

THE POINTER

Published every Thursday by the Students of High Point High School



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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1931

Editorials

As popular as the "flu" with the girls' basketball team.

JOHN MUNYAN

The staff has been crippled by the loss of John Munyan who, surrounded by flowers and Charlie Chan mystery stories, is recovering from an operation at the High Point hospital. Meanwhile Micky the Mouse who occupied our efficient reporter's locker during the Christmas holidays, and who was the subject of a lengthy feature story, will have ample time to make merry—supposedly at the expense of our staff member.

ABDULLAH RETURNS

Thomas Carpenter, whose word was supreme in the news laboratory last year, was a visitor to the "Pointer" office recently. The renowned ex-editor, whose dignity has not been impaired one whit by having joined the ranks of freshmen at High Point college, gallantly threw himself into the breach at a time when affairs around the "Pointer" office were most critical and with his usual calmness aided the group of frantic proof readers with their weekly puzzle-solving. Thus, for other reasons than "auld lang syne" the successor to editor Carpenter welcomed his presence. As long as the hungry clicking of typewriters can be heard on Friday afternoons, the door to the "Pointer" sanctum will be open to our Abdullah Bunfullah, as his associates dubbed him in those distant days when he too realized the pains of copy hunger and experienced the same joys and woes that are now ours.

TIEN AND NOW

In so many figures, found elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Johnston has recorded the progress of the school since the first year of his principalship. He has revealed in terms of per cent the almost phenomenal development of the institution.

For us, disregarding the numbers, the survey affords an interesting and striking contrast between the H. P. H. S. of a decade ago and the school that we know today. We compare the old building located in the central part of town, housing its half a thousand students with the imposing and modern structure that graces a wide green campus—the plant with its thousand students that has been acclaimed as ideal by architects and foremost educators of the country.

We see the library in 1922 with its inadequate supply of books and no regular librarian, and compare it with the center of reading today with its two librarians—a quiet beautiful room complete with paintings and statuary where one may lose himself in literature of any type or period.

The faculty and the various departments have likewise undergone as decided changes. Athletics had its inception ten years ago. At the present time the school employs a coach and two physical directors who have produced no few winning teams for the Blue and White. Meanwhile, various organizations have been begun that have added immeasurably to the strength of our system. Innumerable other factors have contributed to our astounding growth.

All of these things attest the loyalty and cooperative spirit that exists in the student body. It reflects also the capabilities of both principal and superintendent. Indeed, we have a right to be proud of High Point high school. At the termination of another decade may we be able to point to it with even greater admiration than we feel today.

Van Winkle's Rival

"Is your decision, then, final?" queried the newspaper men, clustering around Prof. Alibiades Swizzle-tinkle in his magnificent mausoleum. "Yes. And consider the interview at an end."

The news hounds, weeping, departed, and left the great man incarcerated, with no other companion than his faithful drum of Swiss cheese, Oscar. For the great chemist was attempting to break the non-stop sleep record, held by Van Winkle of Sleepy Hollow, and had resigned his lucrative post as mattress-tester for a bed-company to this end.

Having denied a statement to the press, he ate his usual frugal thirteen-course dinner, capped by stewed grapefruit and liverwurst, and then, feeling the need for mental exercise, solved the mystery of the fifth dimension, invented a machine for perpetual motion, neutralized gravity for five minutes, read another chapter of "Diamond Dick," and went to bed.

The night wore on, as it had done for lo, these millions of years, and the chemist floated gently through the crevices in his marble crypt, and in his dream accosted the Spirit of Night, and rebuked him for wearing on; "For," said the professor, "on is recognizedly out of date, out of style, and out at elbow."

"But I've worn on," cried Night, "ever since there was any night." "Let me think." So with one foot on the sandhills of Michigan, and a finger in the plum pudding, he cogitated. Night still wore on.

At length, as the sun rose over the western sky, in geometric patterns of gray-green and blue, a thunderbolt struck our hero.

"I have it!" he cried. "Wear off, and change your name to anasthetic!"

"My hero! Name your reward!" "A plate of baked beans and a new pair of horn-rimmed spectacles," replied the modest disciple of learning.

Prof. Swizzle-tinkle awoke. Day was just breaking. He rushed out to catch the fragments.

His mausoleum was ornamented with a red tag, and a policeman stood by it in warlike attitude.

"I protest! What does this mean?" "Don't you see that sign?" replied the unmoved guardian of the people's rights. "Forty-five minute parking."

"But a mausoleum! I don't see—" "Say, buddy," said the copper, "it's a real privilege to be dead nowadays."

"What year is this, anyway?"

"1930, if you must know." This with a graceful twirl of his club.

"Hot dawg! I've won!" And Swizzle-tinkle dashed across town to the office of his sponsor.

Everything was changed. Brussels sprouts covered the doorway, and the desk was embellished with a lovely grog-blossom in horn-rimmed spectacles.

"I want the prize money!" shouted our hero.

"What for?"

"For sleeping nineteen years."

"Oh," laughed the man at the desk, "we thought you weren't going to come to, and had a swell funeral for you. That's where the money went."

ON CRAMMING

(Thomas Jones)

"Well, here goes," groaned the ill-feeling lad as he began that well-known industry of cramming on the eve of his worst day. After reviewing the subject completely—which was very little trouble as he knew nothing of it. Anyway he allowed his thoughts to wander. Before he realized it, he was wondering why the teacher would or could think of such an ill-begotten way of testing the knowledge he was supposed to have acquired in the house of learning.

