

THE POINTER

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Chagrin For the French Mentor

We were extremely sorry to learn of the mishap that befell Miss Bell on her recent trip to Charlotte, to attend the conference of teachers which took place there.

Truly, a malicious Fate must have brooded over this particular conference, that would have schemed so invidiously to rob the conclave of the words of wisdom which would otherwise have fallen from the lips of High Point's teacher.

How unfortunate that the boiler should have chosen such a time to burst! In better charity, it might have burst at once, sparing Miss Bell the ordeal of a wait, or might best have allowed her to conclude.

"Roasting" the Popular Song

Although we are a peacable spirit, and not much given to radical statements which might bring down on our head a foretaste of the wrath to come, yet, at certain intervals, we charge, Quixote-like, into the windmill of public opinion.

The popular song is not, harmonically speaking, music. Or rather, it is music of the most elementary type. Each and every popular song yet inflicted on a long-suffering public conforms to the simplest of all harmonic forms—the simple eight-measure phrase, with a contrasting theme, and then a repetition of the original phrase.

This suggests mass production. In our mind's eye we see song-writers turning out hundreds of songs, all precisely alike, all hung on the same framework.

What wretched grammar the lyrics employ! What sickening travesties on the holy estate of Love! What maundering, feeble, inane, witless substitutes for poetry are these!

Behold some of the following expressions of divine, poetic feeling:

"... I found that love don't hesitate until too late." "I should hate you, but I guess I love you..." "Then if you'll fall once for all, I'll see my dreams come true."

Some, of course will object, pointing out the usefulness of the popular song as dance-music. To this we would reply that its usefulness in that respect is only borrowed from the tango rhythm, and from pure jazz.

STUDENT OPINION

Why Study Latin

(By Virgil Carrick)

Those who are debating whether or not to study Latin often ask themselves these questions: Why should I study Latin? How will it help me? We should not consider whether or not the subject is difficult, for sometimes the things which seem the hardest prove to be the most enjoyable, to say nothing of being the most profitable.

We often in life come across English words which we do not understand. Latin aids us in understanding these words. More than one half the words in the English dictionary come from the Latin language.

In law and in medicine many words, such as jury, legal, hospital, invalid, and patient, are Latin in origin. In prescriptions doctors use abbreviations of Latin words or the pure words as they are found in this language today.

In first-year Latin comes the foundation of the language. The case forms, some case relations, and the tense and voice of verbs are taken up. Simple stories are read.

Second-year Latin deals chiefly with translation. Mythology is taken up, interesting reports are made, and the stories of famous mythological characters are translated from the Latin. Later, both the customs and the ideals of the Romans are read in English and in the simple Latin stories.

For these reasons it would be profitable for a student to form an interest in Latin.

Choice of an Elective

(By Thomas Gordy)

The average high school student has a very vague idea of the chemistry course offered in this school. When a student signs up for chemistry, he signs up for a subject that deals with problems which come up every day.

The course takes in the study of air, water, atmosphere, gases, photography, and many other interesting topics. While the student is learning about water, hydrogen and oxygen are united and water is formed.

The composition of air and the atmosphere is also studied in order to find out how much of the air is a certain gas or compound.

While the various subjects are being studied, experiments are carried on by students and instructor, and trips are made to different places. The composition of sugars, alcohols, salts, and starches are studied, and some of the compounds are made in the laboratory.

Chemistry does not require any more time than any other elective subject, and it gives a student a general idea of everyday chemistry by the time he has completed the course.

WATCH FOR HIM

"If my dog were lost and I should want to run an add for him in the lost and found column of the daily paper I could easily identify him. He is a large dog with brown spots on him, he has a white spot on both hind legs and on one of his front legs he has a wide collar on which has the initials A. B. C. and the collar is black. The dog is a shepherd and could be very easily found by this edification."—Student's Theme.

Freshman Verse

The following verses were written by members of the freshman civics class, taught by Miss Anne Albright, in connection with the lessons concerning the development of the community.

THE PIONEER

(By James Dry)

The pioneer man was brave and true, And usually had something hard to do; You never saw him just sitting around, He was always hunting for worlds not found.

He roamed the hills and the forest's domain; He fought the Indians on the sun-baked plain; He got his food with his trusty old gun— This of necessity and not for fun.

We owe the pioneers a very large debt, And if we can't repay it, we surely can help By living a life that with brightness will shine, One that will go down in the records of time.

TO OUR PIONEER FATHERS

(By Charles Harville)

Men of the west, we salute you! Strong and brave and free, With the spirit of adventure in you, Exploring from sea to sea.

