

# THE POINTER

OF HIGH POINT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

High Point, N. C.

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## "Is Thinking Going Out of Style?"

"Do we dread and try to avoid thinking seriously?" asked James Truslow Adams, author of *Epic of America*, in a recent article in *The Rotarian*. Several items seem to point to this fact. One of them is the increase of short stories. Nowadays readers seem to want shorter articles which they can read at one sitting. Another is the motion pictures. We say it is much easier to sit for one or two hours and look at the screen version of a book than to try to read the entire book. That would be terrible. But let us consider it in this way. We are going to be "geared to shallow thinking." We are going to find ourselves wishing that all mental exertion was that easy.

A third item that bears looking into is the choppy nature of radio programs of today. Subjects, on which two or three hour orations have been delivered, are taken by some radio speakers who endeavor to explain these subjects in a fifteen or thirty minute broadcast to radio listeners who can shut the speaker off at any time. Mr. Adams says, "I once had to broadcast on a nation-wide hookup on the subject *History* and was given four minutes to explain that topic to the American people."

Well, what are the reasons for all this? One of the important reasons is that we are in more or less of a nervous hurry. We want to get places the fastest with the least effort. Dr. Henry Lewis Smith, ex-president of Davidson College, in a talk delivered at Boyden high school, Salisbury, last week stated, "Speed is one of the outstanding characteristics of the American people of today. We want speed-speed-SPEED."

Another point is the conflict between truth and propaganda. Some people are inclined to say "What's the use of reading books or newspapers? It's all propaganda." Now we admit some of it is propaganda, certainly, but by all means, not all of it. We have got to sift the true from the false, and to do this we must think clearly. If we cannot do that by using our own minds, then we are at the mercy of anyone who chooses to use us. Again Mr. Adams says, "Fight these causes wherever you find them and do not lose faith."

## ON STUDYING A LA LITTLE TOUGH GUY

Now, I ain't the kinda guy to be a softie, but, brudder. I'm giving you some dope which really has got class.

I ain't no book woin, but seeing as how d'ar ain't but tree more months of book loining, it's de time that some pal came out wid some sob stuff.

Now take *History* for example (and don't blab, "You take it, pal, I don't want any."—or there'll be a moider around here. I ain't the kinda guy what is educated about them explorers and tings, but I'm loining them quick (I gotta-we only got tree more months) so if you don't wanta take de rap, pal, git out dem books and start taking it all in (and I don't mean maybe!)

Poetry ain't for tough guys like me, but if you gotta loin, you gotta loin. I ain't got but tirty tree more lines of poetry to knock off (ain't I got brains?) but brudders and gals, if you ain't loining that 'roses are red' stuff, you'd better loin it or de big boss will hand you de treat, "I'm failing you!" (and no sob stuff!)

Now, it aint no bed of roses to loin all that us have

to loin, but if you gotta git educated, you gotta-you see?

It ain't right for youse guys to take de rap when youse knows goder-so let's git around dem "big sissies" in the set up and shows 'em just how tough we am (don't we guys eats our spinach?)

No, dis job ain't apple sauce, brudder, but remember dis:

Roses am red  
Violets ar punk  
But if youse guys don't start studying  
You am all gonna flunk!  
D. G. B.

## SPRING IS HERE!

Yes, Spring is not "just around the corner," but is really here! Soon the trees will wear their new, fresh green frocks, frocks that will "outshine" the prettiest girl in the Easter Parade. This year Lady Spring leads the parade.

This is the time for song, laughter, and happiness. When nature awakens and gives us warmth, song, and beauty, we should accept them gratefully. Color overrules the drabness of winter, paints the picture with various shades of green; dots the landscape with yellow stars; hides the delicate pinks and blue in little nooks and dells,

sheltered from the storms of the world; and sends brightly-colored birds flitting across the sky. Shouldn't we sing as the birds do, fairly bursting our throats with songs of happiness, and the sheer joy of living?

Everything responds to the call of Spring, the little brook ripples and sings for joy; fresh breezes whisper among the trees; the lake becomes a mirror to reflect the beauty around it, making two Springs; boats dance over the waves of the contented sea, and all Nature's "creeter's" come out from their shelters, jump, laugh and play for joy. Everything is alive!

Do your part in this great holiday. Be glad, sing, gain new strength, and hope that the peace and joy of Spring will be felt all over the world, letting peace and good-will reign among men, rather than selfishness and strife.

G. T.

## Five Years Ago

Decision to give a vaudeville, follies, or revue instead of the usual senior play, and the presentation of candidates for class mascot, resulting in the election of little Jean Kline, featured the senior class meeting held in the cafeteria last Tuesday morning.

—O—

Those initiated into the National Honor Society included the following: seniors—James Mattocks, Lawrence Waggar, Margaret Hayden, Cora Worth Parker, Elsie Mae Sink, Edna May Douglas, Tess McMullan, Alson Gray; juniors—Nancy Smith, Sophia Taplin, Katherine Morgan, Sarah Jones, Billy Shelton, Edward Stirewalt, George Crowell.

—O—

Scholarships to High Point and Guilford colleges were awarded to Elsie Mae Sink, John Hall, and James Parsons, and the service award was presented to Thomas Jones, president of the student body.

—O—

Mickey Mouse has two new companions—a gold fish and another white rat. He seems most interested in Minnie, the rat, who, feeling that Mickey was becoming lonesome, arrived in room 202A a few days ago.

—O—

A newspaper, modeled after the *New York Times*, is to be published in connection with the study of George Elliot's *Silas Marner* by Miss Penny's sophomore English classes.

—O—

The local high school golfers were quite upset when Jack Garrett came forth to capture the number one place on the Bison golf team.

