

THE POINTER

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HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL



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It is gratifying to those who sponsor the clubs to know that so large a per cent of the student body is taking part in the different organizations which are opened to them. Many boys and girls will take delight in pursuing a hobby through their club this year.

The Little Store is essentially a high school project. On the school depends its success. Articles bought here cost no more than they do down town and any profit gained from the sales will be put back into service for the school. Remember that, and patronize it!

Last Thursday our school had a very distinguished guest, and we are glad of it, for no one is prouder of our building or more anxious to show it to visitors than the students themselves. After all, it is our building, isn't it? We are the ones who work to keep it nice and endeavor to reward those who were responsible for the building of it. Why shouldn't we be proud? Come back again, Dr. Chase, and all others to whom the high school has something to show and justly take pride in.

Recently, there have been on several of the bulletin boards cartoons, or what were apparently meant for cartoons, boosting one or the other of the candidates for which the students will vote on the straw election this week. The objection to these drawings lies not in the fact that they are expressions of opinions of the artist, presumably a member of the student body, but that they were to all appearances posted without any thought given to their suitability for school bulletin boards. Little good was done by these "campaign boosters" and probably a good deal of ill-feeling was created by them. The campaign was not even on in the school, at that time, registration not being in order. No doubt the drawings were made and put up by an over-zealous worker, who, needless to say, did not sign his name to his work of art. If we are going to have politics in school, and it is necessary and beneficial to us that we do have them, then they should be fair and square and stand on their own ground, rather than trespass with unnecessary "thrusts" and "hurrahs" on a piece of school property that was to all appearances not intended for them.

CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS IN OCTOBER

As strange as it may seem, members of the chemistry classes have been celebrating. Whether it is Christmas or not, we do not know; but just one peep into 302A would have revealed beautiful bright colored flames leaping forth from wide necked bottles.

White lights! Blue lights! Yellow lights! We have produced every color of the rainbow in some way. We often hear the expression "the lights of New York." Our group being a young crowd of promising discoverers must not work too much in this phase of the work. If we do, we will be referred to as "the lights of High Point high."

Sparklers were made in laboratory when the lighted sulphur wrapped in the end of a piece of iron picture-wire thrust into a bottle of pure oxygen, flamed forth with a surprising brilliancy, throwing off sparkling particles which resembled our Christmas sparklers.

Magnesium ribbon burned with a dazzling light, when thrust into a bottle of oxygen, which momentarily blinded us.

The bright, white light came in a flash like lightning. The flames were beautiful but did not last

long enough for us to appreciate them to the fullest extent. Each time the light was gone we wanted to try it over and over again.

Sulphur, burned, produced a bright blue flame. We could not gaze on this one all day either. Too, the odor is such, that it makes people feel as if they were quietly and without struggle, passing into another world.

When Christmas comes we will still be celebrating. We will probably make Christmas bells, sleighs, and Santa Clauses in bright colors by crystallization, using door bell wire and our old stand-by chemicals, such as copper sulphate, potassium dichromate and alum. If anyone is inquisitive enough and wants to know more about chemicals, solve the problem easily. Take chemistry.

—HELEN WILSON

Friends, if we be honest with ourselves, we shall be honest with each other.—GEORGE MACDONALD

A friend is worth all hazards we can run.—YOUNG.

Be yourself—if other people will stand for it.



TRADITIONS OF HALLOWE'EN

How many of us ever wonder on Hallowe'en night when the witches are abroad and black cats are backest just from where these old traditions that we associate with Hallowe'en came? This question can only be answered in the light of some long-ago centuries.

Many, many years ago in England, before the time of written history, there lived priests who carried on quaint rites in the forests. These priests were called Druids because these ceremonies they carried on were directed to oak trees called "druids." These mysterious rites also paid homage to the sun, on which life depended.

These Celts divided the year into two seasons, the first beginning with May 1, the coming of spring, and the second beginning with October 31, called Sanhain, interpreted "summer's end."

Thus came about the date on which we have our joyous celebrations with smoking caldrons, witches, and broomsticks.

But the first celebrations these Druids held in the forest were not the joyous ones of to-day. They were long, solemn, and dreary celebrations. Sacred fires which had burned upon the altar for the past season were extinguished and new fires built, embers of which were sent to each home to relight the home hearth-fire. Evil spirits, supposed to be abroad at this time, were charmed away by sacrifices upon the altar and by the sacred black cats.

The Romans came as conquerors to England, bringing with them their old Harvest Day, "Pomona's Day." A joyous celebration always took place on this day, signifying the joy for bountiful harvests.

As was natural, these two celebrations, Sanhain and "Pomona's Day" became one. So now had developed a merry celebration with pumpkins, fruits, witches, and broomsticks.

In the fourth century after Christ, a day was set aside in the church to commemorate the early Christian martyrs. It was decided to hold the event on "Pomona's Day, for then enough food would be in the cities to accommodate the crowds. This gathering was termed "All Saints' Day," or, as we have it, "All-Hallows Day."

In no other country in the world today is Hallowe'en remembered so merrily as in America. We use the signs and rites of the old Druid ceremonies, but the gay spirit of the occasion is our heritage of independent America's spirit.

