

Roses Are Red AND I WUV OO

Violets Are Blue

You can't say that we—the staff—haven't been keeping our eyes open. Here are some of the things we have been seeing.

Jackie Hawks and Phyllis, Ray and Betty Lois, after the Friday night games . . . Greer and Bill fighting over pickles at Stewart's . . . H. J. and Bobbie in tower 2 after the first period . . . Dot and Charlie waiting for curb service at Gibson's . . .

Nell Black and David Leonard complaining about the hard benches in the gym . . . Betty Ann and Ralston making a date for the Demolay dance . . . Maxine and Joe laughing all the way up town . . . Pat and Frank listening to "Girl of My Dreams" . . . Boonie and Bill talking just outside the choir room . . .

Hazel and Ken almost everywhere . . . Pat and Carolyn in a friendly fight during lunch period . . . Marie Lloyd and Jim Raper lunging at Jeff's . . . Jimmy Rickert teasing Jean Walton . . . "Ref"

racing down to Siler City . . . Rida and Beefy eating (Beefy, anyway) . . .

Doris Allen and Bill at the late show . . . Hester over at Jeanne's elbow deep in cookie dough . . . Jack Holbrook mailing a letter to a Charlotte address . . . Jean Curran and Henry Overcash just before the senior home room period . . . Maxine missing "S'nookie" . . . Martha Ingram and Neal Lancaster . . . Martha H. waving to Bill F. just outside of study hall . . .

Buddy Welch waiting for Becky after lunch . . . Doris Craven walking with Dickie Hayes . . . Skip—always worrying about Peggy . . . Dot Barker wrinkling up her nose at Dwight . . . Katherine (Hess Ho), and "Moosie" (when he is home from Davidson) seated in the Center on Saturday nights . . . Harold listening to Betty Sue give out with "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song" at the cappella banquet . . . Mickey letting Armfield out of the car on the main

drag on Saturday morning . . .

Wilma Leonard calling Kenneth Ellington from Ingram's . . . Suzie mooning over Hoots . . . Dick T. calling Mary Mc for a Saturday night date . . . Mary Ella Coffey rushing into Lindale's to buy some ice cream—from Bill Patterson . . . Joanne White writing to Oak Ridge (Not to her brother) . . . All the H. P. H. S. girls smiling demurely over big red, lacy Valentines bearing familiar sentimental messages . . .

Joy! Joy! Ding, Dong!

Ring out, ye merry wedding bells; Listen, all lovers, to the story which tells Of the bride who comes, with veils of white; Of the bridegroom who waits, quite hidden from sight. O joy—O bliss! O bliss—O joy! For today our Lena has married Kilroy.

Fickle Femmes

I think that I shall never see A girl who will be true to me— A girl who, when I am not there, Will sit around and tear her hair. Instead, I know her eyes will stray To every boy who comes her way; She'll try to date, then fondly hope This won't get back to me—the dope!

But all of that's okay by me, For I am fickle too, you see.

Will You Be Mine?

Each little bird his song has sung, But this little bird has just begun. I have some tales that I shall tell; If you don't want to listen, just jump in the well.

The day is cold, the weather's dreary, But "Lil' Hound's happy with his dearie.

She can't keep her mind on school or jobs, For sweet Alice Thompson has two Bobs.

The wolves may phone for a date each night, Still a lonely girl is petite Clancy White.

Though he's gone, no poem is complete Without congrats to Estelle and Pete.

Note: (She wants "Bob—ie.")

ONE STUDENT'S IDEA . . .

ABOUT OUR SCHOOL

AND SCHOOL SPIRIT

High Point high school is one of the best Class A high schools in the South. The majority of the students of our school have been living up to this reputation, but sometimes we must stop to think if all the students are doing their best.

One of the qualities of a real high school student is that he or she can suspend judgment of a thing until all the facts are known. No harm is meant, but at times things do slip out. Let's be careful as to what we say, and we will lead a happier school life.

Conduct in the auditorium has not been a problem, although if we forget our manners and training it can become one. We should know when to clap and when not to clap; when to laugh and when not to act like a clown; when to speak and when not to open our mouths; and finally when to stand and when to sit down. Funny remarks that come to our minds should be held until the program is over and, above all, let's leave the wise cracks up to Hope and Crosby!