—O—

Following a program of acrobatics given by the boys' tumblers club, Miss Iris Welborn, Mr. Wade Marlette, and Mr. O. V. Jones, members of the high school faculty, awarded letters to athletes at assembly on March 17.

—O—

The usual Easter holidays in the city schools will be observed again this year, beginning with the close of school on Thursday, March 29, and continuing through Monday, April 3.

—O—

George Crowell Jr., of Archdale has measles and will therefore be confined to his home for some weeks.

## An Interesting Pet

(By Betty Brockmann)

One does not often think of a snake as a pet. However, the hog-nosed snake, or puff adder, is a good pet. This kind of snake is easily tameable. It appears quite dangerous, but the snake is perfectly harmless. The head of a puff adder is somewhat diamond shaped and might easily be mistaken for that of a poisonous snake. Its markings are mostly black and yellow. This snake is called a hog-nosed snake because its nose is slightly flat and the nostrils make it look like a hog's nose. The name, puff adder, sounds like that of a poisonous snake. Nevertheless, the puff adder is only a snake which, when angered, will puff itself into an enormous size and hiss like a cat. If one comes upon an angered puff adder in the woods, it may spring upon the person and try to bite him. However, the snake is unable to inflict the slightest wound. When frightened, the puff adder rolls over on its back and plays dead. If it is placed again in the proper position, it will roll back over. When left alone in this state it will slip away when danger is past. That is why we named our puff adder Major Hoople.

## CAT PARADISE

There must be a paradise somewhere for the ghosts of little kittens,

With great enormous catnip trees

And pans of snow foamy milk for washing furry mittens. Yes, surely, there's a paradise for the ghosts of all good cats,

Where there's always a friendly cousin and fire

And plenty of nice fat rats.

(Amy Lou Holmes)

## Do You Need Help?

Dear Mom:

What is a poor guy to do when every young lady in the school falls for him—not that I am conceited but every where I peep—up pops some little flowers, gushes over me. What am I going to do?

Bewildered Handsome.

Dear Bewildered,

Why not grow a beard like the people in "The House of David", get a blank—a very blank expression on your face—and everytime the young lady comes up say "Boo!" If that that doesn't get 'em—nothing will.

M.

Dear Grandmother,

Everybody laughs at me because I like my hair so very long. I really can't do anything about this—it runs in the family. Can you help me?

Fuzzy.

Dear Fuzzy,

Maybe if you could get a dog harness, we fellow students might think that you were a French poodle—maybe we wouldn't have to think so at that.

Dear Grandma,

Tell me what I can do to get myself wake up. I was born sleepy and had a relapse. If someone doesn't wake me up, I might sleep through Christmas—and then my momma and poppa would eat all my fruits and nuts.

Ho-Hum.

Dear Ho,

Maybe you could go to the North Pole, and spend a couple centuries. It's so cold up there that the Polar bears stay awake all night waiting for the sun to come out — on second thought, move over, we're sleepy too!

Yawn Yawn.  
(pronounced "let me sleep")

## WASTED EFFORTS

By  
Typical Salesman

Good afternoon, madam. My! but you're looking fine, and healthy, too. I'll bet everyone in your family looks just as fine and healthy as you do, because you have an air of a good cook. You feed them a nice diet, don't you? If you feed them a balanced diet, it has potatoes in it, now doesn't it? I thought so. Now you look like a nice sensible woman, so you use "Sputter's Spud Skinner." What! You don't use it, you never heard of it! Oh, this is terrible, dreadful, appalling, shocking, horrible, catastrophic, calamitous. My dear lady, let me explain. "Sputter's Spud Skinner" is a marvelous invention conceived by the ingenious mind of Mr. Spud Sputter for the purpose of peeling spuds (potatoes, to those unfamiliar with the vernacular). Madam, I solemnly advise you to take the chance of a lifetime, make hay while the sun shines, and purchase this stupendously clever device at the sacrificial price of a dollar, ten dimes, ten times ten cents. With "Sputter's Spud Skinner" we are offering free for nothing (and good for nothing) this delightful little needle threader, which will save you many precious minutes each day, when you are threading your needle preparatory to doing mending of your hubby wubbies pan-er-socks. Come on, lady, the chance of a li--Owwwww, she might of told me she was going to slam the door.

## CRUST OF BREAD

Madame La Fance, sitting midst her bottles, test-tubes and whatnot, spied a small vial of poison on the top shelf of her medicine cabinet.

Gingerly she covered herself with an old weather worn black cloak and with a hideous laugh grabbed the poison and some dry stale bread. She hid these under her cloak and like a cat ready to spring upon her prey she left the room. She dodged the strips of moonlight that came through cracks in the wall as she literally flew down the steps.

Upon coming to the first door she opened it and proceeded to the cabinet in the corner, ignoring the silent sleeper. After withdrawing a piece of stale bread and sprinkling it with poison she then crept out of the room. Proceeding on through the tenement house and going through the same process every room, she returned to her little nook just as a faint glint of sun rays came in on window.

Again sitting at her work table trying to concentrate on a formula, she was interrupted by a large black cat winding around her legs. Madame La Fance stroked the sleek high arch of its back and chirped in a shrill voice, "Yes, yes, Satan, our fellow roomers won't be bothered with any more ants this summer. He! He!"

## Canterbury Tales

Whan I frst heard alle thee seriers tak o' The Canterbury Tales, 'me thought it something terble eek uninteresting. Me knew I hadde to studeye it by-cause alle seriers hadde to.

Ther came the tyme whan I did hav to, juste as I hadde thoughts and 'ow I dreded it! But magine mye suprize whan I founde meself lyking it. As wee read further, thee characters became so mucche mor interesting than I hadde expected.

Ther was the Knyght whom everybodye likede. The Norre (Continued on page six)