

THE POINTER

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WE'RE LOOKING OVER . . .
. . . A FOUR LEAF CLOVER

Gee, but we were lucky to have . . .
Jud Ruth . . . as a capable class president and "hep boogie-woogie" piano player.
Barbara George . . . for that A-1 smile and the rhythm that really came out in her toes! Not forgetting also that she's class secretary.
Charles McConkey . . . with his spic and span appearance, and besides he's made a good student body president.
Betty Jo Ring . . . need we say more — D. A. R. representative and winner of the N. H. S. award. Betty Jo's ringing friendliness will always be remembered.
Paul Friedman . . . ambition, intelligence, and high grades earned for Paul the Bausch and Lomb science award. His unselfish contributions will be remembered long by H. P. H. S.
Jo Kimsey . . . to Jo goes the credit for keeping up school morale. That majorette costume looked mighty good this year — especially on her!
Fred Conally . . . with a "toot" from his whistle and with his manly strutting he led our band through many a victorious goal post.
Betty Jo Hedrick . . . to this petite blonde, cheerleader, and vice-president of the student body goes ample credit for getting things done in the Lower House and in Pemican work.
Jim Hardison . . . only Jim could have carried through the M. C. job of Senior Day with a smiling face — but he wore that smile all winter long! Yet there's more to it than personality that won for him a Duke scholarship.
Amanda Gekas . . . Smart isn't the word to describe the president of the N. H. S. and concert mistress of the orchestra, so we'll just say that she's tops!
Bill Hunsucker and Richard Harris . . . for being two such good-looking seniors and for helping to lead our basketball team to the state championship!
For all our seniors we're hoping that the clover leaves they pick in the future will always be four-leaf ones.

' . . . Now Is The Hour . . .'

And we set sail — trembling and inexperienced — but voyagers in our own right. We were the hopeful travelers embarking on a four-year journey. We sailed from island to island, doubting little, learning much. Advancing from the "land of little learners" we became "wise fools." We tossed on high and stormy seas, and crashed among the rocks of "Third Island." And then, one morning we watched the sun rise on "Superior Island" — we were almost there.
Some had abandoned ship, others had set new courses, and still others had drifted ashore — never to sail again.
Our ship anchored in the harbor, laden with a rich cargo. And old sailors came aft and gazed back over restless seas to memories of "Moon-glow," a Senior Day, "The Stars Will Remember," a cap and long blue robe, and heard the call "Shore leave."
But in years to come, a blazing fire of friendship will sometimes call back these old voyagers to reminisce together — for these are the kind who don't give up the ship and remain shipmates forever.

'Intermezzo'

In that three-season span from September to May (our own "Intermezzo") while High Point High is in regular session, there's more to school life than bells, buzzers, and study. It's all those curricular and extra-curricular "doins'" that keep things humming. Anyway, by way of commendation and condensation of this editorial, we're going to try to "get evaltbody into duh act" — (pardon please, Mr. Durante!)

Perhaps the most fitting beginning is with the school's three honor clubs, the Honor Society, the Beta Club, and the Masque and Gavel. These need no introduction — only a privileged induction. The endless civic-minded activities of the Key Club are well known, while the Y-Teens, the Hi-Y, and the Monogram clubs, although just cousins to official school activities, wield influence and are of value. In the field of speech our debaters have made a name for themselves, and the F. H. A. home economics girls have kept the "home fires burning." Then, too, the music of the a cappella choir has been unforgettable.

The efficient "office-girl" tactics of the assistants of Mrs. "J", Miss Mendenhall, and Messieurs Hunt and Simon are also duly appreciated. The booth and dark-room boys, as well as the library assistants are indispensable groups whose services have never been generally recognized. There are few words left unsaid about the band, the orchestra, and the athletic teams — they're HPHS's best ads! Oh, and P. S., the majorettes and those cheerleaders!

Last, come the two official publications, the Pemican and the Pointer. Pemican — that name is synonymous with work, "cut-ups", and a "swell" annual! As for the Pointer — "It ain't easy" — but it surely was fun! Your complimentary enthusiasm, however, has kept our "noses to the grind" until now when you are holding in your hand the final '47-'48 issue of our paper. Thanks!

'WHAT'LL I DO?'

Next year will find some of the seniors far away, but not too blue, for who could be blue with such plans as these "almighty seniors" have.

June Smith won't be too far away at High Point College, and she isn't expecting to have much time to blue, you see, she plans to study "chemistry."

Perry Keziah won't have time to dream of those "good ole afternoons in the general office," but the facts of electrical engineering will take up all his cerebellum space. I hear that State swings pretty hard and loud gavels.

Mickey Marsh and Clariann Massey are going to try their hands at making friends over in Greensboro. G. C. will be really lucky to have these two popular girls. Clariann is planning to study music and religious education, while Mickey will be slaving over "the king's mixture" — a general course.

Bob Jones will be grinding over his books and most probably will be grinding a few teeth at the same time. You see, he is going to study dentistry in Atlanta, Ga.

To the many others who will either go to college or into other fields go our best wishes for happiness and success.



