

# "Afoot And Light-Hearted I Take To The Open Road"

—WALT WHITMAN.

## Here's To Forty=Seven

Here's to the best class in all the world;  
Here's to its joys and its sorrows too;  
Here's to the memories it now leaves behind;  
Here's to each heart that is loyal and true!

Here's to the school that we've loved so well;  
Here's to the friends that are steadfast and true;

Here's where we laughed and studied and played;

And, best of all, classmates, here's to you!

## Of Things Past

Approximately three hundred and fifty screaming and yowling youngsters of six, in the fall of 1935, were walked, driven, or dragged by their mothers, older sisters, or big brothers into the portals of the various grammar schools scattered throughout the metropolis of High Point. Some struggled and fought to escape; others, after a time, found great delight in being able to out-read and out-draw their fellow students; still others discovered greater joy in extra-curricular activities, such as "Crack the Whip," "Prisoner's Base," or bloodying of one another's noses.

After six years, marked by a like number of visits to the principal's office in the various schools, another migration took place. At this time no screams rent the air, no mothers and big brothers were present as the awed and confused kids, the future class of '47, made their way into the halls of junior high, surely the "biggest school in the world"—to us, anyway. Each change of period found numbers of puzzled seventh graders wandering through the corridors, trying to find their respective classes.

Finally, by perseverance and interrogation, the group succeeded so well in their work that in two more years some were seniors in junior high, while others became freshmen at senior high. The whole question of going or staying depended entirely upon one's age; therefore the date of birth suddenly became an important factor in the lives of the graduates-to-be of 1947. All the twenty-eighters were enrolled in the temple of knowledge, commonly known as High Point high school, while the twenty-niners remained three hundred yards to the east of them. Thus the elder members of the class got a head start in high school, while their younger classmates had a glorious fling at being "big wheels" in junior high. Each group expressed sorrow at the plight of the other, and both were extremely well-pleased with their own situations. Felix Miller represented the senior high group as president, while Joanne Sechrest served as president of the junior high student body.

Time passed and the next year, united as a sophomore class under the leadership of James Johnson, we carried out a wonderfully successful magazine subscription campaign and had a whopping big time at our first sophomore-freshman prom.

After the summer vacation was over, we returned as juniors to witness one of the stormiest class elections in the history of the school, when the twenty-niners had their first opportunity campaign and vote in high school. The present senior class looks back upon a terrifically active and successful year as juniors. One of our number served as editor-in-chief of the Pointer; junior took the lead in the presentation of a highly successful amateur show; and in the spring presented an equally successful junior play, which netted over four hundred dollars. It was during this spring also that the student body saw fit to elect our class president, Don Huber, to the presidency of the entire student body, a choice which showed the good judgment of all who voted for the lad whom we, as a class, consider our finest.

It is quite certain that with every one of us as seniors, there rests the feeling that this year has hastened by "on winged feet." It seems only yesterday that we elected Lindzy Elwood ("Beefy") Boyles to lead us through our last year at senior high. As a class, we have been the sponsor of the Pemican, have successfully presented "The Youngest," our senior class play, and—well, only a shortage of space limits mention of other varied accomplishments.

In all class histories it seems that sentimentality begins to set in about this point. I am not, however, going to be utterly carried away and declare that every moment at high school has been an unforgettable pleasure; yet, in truth, our four years at H. P. H. S. have proved both enjoyable and educational and have left behind them pleasant memories which we shall all probably recall in moments of nostalgia.

## Of Things To Come

When, in 1957,  
I started on my trip,  
Never thought I'd meet again  
Those '47 drips!

### IN CONEY ISLAND

As I stepped off the Southerner, which made a special stop in front of Cliff's Clip Joint on the boardwalk, owner's Overcash and Marsh dashed out platters of the famous Hester's Hash (product of the Kline kitchen). Maneuvering to the popcorn stand where I was to meet James Johnson, "Little Clog" at Willow Run, I recognized the familiar crooning of Carolyn Ward. A deep silence prevailed over a far corner where Hugh Winn, Jack Holbrook, Gordon Cress, and Bill Fanelty were deeply involved in a chess game started back in 301. Mr. Rhode was still kibitzing in the background.

Behind this isolated group, I noticed McKinney's famous "White on White" modeled by "Gumdrop" Hardin.