Blazing trails to the western plains, To the north and the south and the east, Defying wind and rain and storm, Defying man and beast.

Men of the west, we salute you! We owe a debt to you For our homes and the comforts we have, And for this great country too.

Just A Few Yeasty Yokes

And, Speaking of Yokes

"The yolk's on you!" yammered ye Puritan to ye transgressor, heaving a basket of henfruit at the pillory.

Shades of Bernarr McPadding!

"Why is Gontranz so self-contained?" "Didn't you know? It's his Corporal Punishment belt!"

Turn All the Way Over, Mr. Cato.

Latinist: What do you know about the Latin syntax? Primitive Ineptitude: It was a tax the Romans put on theft or arson—I've forgotten which!

Insipidity

Iiftschitz: What is your idea of a Russian composer? Schmidt: Irving Berlin in front of a pack of hounds!

Good Enough Reason

Min: Why is your face so red? Din: Cause Min: Cause what? Din: Causemetics.

Two Luks Have I—

Two seniors were lolling in the auditorium boning Shakespeare one rainy Friday when one said: "Is this stuff blank verse?" "Naw," returned the other, "It's blankety-blank verse."

Paddy On the Green

O'Higgins: Who was St. Patrick? Burney: Sure, he wasn't an English teacher!

Invocation to Diana

"Do you like hare and hounds?" "No, I like for my dogs to be smooth-coated."

Do You Smoke?

"Oswald, I thought you knew better than to inhale that cigar!" "No, you're wrong. The reason I look pale is that I've just flunked the test in which I was told the questions and answers in advance!"

Perseverance

ABC: What would you think of a

I HEARD

The Easter holidays afforded Dorothy Crawley and Helen Jones a real thrill. The two girls had their first experience in aviation, and although Dorothy had to jump about when she came down to convince herself that she had arrived, she declares that the feeling experienced while in the air was well worth while.

So Virginia is yellow! No, we don't mean that it is a coward, but that it is of that particular shade, just as North Carolina is green. Sometime ago when Bob Hoskins, Bill Hayworth, and Shave Salsbury were journeying from N. C. to Virginia, it is said that Sherrod would not believe they were in the latter state because it was not yellow as it was pictured on the map which they were using.

Ever since our return from the Easter holidays we have been wondering why Marjorie Sprye has been so excited, enthusiastic, exultant, and seemingly overjoyed, and at last we have reached the end of our investigations. While on her trip to Washington over the week-end she was so fortunate as to have seen the wonderful crooner—we mean, of course, the one and only Rudy Vallee.

Several days ago a teacher came from a room on third floor to find standing by the door a certain senior and a certain sophomore. The couple were evidently very much absorbed in their conversation, for it seems that the girl was giving her farewell address. As she is going to take the long and dangerous trail to Burlington, where the road is beset with wild Indians and the perils of that locality are numerous and the chances of returning few, before leaving she had to bid her lover a tearful and somewhat pathetic goodbye.

We are indebted to Mr. Earl Andrews for the information that the proposition in geometry concerning the dropping of a perpendicular line from the right angle of a right triangle to the hypotenuse is the missing link between the amoeba and the Magna Charter.

PET PHRASES

Most persons have one phrase which they unconsciously use much of the time. Several that are so pronounced that they would identify their users even in the Sahara Desert are: Brunella Guenther—"Come to my arms, little one."

Lois Hedgecock—"Consider yourself defeated."

J. Gurney Briggs—"And by the way—"

Nancy Hill—"Hooley!"

Mr. Patrick—"Blow me down."

Sally Baynes—"Mon Dieu!"

Julia Coe—"Get thee hence!"

Walter Hargett—"It seems that—"

Miss Meador—"Then, too."

Marguerite Burrus—"Fierce!"

Mr. Jones—"That reminds me of—"

Ernestine Asbury—"Uh—yes!"

Virginia Fraley—"Oh, you—"

George Armfield—"Nertz!"

person who wooed a widow for twenty years?

Spratt's: He's either a Scotchman or in arrears for his board!

That Let-Down Feeling

A brisk young man in a sack suit stepped briskly up to a person of athletic build and opening his portfolio, said:

"My good sir, I represent the so-and-so company, world's greatest manufacturing chemists. Now,—and here the chap went off into a strange interlude of oratorical gibberish, working himself into a veritable frenzy of salesmanship.

At last the chap paused for breath, then, with a final flourish, concluded: "And this marvelous value, this stupendous bargain, this marvelous sunburn lotion, is yours for the nominal sum of fifty-five cents!"