

THE POINTER

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All "Key"ed Up

"The Key Club will meet for supper Thursday night at six o'clock in the balcony of the Asia Restaurant." Sounds familiar? It's an announcement heard occasionally over the P. A. system in the mornings.

Although just three years old, the club is now a vital part of extra-curricular activities, and its influence has been greatly felt, chiefly because the group is so active. Among projects boosting the high school, Key Clubbers have undertaken the essential task of keeping the campus clean.

Not confining their activities to High Point High, the fellas have burned both energy and gas in making trips to aid in organizing Key Clubs in neighboring towns, such as Winston and Asheboro.

And, incidentally, the Key Club is famous for its swell socials. Remember the picnic and hayride?

At any rate, we think that congratulations and a word of praise are in order for that "live-wire" organization and for their faculty adviser, Mr. Bert Ishee.

SO VITALLY CONCERNED

The U. S. is now undergoing a crucial period in its history. With the possibility looming of another war more destructive and horrible than any ever before recorded in the history of the world, we, our generation, would necessarily be affected.

Before our lawmakers in the capital of the nation comes the question whether or not to pass a law for compulsory military training. This plan has been discussed time and again by our elders, but the youth of today are level-headed and sufficiently informed to speak on a subject that so vitally influences each one of us.

"I very definitely feel that the United States should have a plan of Compulsory Military Training. It is the supreme road to peace, not only for people of today, but in order to insure peace in the world for future generations.

"Compulsory Military Training should be given for a period of not less than one and a half years upon completion of high school work. Boys should be sent to camps where they would receive comprehensive training in every type of warfare and a study of world economics.

"The United States is what it is today because of a democratic form of government. We should amount to very little if our democracy were replaced with communism.

—WALTER TICE.

Ooh-la-la!

If you really keep your eyes open around H.P.H.S., you just couldn't have missed—Barbara G. with her new look—pink and red . . . Joe A. and Junie T. with their loud ties . . . Bobbie F. always wearing white shoes and socks . . . a blond with a matching yellow sweater—Royster T. . . That duet of good-looking clothes displayed by the Black beauties!

Perry K. and his man of distinction look . . . a red-head who really looks good in pink—Jo K. . . Jim H. wearing glasses . . . Shirley Rae Gallimore sporting her flashy green bolero suit . . . and of course those beautiful cat hats that are really "in there" with the male population . . . Ooh-la-la!

Station HPHS

Attention, Mr. and Miss HPHS and all the teachers at large. Let's go to press—

Charlotte, N. C., March 12. Heywood Washburn caused quite a sensation when he tore up the parking tickets he had acquired during the Key Club convention.

High Point, N. C., March 15. Charlie McConkey's charm drew a daring wink from the diminutive Spanish dancer at the recent Community Concert ballet.

And now a word from our sponsor. The class of 1948 is presenting next Friday and Saturday nights "The Whole Town's Talking"—the annual senior class play.

H.P.H.S., N. C. It was just a lace-trimmed petticoat with blue ribbons, but it practically caused a sensation when "Smitty" wore it.

Flash! F.S.S. Promodossa spotlighted Bill Garner's singing of his version of "Lasses" and "Temptation."

High Point, N. C. Mr. Southard's talent for climbing telephone poles was demonstrated at the recent driving exhibition.

And now for a closing word from our sponsor. This is station HPHS, operated by over 1300 units of energy, now signing off.

SONG DEDICATIONS

- FROM: TO:
Jane Roach—"After Graduation"? Bob Neill
Bobbie Padgett—"Tec for Two" Any golfer
June Huckaby—"Sentimental Journey"—Rudy Upton
IHPHS—"Hall of Fame" Varsity Basketball Team
Barbara Hazlewood—"Two Loves Have I"—Don Martin
Seniors—"Thanks for the Memory" High School Days
Jim Allen—"Mama, Do I Gotta?" Draft Board
Students—"It Might As Well Be Spring" Teachers
Sarah Shaw—"How Soon" David Lambert
Underclassmen—"You Don't Know How Lucky You Are"—Seniors
Tom Bulla—"What'll I Do" (next)—Mrs. Shaw
Perry Keziah—"My Feet's Too Big for the Bed" The Bed
Mr. Whitley—"Fire Dance"—Smokers
Ray Hayworth—"Someday You'll Come Along" Don't Know Yet
Evans—"Saber Dance" Desk-Carvers

I Love You

I love you when it's chilly,
I love you when it's hot,
I love you when you're happy,
And I love you when you're not.
I love you when you're serious,
I love you when you joke,
I love you when you're wealthy,
And I love you when you're broke.
I love you when you're near me,
And I love you "far away,"
In fact, to be specific,
I just love you more each day.

