

### Jo Jo Jolly Jumps

Maybe it's an early sign of spring or something! Anyhow things in general seem lately to be a bit mixed up and—well—just vaguely out of the ordinary.

I first noticed this upon entering my morning choir class when I found Mr. Sam Taylor, clad in a fetching little red cap and blue jeans and looking like a little boy fresh from grammar school, and Mr. Serposs busily engaged in the dignified task of blowing up balloons and tying strings around their ends. (Just giving Miss Frank a hand in getting the decorations up for the orchestra's Friday night dance.)

Then, after lunch as I trustingly walked into tower three, where the general after-lunch congregation meets, I was practically kicked on the shins by a collection of legs, all waving in the same direction. I stayed just long enough to find out that the legs belonged to a group of girls lined up and illustrating their dance routine for the approaching "Folies of 1947".

But, after all's said and done, I guess the first inescapable sign that spring can't be far off came when T. C. Isom made an entrance the other night, sporting a dandy new spring hair-cut.

### HODGE

A blinding glare . . . the gasp of a victim . . . and our favorite man of action, Ted Hodge, has snapped another candid shot.

The loping figure of this photographic genius, weighted down with camera, bulbs, and other paraphernalia, is a familiar sight at any scene of activity. Ted's unfailing ability to cover news has acquired for him the appropriate tag—"Johnny on the spot."

T. Ian's fame is not limited to the high school alone. The frequent pleas from outside sources keep the phone in Mrs. Jackson's office continually buzzing.

Most of Ted's time, however, is taken up with supplying the Pemican and the Pointer with shots "on the double, plu-lezz!" (Editors are so understanding!)

### TID BITS

We really make them clever here at senior high. During a recent biology movie one boy was observed to be practically writing his head off in an effort to capture all possible information. As the lights came on, he looked proudly down at his paper, then at his pencil, and back at the paper again. Oh, no, not that! He could have vowed that when he had started writing, there was lead in that pencil.

"Is this your stomach?" inquired Miss Cox in a dissecting class.

"Why, no, ma'am," replied Dot K. "It's the crayfish's."

Congratulations! Some one actually reads the Pointer and takes in all the news. Proof of this? Well, Norman Schwartz inquired of Mary Lee Church if her heart and appendix were really on the wrong side (as the paper indicated). If so, then did she sit on her brains?



GUESS WHO?

### WANT ADS

HELP WANTED: Five males to escort five females to the junior-senior prom. Applicants phone 3662, 48436, 8393, 44218 and 4218.

LOST: Numerous lines from junior play script. If found—Thank goodness!

FOUND: One female in vicinity of Jeff's drug store . . . short of statue, with sparkling eyes, crinkled nose and quick temper. Answers to the name of Dot. Apply to Dwight Carroll.

STOLEN: A carefree heart from a certain Ruth S. during February. Last seen in the company of Darrell Stanley near ———?

WANTED: Four dozen roses to be given to A. M.—T. T. and to H. Z.—K. O. for their two-year anniversaries. Congrats, kids!

NEEDED: Two mathematical geniuses to complete geometry course for Kat Hester and Mag Washburn.

LOST: One Kisser Blackburn, described as tall, lean and lanky. Last seen in the Pointer office. Strongly suspected of being ground up in the pencil sharpener.

NEEDED: A diamond-studded gold key for Richard. That door still won't open.

### ALLEN SMITH PACES JUNIORS FOR CLASS TITLE

Coach Homer McCoy's juniors, paced by Allan Smith, turned back Coach Ishee's sophomores, 41-29 for the class title. Dewey Peck with 13 points and W. B. "Wheat" Miller paced the sophs, who found their upperclassmen a little too potent.

The "rookies" haven't been able to nose out the juniors in any of their numerous encounters during the season. Several times, however, the sophs have forced the higher classmen to the limit.

Milton Candler, rebound specialist; Bobby Lee, set shot ace; and Curt Freeman, one-hand push shot artist, paced the juniors to a highly successful season.

### ENGLISH TRAGEDY

A fog hung over the little village of London. A biting wind, sinking its teeth into every passerby, blew in from the river, Thames.

The stock market had crashed that day. (The pilot wasn't injured.) Mr. Drake walked slowly toward his hovel on Downing Street where, he knew, his Cleopatra and Junior were waiting for him with an apron and dish rag, and a story book.

Big Ben struck seven. As Mr. Drake crossed the bridge, he stopped. He stood very still, staring at the silent water. He leaned over the railing. Suddenly his whole life flashed before him. The water swirled, and—he just stood there on the bridge.

### Hatcheck Charlies Chuckles

Now we know whom to get to stage lively dances. Miss Frank made a wonderful success of the orchestra clinic hop. Those grand marches were actually fun!

