

THE POINTER

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Our Thanks To You

We, as students of High Point high school, are most fortunate in the assurance that we have the interest and support of the local chapter of the Civitan Club. We deeply appreciate the vital concern which these business and professional men who make up the membership of the club have, in various ways, shown to our high school boys and girls.

For a number of years the Civitans have cooperated with their national organization in sponsoring a good-citizenship essay contest in order to "direct the thinking of our high school boys and girls, our leaders of tomorrow, along the lines of good citizenship."

All local contest winners of this and preceding years are unanimous in declaring that the Civitans are really "swell" to the fortunate young writers who, on the day on which the awards are made, are entertained at a luncheon meeting by the club. Aside from all the customary speech-making and presentation of prizes, there is a genuine spirit of friendliness and hospitality that puts one at ease the moment he enters the room. To the members of the local Civitan Club, therefore, we want to express our sincere thanks for their active interest in the boys and girls of High Point High.

...Sidelights...

It isn't easy to get into the limelight, but nevertheless there are many who deserve to be there. Among those tried and true students we find these "sidelights":

An artist in his own right, Tom Garst supplies the *Pointer* and the *Pemican* with bits of animated humor that can come only from one gifted with the skill of creative art.

Amanda Gekas is varied in her types of service. This active president of the Honor Society and orchestra concert mistress finds time for outside activities and still remains a member of the Beta Club.

President of the a cappella choir is fair-haired "Skip" Vaughn. "Skip" is not only a "dyed-in-the-wool" baritone, but he takes an active part in inter-class basketball as well.

With magic in her fingertips, Rebecca Johnson, sophomore, walked off with first place in the recent city-wide hymn playing contest. "Becky" is a musician of long-standing, having taken piano lessons for four years.

The Murder of Lidice

THE MURDER OF LIDICE. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper & Brothers, 1942. 32 pp. \$6.00.
 (Reviewed by MAZIE STRICKLAND)

Settled securely in far Czechoslovakia, the people of Lidice worked together in their small, peaceful village, planting, haying, and hoeing. Happy, innocent citizens they were until fate dropped into their laps a plight so terrible that only an artist as great as Edna St. Vincent Millay could vividly relate it. Answering a call to stamp forever the memory of this human crime on the minds of people everywhere, Miss Millay wrote this long and deeply moving verse narrative, which many think is one of the finest pieces of true propaganda to come out of World War II.

To hold the complete interest of the reader, Miss Millay mixes the tale of Byeta and Karel into her story of human suffering. Byeta was a pretty, young Czech girl whose plans to marry Karel on the tenth of June ended only in tragedy for the couple. Always fearful that her wedding would never come, Byeta's premonition came true on June tenth when the Nazi officers marched the village men to the square for execution.

Edna St. Vincent Millay narates the Fascists' ruthless act of obliterating the town of Lidice in the realistic light of day. No sentiment enters into her story, but only a desperate plea for free men to resist the opponents of liberty is displayed. This plea, directed especially to care-free, careless America, is best expressed in her own words:

"Who, after all, are we? —
 That we should sit at peace in the sun,
 The only country, the only one
 Unmolested and free?
 Catch him! Catch him! Do not wait!
 Or will you wait, and share the fate
 Of the village of Lidice?"

Calling All Characters

Calling all characters! Calling all characters! We, the staff, have been focusing our binoculars for comic twins so that the next time you say "I'll see you in the funny papers," you'd better look twice and think once. Why? Well, for all you know Alley Oop's twin may be standing a yardstick's length behind you.

- Daisy Mae — Barbara Smart
- Lil' Abner — Ray Hayworth
- Terry Lee — Bill Ring
- Hotshot Charlie — Tommy Charpin
- Dragon Lady — Martha Hodgins
- Boots — Helen Dallas
- Dagwood — Bill Honbarrier
- Blondie — Mickie Marsh
- Denny Demwit — Ralph Tilden
- Dick Tracy — Jim Hardison
- Pat Patton — Everett Ellington
- Gravel Gertie — Ruth Hyde
- Superman — Charles Hartley
- Jungle Girl — Janet Sue Langley
- Henry — Mr. Ishee
- Me Too — "Wheat" Miller
- Steve Canyon — Skip Vaughn
- Barney Baxter — "B u c k e t"
- Barnes
- Flash Gordon — Bill Cecil
- Mandrake — Don Helsabeck
- Narda — Mary Lou Dillon
- Joe Palooka — Jim Allen
- Alley Oop — "Seaweed"
- Etta Kett — Barbara Lowe
- Donald Duck — "Junie" Tice
- Katzenjammer Kids — Zimmerman twins
- Shoulders — "Lefty" Shoaf
- Captain Marvel — Charles Martin
- Captain Marvel, Jr. — Don Martin
- "Pug" — Betty Baxter
- Snuffy — "Ig" Ellington
- Stone Face — Billy Hunsucker

Wise and Otherwise

Can you imagine that these are now, or at one time were, their craziest ambitions?

