

# THE POINTER

OF HIGH POINT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

High Point, N. C.

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## DAY OF PEACE

Easter is almost here. With wings of silence it approaches, and on Sunday, just another Sabbath for many, but in reality the day set aside commemorating the resurrection of Jesus Christ, thousands will step out into a new day with thoughts only of the affairs of the world. Many will not stop in their careless wanderings to think about its significance. A few shrewd men will sit behind charts and maps, outlining a new attack on the unsuspecting. Very few will pause in the regular routine to give thanks for happiness, life, and for One who died that others might be saved. Truthfully, the world is becoming too involved, too interested in its war crisis, its problems, to think of the One who made this world possible. These wars are only trivial matters compared to an individual. The world could survive without wars, but the world would not live if it were not for individuals and for Christ, the emblem of love for all mankind. Some do think of Easter, yes!. The entire two billions of people who cover the remotest parts of the globe are what make the universe. If they stopped long enough to think and to ponder what they know is true, they could prevent wars. They could prevent bloodshed and destruction. The mere thought of our Lord at the time of year dedicated to Him should lead all men to thoughts of peace and sharing with fellowman. So let us each, as citizens of the earth, equal even to those who govern us, those who govern others, hesitate in the mad rush of the modern universe and on Easter remember to have thankfulness and love in our hearts, peace in mind, and a determination to remember Easter as it was meant to be remembered, the day of our Lord.

D. B.

## DEAR GRAN'MA

Dear Gran'ma:

I don't think I'm crazy but for some reason or another I've been acting awfully funny lately. For one thing, I am nuts over a certain young man who gets D on conduct. He's not what you call handsome or even cute, but he gets me. In fact, he's just plain ugly. Please tell me what I can do to bring him up to my standard. (I was elected prettiest girl in the Sewing Circle), so we can make a nice couple.

Nutsy

Dear Captivated:

You must have a bad case of spring fever. First, I suggest that you have your head examined. If that doesn't work, why don't you take a beauty course, marry the boy, and get to work?

Gran'ma

Dear Mom:

I am a bad case of jitters. I love cars, but every time I step into one to drive I get nervous. The car jerks and when I finally do get started down the road I can't go straight. Do tell me what I can do to get over this bad driving.

Unlucky Teter

Dear Unlucky:

All I can say is to either take a driving course, let someone else drive, or keep it up, and let nature take its course. Cheap coffins cost about five dollars.

Mom

Dear Gran'ma:

Here's my trouble. I cannot make biscuits. They always taste like rocks. I try so hard to do good, but every month they lower my grade on Home Ec. If it were't for biscuits, I could

make a D. And even worse is the fact that Joe (he's my boy friend) loves biscuits. What can I do?

Bad Cook

Dear Cook:

That's easy! Use cotton in your biscuits, and soak well in water before serving. That oughta make them soft. However, if that doesn't work, I suppose that you will have to get a boy friend who likes rocks.

Gran'ma

Dear Ma:

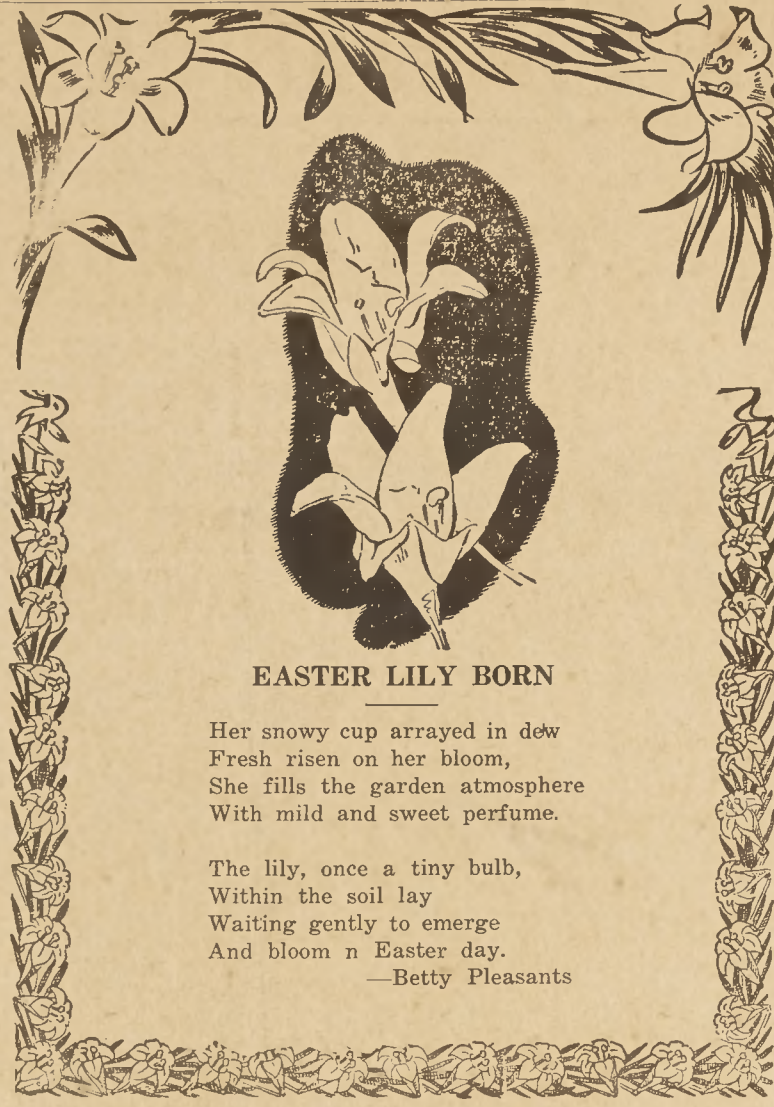
I've not been enjoying myself lately, and I'll tell you what my trouble is. My special chair which the office has reserved for me is wearing out. I have to visit the office at least once a day although the same teacher does not always send me, and I do not feel comfortable staying in a chair with the seat out and one leg gone. Please help me.