Students should be more and more interested in their STUDIES! I don't believe the students realize they are ruining themselves and not anyone else. This country is gradually turning to the educated person, and the student who now is getting the best training will be the one to use his influence to get ahead of his fellow man. This school was not put here for people to make F's in, but put here for students to exercise their minds and to fill them with knowledge. Remember this the next time you open that book.

Let's keep up that good old school spirit and think more of this institution—for deep down in our hearts we love it!

—B. H.

TALENT PROGRAM

(Continued from Page One)

weekly broadcast. Inquiries should be addressed either to him or to Miss Frank of the music department.

The broadcast will be made over WMFR unless the new station is established before the opening date of the proposed program.

Orchids And Onions

"Hearts and Flowers" is the usual theme for Dan Cupid's month of February, but we, desiring to be different, have decided to continue the regular heading for this column. We wish to present mammoth, delicate orchids, along with a Tom Brennaman kiss to all those deserving of such an honor, and a big, juicy bunch of odoriferous onions to those who deserve such.

An orchid to David Blair, sophomore, for being elected president of the Guilford County 4-H Council.

A bouquet of orchids to the cappella choir for their superb performance last Thursday and for being at the station early Friday morning to bid farewell to their director.

An orchid to Ruth Highfill just because "I ain't never had one."

A big barrel of onions to those people who run like fire to get in the lunch line, and a like amount to those who are lacking in good manners during music programs.

An orchid to Miss Dorothy Hollar for her efficient work as Pemican adviser.

SNAZZY

Who's the loudest on our list? Who's making fads for everyday bliss? Could it be George with her colors so loud, Or Boscoe who wears his red sweater so proud? Maybe it's Caroline and her hair-do—bang! If not, it's Bean's lid that thrills the gang. Yet it could be Bobby Baird's GI job, Or the winged sweaters of Claude and "J-Bob." Now don't tell me you fall for Alex's belt, Or that Eddie's pipe makes you fairly melt! Could it be Tivy's big plaid shirts, Or those hose for school that really hurts? Still perhaps Frank's hair is the fad; Yet without the blonds, life would be sad. There's one thing though on which we must agree— It wouldn't be school without them—see?!!

Just Call Me

QUAINT OLD CUSTOM

On February 14, probably longer ago than he cares to remember, Johnnie sat in his play room. Jane, his ball and chain of the kindergarten, came in.

"Johnnie."

Johnnie, pretending to be seriously occupied, in fixing his broken—whatever it was that he broke, merely said, "Huh?"

"Johnnie, do you know what day this is?"

"Silly girl!" (Mental exclamation). But for matters of conversation he said something that might have meant "no."

"Johnnie, don't you know?" Hint, hint.

He wished he were old enough to use a man's language, but he finally came out with an angry, "Friday!"

"Oh, Johnnie, it's Valentine's Day. Haven't you heard?"

Johnnie said so innocently, "I forgot all about it." Did he?

The very grown-up female turned from him coldly, saying, "Oh, Jonnie, you're quite hopeless."

Well, now they have come out of kindergarten and advanced to high school. Their teachers vow, however, that they should still be in kindergarten.

"Jane, I—I brought you a gift."

Still the woman of the world, "Oh, thank you."

Johnnie, trying to nurse his manly pride, says hopefully, "It's Valentine's Day, you know." I wonder where he learned that.

"Is it? Isn't that such a quaint old custom? I remember that long years ago in kindergarten you sent me the most fabulous valentines." Yeah, he remembers, too!

EVENTS TO WATCH FOR

FEBRUARY MOVIES

FOR GENERAL SCIENCE CLASSES:

"Forty Billion Enemies"
"First Steps in First Aid"
"Flight Log"
"Scrub Game"

FOR BIOLOGY CLASSES:

"The Frog"
"Digestion of Foods"
"Foods and Nutrition"

FOR CHEMISTRY STUDENTS:

"Fertilizer from Coal"

HOME ECONOMICS:

"Human Element to Pie Crust Making"
"In the Dough"

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION:

"A Romance of Industry"

FOR FRENCH CLASSES:

"Old Towns of Normandy"

"He calls me one thing, she says another; but the people here at school just call me 'Beefy,'" said Buddy Boyles, "ever since Pal Jones first pinned that name on me."

"Horse," Horace Davis remarked, "'cause my little niece couldn't say Horace."

"Bucky" Brown just can't remember where his nickname came from or who gave it to him. That sounds like "Ig" Ellington (but remember, Ig, it pays sometimes to be ignorant.)

Speedy Reid's nickname is practically a tradition in his family.

