

THE POINTER

OF HIGH POINT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

High Point, N. C.

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DO WE CHEAT?

"Do we cheat?" is a question each and every one of us should ask ourselves. We should seriously consider it and answer truthfully in an effort to correct ourselves. This deadly foe of honesty is menacing each and every student here. Yet what do we do about it?

The questionnaire should have set your brains whirling and discussion throughout the day should really have made that thinker start clicking. The last question is the most important one in our minds and so should be given more consideration. The fact that cheating is going on in our school is not so important as the fact that it can be stopped and must be stopped.

Many ways have been suggested. Some are: give separate tests to the rows; have studies for a part of class period; denounce the offenders publicly; divide students into honor groups; emphasize important subject matter; and review before tests.

By any one of these methods, we believe that cheating can be eliminated. Will you cooperate in killing this evil?

—M. L. H.

GETTING AN EDUCATION

George Horace Lorimer once said, "You'll find that education is about the only thing lying around loose in this world, and that it's about the only thing that a fellow can have as much of as he's willing to haul away. Everything else is screwed down tight and the screwdriver is lost."

When the 3:15 bell rings, school and lessons are usually forgotten until 8:30 the next morning—few of us are "hauling away" education with high honors. Something seems to be lacking. For the senior class to start strenuous study now is almost impossible, but sophomores and juniors had better begin to "haul away" some of the learning, which is easily found and presented abundantly, if they expect to graduate with a recommendation to college or high standards that prove to be so valuable.

It is not only the time spent on studies in school that counts, but also the extra time spent on studies after school. To be successful in any kind of work, a person must not be afraid to work overtime and must not expect additional reward for efforts expended.

One of the essential things required in our studies is often forgotten—necessary writing implements and material. Day after day, many of us come to school neatly dressed with nicely combed hair without thinking of pen, pencil, or paper. "Let-me-have-your-pen-a-minute-will-you's" are so common that we certainly realize the necessity of doing something about it. Let's try to get the most out of our education—"It's the little things that count."

—J. F.

A NEW POPE IS CHOSEN

In choosing a man who was capable enough to become the leader of the Catholics all over the world, the College of Cardinals chose wisely and intelligently when they elected Eugenio Pacelli to become Pope Pius XII, the head of the Catholic Church.

The one unusual feature in Pacelli's becoming Pope is that no Papal Secretary has been chosen to fill this position for the last nine hundred years. Eugenio Pacelli has served four Popes well. It was under the spiritual reign of Leo XII that he first served. When Benedict XV became Pope, it was Pacelli who became Papal Nuncio in Berlin and in Munich.

Pacelli became a Cardinal in 1929, and one year later as Secretary of State he began to be known the world over.

Peace has been the cherished hope of the new Pope, Pius XII. His plea for peace dominated his first speech after his Papal election.

After taking his name from his predecessor, he will carry out his work. Long before his election, Eugenio Pacelli said that the church would not make peace with those "enemies possessed by superstition of race and blood."

In this world which is filled with hate and strife, we stand assured that Pope Pius has the admiration of the United States, England, and all the democracies which stand for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, because it is in those factors alone that we find true peace.

—D. G. B.

Five Years Ago

Five years ago the school was in the midst of much activity. The Bison quint was playing their last conference games of the season; a bird-house building contest was in progress; and the city had just had its worst storm in years. But let's refer to the POINTER of March 2, 1934, just five years ago.

"The new philosophy of citizenship which we are attempting to establish in the United States" was the subject of an address made by Miss Harriett Elliott, professor of economics at Woman's College of the University of North Carolina.

The large number of pupils who have entered the bird house-building project are showing not only a great interest in the work, but they are also exhibiting unusual skill.

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The Copper Gypsy

(Miriam Pleasants)

I entered this world in Denver, Colorado, in 1911. The first two or three years of my life were not very interesting, because I was confined to the commercial building of a small town. When I was finally released with nine of my brothers in exchange for the measly sum of a dime, I became the property of a farmer. Finding my value of little importance, however, he gave me to his little boy, John. I was doomed to live with a lizard, a couple of fish hooks, a piece of twine, and a Barlow knife in the boy's pocket. Since my master was in the trading business, my apartment became more and more crowded when he added an apple core, bits of glass, and earth worms.