Special feature of the floor show, McMullan's All-Boy Orchestra, was announced by a roll from drummer Swiggett. M. C., B. B. Yarborough, was trying hard to be heard above the whistles for the chorus line, led by "Bubbles" Carroll, which consisted of Doris Nance, Paula Jean Buie, Ruth Highfill, Dot Clodfelter, Melba Brown, Lib Blakely, and Mabel Wagner. Competing for attention was a hep-cat named Smith, yelling, "That's what I love about the South!"

L. C., who had just finished complaining over the advances of some blond named Pat, timidly tapped my shoulder again to inform me that his boss, Roger Hedrick, had recently acquired a new secretary, Anita Withers. He also had news from High Point, suburb of Jamestown, Inc., that Betty Jo Harris and Gene Peace had obtained positions at beloved Guilford as goldfish-bowl cleaners, while naturalist, Felix Miller, supplied the fish.

Not to be outdone, I shocked him back by disclosing the fact that Bob Adams was the new mayor of Greensboro; his working cabinet was composed of Mack Rich, fire-chief; Dot Collins, post-mistress; Caroline Arden, prosecuting attorney; Cornelia Ann Hodgkin, judge; and councilmen, Charlie Oakes, Leon Greene, and Vann

York.

Bidding adieu, I prepared to depart when I spotted Nelvin Cooper, and Bill Hartley, suave playboys, surrounded by the ravishing debutantes, Rida Ingram, Doris Allen, Ellen Russell, and Betsy Anderson.

Then, grabbing my hat from checker Betty Jean Shields, I was bowed out by the inconspicuous doorkeeper, Don Huber. (My how times do change!)

Midst the glare of neon signs, I was startled by the 20-foot poster announcing the appearance of Jack Bollinger, Bobby Scalf, Robert Ellis, Eddie Tinsley, Hal Livengood, and Edgar Turner in the Don Cosak Chorus (they always were Rushin'), directed by monotone T. C. Isom.

The billboard which was being feverishly scanned by perpetually grinning J. S. almost obscured the thriving establishment of the three Garner girls, famous for fresh-water fudge.

I rushed along the boardwalk but caught a glimpse of life—guard von Drehle, busy fishing out Mary Faye Alexander from the ankle-deep water. Meanwhile a brood of children blocked my pathway, headed by Margaret Washburn, kindergarten professor.

While attempting to cross the avenue, I was nearly run down by a sleek '57 Cadillac, which Dwight Carroll was chauffeuring for Rodney Borum, speaker of the House, and Helen Rigby.

Beaming Lloyd Brown, proprietor of the Swansdown Mattress Boarding House for Men, met me on the other side with a clammy handshake.

In a tattered tent before Beef's "Safe Ferris-Wheel", Joanne, "The Gazer", was busy having visions in which big-league baseball star, James Thomas, was making a touchdown on the fifty-yardline, and tennis-mad Shack shot a homer in the Derby.

The great salesman, Bill Alexander, leisurely strolling along the boardwalk, was clothed in a placard advertising Darby and Tom's Rest Home for Weary Feet. The chief masseuses were the famed team, Valentine, and Wall.

Suddenly I stopped at the sight of a familiar face, then felt myself passing into a state of insensibility

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## Of Sound Mind

We, the class of 1947, being of sound mind in spite of what our actions sometimes indicate, do hereby publicly reveal our last will and testament, leaving to the innocent underclassmen a few worthy donations and sometimes otherwise.

ITEM: To the juniors we bequeath our almighty positions as the "big-knockers" and earnestly remind them of the dignity of seniors.

ITEM: To the wastecans and all other refuse deposits we gladly bestow our old themes, term papers, and French verb lists.

ITEM: To Robert Boyles we donate Bob Hester's sly wit and wish little "Beef" the same luck in handling the "cream of the crop."

ITEM: To Marie Loyd, "Corny" tearfully leaves her unfailing preference for a male audience.

ITEM: To Bill Campbell we solemnly bequeath the quick humor and lovable personality of "Bean."

ITEM: The general office staff gives best wishes to Mr. Simeon's new helpers and hopes that they become reconciled to the dear ole' gym.

ITEM: Felix Miller grants to Nick Haliapiliis the sole right to adorn his right ear with a yellow pencil and carry through with a business-like air.

