

# THE POINTER

Member National Scholastic Press Association

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## ... Hard To Forget

On the evening of Sept. 30, in the fall of 1927, a small greying gentleman stepped to the speaker's stand and delivered to a large audience, assembled in the High School auditorium, the dedicational speech of the then-new High Point High school building. He was Mr. T. Wingate Andrews, sup't of High Point City schools; and he asked, "What does this building mean to you?"

The deep thought and noble ideals expressed in his five concise paragraphs took only a few short minutes to say; yet it remains today as a tribute and a part of all that is High Point High school.

What he said has been permanently inscribed on the stone plaque outside the general office window for all to see, yet is generally unheeded. Read carefully these words.

WHAT DOES THIS BUILDING MEAN TO YOU? What does this building mean to you? Nothing at all important, unless its foundation, laid deep in living rock and solid concrete, suggests that Truth is the only foundation on which you can build an enduring life.

What does this building mean to you? Nothing at all important, unless its superstructure, over-arched and under-girded with steel, teaches you that Character, and Character alone, will hold your life together and enable you to stand "four-square to all winds that blow."

What does this building mean to you? Nothing at all important, unless its interior, beautiful and immaculate as ti B, persuades you to keep free from all stain the white-walled corridors of your own heart.

What does this building mean to you? Nothing at all unless its symmetrical whole, revealing the clear purpose of those who conceived and built it, reminds you that a noble purpose nobly executed, and this alone, will make your life both beautiful and useful.

If I could rise above "the smoke and stir of this dim spot that men call earth," and drop you a message from above the clouds as you leave this auditorium to inspect the building, it would be this; "Except the Lord of Truth, and Beauty, and Righteousness build the house, they labor in vain that build it."  
—T. Wingate Andrews.

## Introducing . . . . Us

We figured that that "cut 'n'dried looking mast-head which appears elsewhere on this page will never acquaint anyone very well with the new '48-'49 edition of The Pointer staff. So right here, we'll take the liberty to go a little further and introduce "us."

Feature editor Scotty Cook is that dark-haired cheerleader who likes Carolina . . . Bob "Don't-give-me-anything-to-do" Neill—Need we say more? . . . A little gal fresh from Jr. High, but a sophomore—Marty Burton . . . Jean Stamey's got newspaper in her blood. Her dad manages the H. P. Enterprise . . . Jim Neely. What about a fellow with a laugh like that? . . . Nancy Earle is a senior newcomer from "over Kernersville way" . . . Bill McGuinn. Leroy's new hangout is The Pointer office. Right in "Kisser's" footsteps . . . Joann White, last year this time, was better known as Judy. Remember the '47 Jr. play? . . . That 6'-2" news hound is Bill Cecil . . . Allen Conrad's office boy and reporter. He's just 5'-11" . . . Goldston Harris is a Beta Club fellow who plays football and writes news . . . Editor-in-Chief, Cheerleader, and D. A. R. "Good Citizen." Marilyn Robinette.

Eight hustling business staffers led by Gladys Linthicum couldn't go unnoticed. Gladys, along with Barbara "red-on-the-head" Tillson, Betty Bowman, Wanda Kinley, and Martha Neal, has become familiar to downtown businessmen, not to mention Nancy Perryman, Gaynelle Ingle, Anne Wright, and Joan Crowder.

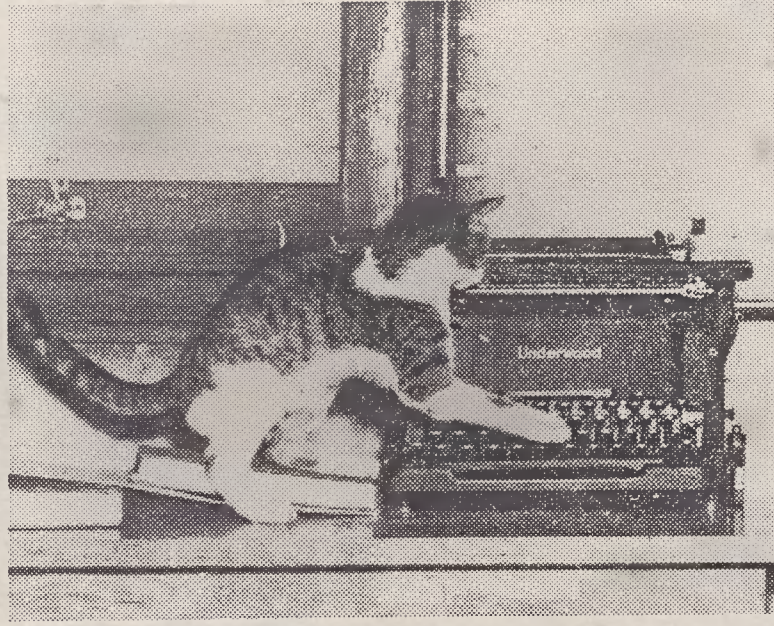
A certain junior English teacher and a "Mister" newcomer to HPHS come in here somewhere. What's an organization without advisors? . . . specially those like Miss Eleanor Young and Mr. Leland P. Howard?