As he began on that wondrous subject of old, Latin, he wondered what chance he would have of ever using it; so he gnashed his teeth and attacked his work savagely. He did not stop to think how much good the subject would do him in future life, but could you have seen that side of the question at such a critical time?

Winter

(Gladys Cooper)

Winter is here with its ice and snow. Get on your sled and away we'll go, Down the hill to a little nook; Then with a crash into the brook.

Skies are as blue as skies can be; Come on all and follow me Over the glistening, snowy ground, We'll go sledding down, down, down.

Over the packed and gleaming snow Children come and children go; Pulling their sleds to the top of the hill,

Down they go for a hearty spill.

Twists and Turns

Live and Learn

The following information was culled from history tests:

"Martin Luther conquered England in 1066."

"Queen Isabella gave the world a greater knowledge of China."

"Joan of Arc painted the Mona Lisa."

"Man learned to talk after he learned to write."

"Martin Luther made the statue of Moses."

Good Citizen

First Boy: "Who's the most progressive fellow in high school?"

Second Boy: "Why, Jeddy Garland, of course. He's been doing his best to lengthen Gatewood Avenue."

Who Does This?

It's all right to make solo flights, but amateur aviators needn't fly so low that the high school girls are in danger of losing their heads.

LORNA FANTON—STAR GAZER

(Crystal gazing a specialty. Hours 3:30 to 9:00 p. m. every day except Sunday)

Feb. 6—Today ends a cycle. Leave no strings untied. Leave nothing over. It might rain today or it might snow.

Feb. 7—Stormy weather. Your soul will likewise be stormy. If you lose your temper today, you will regret it.

Feb. 8—Be not strenuous in your undertakings today. Keep your head and do nothing rashly.

Feb. 9—Be sure you make a good start on this day; otherwise you may fail.

Feb. 10—Make no great decisions on this day. Simply drift along, keeping your head above water. Trust not the advice of others.

Feb. 11—An excellent time for putting things over. All you attempt will be successful.

Feb. 12—"Honest Abe's birthday. Be sure to act honestly, or it may go hard with you. Be not lax in your business dealings on this day.

Feb. 13—Undertake anything you wish, but make no promises on this day, for you will be certain to break them.

Feb. 14—Both the weather and your heart will be warmer on this day than on previous days. This is a favorable time to get all sentimentality out of your system. Carry none of it over to spring.

As Others See Us

"My, I wonder who lives here! Nobody it seems. . . Gee, I'll take that back. That was a close shave. . . This must be a lunatic asylum. . . A big bell rings and all creation bursts out into the halls. . . I'd better be moving."

"Say, I smell something. . . Wouldn't mind having some of it. . . Sniff, Ouch! Believe me, that shoe was plenty big."

"There are too many stairs round here to suit me. . . Shucks! There goes that bell again!"

"Uh! I was half way up when those maniacs came tearing down. . . Say, who do you think you are anyway. . . Pushing everybody out of the way like that?"

Seen In the Library

The show case now exhibits designs for linoleum and for printed goods made by Annie May Bogan, Christine Bradley, and Velna Winslow in Miss Russell's geometry classes.

All you air minded, take along "Air Conquest" by Davis, a new and interesting book.

James M. Barrie has written a quaint and appealing drama, "Quality Street." It is a story of quaint old maids, of gossip, and the evils of the period during the Napoleonic Wars. It will soften the hardest hearts.

Ferns and flowers are adding touches of natural color to the library. A primrose adorns the desk and pots of ferns fill up the bare corners, lending charm to the vacancies.

"New York" by Paul Morand, is the latest addition to the book shelves. The book contains vivid descriptions of life in one of the world's largest cities, and of the buildings and places of interest. The book has illustrations portrayed in black and white of some of the great buildings.

A book which has been interesting to members of the faculty is "An American Idyll" by Parker, a book of home life and cares. It will probably interest some of the higher minds in our student body.

"We," a colored print of Lindbergh's ship, "Spirit of St. Louis," is posted on the bulletin board next to the entrance.

"The Book of Courage" by Herman Hagedorn, which is now on display in the library, offers a challenge to the youth of today. It is a story of heroes from Moses to Lindbergh. These men and women, who are torches and who have illuminated their own centuries for us, set examples of bravery that are brought out by the author of this book. "The Book of Courage" is well worth reading.

Under Suspicion

Groups of students gathered in the corridors, whispering excitedly to one another. There was only one topic of conversation. A murderer was at large!

"Haven't they found him yet?" tremblingly inquired one girl.

"No," came the answer from another, "they can't run him down."

"How terrible to be held in suspense like this," whispered a third member of the group, shivering as she glanced over her shoulder down the hall.

"What's all this talk about?" inquired a new student who had entered school only that morning. Who's been murdered? The papers haven't said anything about it, have they?"

"Why don't you know? There's been an unpardonable crime committed. Some one—so Mr. Owens says—has murdered the King's English. He'll be severely punished if he is caught."

"How?" inquired the newcomer.

"He'll get a low grade on his report."

OLD SONGS ARE SUNG

Some songs flourish and are forgotten in a few months, while others retain their popularity throughout the years. Among this latter class are found "The Sunshine of Your Smile," "Our Yesterdays," "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses," "The World Is Waiting For the Sunrise," "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling," and "Just Around the Corner"—all of which were sung by the student body at Tuesday assembly, under the direction of Mr. L. L. Stookey.

Some of us find joy in toil, some in art, some in the open air and the sunshine. All of us find it in simply being alive. —Selected.

"Get out and stay out did you say? Well, I will, but I'll let you know that I have feelings even if I am just a German police dog!"