



HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL DAY BY DAY

Lunch time! Girls and boys hurrying and scurrying everywhere, some to classes, some to lunch. In the hall, attached somehow to the cafeteria, a long waving line which seems, to the last one, to extend all the way up the hall. There Miss Albright smiling benignantly upon them but noticing immediately when anyone "gaps."

Inside the cafeteria you hear the clatter of dishes harmonizing with the babble of voices.

"Thirty cents!" from Marion.

"Ring!" from cash register.

"Forty-five!"

"Ring!"

Outside in the line, students are waiting their turn. Some are good losers, but some are a trifle impatient. Good losers get there quicker, it seems.

Mr. York at the candy table has a good trade.

"Ring!" 10 cents.

"Ring!" 5 cents.

Too soon the gong sounds for classes. Some, it seems, go cheerfully, but others—well, you can't expect good of everyone.

Herb. Axsom—Jim don't you use super suds to shave with?

Jim Hinkle—Naw, I don't use soap or suds. I don't shave.

Mr. Johnson (to failing pupil)—You should study more. Give your mind a chance to expand.

Failing Pupil—How far?

C. S. Gray, Jr.—B'lieve I'll take up harp.

Jim Hinkle—You better had. You're goin' to need considerable recommendations later on.

Wyatt Wall—How can you subtract x from 4x and get 3x?

Miss Abernethy—If you take 1 apple from 4 apples doesn't it leave—

Wyatt—Yeh! But that's apples.

Frank Tucker wants to know whether he is a Blond or a Brunette.

Freshman wants to know in what war General Office commanded.

BASEBALL

The time to say something good about a man is when he is dead, or when he is shortly planning to be so. It seems all-two-gether fitting, then, that now is a good time to say something good or bad about baseball.

Even the thought of baseball arouses in me extremely unpleasant thoughts. Personally, I think there should be a society for the abolition, or maybe prohibition, of the game. In the first place, I object on grounds of roughness. Some people assert that football is the roughest game in the world; but I disagree. Compare baseball with football. Don't you know they have to have an umpire to call and direct the game of baseball? In football, they have a player to stand back of his own line and call the numbers and directions. Can't they risk a baseball player? No! They are afraid he'd steal a base or two. Then in football when a man wants to kick, he takes it out on the pigskin. But you watch a baseball player: he'll kick anything, decisions, ump, managers, et al. Then, two, if he wants to get the ball over somebody's head, the base man, e.g. baseball man, takes a bat and knocks it there. A knocker? Yes. The football player throws the ball.

Then you can compare baseball with boxing. You just watch some base-less player on the diamond hit foul after foul, when one foul will disqualify a pugilist. Besides, the law ought to place the players in jail for stealing so many bases. And how? Why, they steal them right before everybody, umps and all. I saw one fellow not long ago steal a base, and would you believe it, he was so ashamed of it, he wouldn't even carry it away with him! Then there was a pitcher who was so dirty they had to send him to the showers. Socially, two, I think baseball is unbecoming. They ought to have chaperons as well as umpires if the players are always going to put on squeeze plays. And, gracious, how some of them get it in the neck! If baseball is not the roughest game, then I seek information as to why the spectators yell so much at the players and umpires. They not only want their team to knock some

Mystery Still Unsolved!

pitcher clear out of the diamond, but they want to help with pop bottles.

Now, all my argument wouldn't be worth much if it weren't for the fact that the baseball players themselves admit that their game is not fair. In the first place, they try to play it on a square, vulgarly referred to as a diamond. They want you to believe that they are on the square! But watch them go further and actually become sackreligious. In order to get another man to another sack a player goes up and sacrifices himself! Now, we know old Biblical characters made much ado over sacrificing somebody else. But who would be so pretentious as to sacrifice himself? There wouldn't be any such foolishness if the teams and players didn't feel guilty and wanted to make the people believe that the game is fair. And, finally, what do you think about a little baseball game getting more publicity than old Herb and Al combined? It's not fair.

Of course, I'm not very pleased with any of these games, and if you are not satisfied with the way I think about baseball, you just keep quiet and say nothing, and I'll shortly tell you and the other people what I think about football, or any other sport.

N. C. STUDENTS TO SPEAK

(Continued from Page 1)

orator in the contest, and these are to meet at the county seat, October the 22nd, where the first elimination will take place. Those who are successful will again compete October the 29th, that a representative may be chosen from the Congressional district. The final contest will take place with the ten contestants November the 5th in Raleigh. At 2 p.m. of that date they will meet, and from the total number five orators, or half, will be selected to enter the contest that night. At 8 p.m. they will speak and the prize will be awarded by the judges at that time.

67 NEW STUDENTS ARE ENROLLED IN H. P. H. S.

(Continued from Page 1)

Wilmot Baum, Fairfield, N. C.
Cecil Baldwin, Gray's Chapel, Millboro, N. C.
Clyde Conner, King's Mountain,

N. C.
Dudley Foster, Lee, N. C.
Belvin Griffith, Harmon, N. C.
Charles Ingram, Tampa, Fla.
Walton McNairy, Greensboro, N. C.
Johnnie Peeler, Lincolnton, N. C.
Albert Pruitt, Anderson, S. C.
Junior
Mildred LeGrand, Lynchburg, Va.
Anita Kerr, Durham, N. C.
Ruby Robbins, Columbia, S. C.
Patsy Kate Weaver, Hopewell, Va.
Robert Moffitt, Trinity, N. C.
James Ladd, Durham, N. C.
James Kerr, Durham, N. C.
Christopher Eve, Beaufort, S. C.
Mildred Blair, Whitwell, Va.
Billy McWilliams, Atlanta, Ga., University High.
Lucian Bellamy, Knoxville, Tenn.
Faye Farowe, Randleman, N. C.
Nell McMullan, Edenton, N. C.