Uncomfortable

Dear Comfortless:

I have five alternatives for you. You can either sit on the floor, repair the chair, ask the office for a new one, be good in classes, or try running backwards into a yardstick. One should work.

Ma



## EASTER LILY BORN

Her snowy cup arrayed in dew  
Fresh risen on her bloom,  
She fills the garden atmosphere  
With mild and sweet perfume.

The lily, once a tiny bulb,  
Within the soil lay  
Waiting gently to emerge  
And bloom n Easter day.  
—Betty Pleasants

## DO YOU KNOW YOUR SCHOOL?

- Who is president of the student body?
- Who is faculty advisor to the Radio Club?
- Who is captain of next year's football team?
- Who is faculty advisor to the Student Council?
- Who is president of each class?
- Who is president of the Honor Society?
- Who is faculty advisor to the Camera Club?
- Who are the co-captains of next year's basketball team?
- Who is faculty advisor to the Honor Society?
- Who is dean of H. P. H. S.?
- Who are class representatives to the Student Council?
- Who is faculty advisor to the Beta Club?
- Who is Johnsie?
- Who are Evans and Sarah?
- Who is faculty advisor to the Dramatic Club?
- Who is treasurer of H. P. H. S.?
- Which teacher is absent from school because of appendicitis?
- Who is Mrs. Peacock?
- Who is Swee'pea?
- Where is Swee'pea?

### ANSWERS

- Kathryn Allen.
  - Mr. Howard Carter.
  - Brantley Hucks.
  - Miss Louise Hunter.
  - Sophomore: Ruth Culler.  
Junior: Bill Simmons.  
Senior: Josephine Deal.
  - Darrell Sechrest.
  - Mr. Thomas Baldwin.
  - Lewis Hayworth and Darrell Welborn.
  - Mrs. Leila Bell Rogers.
  - Miss Eloise Ward.
  - Sophomore: Ruby Parker and Charles Medlin.  
Junior: Dwanda Lee Bissette
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## A RAVELOE TALE

A Raveloe villager was old and grey;

His faith was deadened in men today,

His hopes were gone, and life was dull,

And affairs long past on which he would mull.

Money was his life and creation  
'Till one day a great misfortune dawned.

It shocked and left him without sensation,

For that day—Ah! that day, his money was gone.

He hunted the village high and low

To find the thief, thick-witted and slow

To the Rainbow he went, in rain and mire,

And to find Jim Rodney was his desire.

But Rodney was not the thief for whom he looked

Because Rodney had not the tavern's fireside forsook

But Dunsay, it was, who took his gold

On that tragic night so bitter and cold.

Soon Eppi came to comfort him,  
A forlorn child left to starve  
By a neglected mother, degraded and shamed

And a father too proud to be tamed.

Marnar's life was changed henceforth;

Life flowed back to him full and free

For now he had some thing to live for—to hope for

And something to make him see.

Cathryne Albertson, & Zula Mae Spencer

DR. NAT WALKER

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