## WE'RE HERE ----- FOR ANOTHER YEAR

Volume number 26; issue number 1. That's the way it reads under The Pointer's nameplate, and that calls for an official note of greeting from us to you.

But now, looking backward, we'd like to acknowledge all the kind respects paid the '47-'48 Pointer and staff members upon receiving an "All-American" award from the National Scholastic Press Association of the University of Minnesota. Especially to former editorial advisor, Miss Muriel Bulwinkle, we relay the many compliments received. Her tireless efforts and wonderful virtue called patience went right along with all the people who had anything to do with that prize-winning paper. So, for us, Miss Bulwinkle will always be synonymous with "All-American."

# Feline Felicitations



Here is a portrait (by Dick Boyles) of Rameses. Now read on . . .

## Local Cat Cuts Capers

### MY DAY

or

### What A Nightmare!

This fictitious, very fictitious, little diary page just goes to show you that it never pays to wash orange chiffon cake and dill pickles down with three Cokes just before going to bed. Dreams are funny things!

- 8:20—Mom begins to drag me out of bed.
- 8:22—My achin' body hits the floor
- 8:30—Out the front door with the "Dagwood Bumstead dash"
- 8:32—Back home again. Just couldn't leave those salami sandwiches there
- 8:45¼—Reach gate
- 8:45½—Reach 3rd floor on way to late home room
- 9:10—Enter gym, Minus loafer
- 9:11—Get on rings and do inverted chest lay
- 9:30—Miss U. gives me permission to get off rings
- 9:31—Stagger to locker room
- 10:20—Dash to English class
- 10:25—Copying Loretta's work
- 10:26—Caught by Miss M.
- 10:30—Ears are still burning
- 10:35—Get out paper for test
- 11:15—Hand in blank test paper
- 11:16—Interesting discussion on football team. Especially that backfield fellow three seats ahead.
- 11:20—Reach Miss H's history class
- 11:30—Begin discussion on "What are you"
- 12:15—Back to cafeteria and cold lunch line
- 12:35—Get milk
- 12:40—Find table and begin eating
- 12:41—Finish eating. Sneak peanuts past Miss Lindsay
- 12:42—Ah! Fresh air and sunshine
- 12:55—Crawl up to second floor again to study hall
- 1:00—Park chewing gum on side of seat. I just can't afford to throw it out
- 1:00—Exchange funny books with Bucky
- 2:20—Finish latest "Captain Marvel" as bell rings
- 2:21½—On way to Algebra class
- 2:25¾—Reach class
- 2:26—Mrs. S. takes roll and gives me a zero. That teacher's full of surprises!
- 2:40—Leave room to see about change of schedule
- 2:42—Detoured. Now on way to athletic field where I notice loads of boys practicing football
- 2:42½—Am pulled back by "Arm of the Law"—Mr. W. to you
- 3:00—On way to Miss M's. office
- 3:25—Still seated in outer office
- 3:26—Seated in inner office—already!
- 3:30—Received "suspension papers" Ah! free once more!

### H. P. H. S. Yearbook 'All American'

An "All American" rating was awarded to the Pemican, high school yearbook, making the second such award to be received by a HPHS publication this year. Congratulation are in order for the '47-'48 Pemican staff and advisor, Miss Dot Hollar.

Herewith we tell you a story about a cat, a saga of a feline's taste for foreigners, and an Underwood typewriter.

The cat's name is Rameses, but in the animal kingdom it might just as well be "mud," because what self-respecting cat would be caught dead or alive at school?

It seems that Rameses, our hero of doubtful origin, took it upon himself to acquire some brain food and haplessly wandered into our building. Happlessly, we say, because the members of a rival (in spirit only) publication gathered him into their benevolent arms and said, "He's lovely! He's soft! He's ours. . . and you can't have him!"

And what did Rameses do? He quietly sank his teeth into Heywood's hand and stalked out of the Pemican office, leaving him somewhat startled and definitely bleeding. Straight to the Pointer office he came—knowing no doubt that we would treat him like any decent respectable cat should be treated.

A few of our staff members immediately demanded an interview with a cat who had Pemican blood on his hands. . . but our stalwart kitty refused even to say "no comment." Instead, he leaped upon the staff typewriter (the only one), examined it with a questioning eye—no doubt trying to find the margin release—then struck the keys in the catlike manner that most cats have!

And, as you can see, dear reader, we have given you the picture for proof.

Of course, we all wanted to make a pet of him. . . but Rameses's unpredictable nature, and lack of office facilities made us change our minds. He had to be gotten rid of—much as we hated it, we had to do it.

He was let loose that afternoon, and we haven't seen him since. A few staff members still say, "Wouldn't it have been wonderful to have a typing cat on the staff?" But I don't think so . . . definitely. When he was on that typewriter, he struck out the word cat, and spelled it KAT. Now who wants a cat that can't spell, especially on the Pointer stove?