Senior
Virginia Diffie, Perth, Ontario, Canada.
Lucas Abels, Lincoln, Nebraska.
Elsie Styron, Southport, N. C.

Four students who left the High Point Schools have returned: Helen and Mary Dean Caldwell, Sophomore and Senior, from Douglasville, Ga.; Frank Wilson, Sophomore, from Buies Creek Academy; and Hybernia Hudson, Senior, from Salem Academy.

INA McADAMS TELLS WHERE HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS "PLAY"

(Continued from Page 1)

weeks at our Y. W. C. A. Camp, Otakne. After this she went to her home in Miami Beach, Fla., going by motor through Alabama. When returning to High Point she visited several places in Georgia.

Miss Eudora Younginer was at her home in Asheville, N. C.

Miss Louise Hunter visited Washington in the early summer. The rest of the time she spent quietly at the High Point Hospital due to a slight automobile accident.

One of our Latin teachers, Miss Ruth Wofford, was in summer school at the University of Virginia. The rest of the summer she was at her home in Woodruff, S. C.

Miss Nell Clinard spent some time in western North Carolina trying to figure out just which trail Dan Boone took when he moved to Kentucky.

Miss Louise Alcorn enjoyed an extensive visit into Canada.

Our librarian, Miss Flossie Marie Foster, assisted in the circulation department of the University of North Carolina library.

Miss Meek Beard was at her home in Cornelius, N. C.

Our Other Latin teacher, Miss Edith Barker, spent her vacation at her home in Plainfield, Ind. She also took a summer school course at Winona Lake. Whether this course was Latin or swimming I do not know.

Mrs. E. J. Harbison enjoyed a summer in Asheville.

Robert K. Marshall studied at Carolina. We also understand he's been "raking in the shekels."

W. E. Marlette studied at the University of Michigan. He visited Springfield, Ohio, and was a student at Wittenburg College under the famous coaches "Pop" Warner and "Frog" Allen. While in Michigan he stepped over into Canada for a short while. Of course he and "the wife" enjoyed it immensely.

Miss Essie Dale Hunter was six weeks at Lake Junaluska. We wonder if she really was studying or trying to vamp a handsome minister.

West Point, Virginia, and Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, were honored by a visit from Miss Louise Shipman. Miss Shipman also went to Miami Beach, Fla., where she bought a car to convey Miss Mabel Tucker home.

Mrs. Walter Hester spent her vacation in her beautiful new home in High Point, N. C.

If we had visited Pocomo Mountains we would have found Mr. GroverTome fishin' and lofin'.

Mr. W. C. King taught summer school at H. P. H. S. The rest of the summer he's been "jus' hangin' around."

Mrs. Owen Reece, with her new husband spent two blissful weeks in New York.

Misses Penelope Morgan and

Helen Derrick were at Columbia University keeping Mr. M. L. Patrick and Charlie Spencer company.

Miss Bevie Wilson also took a "flying" trip to New York to see if Broadway was as bright as ever.

Mr. Brooks Sloan visited South Port, Hendersonville, Waccamaw and White Lake. I fear he's been gadding about too much, girls.

Mr. Henry Grady Owens says that he taught six weeks at State and spent six more weeks reading novels and some such childish books as Plato's REPUBLIC, Watson's BEHAVIORISM, and Durant's STORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Miss Muriel Bulwinkle spent her vacation at her home in Gastonia.

Miss Lucy Collins enjoyed a delightful vacation at her lovely summer home in Asheville.

Miss May Meador, accompanied by Miss Jessie M. Young, ran away for a week or so to the Shenandoah Valley. You must get Miss Meador to tell you how well her Ford runs—down hill.

CLASSIFIED

WANTED—High School Students, either boys or girls, to type copy for The Pointer. Anyone who can operate a typewriter with any degree of skill and accuracy see Miss Helen Derrick, first period in the morning, in the Assistant Principal's office.

WANTED AT ONCE—A thousand subscribers to The Pointer. Here is an opportunity to get the news of the High School at a very reasonable rate. A thousand other students are going to subscribe. How about you?

WANTED—Any person liking the new Pointer to tell his friends. Don't fail to call at the Pointer office and offer any constructive criticism. You will be paid amply for your service—in gratitude.

WANTED—Any person who thinks himself capable of saying something bright to watch the next issue of The Pointer. A liberal price will be paid for any bright remarks. Inquire at the Pointer office.

WANTED—Any person guessing the purpose of the blank space appearing in The Pointer this week will be given a contract for the year, calling for a handsome salary. Turn in your guesses at the office of The Pointer. This space will be filled in the next issue and then throughout the year. Who knows? You may be the very person to solve the mystery of the blank space. What will appear there for the next issues?

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