

Hum-m

BEEN SEEING RED?

Hum-m

Bright (and we mean that literally) on the Pointer's personality parade this month are two of H. P. H. S. best known carrot-tops....red-heads, that is.

Attention! Catcher No. 1 is sophomore Mary Lee Church. Mary Lee spent the first ten of her sixteen years partly in Indiana, her birthplace, and partly in California, where she lived next door to some remote character called Shirley Temple. But, despairing of such a dull life, her parents decided to move to a more exciting place....High Point.

Now, Mary Lee is a fairly typical teen-ager. Big favorites are French fries and the color green. Ambitions are to have a green orchid and to be a Parisian fashion designer. Her first driving experience resulted in \$50 damage to the family car, but Mary Lee says her biggest scare came when she was informed that her heart and appendix were on the wrong side. She still wonders about that.

When David Lambert was informed of his potential publicity, his complexion slowly turned the color of his hair; but, after a little persuasion, he gave forth these vital statistics.

David spent his first two high school years at Georgia Military Academy, where he built up quite a knowledge of chemistry. His ambition is to become a chemical engineer. He is a tennis fan, but in addition, practices photography a little on his own. Biggest interests are football, broiled steaks, and Sarah Shaw.

CLIPPED SLIPS

On a recent examination paper appeared the following statement "Drake was an explorer, who explored while Queen Elizabeth sat on a thorn."

(The things these poor queens have to go through.)

Aspen: A patent medicine for the headache.)

A woman, commonly known by friends as frequently using 50 caliber words, described a huge ballroom which was brilliantly decorated. She elaborated, "Oh, I walked in and saw all those confederates hanging the ceiling; the way they dangled just took my breath away. Then at the stroke of twelve they all came tumbling down." All rebels will agree upon the dazzling effect the "grey men" possessed. Although I prefer mine on good old terra firma.

"Crying is a madiciple partifying Baby."

(Lardon my Panguage.) Just to show what a twist of the tongue can do to an English statement.

The play adaptation of "Jane Eyre" selected by the junior class is a faithful and authentic version of the book that is beloved by millions . . . who are waiting to see it.

The Mysteries Of The Dying Man

A man lay upon his death bed. The scars of the torture of a preying thought were upon his face. All through the night he had tossed and laid still in his bed. His weeping wife, sitting on a box of T. N. T., was ready to explode. The doctor, having had much difficulty in getting his row boat across the sea of traffic in the streets, had just arrived. He was examining the patient with an opera glass. He didn't know what

I Wish

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Hiya moonbeams:

Latch on to these strictly super things that everyone's drolling about, but def! Life would be simply heavenly if I just had:

A Cadillac with a T-model horn —Thurman MacKenzie.

A will, giving Latin back to Caesar.—Becky Wall.

Something to eat.—Boyd Chapman.

A diploma from H. P. H. S.—Donree Garner.

A key to open the door for Richard.—Bill Shelton.

The talent to be a Spanish dancer.—Nancy Perryman.

Nothing else, I'm perfectly satisfied!—Ralston Welch.

Another fine time like last summer.—Lamarie McArthur.

A blonde and a book of Chinese on a rainy night—Dewey Greer.

Diamond ring like that of Helen Dallas.—Suzanne Slate.

The ability to be the first woman president.—Mardelle Snipes.

A pretty girl on a South Sea island with me.—Raeford Hawkes.

The experience of waking up on Saturday, thinking it's a school day.—Barbara George.

Money, woman, or "something" like that.—Robert Shackelford.

Red hair.—Sarah Shaw.

A penny—Sea Scouts.

Student Opinion Poll

Question: What do you like best about H. P. H. S.?

Carolyn Voncanon — My trig class. I like to unjumble numbers. Ruth Campbell—Pulling apart starfish in biog.

Jim Harris—Just things, especially that ringin' bell.

Betty Patterson—Being scheduled out at noon.

Imogene Haney—Ah . . . only 14 more weeks left!

