

THE POINTER

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HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL



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What's the one thing makes us say: Exams are just across the way? (with apologies to ———). We have the answer ready and waiting —The deluge of worried looks on the faces of the seniors—after all they're the ones who will have to face that fatal day.

IS IT RIGHT OR WRONG?

Is it better to attempt a thing and do it wrong or not try to do it at all?

This is the question that seems to have created quite a bit of commotion among the boys around here. That is, the boys who have taken time to stop and think it out, for it is something that needs thinking out. At first it may seem superficial and a question that is without depth, but on second consideration, this is not the case. So many cases arise today where we would like to know the solution of this principal, that we think it would be just as well to stop right now and decide. Do you think that you should refuse to do things because you know that you are not able to do them correctly, or should you go ahead and do the best you can, even though you may be conscious of the fact that you will not do it right? Think about this, and, if you like, write us a note through the columns of the Forum and express your views. They may prove valuable to someone else.

A CHANGED ATTITUDE

Several comments were heard last week on the attitude of the students during the chapel program Monday.

This is not the first time that we have had occasion to call to the attention of others the conduct of the H.P.H.S. pupils in the auditorium. Our remarks have not always been favorable, but this time we wish to take occasion to congratulate the entire student body on the way in which they conducted themselves during the aforementioned time.

It has always been a rather regrettable fact that boys and sometimes girls, even, to be entirely fair, enjoy ridiculing others, especially anyone who has not had as many advantages, perhaps, as the mocker. They seem to get a lot of enjoyment out of it. On after thought, anyone will admit that this is not fair to others, much less does it have a resemblance of politeness. From the changed manner in which the Monday program was received, it is to be hoped that this other deriding, ungenerous attitude is a thing of the past, and that we are able to show others that we are well-bred, and can enjoy the things that others do as well as the performances of our own, which we are prone to think the "best in the world" and incapable of being laughed at.

"LIVES OF GREAT MEN . . ."

When Louis Pasteur was a chemistry student at college, his marks in that subject were not exceptional, and he showed no unusual promise of becoming even an ordinary scientist, much less one of the greatest of all times. The examination that the pupil took in chemistry, on leaving college, received a mark of "mediocre." It was a lecture that he attended, however, that made Pasteur determine to go deeper into the mysteries of the study and solve some of the problems in which he was interested. In the next few years, and throughout his wonderfully useful life, he worked until he discovered some of the formulas that have probably done more to save life, and industry as well, than the work of any other man in any other field. From an average student in chemistry he became one of France's greatest sons; from an ordinary schoolboy he became the greatest scientist of his, and many other ages.

The source of information which we are using here is a short review of the life of the Frenchman. The above stated facts are probably the most interesting of all the story, for they seem to give something far above the ordinary plane to his life story, which in itself is far above the ordinary.

We cannot all be geniuses, but we can all be successes in some way or other. It is hard for some to get along well in their studies, and it is quite often the case that a student who finds a certain subject difficult drops it. Yet how does he know but that that very subject would have been very valuable to him in helping him to succeed in whatever he attempted as his life's work? There are few professions today that do not extend over into other businesses and callings. The man who has at least a fair knowledge of something besides what he uses to earn his "bread and butter" is lucky. He is also going to get much more out of life than is the man who is able to see only one avenue of approach to the goal.

The case which was cited above, that of Pasteur, is exceptional. Usually, anyone who succeeds well in what he undertakes, shows some understanding of and interest in his subject in his early years. It was probably not that Pasteur did not show interest in chemistry, but rather that he did not show talent. The facts that were put down in a science book may have meant nothing to him, but the facts that he had set down in his head and in his mind, were facts that were going to win world-wide acclaim for him. And the man who spoke to him so that he gained inspiration for his wonderful work, held an appeal for the boy that books did not. Tersely, Pasteur was not adept at learning "book sense," but the real substance appealed to him.

This may be the case of some high school students today. Yet, too often those of whom it is true are willing to neglect other things in order to be "through with the job." If Pasteur had not found inspiration in what was going on about him, how much worse off would the world be today?

