Miss Dorothy Holt whistled "Dear Little Mother o' Mine." Concluding the program Mr. Norman Fidler sang "Mother Machree."

Mrs. Jim Kearns then told the club of the co-operation that would come to the club in the future and of the pleasure in being with them then.

The banquet closed with several reports.

It is generally known that famous personages attempt to elude reporters. A member of the journalism class made several futile attempts to secure an interview with James the janitor, early Tuesday morning.

Since James launched his ship on the sea of the business world, as the manager and owner of a shoe shiner, he has become quite famous and is reported to yank a "mean shine rag."

Every afternoon seniors can be seen in conference with certain teachers. These seniors are not trying to spend all the time possible with their teachers, before leaving, but are threatening them with how much trouble they will cause if they don't pass that teachers subject.

Mr. Owens put a crimp in this by telling them that if they fail to pass he doesn't want them down here in the way for another year.