

THE POINTER

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YOU'RE TELLING US!

When a side-splitting laugh issues from anyone, we naturally want to know the reason. So tell us—What was the funniest thing you have ever seen?

Mary Lib Casey: "Our whole 6th period math class standing in the hall because Mrs. Sowers had told everyone not to come to class without his algebra."

Bill McGuinn: "It was just too funny for words!"

Jeanne Walton: "Barbara Tobias standing on top of the dresser because of a mouse in her room."

Jack Petty: "Donald Hooper, punch-drunk after a rough game with Durham, eating lemons and talking about how sweet they were."

Joan Crowder: "My hair after I had washed it in egg."

"Ig" Ellington: "Aaron Rice's expression after he was trapped for fifteen minutes in a self-operating elevator because he couldn't find the button to open the door."

"Butch" Hayworth: "Ray Hayworth with a mustache—in a dream, that is."

Perry Keziah: "This cartoon in my pocket."

Barbara George: "The time I saw my grandfather in his long red underwear."

Ronnie Key: "Jim Allen packing my suitcase."

We, the Pointer staff, agree that the funniest things we ever saw were the costumes worn at the ball on February 27.

Marie Is Dead!

Flash! Marie is dead! Do you remember the hamster of 201-A? To the sorrow of many of the students of biology, she passed away suddenly on February 19. The cause of the tragedy as yet remains unknown.

A soft bundle of fur lay huddled in a tiny box at the home of Donald Brown, who, because of his half-ownership of the little hamster, was on that Thursday evening responsible for her welfare.

When feeding time came, he discovered that Marie had joined her late husband—whom she, alas, had murdered two weeks ago.

It seems as though breeding hamsters in biology lab 201-A just isn't very successful. After such a heart-breaking climax as the deaths of Marie and Tony, one would naturally think that Mrs. Williams would give up. But no, biology students will now be obliged to transfer their affections to two newly-arrived guinea pigs—Willic and Gertie.

Some Things To Remember

The way in which you observe traffic laws is based on your courtesy and your good sense.

Traffic laws are made for observance and not for enforcement.

The ultimate goal is participation by everyone—a personal matter.

When you attempt to drive (1) be well-trained, (2) know the rules of the road, (3) follow them.

Spring's Here

Spring is here! From grandmother's time comes the renewed fashion of swirling lace petticoats that play hide and seek from under ballerina skirts and cottons.

This fashion is really "catching on" with the feminine sex at H. P. H. S. Of course it always happens that some of the male sex don't understand that the petticoat is really supposed to be showing. Nevertheless spring always brings something that is new and different, and how we welcome it!

These Fickle Ones

In spring a young man's fancy turns—maybe because of the thought of Easter corsages and prom tickets to buy. Whatever the cause, however, H. P. H. S. boys invariably find some small, insignificant reason to bring to an end their steady dating. And after the girls have already bought a new Easter suit, and a heavenly prom dress, too! Gloom and sadness darken the girls' faces. But not for long! With the new styles in bathing suits, we boys may rest assured that not for long will those sighs be in remembrance of these fickle ones.

Pointer Personalities . . .



SPRINGTIME and smiles just go together! So Alton's faithful camera caught two of H. P. H. S.'s bubbling personalities right in the midst of it! Bill McGuinn and Margaret Little seem to be enjoying it just fine, too.

Bill McGuinn

Personality pin-up Bill McGuinn is a gray-eyed soph who finds it "hard to be sad because there are too many things to be happy about."

That old pastime of just loafing captures Bill at the oddest times, and he also finds it hard to resist a race in his '41 Oldsmobile.

With an appropriate blush he remembers his most embarrassing moment as being not too long ago when, participating in a radio program, he reached the middle of the speech and forgot his lines. (But that could happen to the best of us!) Food 'n fun rate high on "algebra-addict" McGuinn's list for enjoyment. In food it's watermelon and in fun it's just a long bull session with "the boys."

The scourge of icy snow and sleet Is fading slowly, in retreat, And in its place the warmth of sun Repairs the damage winter's done.

Away up in the open blue A bird dips, just to get a view And usher in on feathery wings A Spring that's made of lovely things. —Hedrick.

Now He Has A Blue Sweater

It happened on one of Mr. Rohde's most "complimentary" days. This particular afternoon was comparatively warm and sunny and, as Louise Hutchins ambled into geometry class, Mr. Rohde commented quite favorably on her lovely blue sweater. Louise, feeling rather amiable that day herself, laughingly told him that she'd crochet him one just like it.

The story might have ended there and been dismissed as another joke between them. But a day or so later, however, when seventh period rolled around, Mr. Rohde put a very startling question to the girls in the class. With a sly grin, he asked, "What do you girls do to stretch your sweaters after they've been washed?"

Amid the aroused discussion, Mr. Rohde produced from his desk drawer a tiny blue sweater—a miniature made by Louise. It measures about 4 by 5½ inches and, although it doesn't fit so well, Mr. Rohde prizes highly his blue sweater.

Rambling On . . .

From our lofty perch in the Pointer office we saw . . . Bill White cleaning out his horn with water from the fountain below . . . a robin redbreast. . . "Kisser" throwing Marilyn's black moccasin down three flights to the waiting hands of David Wagner . . . Scotty Cook and Dick Davenport in their regular lunch-time session . . . Evelyn Nance complaining about her toe . . . A squirrel running up to its nest in a drainpipe just above the auditorium . . . The bus coming down the drive to whisk away the Black Bisons to Durham and the State championship title. (We hope!) . . . Charlie Jones headed for the athletic field for a workout on the track . . . Mary Lee Church and Martha Hodgins with their yellow and purple striped sweaters . . . Joan Crowder laughing in the sunshine . . . Billy Ray eating peanuts .