Irving Silver—Short homeroom periods. Why? Lunch is next.

Eleanor Beeson—Pecking those keys in typing.

Tommy Garst—The wrestling team.

Betty Young—Just music in general.

Jud Ruth—Girls, I reckon.

Dolly Hedgecock — Everything's always on time.

Ann Hoots—Prom time.

Ann Grisett—People are so nice to me.

Donald Martin — Good-looking gals.

Ray Bryant—Band and French (horns).

"Jane Eyre" has enjoyed an increasing popularity ever since it was published seventy-five years ago and since that time the novel has been printed by thirty-seven publishers in three editions or more, each edition compromising 25,000 copies or more.

was ailing the man. "He's dying," he said. "What's the matter with him?" asked the wife. "He's dying." The fuse was growing shorter. "What's causing him to die?" The answer came from the dying man himself. With his last pound of strength he said very tragically with tears in his voice. "It's driving me crazy. Richard won't open the door."

Joe And I

The breeze was cool and welcome to me as I briskly skipped towards the girls standing near the door of my dear old alma mater. The girls were huddled closely together, buzzing and laughing, I suppose, over the previous night.

Enviously I approached them. Why, I asked myself, must I always have a burden on my heart and shoulders? Why couldn't I too be gay-hearted and fancy-free. Oh, well, anyway this morning I would be the "big cheese" of the group.

Janice, Joe's girl, turned as I burst breathlessly into the huddle. "Why, Katie," she bubbled, "where on earth have you been all morning? You've practically missed our regular morning 'gab fab'."

Then she jokingly pretended to spank me for being so naughty. In an instant, I reached out to grab her hand.

Janice gasped, "Ka-a-tie! What is that?"

I smiled down at the glittering solitaire on my third finger, left hand. Then I smiled at Janice and blinked away the few tears hiding beneath my lashes. "Dick gave it to me last night."

The girls swarmed around me like bees around a hive. "Katie, it's sensational! ! !""Honey, how wonderful!" "It must be at least a caret!" "Oh, Kate, I'm so happy for you!"

Happy, huh? Ha, ha! Why sure, I was happy too. So happy that I cried my heart out all night. Funny now that since daylight I had felt better about last night.

Last night was a night for romance. I was glad Dick had picked a night like that. The air had been warm and balmy, yet fresh as spring nights are. A full moon had shown through the mimosa branches as the swing creaked on its hinges. And Dick, my handsome Dick, smelled of 'Old Spice' smiled down at me.

Dick and I understood each other. We always had, and I knew what he meant as he whispered softly, seriously, maturely to me, "Katie, we're good for each other. Together we could build a fine wholesome life; while alone, we have weaknesses but together we could overcome them. Katie, I'm asking you to marry me."

Janice brought me back to reality then with, "Kit Kat, you and Dick have so much in common. Good luck!" Yes, we will have good luck, I know that now. And in the end, I know that I'll be glad my old dream and secret planning didn't come true. Yes, I know that I'll be glad it's Dick and I, instead of Janice and Dick, Joe and I.

"Jane Eyre's" popularity has not waned with the passing of the years, and every year sees a legion of new readers added to the record breaking list. This may be easily understood, for it has been called the greatest dramatic love story of the century.

HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL HIGH POINT, N. C.

THE POINTER

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Yea, Maggie

Have You "C" Appeal

What's

In A

Shoe

I guess maybe it's just characteristic of my family to walk with our heads bowed (don't ask me why — but I did have an uncle who got run over because of it). It just seems that everywhere I look I see feet, shoes!

Big feet, little feet, flat feet, and almost all of them are in shoes.

There's the Dutch or French sabot, the North American Indian moccasin, the Philippine chinela, the Chinese and Roman sandal, and the Turkish slipper. But there's something about it—you can't get away from the "good old" American "work shoe"!

With its thin soles and its bulging sides and its utter simplicity, it sorta makes you think it's looking at you and saying, "How goes it, Chum?" When this happens, you just can't help thinking how this applies to our own lives and what sincerity and simplicity would do for some of us.