- Gene Dillard — "To be a professional mumble peg player!"
- Barbara Smart — "To play the drums in Perry Como's band!"
- Lawrence Kimble — "To send Leroy Land to 'lower Slobovia' where girls don't wear lipstick!"
- Betty Bowman — "Bobby Smith!"
- Everett Ellington — "To paint flagpoles!"
- Janet Sue Langley — "To lead a conga line down 5th Avenue!"
- Rudy Upton — "To be able to digest beer and banana pudding!"
- Nancy White — "To go skating at the Duck Pond!"
- Mr. Ishee — "To represent Mississippi in the Senate!"

STUDY HALL SCENE

Who's who in the study halls? Everyone talks about achievements in all other classes during the day, so why not mention the study halls? The results of our observations for one day are as follows:

- Period I**
 Talkative Buddy Nance
 Sleepy-head R. D. Newman
 Studious Paul Friedman
- Period II**
 Talkative Jon Barnes
 Sleepy-head Bobbie Joe Mickey
 Studious Bobby Hopkins
- Period III**
 Talkative Raymond Herndon
 Sleepy-head Bill White
 Studious Ann Hoots
- Period IV**
 Talkative Charlie Martin
 Sleepy-head Vernon Taylor
 Studious George Davis
- Period V**
 Talkative Eddie Myers
 Sleepy-head Tommy Garst
 Studious Margaret Little
- Period VI**
 Talkative Charles Cameron
 Sleepy-head H. F. Frazier
 Studious Louise Hutchens
- Period VII**
 Talkative Jack Steed
 Sleepy-head Billy Lowe
 Studious Ralph Tilden

Want Ads...

Help Wanted: Any husky, big-built fellow to warn off third stockholders who try to interfere with steady couples—thinking they own a share. Found: Two boys. Yes, and they're unattached (perhaps). No harm in trying though. Here's a cue: Apply to Charles Hartley and "Moc" Harris.

Male Help Needed: Any handsome boys to keep lonely girls happy.

Stolen: All types and shapes of hearts.

Needed: Boys to escort to the Junior-Senior prom girls whose affections have wandered outside of school limits. Apply to Pat Murphey, Alice Thompson, Jerry Hollingsworth, Betty Draughn.

Wanted: Two or three quiet study halls for light studying.

Wanted: A remedy for all people suffering from an over supply of homework.

Found: Broken pieces of glass, an "unpaned" door section, and Barbara Smart's hand still hurting because of the excess strength used in pushing the fragile glass out.

Beauty

Oh, grass is green
 And sun is bright,
 The air is fresh
 And calm the night.

I gaze in wonder
 That God doth supply
 This touch of beauty
 For such as I! — "Hedrick."

Nice Going, Seniors

Congratulations to the cast of the senior play, to Miss Goodman as director, and to all committee chairmen and members, all of whom worked hard to produce a play which was so good that, for several days, "the whole town was talking about it." From the chandler to the high collar, it rates among the best school plays ever produced at HPHS. Nice going, seniors!

Whoopee! SCHOOL'S OUT

Aw, don't get excited! Just in the afternoon, we mean. You know that bell which sounds after an intolerably long sixty seconds between the time that the minute hand on the clock jumps from 3:29 to 3:30.

Then the action begins! The building is alive with the hurrying up and down corridors and towers. The walls re-echo with calls, such as "Meet me at fountain," or "Let's walk uptown," and sometimes with the question "How long do you have to stay in?" Anyway, it's just a matter of minutes before lockers have stopped slamming and the halls are quiet and deserted, except for the teachers who are working in their rooms. But there's usually some activity down in the locker room in the gym, and then's when the path to the athletic field is worn smooth.

But—meanwhile—buses jam-packed with students have arrived in town. The steady stream of high-schoolers, who have trudged—books and all—to the business district, are filling up drugstores in no time at all. Many leave in opposite directions for home, where they raid the ice-box for something to spoil their suppers.

Back at high school, shadows lengthen as six o'clock rolls around, and you'd think that then everything would be quiet and peaceful. But no. Remember that locker room deal? Well, things are going stronger than ever. It's not long, though, before the last shower is turned off, the last shoe is tied, and the last boy has gone.

Then Coach Simeon locks the gym door, and Sheriff Snipes arrives to begin his nightly vigil.

