

# THE POINTER

OF HIGH POINT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL

High Point, N. C.

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## School Elections

Over the frozen trails of the far north a dog team carries life-giving communications to some winter-locked hamlet. The way is long and difficult. Only the best dogs can last through it. So, only the best are selected for the team. The very best of them all is selected for the leader. How is he chosen? He is selected for his ability, his strength. How he would act under adverse circumstances or under a double load is taken into consideration.

This leader must be able to pick the trail for the rest of the team. Many times the tracks have been obliterated by snow and he must break the trail again. He must know the right way to go.

Then, this leader must be a pace-setter for the team. He must realize how fast it can go and how much it can do. He must keep it always at its best.

So, he must be not only the best dog on the team, but he must be the hardest working dog. In selecting our leaders we want those who are strong, who can be trail-breakers, and those who are able to set the pace for those of us who are to follow.

In other words, we want the best leaders in the school; we want those who are willing to work!

R. E. K.

Let's not, in the flurry of campaigns, last minute book reports, and elections, forget that exams will be staring us in the face on the first days of June. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Why not make a sincere effort to keep those heavy eyelids open on these balmy spring mornings. The faculty protests!

Whose fault is it that the "Keep off the grass" campaign of the Junior class has not totally cleaned the campus of trespassers?

## The Enchanted Cat

By Marie Strother

On a certain large mountain stood a huge white marble castle with trimmings of pure gold. In this beautiful castle King John and Queen Mary lived with their only child, Princess Narda, who was the most beautiful lady in all that country. She had such sweet ways and temper that no one could help loving her. Princess had come from far and near to win her hand in marriage, but she refused them all by saying in her sweet manner, "I am sorry, but I can never love anyone well enough to become his wife."

Princess Narda loved animals and wanted a cat for a pet, but her father and mother refused to let her have one.

Once while walking in the garden, she spied a beautiful white cat with shining blue eyes. She picked the cat up and slipped it into her room to give it some milk that was left over after her breakfast had been eaten. Just as the cat began to lap the milk, Queen Mary came into the room and saw it. Narda ran to her mother and explained how she could keep the cat. The Queen agreed, provided it never came near the King and Queen's quarters.

Princess Narda noticed that her cat, Michael, always seemed to disappear when the sun had set and no matter how hard she tried, she could never find him until sunrise the next morning.

While searching for Michael just before dawn one morning, she found a beautiful gold ring on the floor beside her bed. Examining it very closely she found engraved on the inside the name, "Prince Michael, the enchanted."

Now Princess Narda had often heard about the handsome Prince Michael who had been enchanted by a wicked witch because he would not marry her hideous daughter. He had been changed into some kind of animal, no one knew what, and roamed through the valleys and over the mountains. He kept his animal form by day and had his human form at night. The enchantment could not be broken unless someone found the ring that he wore in his human form, and melted it and poured it on the head of his animal form at the first streak of dawn.

Narda's thoughts began to whirl so fast that she almost forgot who she was. Knowing that if her cat was the enchanted prince, the enchantment could be broken if she worked fast enough and melted the ring. The roosters had begun to crow saying that dawn was soon coming and here was only a short while in which the enchantment could be broken.

Hurriedly she put the ring into a small iron container and ran for the kitchen. There was a very hot fire blazing in the huge stove in one corner so she put the container on the hottest place and began hunting for the cat. Searching was useless for Michael could not be found anywhere

## SOLITUDE

When a heart is almost broken.  
And the clouds hang low above,  
A kind word may be the token  
Of a long and lasting love.  
Life is just a dream of sorrow,  
Joy and excitement and cares.  
As today it is tomorrow;  
We should learn to face the  
snares.

When alone we sit and wonder  
What the rising sun will bring,  
Left in the solitude to ponder,  
Just to weep, laugh, sigh, or sing.  
The dreamer dwells within his  
dreams,  
Strives to win ambitions high.  
Life's much too true it seems.  
A poor dreamer lives to die.

## FIVE YEARS AGO

Miss Leila Bell, of Dawson, Georgia, head of the French department in the local high school, was married in Charlotte on Thursday, March 29, to Mr. Norman E. Rogers, assistant manager of Southern Oil Stores, Inc. in High Point.

Mr. A. R. Carr, of Charleston, Tennessee, head of the manual training department in the local high school, was married in Winston-Salem on Saturday, March 31, to Miss Frankie Talley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Talley of that city, a graduate of Salem Academy.

High Point's negative debating team, composed of Vera York and Joe Wilson, was given second place in the annual competition for the Aycock Memorial cup at Chapel Hill on Thursday, April 12. The affirmative team, made up of Elizabeth Hatcher and Edna May Douglas, won over Troy high school, but was defeated by Lewisville.

Thomas Davis and Nancy Smith were chosen president and vice-president, respectively, of the student body for 1934-35 in an election held last Tuesday morning.

and the ring had almost melted. Just as she was about to give up hopes, the kitchen door slowly stole open and in came the cat. As quick as a flash of lightning, Narda grabbed the container of melted gold and poured it on the head of her cat. Fear clutched her heart for she did not know for sure whether she was pouring the gold on the right head or not.

As soon as the gold touched the cat, he disappeared and standing before Princess Narda was the most handsome young man she had ever seen. Her heart began to bump and jump and almost stopped beating, and she knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that she had fallen deeply in love with this man at first sight.

He said he was the Prince Michael who had been enchanted by a wicked witch because he would not marry her hideous daughter. After he had been enchanted he had roamed everywhere and no one would pay any attention to the cat and give him anything to eat. By chance he had come upon her castle of Princess Narda, and on seeing how beautiful and sweet she was, he had fallen deeply in love with her. While in his human form at night he would sit beside Narda's bed and when she would awake, he had the power to be invisible.