"Boonie" Davis acquired hers from—well, physical characteristics. (When she was young, of course.)

I don't know from where Kisser, Queenie, and Zeke got theirs, so I won't mention them.

Ronnie Key pinned "Hollywood" on Bill Hartley. "I knew he didn't like it, so that's why I did it," said Ronnie. (That's friendship for you!)

"Aaron Rice looks like a cat so that is why he's called 'Cat Man,'" someone said. He ought to be told, for he didn't know how he gained it.

"Wink" Allen's grandfather called her that, thinking the name Winifred was too long.

Skip Vaughn's walk gave him his nickname.

"Flapper" Grant gained his because of his ears. (Don't feel bad, Truett, just look at Clark Gable.)

Pete Armstrong started the nickname "Bean Bo," which has shortened to "Bean."

Darrell Crater ("Tater Bug") was so called because of his working on a farm. (It comes in handy, however, when one signs autographs.)

"Corny" came from Cornelia—the name, not her actions. (Actions, though, do speak louder than words!)

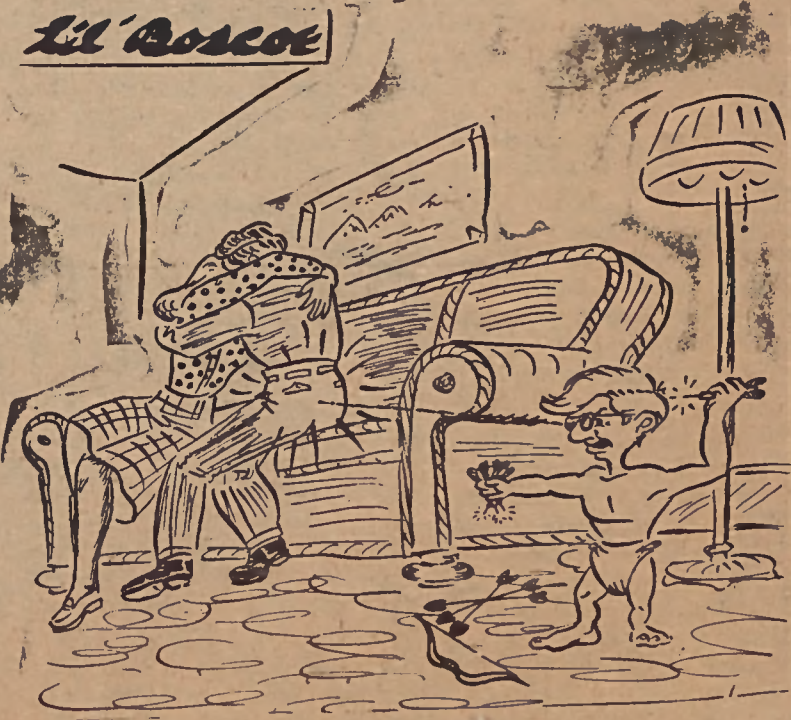
Ref comes from Renfrow, Scotty from Scott, Mickey from Millinty, and Bucket from Burkett.

Carolyn Andrews says that as her daddy and mother didn't think she was worth more than a cent, they called her "Penny."

It is said that Charles Simmons can see more than most people can, so he is known by the nickname Seemore. I wonder!

I have heard that "S'nookie" Grooms got his name from a wrestler with a similar cognomen.

Whatever the nickname, however, Walter Savage Landor summed up the matter when he said, "Nicknames, when they are once laid on, no one has discovered how to take them off."



"Hee! Hee! Cupid, that's me!"

HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL
HIGH POINT, N. C.

THE POINTER

Editor-in-Chief.....Betty Jo Ring
Associate Editors.....Audrey Smith
Dick Davenport
News Editor.....Joyce Linthicum
Sports Editor.....Russell Blackburn
Assistants.....Boscoe Lindsay
Pat Mellonas
Feature Editor.....Nancy Greer
Assistants.....Helen Rigby
Herman Coble
Staff Photographer.....Ted Hodge

Reporters: Bobbie Myers, Maizie Strickland, Marilyn Robinette, Rodney Borum, June Smith, Barbara Smart.

Business Manager.....Peggy Davis
Circulation Manager.....Ellen Russell
Advertising Manager.....Doris Nance
Assistants.....Barbara Lowe
Gladys Linthicum
Betty Jo Harris
Imogene Haney

General Adviser
Miss Muriel Bulwinkle
Business Adviser
Miss Madeline Brooks