—ANNA GERTRUDE DOUGLAS

A LEGEND OF THE BLACK CAT

Once upon a time, so very long ago that probably even our great-great-grandmother could not remember, there lived a brown dog and a black cat. Now the dog was in love with the cat but she turned traitor to him and broke his little heart. Each night the dog would go out into the garden and howl his misery to dear mother Moon, who understood and sympathized with him. One night while the poor dog was wailing to the moon, and she was shedding her soft light over him, the guardian spirit of puppy-love took him away to the happy hunting-ground, but the cat he punished sorely by making her an omen of bad luck to anyone whose path she crossed, consequently making her one of the least loved animals of the world. And every year, between the hours of 11 and 12 on October 31, the ghost of this unhappy dog haunts all black cats. That is why on Hallowe'en you see them either with arched backs and gleaming eyes, or slinking in the shadows of some deserted house.

ON HALLOWE'EN

The spooks are out on Hallowe'en,
And old black cats are often seen,
The clowns look funny and very gay—
On Hallowe'en.

The old witch rides on a slender broom,
High in the sky, and near the moon.
There's plenty of funny sights to see—
On Hallowe'en.

It is very black on Hallowe'en night,
And the goss and goblins are surely a fright.
The people are wary and they look askance—
On Hallowe'en.

—MOZELLE ROBERTSON

HALLOWE'EN NIGHT

In days of old,
As we've often been told,
This night was held in fear;
Not a soul dared go out,
No one walked about,
For witches, ghosts, goblins were near.

The children all kept by the fireside
With curtains drawn tight
And candles alight,
While witches abroad did ride.

Now Hallowe'en night
Is a time of delight
As ghosts flit from door to door.
There passes a clown,
And a king with a crown,
Tramps, beggars, shicks, sailors galore!

While the rain of confetti falls fast,
Whistles shrill and horns blow
As if they would show
That we've outgrown the fears of the past.

RUBY HICKS

WHAT THE PUMPKIN SAW

On a cool frosty night about half past eleven,
A ghost chased a spook across the dark heavens.

They couldn't walk, they didn't fly.
They seemed to flit across the sky.

But down on the earth—O, miles below—
There was only a field where pumpkins grow.

The goblin, the owl, and the whip-o'-will
All crouched silent on the side of the hill.

The pumpkin saw a shining light,
Two big eyes, burning bright,
Weird shadows gliding among the tall trees,
Leaves rustling faintly without any breeze.

The pumpkin shivered and rolled down the hill
Where he lay breathless, all bruised, and still.

He then turned around to see
An owl perched in a tree.
And this old owl began to shout,
"The goblin's 'll get you if you don't watch out."

—JEANNETTE PETERSON

The following was written by Maxine Kennedy after Miss Hunter's freshman home room had a contest for the best song written about "Hobbies."

I Have a Hobby

Tune: "Here's to High Point."
I have a hobby,
You need one, too.
I am as happy,
You would be too—so—
Rah! Rah!
I have a hobby,
So you must get one.
Fight on for happiness!

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep.—CHAUCER.

FROM THE OTHER WORLD

My grandmother told it to me, and it is so interesting that I am going to tell it to you.

"It first happened in October of the year 1850, when I was only eighteen years old. My mother and I were alone except for the servants, my father having gone to the bedside of my uncle who was very ill.

"Then—it was so sudden that I hardly knew what was happening—there came from the music room strains of the wildest music that I have ever heard. In it were the cries of witches and cats, of ghosts and goblins, and the hum of bats' wings through the air, blended into one grand whole. It was weird and awful, but at the same time beautiful.

"As the full meaning of the song burst upon my befuddled brain, I knew in a flash what it was all about. It was Hallowe'en, and spirits were abroad. But I was so frightened that I dared not see who our visitor might be. Light must have dawned upon my mother at the same instant, for she was looking at me, no longer puzzled, but seemingly possessed of the greatest terror. Some of her fear must have communicated itself to me, for until that moment I had been only dazed, but now I began trembling so that I had to sit down as my mother had already done.

"So far as the servants were concerned, we might as well have been alone, for their quarters were so far to the rear of the house that even if they had been awake, they could not have heard the music.

"Then as suddenly as it had begun, the music stopped. There was a moment's pause, during which we heard light foot steps as someone crossed the music room. At that moment I heard my mother scream, and then everything went black.

"When I regained consciousness, I was in my bed, and two of the servants were leaning over me with terrified faces. They told me that my mother's cry had awakened them, and they had found both of us in a swoon. As my mother had not yet revived, as soon as I could I went to her.

"Within about an hour we had somewhat regained our composure, but there was no sleep for either of us that night.

"The next day when my father returned, we told him of the queer happening of the night before, but he only laughed at our fears, and told us that we had been dreaming.

"Within a few weeks all comment on the episode ceased, and soon we forgot it entirely.

"One year later, my mother, my father, and I were sitting in the living room, which adjoined the music room, when once again we heard the strange music. Mother was immediately so overcome that she could not move; but, although I was greatly frightened, I was not beyond the power of speech.

"Father," I cried, "see what it is!"

"My father, who is afraid of nothing, immediately followed my advice, and opened the doors of the music room. Peering over his shoulder, I witnessed a sight that I shall never forget. Seated at the piano was the ugliest man I ever have seen. The minute he saw us he vanished, but as long as I live I shall never forget that diabolical countenance.

"It seemed that my father and I were frozen in our tracks, for neither of us could move. But soon my father's fear turned to rage against the mysterious intruder. He declared that he would find out who he was, or die in the attempt.

"The next day he set to work to learn all the past history of both the house and the piano. The history of the house threw no light on the mystery. The story of the piano, though, told us everything.

"Early in the year 1801, the piano was first bought by one Mr. Bartholomew, who was one of the most celebrated musicians of his time. Besides being noted for his musical ability, he was notorious because of his evil personality. He was feared by everyone, and had no true friends.

"On October 31, 1802, he was found murdered in his bedroom. (Continued on Page 3)