In Dog Heaven

This is a personality sketch—but not one of the regular kind! Just for the sake of variety our *Pointer* personalities at this time are all dogs—student's dogs.

A bird dog, a cocker spaniel, and a thirteen-year-old shepherd all share the love of a freshman, Susan Schwabenton. The cocker spaniel for a few months served as an alarm clock, but when he started on a daylight-saving schedule and began rising an hour earlier each morning, Susan was forced to do something drastic! After being thoroughly splashed with several glasses of ice-water, the cocker spaniel finally decided that it would be wiser to sleep a little later in the morning.

Jerry Byrd's dog, (it happens to be a Boston Bull), is called "Fritzzy." Just to show what a friendly disposition he has, "Fritzzy" barks at all visitors, and sometimes even goes out of his way to bite at their heels! "Fritzzy" is quite an athlete and, in order to keep himself in good shape, he swims for sticks and chases all the neighborhood cats. It's too bad that tennis balls are expensive, for "Fritzzy's" favorite pastime seems to be chewing up one of Jerry's best tennis balls in a nice cool spot.

As Don and Charlie Martin have an odd pet, they had a terrible time deciding upon a suitable name. The trouble was ended, however, when the family voted to call the canine just "Dog". The Martins don't mind if you recline in their lawn chairs but please, "Dog", don't chew holes in them! (The chairs, I mean).

One night during the war while a blackout was in progress, Tony Teachey, while prowling around the house, stumbled over a strange dog. As the pup seemed to like the Teachey residence well enough to stay there, Tony decided to name him "Blackout." Since then, the Gordon setter has acquired many friends; in fact, the neighbors would never think of speaking to any of the Teachey family before politely greeting "Blackout."

Bits by Bits

April Fool's Day has come and gone, but still the memory of pranks and jokes lingers on—especially one incident in chemistry class! "I had a sore toe and it rained," or "I went to church and it rained!" echoed from all corners of the lab in response to a call for oral reports! But as all good things have to end—that did too; . . . And as all good things do begin, so is a friendship between a fine third baseman and Evelyn Nance. Congrats, kids, keep up the good work! . . . I noticed, too, some stars in the eyes of a number of people who went to Hanging Rock sometime ago!

Switching from romanticism to realism, I just heard that "Butch" Hayworth is Billy Hatley's aunt and that Barbara Lee is the niece of Raymond Herndon, and—"I'm my own grandma!"

I wonder if any one knows that "Kisser" Blackburn, a well-known senior and sports writer on the *Pointer* staff, was born on April Fool's Day! . . . I guess no one remembers, except of course "ye olde reporter", Pat Murphy's answering, "Your face" the other day when Mrs. Rogers asked what else had two i's!

To end this little bit of news with just the right amount of spice, I'd like informally to introduce to all those who may be concerned, Mary Jo Jenkins, a Louisville lass: Georgiana Bougades, who hails from Albuquerque, N. M., and Betsy Guin, who brings her charms from "over Winston way"! We wish them all the best of luck in "ole HPHS"!

They Laughed At Us

It is to be hoped that we displayed our best manners last week when visitors arrived at HPHS for the purpose of observing.

When the guests came, escorted by Clyde Connor, they were promptly taken to room 201-A, where they were formally introduced to Mrs. Ruth Williams, science teacher. In spite of their friendly smiles, she decided against shaking hands in view of the fact that she preferred to keep her fingers for further use.

All the science students and others who had come in to pay their respects were grieved when the time for the departure of the guests came, although these left still grinning most cheerfully. Some people think that they will continue to smile until their dying day, but why is that so strange? After all, what can one expect of a possum and her babies?

Library Notes

Do you have a ghost in your attic? A fiendish amateur magician in the hall closet? A would-be Chopin in the cellar?

If you have, search no farther. Mrs. Poston, the librarian, has the solution to your troubles. Some of the new books that have been placed on the library shelves recently are just about guaranteed to keep their readers so intrigued, that they will see neither "hide nor hair" of their own particular spooks again.

For all such lovers of the supernatural there is *The Lord of Halifax Ghost Book*, a chronicle of authentic English ghosts.

The famous magician Parrish has up his sleeve two new books of tricks, written especially for amateurs. They are *For Magicians Only*, and *New Ways to Mystify*.

Music lovers may take their choice of *Men and Women Who Make Music*, *The Victor Book of the Symphony*, *Stories of the Great Operas*, and *How to Sing for Money*.

Should you be one of those people who love the out-of-doors, there are three new books awaiting you—*Handbook of Trees and Shrubs*, *Fieldbook of Wild Flowers*, and *Trees of the Southeastern States*.

And finally, if you are dramatically minded, the library offers you three new collections of American comedies, including twenty-five one-act plays for all-girl casts.