### KNEES

(With apologies to Joyce Kilmer)  
I think that I shall never see  
As elbow lovely as a knee.  
A knee whose scrawny cap is pressed  
Against the back of someone's desk.  
A knee that works so hard all day  
And lifts its weary self to play.  
A knee that may in summer wear  
A sunburn that has scorched its hair.  
Upon whose skin the sun has lain  
Who intimately lives with pain.  
This "poem" was paraphrased from "Trees"  
Who but a fool would write about knees?  
—Jean Stamey.

# SHOOTIN' SHERIFF SNIPES

It was late. Echoing through the darkness of the long corridor were stealthy footsteps, those of a heavy man. A lone yellow flashlight ray broke the blackness of the still hall. The steps came closer . . . closer. Becoming more accustomed to the darkness, we could distinguish a pistol swinging by the side of the big man. With one long stride, he turned the corner, faced us squarely, and said: "Yep, everything's locked up fine—from Mr. Whitley's office to the darkroom. Guess I'll sit awhile."

So go the duties of High Point High School's faithful night watchman, Sheriff S. D. Snipes, H. P. D.

This 225-pound Georgian has haunted the halls of H. P. H. S. all of fourteen years now. Even before this, he was a "man-of-the-law." As an M. P. in the army of World War I, Sheriff served in France, England, and Germany.

These fourteen years haven't been dull ones for him. Although Sheriff never gets scared, he admits there can be some mighty odd-sounding noises around this place. Whether it's the biology grasshoppers skipping down the halls or a playful mouse, he's right there with his gun. Speaking of guns, this one has never fired a shot, and Sheriff hopes there'll never come a time when it will have to.

While we are at school each day, Sheriff Snipes takes it easy, getting in a few drowsy hours here and there. There's nothing like sleep after a hard night's work. In his spare time he likes gardening or hanging around the police station. It just goes to prove, you can't get away from the law!

Sheriff thinks his job is a pretty fine one. Of course it has its "bitter and sweet days." If you're ever snoopin' around school at night, perhaps looking for solved algebra problems, you'd better be on the look-out. . . 'cause Sheriff Snipes is!

## Bits . . . . . by Bits

Next time you're on third floor and turn around to find Mr. Rhode pacing behind you, just ignore it—he says he's been noticing the striking resemblance of some folks to his Halloween jack-o-lantern. What about that, Jim Neely?? . . . Calling all girls. If you're looking for one of those heroes who isn't afraid of mice, just call on Goldston Harris. Single (and also bare-) handed, he captured one cruising around in 7th period journalism class. . . And, Juniors, did you know your class candidates were down in the general office listening to their campaign manager's speeches over the P. A. system? That's O. K., Charlie Bryant. . . Seems as if "Blimp" Hayworth just can't understand Mrs. Rogers when elle lue parle en francais—(now, how'd that get in here?). . . Joe Allred is really "up" on his quotations—just ask him anything at all about Patrick Henry. . . Announcement: There seems to be a question about just how pure canteen water is. 'Course we wouldn't know, but you might ask Miss Meador. . . Max Ward has been unanimously elected president of the Submarine Club. Strike one up for Ward, 'cause hay—the kind they furnished at the Key Club hayride and cold water don't mix so well! . . . Miss Goodman: Jim Allen, what does an appetitive do. Jim: It does "all. . . right, I reckon".

## WAY BACK WHEN . . .

It was a cold, bleak evening on October 30, 1942. The HPHS football team was assembled in the locker room. Coach Cernugal took a good look at his boys and then wished he hadn't. They were lifeless—without any spirit. The coach's voice sounded big and loud.

"You boys must get into the swing of things. It's impossible to win without spirit. Spirit boys, spirit! Let's hear a rousing cheer from a fine team!"

A meek "rah-rah" came from the lips of some daring member of the 1942 Black Bison football team. It was a grave situation. High Point was at the bottom of the loop; and now here was homecoming game staring them straight in the face. How could they let the school down tonight, after the students had worked so hard to make this such a crowning event? Each homeroom had entered its float in the parade, and the cheerleaders had yelled themselves hoarse at the pep rally that afternoon. Coach Cernugal had all these thoughts on his mind.

He kept saying to himself, "I've got to raise their spirits. What can I tell the boys to give them more life? Wait—I know!"

He walked back into the locker room, grinning in a devilish sort of way.

"Boys," he said, "you can stay out till 10:15 next week!"

They won the game that night against the Charlotte Wildcats, 19 to 0.

## SONG DEDICATIONS

FROM:	TO:
Football Team	Friday, 8 P.M.
Bucky	"Good Rockin' Tonight"
Seaweed	"I Love You, Yes I Do"
	"Until"
Junior Gals	Mr. Henriford
Buddy	"Every Day I Love You Just A Little Bit More"
	Marie
	"Near You"
H.P.H.S.	G.H.S.
Chemistry Class	Washington And Lee Swing"
	Miss Milling
	"It's Magic"
Ken	Jean
	"We Just Couldn't Say Goodbye"
One Termite	His Father
Team	"Beat Me, Daddy, I Ate The Bar"
	Western Conference Championship
	"I'll Be Seeing You"
"Wah" Jones	Miss Meador
	"Cool Water"
Li'l Abner	Schmoos
	"You're An Old Schmoothie"