

THE POINTER

OF HIGH POINT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
High Point, N. C.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1939

THANKSGIVING

Tomorrow we celebrate Thanksgiving, a day set aside to give thanks to God for all material and spiritual gifts that he has lavished upon us.

Tomorrow we, as individuals, will thank him—for what? For home and food, for people whom we love and who love us, for the thing within ourselves that gives us happiness.

Tomorrow we, as Americans give thanks—for what? For living in a country where one can worship his God as he pleases, where one has freedom of speech and of the press, where one has no fear of having his life upset by a corrupted government, where women and children and old men can walk along the streets without fear of being torn to shreds by bombs, where on every street one does not find a bomb-proof cellar, or gas masks on sale at drug stores.

Tomorrow we, as people of the human race, as members of an international brotherhood, give thanks—for what? For congenial friendships we find among ourselves, for mutual love of beauty, country, and everything fine and lovely.

We are all alike, red men, white men, black, yellow, and brown men. Tomorrow we give thanks for things that have made us happy in our strange and different modes of living.

Tomorrow we give thanks and yet utter prayers. May God hear and grant us as individuals, usefulness; as Americans, a nation still free and a shining symbol of democracy to the world; as members of the human race, peace and forever the abolition of hate! —S. I. M.

DEDICATED TO THE BISON

We're proud of 'em. Everyone of the Black Bison played the kind of game we like to see last Friday night. We admire their good, clean playing and their refusal to give up in the face of defeat.

High Point has been put definitely on the football map and we believe this year's success is only a fore-taste of that. We know that we owe most of the fine playing that's been which is to come.

done to our coaches. We hear that one daily paper in the state has nominated them as the two best high school coaches in the state. We would like to add the "Pointer's" second to this nomination. To them and to every Bison we say, "Well done!"

The members of the staff dedicate this issue of the POINTER to the Bison football squad not for their win and loss percentage but for the way they represented the colors they wore.

HERE 'TIS!

It's a million dollars in libel, but it's two million dollars worth of fun so here we go again—

The theater was quite the popular place last Monday when a census was taken of Overcash's ex-flames. Only six out of twenty-five were present. Bad percentage Buss.

Donna Faye Watson is certainly getting around. Nice spot, the Paramount. Eh, Donna?

We wonder how many pupils know what Jackie Kennedy's full name is. It's Theresa Jessamine Jacquelyne Kennedy. Whew!!!

Say, what are all these girls gonna do when basketball season starts and the boys have to practice day and night. Spend "Blue Evenings?"

Time out—while we find out what the soph girls think of at H. P. H. S.

"Guess what! Thurman Horney actually spoke to me."

"I wish Brantley Hucks didn't have a girl." (So do we)

"Boy, isn't 'Pip' Speas good at intercepting passes (Not only in football)

"Golly, we have study with Jack Hussey."

"I wish Cliff Furgerson would speak to me." (Slow down sophs you have plenty of time)

Saaaay, isn't Jo Ingram beating Lib Lindsay's time with "Face." What's the difference, when there's a tall handsome junior waiting for Lib with open arms.

Aren't you envious of; Mary Anne Thomas' hair; Gloria's popularity with the football team; Julie Marsh's eyes; Betty Warner's personality; Jackie Kennedy's clothes, and brother, the way she wears them; Gene Thacker's come hither look while writing for the POINTER. Bud Kivett's and Jack Hussey's irresistibility; Bill Currie's use of the English language while writing his article for the POINTER; Herb Speas' lisp; Jack Preston's personality; Grady Morgan's nervous energy; Carl Justice's way with the women; and of the fortunate people who hit the lunch line first.

Thanksgiving Prayer

Amidst the turmoil of this wayward world,
 Amidst the strife and fight of toiling man,
 We thank Thee, God, that we may seek this Light
 Of thine, which was before the world began.

Within our lives, oh may we hear Thy call
 For Brotherhood to bring the Dawning Day;
 Without our private realms oh may we bring
 Thy Light a little nearer on the way.

Oh, may we live Thy Brotherhood at home,
 Within our hearts make carnal struggles cease,
 And in the midst of this Thanksgiving Day
 Lift tear-filled eyes and thank Thee for Thy Peace.
 —Rachel Conrad

WISHING

I've often wished that I could be
 A star upon the screen;
 I've wished to be a queen.
 I'd like to be an authoress
 And win a lot of fame
 And in Chicago's "Who's Who" book
 I'd like to see my name.

But when the rain comes pouring down
 My aspirations wane;
 All I ask is to be the girl
 Whose curls stay up in the rain.

WELL DONE, BISON

The football season is ended. And our Bison have surely done well; It's tough to lose the final game— It's not because they didn't play swell.