ITEM: With relief in our hearts, we are happy to proclaim that "Boscoe" just leaves!

ITEM: To Skip Vaughn we bestow Jack Bollinger's flare for crooning and an autographed copy of "Racing With the Moon."

ITEM: To all stage-struck juniors, the senior play stage committee wills their long-labored-over set, sighing, "You can have it!"

ITEM: Edgar Turner's "ape-ish" antics and boisterous pranks go to pal Hurley, who needs no lessons.

ITEM: To Betty Draughn we give the health and vitality which add to the All-American Girl appearance of Doris Allen.

ITEM: Bob Renfrow leaves his way with the women and his constant Yvonne complications to "See-More" and "I-nez-z."

ITEM: To Pat Murphy, Hazel Zimmerman bestows her luck and taste for long-term love affairs.

ITEM: Robert Ellis' heavy accelerator foot and implicit faith, we bequeath with foreboding to John Hall.

ITEM: To good-looking Jo Kimsey goes Donree's power over the baton and high-stepping boots.

ITEM: "Shack" leaves a big vacant spot for Tivy Todd, who we hope, will prove the fine fellow that our tennis shark is.

ITEM: To sweet Katherine Hester, we will Doris Nance's pleasant countenance and cheerful personality.

ITEM: Livewire Swiggett bequeaths to Jack King his inexhaustible energy and rhythm.

ITEM: Jimmie McGhee leaves his little booth-boys with the paternal advice, "Watch out for short circuits and broken bulbs."

ITEM: To gum-chewing Bruce Bray, 250 seniors pass on the habit which has produced unique designs on the seat bottoms in the auditorium.

ITEM: Lillian Andrews wills to Ann Marlette her private corner in the corridor for chatting with the boy friends.

ITEM: Henry Overcash, with a cough, leaves a package of fags to Ralph Tilden.

ITEM: To Betty Jo Smith, we pass on the Carnegie Hall qualifications of Ramona Rhodes.

ITEM: From McGhee to Crowder—the sportsmanship and fair play which accompanies his athletic prowess.

ITEM: To "facetious" Perry K. we bequeath Marvin Smith's pull with all math teachers.

ITEM: To Alton Embler, T. Ian passes on his "artist's" temperament and talent for snapping the shutter just when the victim licks his lips.

ITEM: Darby wills her peppiness and school spirit to Nancy Greer.

ITEM: To the entire junior class, we leave this bit of advice: Make the most of every moment of your wonderful senior year; it's an experience you'll be sorry to pass on and one you'll never forget.

## ==Do You Remember?==

With graduation drawing closer and closer, many seniors are almost whooping with joy, but many more are spending time in reminiscences. "Do you remembers" are flying all over the school. Here are some of them:

Do you remember sixth grade days and how huge junior high seemed to be . . . the first day in Latin class . . . the time when a group of junior high girls (sophs) rolled down the hill on Edgedale Drive just to find out if they would feel the same sinking sensation in the stomach that they experienced when riding over 70 mph. . .

Do you remember the time when Mr. Evans, Miss Brook's practice teacher, had Eugene Martin and Bily VonCannon stick their noses in the circles he had drawn on the board . . . the thrill of beating Greensboro . . .

And then everything that happened this year . . . the chorus line for the Jollies and the big party the J.C.'s gave . . . The time Jeanne reported her stolen speedometer to the police . . . the time that the choir got up at 3 a. m. to see Mr. Cronstedt off . . . "George" as the gentle Bertha in "Jane Eyre" . . . the make-up job on the Christmas play cast . . . the heavy heads on January 2, 1947. . .

Then the fun we had at the orchestra clinic dance . . . the junior-senior class meeting when the question of music for the prom was brought up (didn't some one say we were going to have a depression?) . . . and later on the battles over elections . . . the day the P. A. D. classes took over the city . . . the well at the prom . . . the hours the decoration committee spent in gathering ivy (don't say that word) . . .

After that the senior play practices with all the corny cracks . . . that divine picnic the Key Club threw . . . and the DeMolay skating party . . . the Girl Reserve parties and the terrible feeling of having to ask a boy . . . the way the cat held on to Ref during the play . . . the tea dance on the lawn after the Social Standards Conference . . . the last movie, "As You Like It" . . . and a host of other memories.