We all have some talent. It may be latent, but it is there, and it is up to us to see that we get somewhere with it. If you are not a second Pasteur, then you have a position in the world that is just as valuable in a small way. Whatever it is, be sure that you find it out and make the most of it.

Your marks, if they are "mediocre" do not confine you to a small place in this world. Take advantage of all your opportunities, and then cultivate one especially. You are bound to succeed.

FORUM

I OBSERVE A RESURRECTION

It was with some interest that I examined a large cocoon which my little brother Jack brought to me a month or two ago. At the time I could not tell what species of moth it contained, but the chrysalis looked like that of the Cecropia, a large night-flying moth. Jack, who has much curiosity about insects, requested that I open the shell and examine the pupa. This I did reluctantly, because I knew that there was a possibility of killing the young moth, if it was not already dead. When I found that it was alive, I put it back into the chrysalis and placed it in a sheltered place on the front porch.

A few days ago, as I was sitting on the porch I noticed an empty pupa skin being blown about by the breeze. I looked upon the ledge where I had placed the chrysalis, and beheld the full-grown moth clinging to the side of the ledge. The moth had just emerged from the cocoon and had begun to shake out its wings. The wings of the insect were very limp waving about in the wind, and almost pulling the moth from its perch. Knowing that its wings would harden in the wind before the moth could get them entirely straightened, I carefully removed it from its perch and took it into the house.

When a butterfly emerges from the chrysalis, its wings are tightly folded against its sides. The body and wings of the insect are at this time practically colorless. After a short exposure to the light, however, the colors being to show. It is indeed interesting to watch the change from a drab, colorless lump, to a beautiful moth or butterfly as the case may be. After having given ample time for the wings to stiffen and for the color to appear, I examined the moth closely. I did not, however, recognize the markings, and I do not yet know to what species it belongs.

—PHILIP CARPENTER

NEXT YEAR'S POINTER STAFF

THE POINTER has recently issued a call, asking for students who are able to write clear, concise articles, to try out for positions on THE POINTER staff. Do you qualify? Are you able to write well enough for publication? If you can, try. It is your duty to do all that you can for your school. We go out for athletics and do our best in this field. Why not go out for THE POINTER and do our best in this field? We at least want to hold THE POINTER at its present standard. You may be able to help to make it better. Respond to this call and show that you have good school spirit.

—RUBY HICKS

SUNSET

The western sky is turning gold,
'twill shortly now be gray
And o'er the stately mountain heights
fade glimmers of the day;
Then night's deep shades will wrap
the earth,
All sounds shall cease—bitter tears
and mirth.

So is it ever in life's little day
As ever on we ploud our daily way;
Our life seems sometimes like a
sunny morn,
Each hour seems like the silver
hunter's horn.
And yet behind the laughter and
the glee
There come the sorrows we cannot
see,

Sorrows like the little clouds that
pace
Their dark'ning path across the
sun's bright face.

As children point to stars as toys
And shout with glee in childish
joys,
So we with pain-filled eyes e'er
forward ply
As though to something like the
sky.

With trembling, toilworn hands we
grobe
At our invisible half-fancied hope;
But plucking at the radiance of the
stars
We only find bare sordiness that
mars.

Perhaps the afternoons of stormy
rain
Are like our lives of soul wearying
pain,
But yet, in the blue ethereal sky
up there,
A light is shining still—somewhere.

The fog is lifting at the twilight
time,
And o'er us comes a quiet peace
sublime;
The light beams down—a steady
ray,
And drives our earthly cares away.

The western sky is turning gold,
'twill shortly now be gray
And over the stately mountain
heights, fade glimmers of the
day.
We go on living, but our day is
almost done;
Begin our joys—our pain is ended
with the sun.
—FRANCES DOUGLAS

NEW STRING ENSEMBLE GIVES PROGRAM SUNDAY

Is First Group of Kind Ever Organized In School. Marks Opening of National Music Week.

The string ensemble directed by Miss Virginia Frank, and assisted by Mr. Gurney Briggs, local tenor, gave a concert Sunday, May 5, as the opening of the program for national music week. This concert was given under the auspices of the Musical Art Club in the high school auditorium at 4:30 in the afternoon.