Several times they outplayed their opponents
 And had to go down in defeat;
 Because "Lady Luck" was against them,
 And such competition as hers they can't meet.

Many times the odds were against them—
 Had to play much heavier squads,
 And demonstrated fine coaching,
 By winning against such odds.

Each man on the team is a thoroughbred,
 Always gentlemanly—never rude,
 And the way they'd fight those heavier teams
 Proved their "intestinal fortitude."

"When the final scorer comes
 To write against your name,
 It isn't what you've won or lost,
 But how you played the game."
 —By W. H. Currie

A PRAYER

Dear heaven, I wish you'd get this straight,
 I know I asked you for a date
 For Saturday, but what I meant
 Was ANYONE but the guy you sent!

ODE TO RAIN

Little drops of water
 Faling with a thud,
 Takes the dusty landscape
 And turns it into mud.

Furry angora looks cute on gals
 As they trip merrily to dances.
 But, mercy me, the damage done
 To boy's best coat n' pantses!

Teacher (to noisy class): "I've told you twenty times to keep quiet. Now don't let me have to tell you a second time!"

LIMERICKS

There is a fine gridder named Hucks,
 All opposing tacklers he ducks;
 And for dear High Point High
 He would sprout wings and fly,
 And slither through mud and through muck.

Jack Hussey's so husky and strong,
 His punting sure pleases the throng.
 He catches long passes—
 As well as the lassies—
 We know that he'll ne'er "get the gong."

SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Last week was a hectic week if you ask the science teachers. Miss McCain is on the warpath for the horrible beast who killed her pet woodpecker... Mr. Baldwin is still laughing about the quinine he put in the ice-cubs. What a bad taste... Mrs. Shaw is drilling the poor sophomores on photosynthesis, osmosis, etc... When the barometer in the physics class fell last week the Bison rooters came near fainting... Imagine Miss Whitehead and Mrs. Shaw in wading. Well if you had been at Jackson Pond you would have seen them up to their knees. They claimed they were collecting clams... Miss McCain's squirrel "Kicked the bucket." He didn't like apples... Well, we hope this covers the science classes.

Best wishes from the Pointer staff to Thurman Horney who suffered a painful knee injury in the Greensboro affair. May he soon return to our midst.

ALUMNI NOTES

Margaret Hauser, who graduated from High Point high school in 1925, now writes a series of connected short stories entitled "Boy Dates Girl" for the "Scholastic" magazine. She writes under the pseudonym "Gay Head," and her stories are very popular with readers of this magazine. All of the "Boy Dates Girl" stories of 1938 and 1939 have been collected into a single volume and are now being sold.

Harris Jarrell, brother of Howard and Harold Jarrell, twins of the sophomore class, graduated with the class of '31. While in high school he opened the City Shoe Shop, which he still operates. He attended High Point College and later graduated from Harvard Law School. At the present time he is practising law in High Point and is recognized both for his interest in civic affairs and business enterprises.

Mrs. Delphine Holder Lynne, who with Walter Turrentine, composed our school song, is a graduate of the class of 1920. She is looking forward to next year when her 13 year old daughter, Barbara Lynne will be a sophomore here.

As a student here, Mrs. Lynne was interested in music, especially orchestra and glee club. She is now a teacher of 'cello at her residence in High Point.

SOPHS

Well, the sophomores don't look as out of place as they used to. In fact, they have quite a bit of oomph an' all.

Helen Craven really is an all round girl, with her personality and capability.

Bob Gayle's musical ability is greatly admired—especially by the girls.

Belle Glover can draw plenty swell, and Belle isn't half bad herself.

John MacFarland really knows all the answers even if he is officially christened the "Scarlet Fox."

There's jitterbuggin', rugcuttin' Juanita Love, too, whose voice always takes the prize.

Fristance Eleanor Younts, who has cute eyes and knows how to use them, is representing the Sophomores in the Student Council as is Harold Haworth.

Wade Hampton is a killer-diller. He's eligible too. girls. Or is he?

We all admire Frances Copp-ridge's personality and wit, and we think the blonde bombshell Anita Burton is too, too cute.

People are beginning to wonder if Glen Loflin is trying to make the world brighter with his red pants.

Jack Winders, Arnold Barnes, and a few fellows have got the pur-r-tiest eyes.

We want to mention Arnold Metcalf because he might get conceited, but we do want to know if his mother rolls his hair up at night.

By the way that little sophomore Lois Welborn is plenty good, but we wonder why the boys call her "Heart Throb."

Marguerite Murray is the sophomore class glamour girl. Stewart Stone, class prexy, thinks so too.

Keep up the good work sophomores, and we betcha you'll be seniors maybe someday, we hope.

LIBERTY HAT SHOP

DR. NAT WALKER
 Over Walgreen Drug Store
 EYES EXAMINED
 GLASSES FITTED