—GORDIE MAXWELL.

Jest Nuts

"TEEN-AGE BLUES"

I study all the beauty hints
They give in magazines;
No matter how much time they take
I try out their routines
I cream, I steam, I soap, I brush,
I follow all the fads;
But where are those adoring males
They promise in the ads?

"Guess I'll hit the hay," said the farmer as he slipped off the barn.

A little off season—but who cares?
Slippery ice—very thin
Pretty girl—tumbled in
Saw a boy—on the bank
Gave a shriek—then she sank
Boy on the bank—heard her shout
Jumped right in—pulled her out
Now he's hers—very nice
But she had—to break the ice!

Another one—(more in season!)
A night, a boy, a girl, a moon
A park, a bench, a kiss, but soon—
A cop, a pinch, a judge, a rap,
A jail 3 months. Tough luck, Old Chap.

Back To The Past

"Do you think I can hypnotize you," asked Mr. D. K. Ernest, practical psychologist and hypnotist to Jack Steel and Harry Samet, subjects for his professional demonstration in Mr. Rhode's room on March 25.

He took Jack back to the age of four, where he found it highly appropriate to demonstrate his ability on his first scooter and tricycle and a little difficult to count higher than three.

Jack and Harry repeatedly stated that they were feeling fine and wanted to lead the group in singing "America." They were "under the spell" for only about forty-five minutes, but both agreed that "it seemed like ages."

MAKE THE MATCH

Yes, all that these great lovers need is a match, not lighted of course, so why not rekindle that sentimental spark in your heart by bringing the right persons together.

- 1. Browning Wallis Simpson
2. Ophelia Petrarch
3. Juliet Mark Anthony
4. King Edward VIII
5. Josephine Elizabeth Barrett
6. Laura Hamlet
7. Blondie Dagwood
8. Cleopatra Rosalind
9. Orlando Romeo
Napoleon

Ratings: If you make a perfect score, you are exceptional. If you answer only half, you are fair. If you answer none correctly, you are a hater of the opposite sex.

They're Just Clicking Heels . . .

With both eyes open and one ear cocked, we of the Pointer staff have gathered all the latest on just who's "clicking heels" in the hallowed halls and on the walks of H.P.H.S. And "clicking it off" just fine are:

Betty Lou Byrd and Jim Allen never fussing . . . Suzanne Slate and Bill chatting in the halls between periods . . . Bobby S. and Betty B. ordering a coke at Ingram's after school . . . Mickey and Armfield still "hittin' it off" . . . Ronnie and Marilyn Osburne looking really serious . . . Joanne White teasing Max Ward . . . Ring and John?

Sonny C. picking up Dot K. on the way to a capella choir practice . . . Jerry Byrd "settin' up" Barbara Steele at Jeff's . . . Peggy driving T. C.'s jeep . . . Vicki and Bob Warren just together . . . Tony and Anne exchanging winks across study hall . . . Don and "Elsie" cruising in "Elsie's" white Buick convertible . . . Jeanne R. getting Jim Rickett's homework assignment . . . Barbara Lee wearing Nelvin's jacket . . . Scotty hoping that Dick D. won't have to go to another convention.

There are those who aren't quite "clicking" but are surely up on their toes! For instance:

Charlie J. calling Clarianne for a Saturday night date . . . Pat Hackney writing notes to Ray Green . . . Malvin P. worrying about Mary Lib . . . Mary Lou D. and Raymond H. headed for town . . . "George" and "Conkey" sometimes . . . Jimmy W. and Betty Martin . . .

Then there are some whose main interests lie elsewhere, such as: Carolyn M. and Katherine Hester mailing letters to State College to Don S. and Luke L. respectively . . . Betty Sue beaming 'cause Harold arrived from Military School in Florida . . . Barbara Mabrey talking 'bout Wake Forest and Ralston . . . Nancy Greer planning Bill's and her wedding . . . "Catman" Rice calling Betty D. "Kitty" . . . Carolyn A. and Bill Spillers (Carolina) . . . Still Pat and Frank Von Drehle, too . . . (My hand's tired!)

Caps . . .

Look out, girls! The boys have adopted a new look all their own. A few days ago Efrid's conducted a big fifty-cents sale on caps; and, judging from the looks of things around High Point High, every male on the campus took advantage of this tremendous bargain.