The program was as follows: Menuetto, from F Major Concerto, Handel. Andante, from The Surprise Symphony, Hayden. Excerpt, from the Creation, Hayden. Orchestra.

Vocal selections, Gurney Briggs, tenor. Andante Cantabile, Tchaikowsky, String quartette. Secth from an Indian Suite. Louise Write. Salut D'Armour, Elgar, Orchestra.

The string ensemble is the first one ever organized at High Point high school. Much credit for the success of the ensemble is attributed to the director, Miss Virginia Frank.

Candidates for President of Student Council

Rose Askew, class treasurer, (freshman); monogram club four years; junior dramatic club; senior dramatic club, vice president, 1928-29; glee club and operetta, 1926-27; honor society; volley ball (captain, freshman year; basket ball team, three years; hockey team, junior year; track team, three years; chairman Program committee, junior class; member of girls' council; secretary N. C. student council congress from 1929-30.

Ernest Bailey: Only freshman representative on the committee appointed by Mr. Johnston to draw up the constitution for the student council, president of science club, (freshman), junior Hi-Y

club, (freshman and sophomore), represented the junior Hi-Y club at the ninth older boys' conference at Hickory, N. C., Dec. 2, 3, 4, 1928. Senior Hi-Y club, (junior).

J. D. Koonce: French club, glee club, junior and senior H-Y's, 1928 soccer team, 1929 baseball team, vice president of sophomore class, defeated at election of president of junior class by Edgar Allen.

Adelaide Crowell: Girl reserves, (4 years), science club, (1 year), glee club (3 years), orchestra (3 years) and national honor society (1 year).

Nell McMullan: At Edenton high school: Member of McIver literary society for two years; treasurer of society last year, on debating team for McIver literary society against Aycock literary society last year, secretary-treasurer of freshman class, historian of freshman class for annual, member of basketball squad. At High Point school, member of girls' council.

THREE NEW PICTURES WILL ADORN LIBRARY, OFFICE AND CLASSROOM

Works of Outstanding Artists Were Selected By Committee.

A selection of three of the pictures which are to be hung in the school has been made. They are "The Whistling Boy" by Frank Duveneck, "The Home of the Heron," by Inness, and "Cordelia's Farewell" by Abbey. All of these painters are among America's foremost artists, and Inness is considered quite the best contemporary landscape artist in the country.

The Whistling Boy
Frank Duveneck

"The Whistling Boy" is Duveneck's best known work. Duveneck said of painting the head of a portrait, "Paint that until it lives, and then paint the rest up to it." In this picture his work testifies to the fact that he has done this. The head shows the artist's skill in modeling with the brush. The picture is drawn with Duveneck's characteristic fine, dashing assurance.

The Home of the Heron
Inness

"The Home of the Heron" is one of Inness' best known pictures. The artist lives up to the reputation of being America's best landscape painter in this work. He has taken for his subject an ordinary marshy glen in the Everglades of Florida and has made it so vividly alive with the glow of evening that one instinctively feels his great love for nature.

Cordelia's Farewell
Edward Austin Abbey

King Lear of Britain, having reached the age of 60 years, decided to divide his kingdom between his three daughters, and to reserve for himself only the title of king. In order to decide how to divide his possessions, he asked each of his daughters to give him a profession of her love. Goneril, and Regan, the elder daughters made extravagant declarations of their love, while Cordelia, who was the only one who really loved her father, refused to boast of the fact. In a rage, King Lear divided his possessions between his two elder daughters.

In the picture, "King Lear", Abbey's remarkable imaginative qualities have been given full rein. The arrogance and hypocrisy of the two beautiful sisters, Goneril and Regan, the rare loveliness of Cordelia, her forced resignation to her father's unjust decree, the faithfulness of her suitor, and the utter despair of the king, his attendants and even his hounds, are dramatically pictured. Some of the most charming features of the picture are: the pleasing color harmonies, the effective grouping of the characters, and the unusual grace of the figures.

The pictures will be hung in Mr. Johnston's office, the library and Mr. Owen's senior room respectively.

Seize the present day.—Horace.