WE CAUGHT MR. HENDRICK this time! He's demonstrating the fine and intricate art of rubbing the head and patting the tummy. (Or is it vice-versa?) Bobby Lee's all befuddled. (top, left) . . . And now we have Republican candidate Don Stassen on the shoulders of party leaders Crowder and Hayworth. Charlene Thomas is "Kentucky" and Vernon Melton, "Minnesota". All a part of the Republican mock convention. (top, right) . . . Ain't that Preacher Hardison the "cheese"? But the wedding occasion is solemn as Lily Pons Keziah trills "Because", because it was campaign time. (middle, left) . . . Naw, not snow. Just the pillow fight shenanigans at the Senior Day Program. Kisser outwitted them; Jack Steed was foiled again, Jud? Oh, he enjoyed it all. Some referee! (middle, right) . . . TIME: Senior Play night. SETTING: HPHS auditorium. SCENE: mid-air, about 15 feet above the floor of the stage. The audience is in the aisles. Not literally of course. But demure Bill Gray takes it in his stride (bottom, left) . . . Singing through a star — that's Betty Sue and "The Stars Will Remember" at the Junior-Senior Prom. (bottom, middle) . . . We've finally, yes, finally, caught Alton shooting something besides that camera! But what would be in this space, otherwise? (Paste-up compliments of Ring, Rodger, and occasionally Marilyn.)

'Thanks For The Memory'

There's always something new to do, and yet there's always something old to remember. And there are just some things that, though actually over, are never completely and truly finished, for their memory lingers long in our hearts as we go on to bigger and finer ways of life.

Some are happy memories, such as that last wonderful Senior Prom, or the time we beat Greensboro in football, and then there are those funny ones like Senior Day or the previous talent shows. But looking back now, we all find some cherished spot that never grows old, even though our high school careers are just stepping stones in a life that's waiting to be lived and re-

membered. So these seniors just want to say, "Thanks for these memories. We hope you underclassmen have some just as good!"

Barbara Lowe — "Just a melody, 'The Stars Will Remember' and the wonderful prom that went along with it."

Paul Hardin — "A lasting impression of Mr. Rohde."

Joyce Kearns — "The thrill of being tapped for the Honor Society."

Jack White — "Those fine socks Hooper and McChee gave me when I broke my leg."

Betty Sue Coltrane — "The fact that everyone at HPHS is just the best."

ability of some students to make a's on conduct as well as on studies."

Katherine Hester — "Just the memory of working with the finest friends to present The Whole Town's Talking."

Russell Blackburn — "The many 'fair weather' friends in our alma mater along with the true ones."

Sarah Shaw — "Working on the Pemican. It may have been hard, but I wouldn't have missed it."

John Hall — "The time I found myself toothless! Oh, glorious football!"

And of course all the seniors want to get their two bits in for Senior Day. It was really TOPS!

'AFTER GRADUATION DAY'

The climax of our high school career has almost arrived at last. The days have passed like cars of a special limited — close elections, entertaining plays, dances, proms, senior day — zoom! swish! they're gone!

We are now in the present. Yes, we seniors are about to begin a new life. We've had our joys, our disappointments, and our heartbreaks, and now we are about to begin anew the experiences of joy and disappointments, failure and success. We've all taken a different path through high school, but we all go out through the same exit — one happy group of seniors.

Our stay is almost complete. A taped class ring, a basketball, a diamond ring awaiting — knowledge, and a goodbye is all that is left so-o-o, "After Graduation Day" . . . . .

"Elsie" reminds Don — "You'll Always Be the One I Love."

Barbara Smart has Everett guessing with — "Either It's Love Or It Isn't."

Anne and Tony tell each other, "I Don't Wanna' Walk Without You."

Joyce and Kenneth remind each other — "How Lucky They Are."

"I'll Dance At Your Wedding," well, anyway on June 12, 1948, Nancy Greer will become Mrs. Bill Brewer.

From the seniors who plan to go to college, to the teachers of HPHS — "Fool That I Am."

From "Conky" to George — "Pass That Peace Pipe."

Heywood tells Hedrick that he is "Taking A Chance on Love."

Katherine to Bill G. — "Just A Little Bit South of North Carolina."

Jane Roach and Bobby tell each other of those wonderful "School Days."

Bob Warren and Vickie Kearns are introducing to you their new name, after "cap" and "gown" day, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Warren. They like it, too.

Senior class to HPHS — "I Miss You So."

Barbara Lowe to Richard Crowder and "Jud" Ruth — "I'm in the Middle of Nowhere."

Ex-majorettes to future majorettes — "St. Louis Blues March."

Teachers to senior class — "Tired."

Seniors to Underclassmen — "Beg Your Pardon."

Ex-cheerleaders to future cheerleaders — "Rah-Rah-Rah-Boom De-aye."

Betty Sue to Harold — "The Things We'll Do This Summer."

Nelvin asks Barbara if she will "Remember."

Nick to Lois — "I'm in the Mood for Love."

Jack tells Evelyn — "It Had To Be You."

Dick and "Scotty" are both saying, "They Won't Sit under the Apple Tree" — with anyone else.

Armfield to "Mickey" — "Who Wouldn't Love You?"

Susie asks Jack — "Need I Say More?"

To Commencement Day — "The Thing That Means So Much to Me."

Clariann to "Bull" — "How Soon?"

Once again to Jim — "What'll I Do?"

Seniors to Seniors — "Oh, What I Know About You."