

THE POINTER

Published every Thursday by the Students of High Point High School



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THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1931

Editorials

SEMESTER REPORTS

From various newspaper comments the Wickersham report passed to President Hoover the other day was neither positively good or negatively bad. Perhaps it was like some of our semester reports—just so so.

THE NEXT SEMESTER

Very probably, our editorial eavesdropping will be censored, but we beg clemency since we were truly benefited by a conversation between two members of the freshman class. Both were expatiating on the difficult mid-term examinations, and both determined made resolutions for harder studying in the next semester. We were later moved to do the same thing, and we have since heard others resolve as firmly as the freshmen. If the fragrance of flowers is less tantalizing and the summons of the balmy out of doors is not so strong next spring, there is no reason why we all should not succeed in our purpose.

A DISTINCT HONOR

That the Boy Scout organization in the city of High Point should provide three winners of the Harmon Foundation Award is no little distinction. It is an honor that has come to no other scout council or school in the United States.

The third local winner of the scholarship, the president of the student body, scored in the rating near the top of the list of some thousand scouts who competed for the coveted honor. To Frank Sizemore we extend congratulations.

May High Point and the Uwharrie Council of which Mr. Bunn Hackney is the capable leader, continue to produce these youths who by virtue of their superior mental and moral standing will be entitled to the Harmon Foundation Award in the succeeding years.

EXPRESSION OF OPINION

One occasionally hears in a classroom during the course of a discussion the remark, "I have a right to express my opinion about anything I wish."

How far does this right to speak independently extend?

It is the duty of a liberal education wrote the philosopher Plato, "to develop in the future rulers the power of independent thought." Thus, class discussion in which all have an opportunity to participate is to be encouraged. However, those students who insist on forcing their own opinions on an unappreciative audience, who monopolize the period for their selfish interests, and finally, who because they have really nothing of importance to add, talk mainly to hear the sound of their voices, are taking advantage of the extended privilege.

We do have the inherent right to express personal opinion, but that right consists in making an intelligent expository comment whether it be critical or otherwise, and not merely in contending ineffectually only for the sake of argument.

Often, however, it is the better part of wisdom and propriety to withhold our own views and to consider the rights of others.

Casuals of the Sea

Snookum Bookum, the big Swedish longshoreman, walked back and forth on the ebony-inlaid deck of his ferry-boat, memorizing Gray's "Elegy" softly in Arabic. His pet poodle, owing to the heat of the day was curled up in the shade of the deck-house, oblivious to the flying snow-flakes.

The longshoreman sounded two notes on his whistle, and six mid-shipmen in pink jerseys danced out of the forecastle.

"Stop when we come to the Gulf Stream," directed Snookum Bookum. "We're almost out of gas. And then wake up the cash passengers. Throw the rest overboard."

"Aye, aye, sir." Three and five-eights seconds later the ship's company staggered up the companionway as the clock struck thirteen. All were suffering from the blind staggers in one eye. First strode one Mr. Kill-ensensoakem, leaving little pools of brimstone where he stepped. He was a life-insurance agent, and was attempting to sell his mother-in-law, one Mrs. Ruffrap, a policy. Then came young Oscar de Beautraps O'Finnegan, hand in hand with his young fiance, Lucy Lovejoy.

"I protest against this outrage!" cried Professor Splatterdash, utterly destroying his permanent wave.

"And what, pray, are ya going to do about it?" queried the Swede, growing a mustache and pulling the ends viciously.

"Listen!" interrupted the professor suddenly. From far below the water line came the sounds of majestic snores. The deck-planking rose and fell gently.

"Tis well!" hissed Prof. Splatterdash. "I am pursued. Will you assume the tremendous responsibility connected with a machine of this sort?"

"What do you mean?" asked the Swede, anxiously turning to page 65 of his geometry textbook.

"This!" The professor hauled out a bulky bundle which he slipped into the set of his ring. "This invention will revolutionize the pneumatic tire industry. It is founded on the theory of perpetual motion, and it makes fat men thin, thin men impressive, endears you to your frineds, and makes the hair long and curly. Gaze—I don't ask that you take my word for it, but gaze—. In short gentlemen, this is a little invention for the purpose of television, paper cutting, and toasting sandwiches. It is on sale for the nominal sum of sixteen thousand dollars, but it causes me so much trouble that I will be glad to let you have it as a gift." Here the snores ceased, and the deck-planking came down from the crow's nest, where it had taken refuge.

"They're after me," cried the professor. They were opposite the Canary Islands, and the air was filled with music. The professor leaped overboard and began to strike out with long, majestic strokes.

"Can you make it?" shouted the Swede, anxiously.

"Sure," answered the professor, "I'll swim to Bermuda and catch the midnight train for home!"

Left alone, Snookum Bookum turned to his guests. O'Finnegan and Miss Lovejoy had got married, and the life insurance agent and Mrs. Ruffrap, tired of life, had killed each other. Thus we find Snookum Bookum in undisputed possession of the field. He turned to the little ring on his finger. When he had adjusted the dials, a low humming sound came fourth. Louder and louder it swelled, until it was directly overhead. Then they knew. It was the aurora borealis in hot pursuit of the Tropic of Capricorn.

He turned again to the little ring. This time, soft music floated gently forth. Then voices. A murmur at first, then crisper and more clear as the cook stirred in more lard, he heard:

"Herbert, hadn't you better stop at the corner store and get some jelly beans for the children? You know, the grandchildren will be here tonight."

"Can't, my dear," came the response, "I'll be late for night-school if I do."

"The President!" muttered Snookum Bookum, whipping off his rough cap respectfully.