Margaret Little

Born in Morganton, but still "a Beta Club miss" is that peppy "little" girl who swoons over You Belong to My Heart and drools over fish and horses. Big brown eyes are an outstanding feature of this girl, whose favorite color is blue—oh, well! Having come from Waynesboro, Virginia, this past summer, Margaret sidelights her short career at H. P. H. S. with membership in the Beta Club, the Masque and Gavel, the F. H. A., and the Junior Town Meeting of the Air Club. But like everyone else, she has those inevitable moments which leave an indelible mark on one's memory. Who wouldn't blush if she rose from a chair to find that she had been sitting in acid?

WHOSE?

'The Doge's Palace'

On the west wall of our library for many years there has hung an oil painting, covered with glass and in a gilt frame. Few people look at it and still fewer know what it is and how this \$1,000 painting happens to be at H. P. H. S. Some of us have been curious about the picture, but we didn't go to Jake Harris to find out. (Read Ed Kemp's article in the Enterprise). Instead we delved into the Pointer files, and at last in the little three-column, hand-set paper of 1927-28 we discovered the answers to all our questions. Here is the news story which senior high students, almost a score of years ago, read in their school paper:

"The beautiful painting, The Doge's Palace by George Wharton Edwards, modern American painter, was formally presented to the high school by the 1927 senior class, Thursday night, February 23. Mrs. H. A. White spoke the invocation.

"Mrs. Katherine Pendleton Arrington of Wentworth, N. C., who donated half of the price of the painting, was the principal speaker of the evening . . .

"Mrs. Arrington offers a gift of \$500 to any club or school which will match it with the same amount, the money to go towards purchasing a painting by a living artist of this country. Mr. Edwards, who was expected to be present Thursday night, was unable to attend.

"The painting measures two feet five and a half inches square and is an exceptionally fine work of art. It will hang in the library on the wall above the space where it is now placed."

To School We Trudge

The biggest problem is getting up! But each week-day morning, clothed and with teeth brushed and breakfast downed, hundreds of teen-agers start out from apartments, estates, farms, and homes—literally from all the corners of High Point. They have but one destination—high school.

At High Point High the early morning sun is reflected in a third floor window pane, and a crisp wind blows through the trees of the peaceful campus. About 8 a. m. there begins the slow trickle of sleepy-eyed, book-laden students making their way along the campus walks.

A little later the trickle becomes a steady flow as boys and girls begin arriving in everything from red jalopies to shiny white convertibles, and from packed yellow buses to brown-loafed feet. Some few, like "Hedrick" or Don M. merely stroll across the street to school, while, on the other hand, down Jones street come the rural buses which, after a much earlier start, are ready to discharge their passengers before the big gong rings.

Eight-fifteen and students gather about the campus as though assigned regular spots for each morning's pre-school session. Truett, who has missed his breakfast, shares an apple with the fellows over by the auditorium. Piles of books line the sidewalks as conversation ranges from third period English tests to a Saturday night date or to Coach Ishee's track aspirants. (The campus is peaceful no more!)

At 8:30 the bell sounds, and the big building quickly swallows up the crowds. Lockers rattle, classes assemble, and another day begins at school.

We know—we've watched you!

JEST NUTS

Don't follow the crowd! Blaze new trails. Be an individualist. Throw away your dictionaries and try these new definitions—

- An epistle is the wife of an apostle.
A mayor is a she horse.
An oboe is an English tramp.
A polygon is a dead parrot (apologies to Mr. Rohde).
A refugee keeps order at a basketball game.
Here are some new ways of using words.
Anti-toxin . . . my anti-toxin her sleep.
Stupendous and pencil . . . I wear stupendous so my pencil stay up.

Bits-by-Bits

With their puns, their boners, and their laughs, students keep the days from being a never-ending maze of bells, buzzers, and study.

Instruction in indefinite pronouns resulted in laughter when Darrell Lloyd shyly asked, "Miss Highfill, what would you do with a sentence like this, 'The woman fell down and hurt her somewhat?'" . . . A cannibal-minded pupil of H. P. H. S. handed in the following summary of O. Henry's "The Third Ingredient": "A woman had a beef stew with no onions or potatoes and, upon finding a man with onions and a woman with potatoes, she added the man, onions, woman, potatoes to her stew." . . . "You're not gonna give us homework over a holiday, are you?" queried Gene Dillard of his science teacher, "Why, tomorrow's my birthday!" . . . The things that teachers learn from theme papers! Did you know that Will James was born an orphan, and onomatopoeia is a form of sickness? . . . It is said that Jim Neely now requires all notes passed by him in class to contain stamps . . . Nolan Brewer, together with some other crusaders, in opposition to the girls' "new look" has refused to cut his hair until the close of school . . . Present day English books now carry this bit of philosophy: "Love is inevitable. It is like the measles—we all have to go through with it."

Becomes Eagle Scout

H. P. H. S. has another eagle . . . Eagle Scout, that is. He's senior Garland Wampler, who has passed all the necessary requirements to become a boy scout of the highest rank. Garland was awarded the Boy Scout Eagle badge, January 6, at a special scout meeting in Thomasville. He is a member of Troop No. 80 of the Calvary Methodist Church here.

The chemistry class was discussing fires. Miss Milling asked Jim Hardison what he would do if his clothes were on fire and he was near a lake. Would he jump in feet first, or head first? Jim said feet first. "No you wouldn't," said Miss Milling, "the flames would burn your face." Jim said, "I'm afraid I'd have to—I can't dive."