Mere words cannot describe the colors which make up these hideous articles of headgear. As yet there have been no reports of pink caps with orange polka-dots, but the campus has been overrun with raucous plaids, checks, and stripes. These same plaids, checks, and stripes have not been confined to the out-of-doors. During the choir periods these clashing colors have possibly absorbed some of the equally terrifying discords that issued from beneath them, and it has not been uncommon for a cap to be seen strolling down the corridor with a skirt.

So there, girls! Just go ahead and tuck those well-turned ankles under yards of skirt, but don't be surprised if we turn out some fine day bedecked in grandfather's knickers!

FAVORITE PERIOD

Lunch period! That one time in the middle of the day that's really all yours. And, best of all, time to eat! After struggling through the period before lunch with a funny little hungry feeling, the lunch bell finally rings, and immediately there's a stream of students going out of doors, down towers, and into the cafeteria.

Lunch ranges anywhere from "mom's special," packed in familiar brown paper bags, to super-deluxe, steaming hot lunches, courtesy of Mrs. Jackson, cafeteria dietitian. There's quite a difference in the foods that pass down esophaguses, (I took biology) too. "Boonie" is perfectly satisfied with a sandwich, peanuts, and milk, but Spencer Hurley can get more on one lunch tray than anybody we've ever seen.

Lunchtime conversation also varies. "What time is that Hi-Y meetin'?" or "What did you put for number 3 on that English test?" or "I don't know what I'll wear on Saturday night." These are just typical phrases that our listening ear caught.

Meanwhile, cars filled to the limit are traveling towards Ingram's or Jeff's for a "shake" and a sandwich, and a few people, via feet, are headed home for lunch.

A little later the campus is dotted with couples and groups just "fooling around" or brushing up on that next period English lesson. But think about it for a minute—spring's here, and everybody's just satisfied his appetite. There's only a few more classes to go.

Golly, aren't we lucky!

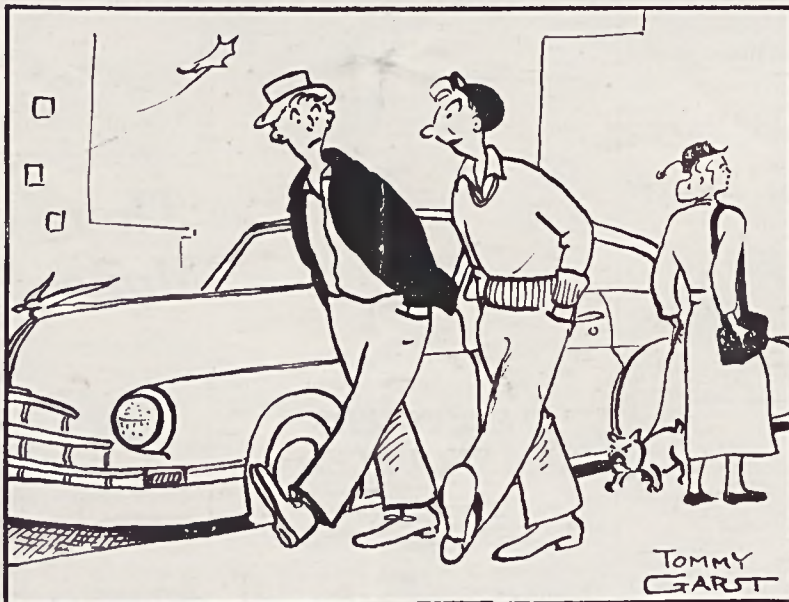
WHAT CAN WE DO?

Freedom—needed, desired, sought after. Can it be taken for granted? It is not tangible, but its results are definite and real. Love of freedom begins at home, and it is born in the hearts of those who cherish goodness and happiness.

In a world in which there are so many differences, democracy and freedom must fight for life, or else they will be smothered by tyranny and die. The price of war is so much greater than the price of peace, and each moment that democracy remains unclaimed on the market, its existence is endangered and its price goes up.

The four freedoms—of speech, of religion, of the press, and freedom from fear—were bought at a price, and it is only through unity that we can declare that a nation such as ours "so dedicated, so consecrated, shall not perish from the earth."

What can we, high school students, do to preserve our democracy and our happiness in a free nation?



YA KNOW, SPUD, IT SEEMS LIKE EVERYTHING'S GOT THE NEW LOOK BUT MY REPORT CARD.