One day John decided to go fishing, and when he extracted the twine, fishhooks, and worms from his pocket, he did not see that I had become entangled with them. Consequently, when I fell on the muddy creek bank, I was left to my fate.

Five years later, in 1914, after I had endured many rains and much cold weather, I was discovered by a soldier of fortune. He called me his lucky charm, and took me across the vast ocean into France, where amidst the thunder of cannons and the cries of men wounded and dying, I lived.

Upon my return to America, I was moved from hand to hand, and though I have had many adventures since then, I am still just an ordinary penny.

Modern Styles

(By Gloria Ilderton)

Styles of today are living up to the saying "History repeats itself." The dresses of latest fashion are definitely cut from the fashions of yesterday. Most of the extreme hats we see are models our grandmothers wore. They are not precisely like the styles of the older days, but the majority of the designers' ideas are taken from books containing old-fashioned modes. The strapless and hoop-skirt evening dresses are the very last word in modern modes today; and where did they come from? From "grandmother's wardrobes," of course! To complete this fashion, women have begun sweeping their hair to the top of their heads. In order for such damsels to be stylish from head to foot, hat designers have started creating styles fitting their hairdresses. It so happens that the hats turned out to be the dainty, little chapeaux worn many years before our time, and these modes are right in Vogue, the leading fashion magazine today. If a person were to go to a dance just to observe styles, he would think that the young girls had stepped out of an eighteenth century fashion book.

Do You Need Help

Submit your problems to Sweet-pea's Grandma, who is aged enough to speak from experience.

Dear Sweet-pea's Grandma,

I am a Senior boy and I am in dire need of help. There are two sophomore girls, almost inseparable, that get me cornered every day at lunch. Please advise me as to ways and means of eluding them. —Cornered

Dear Cornered,

Son, one way of eludation which is certain to work is five hot dogs full of onions for lunch each day. . . and if hot dogs fail or are unavailable, try garlic.

Dear Grandma,

I am a sweet little girl who likes a real real pretty boy who is a senior. He is the prettiest thing that I have ever seen (except Richard Greene).

Since he is so very pretty and I am not so very pretty (never say ugly! that's my motto), we would not be a handsome couple at all! What can I do? —Not so good looking

Dear Not-ing,

No woman should say that she is not so pretty but since you have already said it—what am I to do?

You might get him a Frankenstein mask so that he would come up (or down) to your looks (surely you can't be that awful) or you can get a long black wig, get a dreamy look in your eyes, and then imitate Hedy Lammar. If that won't get him, nothing will! (If you look like her—you probably won't want the guy anyway.) —Ma

Dear Ma,

I am desperately "thataway" about a young man who trots up and down the rows of a local "pitcher show" trying to find people some seats

Now, I just love to go to the show so I can see him go up and down and down and up the row. I am getting a very serious case of a stiff neck in trying to see him and the picture too.

Tell me what I can do before my neck gets so stiff that I can not turn around!

—A "Thatawayer"

My dear child,

The only way to improve your condition is to go to another show. You probably wouldn't enjoy the picture as much, but think how much fun the comedy would be!

Dear Ma,

I lost my heart to a tall, dark, and handsome fellow who chews his tongue. It ruffles my dignity. What, oh what shall I do?

Dear Dignity,

Take a hint! He wants you to feed him. —Ma

Chinko-Cheko Marbles

(By Ruby Parker)

You play it with marbles—red, yellow, blue, green, black, and white ones. Playing Chinese Checkers is capital fun, but it takes almost as much thinking as if you were in school. There usually is mental exercise in every game, but this one often exercises your mind long after the game is over.

Should I move this one, or should I wait and get two moves? There is a chance of my opponent's moving that one before my turn comes again.

On and on this difficult thinking goes, until, "The game is over!" Yells someone.

Even though the game is over, I can still see the pattern of the marbles on the board, the tiny men jumping over each other again and again. Here is a white one jumping over his white comrade, into the battleline of the red ones, then into the blue territory, and victoriously on to his destination.

Now I see a little green man fighting vigorously, jumping over the black opponents, into the yellow foes, then passing the red barricade; but there it stops. An inconspicuous unfriendly blue marble blocks the passageway.

The movement and the jumping of the marbles hammer in my brain. I even dream of playing Chinese Checkers and seeing the moves I could have made to win the game.

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