Prince Michael had a beautiful castle on a mountain not far away and he and Princess Narda were married and went to live in his castle. If you go there today you can find them with their numerous pets and two children, for they are so happy that nothing, not even death can separate them.

## SENIOR PERSONALITIES

Name: Amy Lou Holmes.  
Born: September 16, 1922.  
Pet Peeve: Umbrellas.  
Favorite Color: Green.  
Motto: The more the merrier.  
Ambition: To be a great poetry writer.  
Favorite Song: Beguin the Beguine.  
Favorite Band: Kay Kyser.  
Best Girl Friend: "Quin Sabe?"—which is "Who Knows" to you, Butch.  
Best Boy Friend: (ditto).  
Favorite Author: Bob Benchley.  
Pastime: Pestering people.  
Occupation: Going to school.  
Favorite Food: Cranberry sauce.  
First Love: A. N.  
Pet Expression: "I don't believe a word of it!"  
Hobby: Collecting toy dogs and writing letters.

Name: Charles McKinnon Ivey Jr. (Esquire)  
Born: September 11, 1922.  
Pet Peeve: Mountain climbing.  
Favorite Color: Red.  
Motto: Look twice before you leap.  
Ambition: To be President.  
Favorite Band: Kay Kyser.  
Best Girl Friend: ??  
Favorite Author: O'Henry.  
Favorite Song: "It Ain't What You Do, It's the Way That You Do It."  
Pastime: Having a good time.  
Best Boy Friend: Ernest Anderson.  
Favorite Movie Star: Priscilla Lane.  
Favorite Food: Steak.  
Occupation: Grocery store slave.

Pet Expression: "There ain't no future in it."  
First Love: Martha Varner.  
Name: Josephine Deal.  
Born: August 10, 1922.  
Pet Peeve: Woo pitching.  
Favorite Color: Yellow.  
Motto: "Don't Count Your Chickens Before They Are Hatched."  
Ambition: To be worthwhile.  
Favorite Song: "I Get Along Without You Very Well."  
Favorite Band: Kay Kyser.  
Best Girl Friend: Mary Lee Cantrell.  
Best Boy Friend: Mr. Z.  
Favorite Author: Edgar Allan Poe.  
First Love: L. S.  
Pastime: Feeding chickens.  
Favorite Movie Star: Richard Greene (ah, or, ah)  
Occupation: Putting grades on bulletin board posters.  
Favorite Food: Spaghetti.  
Hobby: Reading.

Name: Henry Baker.  
Born: November 13, 1922.  
Favorite Color: Teal Blue.  
Motto: "Service With An Idiotic Grin."  
Ambition: To win the national amateur golf tournament.  
Favorite Song: "I Cried For You."  
Favorite Band: Artie Shaw.  
Best Girl Friend: It's a secret.  
Pastime: Playing golf.  
Favorite Author: Mark Twain.  
Favorite Movie Star: Hedy Lamarr.  
Occupation: Theater Usher.  
Favorite Food: Buckwheat cakes and sausage.  
First Love: Secret.  
Pet Expression: "Great boy, Adolph."  
Hobby: Golf.

## FAMILY ADDITION

An interesting addition was made to the families of the botanical garden last week when an owl was brought to Mrs. Flossie Shaw by a student of one of the science classes.

He was christened "Pete" and was carried about on a string tied to the bearer's arm. He was a peaceful creature, opening his eyes only when some new disturbance was made.

"Pete" visited several departments among which was the Journalism class. He received here and there throughout the building a variety of "oh's" and "ah's."

The day after his memorable visit to the school, he was released to continue his sleepy way.

Although he is now only a small, somewhat stupid youngster, we must realize that someday he will become the wise old owl who sits in his pace in a tree, calmly viewing the troubled world.

## ETIQUETTE

On which side of a taxi should a girl sit?

The girl always sits on the right side. If there are two girls, the boy sits between them.

Do both boys and girls applaud after a dance?

No, just the boys.

If a boy happens to meet a girl he knows at a movie, should he offer to pay her way?

No, she should pay her own way.

Should one speak to an acquaintance he sees in church.

No, a smile and a nod is all that is needed in church.

What does a boy do if a teacher or a girl stops to speak to him while he is eating?

He stands and remains standing until she is gone.

## Ad-Libblings

Since Easter has just passed and Spring has just sprung and it is only 247 days until Christmas, we would like to warn you folks to be good little boys and girls so Santa will leave you that nice new Buick roadster or that berth in the 1944 Olympic team.

We would like to know who started this spring fever business. It most surely is not pleasant when the sun is shining as brightly as it has been lately.

Have you people noticed the hats for this season? They are on the up and up or should we say on the heads?

Print dresses are being taken out of the mothballs and brought out to the public attention. Also these boys seem to realize that "summer is a' cumen in" and are donning pastel shades of shirts and trousers.

We would like to compliment the cafeteria on those swell egg salads . . . they're really delicious and so appetizing.

Congratulations to the Student Council President candidates. May the best leader win!!

We hope the Debaters will remember that they are representing over 1300 boosters.

May the notes flow sweetly from the orchestra and the flute quartet as apparently they did on Wednesday. Orchids to you!!

We think Ed should be congratulated (or sympathized with) on his patience and endurance on Thursday and Fridays with those aspirants for the air-waves.

Have you seen that senior sitting on the front steps of the school. There's somethin' drastically wrong. It goes like this: "May 1, May 1, poetry, poetry, May 1, May 1, May 1, poetry, poetry, book reports, book reports, book reports" - - on through the day.