Hey fellers! Only four weeks 'til the prom. (Subtle, reminder.)

A few mighty seniors we know are having quite a time showing awed sophomores the ropes.

"Susie" really gets around these days and the Oak Ridge bellhops aren't complaining!

The cheerleaders live up to their name even when serving at banquets. Never a dull moment (so the speakers found!) Was that

the ring of the cash register during the invocation or Rosalie gulping down another popsicle?

Darby's mailman is a busy man. You've got him, gal, and we don't mean the mailman.

Nazz Auman, Ed White, and Jimmie Kent are the current roving Casanovas. Ed isn't roving much, though, is he, Ida Ruth?

Collie dogs are definitely not Mr. Prior's favorite or maybe he's just more interested in civics during his first period class.

Advice to the gullible . . . Don't waste any five minutes listening to the trials and tribulations of "Out-bored Motor."

### Romance On The Bog

### WHIFFS SNIFFS LISPS

Is it Madge's accent or just a pet saying when she asks for a "peon-cil?" . . . Why does "Seaweed" always ask for something the store doesn't have? (The \$64 question!) . . . Another! Why does Bobbie always light up when a certain person comes to the store from Mr. Rohde's first period class? Huh? . . . Too bad, Helen, that you aren't collecting yellow attendance slips any more. It's tough luck not to get a chance to peep into 301. Now we'll miss the gleam in her eye as she passes the store . . . One might think that the store is a food center by the way people come asking for ice cream, squash sandwiches, candy and other stuff! . . . Anyhow, if you're not up with the latest, just drop by the store and find out.

A half moon hung over an Irish bog, casting a romantic atmosphere over the expanse of muddy circle, and the muddy circle at that moment was serving an excellent purpose. To complete the scene of love, a young Irishman was carrying in his strong arms his feminine companion across the bog.

Her dainty feet dangled in the March wind, and her soft brown eyes surveyed him with approval. Her arm was thrown about his neck. Then he felt her smooth pink skin brush gently against his cheek. Her dainty nostrils gave forth her scented breath upon his ear, and her perfume intoxicated him. Passionately her thin lips met his in the starlight. With love-lit gaze the young Irishman chuckled softly in the darkness, as he whispered tenderly in her shell-like ear, "Oh, Colleen, you're the most affectionate little pig in Ireland."

### PO' ME

Teachers, teachers wherever I looks  
Trying to git me learned from books.  
Oh, how I do most deperately hate Those licks I git fer being late.  
They make me mind THEIR golden rule  
And if'n I didn't, stay after school.  
I hafta know things I don't need  
Then git called a hick hayseed  
Yes, I'd be just plumb glad  
If I could fergit each'n I had.

### COMICS

Of all the things I've ever heard  
That comics are funny is most absurd.  
I've read those "jokes" from front to back  
And found them most gruesome.  
That's a fact.  
Still I know I'd laugh if only some one  
Would but show me, where is the fun.

### "On the Beam" To Be Presented On March 21

"On the Beam" with Glenn Morris will be presented by the Student Council on March 21, 1947. This program, which has been given more than 4,000 times is an outstanding demonstration of aviation's blind flying by use of the latest electrical equipment. Mr. Morris will also perform numerous startling magical stunts which he explains by the use of practical science. The price will be 25 cents.

### BLACKIE

I am a little boy,  
My name is Jackie,  
I have a little dog,  
His name is Blackie.  
Blackie and his brother  
Are alike exactly,  
'Cept  
White is Whitey  
and  
Black is Blackie.

### Do You Remember?

The bond rallies during the war and the item auctioneer Bronson Matntey sold at one of them year before last? . . . The times Miss Connell (Mrs. Briggs) had last year with room 210 at Junior High and Miss Nash's conduct slips? . . . Those "swell" times at the City Lake? (Ah, Summer!) The day President Roosevelt died? When Pete Armstrong was president of Junior High? . . . When Richard Crowder danced with Mrs. Shaw at last year's frosh-soph prom? . . . When "Corny" Hodgins went with Boscoe in the eighth grade? . . . The time Peggy Layton pulled a false faint in Mr. Holmes' civics class one after-

noon? . . . When Tony Teachy went with Ruth Highfill? . . . Mary Lou Culler? When Broadus Leonard, Bill Currie, Jack Dillard, Jim Bulla, and other "big-wheels" of former days roamed the halls of HPHS? . . . When High Point High had male cheerleaders? . . . The "swell shindig" the Key Club had at Guilford Battleground last spring? . . . "Nonie" and Myrtle Beach? . . . ALL the boys dressed in "tucks" at the Alpha Sigma hop a couple of years ago? Rare right! . . . Mr. Barry Morris? . . . Last year's junior play? . . . Those jolly rides in Ref's T-Model and the dashes to lunch in Heywood's "Silver Streak."

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