A Clump of Aspens

(Mary Drew Dalton)
High on a hill, amid tall meadow grass,
Swaying and trembling in the breeze,
Circled by south-winging birds in their flight,
Stands a small clump of aspen trees.

Graceful they seem against the cloud-filled sky.
Like tall waving reeds on a river's edge;
Bending and swishing before the wild wind,
Forming a willowy, twisting green hedge.

The Student

(Dora Samet)
Time: Evening.
Place: The living room in any home.
Character: Any boy.
"Oh, gee! Wish I didn't have to study tonight. Wouldn't either, only exams are most here. Believe me those teachers sure know how to give a fellow plenty of work to do. I never get time to go anywhere or do anything but study all day long."

He takes up a book and apparently reads for three minutes.

"Gosh! There go the fire trucks! Oh, ma, there's a fire up the street. No, I won't get hurt. You just ought to see the smoke. Bet it's going to be a sure enough big one this time. . . . Yes'm, I'll come right back and study."

Silence in the room until the boy enters fifteen minutes later.

"Yes, ma, I'm home. Shucks, it wasn't nothin' but a car burning up inside a garage."

"These lessons sure do tie a fellow down. Can't go anywhere or do anything. Heck!"

Voice from the next room: "Get your lessons, son!"

"All right, I'm studying but—There goes the ambulance, Ma! It's up on Jones street. Be back in two seconds. Just going to see who's smashed up."

Silence again until the boy comes in twenty minutes later.

"Yes, ma, I'm here. Wasn't nothing at all—just taking a man to the hospital, and he wasn't hollering or nothin'."

He concentrates for at least five minutes.

"Say, ma, can I go out and play with the fellows a little bit? I been studying all evening. I'll only stay out a little while?"

There is quiet in the room now for the space of an hour.

"I'm back ma. . . . I know I didn't stay an hour. Didn't seem like it outside. Guess I'll finish my lessons now, but I'm getting awful sleepy. Those teachers sure are hard on us, making us study like this. Yah! I'm tired. I'll go to bed now, ma. Anyway, I've got lots of time to study in school. Good-night!"

Radio Column

PHIL COOK, radio's one man show, is presented by the Quaker Oats Company over the National Broadcasting Company and its associated stations each week-day evening. Mr. Cook plays all the parts in his comic sketches and changes from one character to the other so fast that the change can hardly be detected. His programs are packed full of wit and good humor.

REAL FOLKS SKETCHES is a program that every one, old or young, wise or otherwise, will thoroughly enjoy. This program is a sketch of a little town called Tompkin's Corner, with a population of fifty people, who have a town band, a mayor, and a tremendous group of loud-mouthed women. It is presented each Monday night.

JAKE AND LENA, radio's most popular comedians other than Amos 'n Andy, are presented by the Quaker Oats Company over the N. B. C. network each weekday morning at 8 o'clock. The program includes

Note: This is the first of a series of literary delirium tremenses to be written by Barnacle Bill, (known to the police as J. Gurney Briggs).

Library News

The library statistics, as to circulation, for the soon-ending first semester show a rather marked decrease over those of last year. The number of books issued during September was 2,436, a great many more than were issued last year in the same month. October's 3,817 fell below the number a year ago, as did November's circulation of 3,284, and, also, December's of 2,343. However, there were only twelve days in the school month of December this year. The difference in the total of the book circulation for the first four months of school this year as compared with last year is not very noticeable; the total for last year was 12,999, and this year it fell off probably one hundred.

In the show case this week the pamphlets and booklets made by Social Science II students under Miss Lindsay were presented. The booklets were representing the Medieval times, the covers of most of them having "The Age of Chivalry" printed on them in paper letters.

The new bookshelves in the library near study hall 206 contain books for the benefit of the faculty members. This department of "Professional Reading" has been built up during the past few years. Mr. Johnston wishes to make it as strong and as worth while as possible. Discussions of methods and suggestions for work in the various departments are likely to prove of much benefit to those who are making use of the books.

An S.O.S. Call

"Mary Edith Woody and Lucille Ramseur are visiting high school today," announced the editor as she rushed in during the second period last Wednesday morning to find out whether or not the delayed proof had come.

Parenthetically it might be in order to explain that the breaking down of the linotype machine at the print shop was responsible for the unusual delay.

"Good!" exclaimed the adviser. Bring them in and ask them to read proof."

When the visitors came in a few minutes later, they were received—figuratively at least—with open arms but with the rather abrupt salutation: "We need help in reading proof. Will you do it?"

"Of course," agreed Mary Edith, getting a pencil and beginning with the directness and thoroughness characteristic of her work on last year's staff.

"Tell me how, and I'll try it," said Lucille.

Having received a few hurried directions, she also settled down to work. and by the end of the period could almost have qualified as a regular proof reader.

And now a question arises that puzzles the minds of those who profited by the unexpected assistance. Was it a favorable conjunction of the stars, or was it just pure luck which caused the two girls to plan their visit for that particular time? Who will answer this question?

minutes of clean, wholesome fun and enjoyment as portrayed by these two accomplished artists.

COLLIER'S RADIO HOUR is probably the only program that comes near having something for everybody. It has two plays, usually a talk on the government or unemployment situation, and humorous anecdotes, including a laboratory tour with Professor Butts. It uses the best talent obtainable in music, oratory, and dramatics.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH, a unique church that is presented each Sunday evening at 7 o'clock by station WLS only. This program hardly seems like a church service. A well-selected choir sings several old hymns, and then a story is told that deals with some situation in the present day life. The stories are told in such a simple manner that even a child can understand them.

(Consult the radio program in each evening's issue of the Enterprise).