As in shoes, as well as in us as human beings, it's the "sole" that counts.

JUST THINGS

Things that we cling, mysteries untold

Guarded in our memories as treasured gold:

A glance, a sigh, from someone sweet,

The corner drugstore where we used to meet,

A football stub from last year's game.

The little squirrel you tried to tame,

Those apples you borrowed from someone's tree,

The day you fell and hurt your knee,

The songs we sat and sang at night,

The wondrous enchantment of candleweight.

The last year we spent in senior high,

The way we cried when we said goodbye.

These are the things I'll never forget

For in my memory they are living yet.

Which Are You?

BORE OR SMOOTH GUY

Listen folks, friendly, gracious manners are tested in the lime-light of public places.

So remember when you and your date take in the new mystery at the Center that unless an usher is present the boy precedes the girl. But in leaving, the girl always precedes her escort up the aisle.

Naturally, fellows, you're bringing your girl to see "Jane Eyre". Do you know it's bad manners to clap loudly and whistle? Don't

Margaret Washburn states with fervor that "things have reached a limit." When she found herself suddenly surrounded by empty seats after candle-bearers had carried off her chosen friends in an Honor Society induction, Mag didn't complain. Sitting alone during a Masque and Gavel installations didn't faze her.

The climax came, however, when the Reverend Paul Tudor Jones, congratulating scholarly "Baby Betas", turned to the student body and sternly challenged—"Any one of you can make the Beta Club." That did it!

According to this hep cheerleader, burning too much midnight oil is necessary in order to rate any of the school societies. She has decided that the one sure way to get into an honor organization is to form one herself, and this she has done. Entrance qualifications are rigid—marks above "C" are out of the question.

Anyone who has decided just what is to be his life's vocation is also exempt. No one above the middle third of his class will be admitted and special privileges will be given to those in the lowest third. Under no circumstances will any person or persons who show the slightest trace of genius be admitted. Mr. Rhode was considered as a possible sponsor but was eliminated because of his superior mentality.

Mag can be reached for further information any afternoon after 3:30 in 311.

Chomp Juicy Fruit Chomp

The "femmes fatales" (female population in other words) who manage to wangle a bid to that simply wonderful (and dry, too) Demolay hop can thank the industrious Key Club members for the beautiful corsages of roses, gardenias, orchids, and chrysanthemums which were scattered over the dance floor. That orchid epidemic was so very fine.

Snow—how we love it! Tower 2 after the downfall was quite a lively place. All the snow balls weren't confined to the beautiful out-of-doors either! Oh, well, we're sorry, but maybe the budget can afford two broken window panes once a year!

talk or eat during the performance. And above all, please don't come late, rattle programs, and then leave early! This might sorta rattle the actors! !

Now comes the Prom that'll soon be coming along. It is customary for the girl's escort to dance the first and last dance and at least one or two others with her. For a successful evening, add a dash of light conversation, a happy smile, and the air of having a perfectly marvelous time.

Did Someone Mention ZeeKoe

"If you had a zeeKoe what would you do?" This question was lately asked several apparently intelligent students at High Point High. "Apparently" is used in good taste. Anyone who doesn't know what a zeeKoe is surely in a bad fix.

Harry Hall, Esq.—Sell it.

Keneth Brown—Tie it in the back yard.

Sherman Starnes — Send him back to Georgia.

Mr. Whitesell—Go crazy .

Eddy Tinsley—Smoke it.

Edna Earle Bates—Drive it to Oak Ridge.

Don Spenser—Eat it.

Dick Thompson—Run.

Betty Ann Rankin—Drive it.

Miss McKenzie—I refuse to be quoted.

Scotty Cook—Throw it away.

Barbara Lowe—Take it shopping.

Boscoe Lindsay—Go to it for medical treatment.

The true meaning was found, after careful and extensive observation, to be a hippopotamus.