

THE POINTER

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Hunters Report 'Possums Round These Here Parts

IT'S 'Plum' Excitin'

Yep, it's just "plum" excitin'—the things that go on around H. P. H. S. Take, for instance, that breath-taking contest the varsity football reserves put on. Thomsville journeyed over to take on the Bison in their homecoming tilt; so the fellows, and that "mangy" Buddy Nance, thought they'd get themselves a Homecoming Queen. After being informed that it wasn't quite necessary to wait and elect a May Queen! . . . The air was full of all sorts of exciting things the night before the H. P. G'boro game. Did you see Pete Walker and his fellow gangmen laden with odd-shaped sticks, all prepared for 75 brave Whirlie supporters who didn't show up? . . . Now I'm not saying English grammar is excitin' (and neither is John Perry) but after that diagnosis spelling test Miss Bulwinkle gave the other day, Tom Bulla didn't appear too calm . . . No, I'm not going to tell anybody Mr. Rohde strolled down to the school store and politely inquired about purchasing some pink elephants . . . When Mr. Hunt asked a girl who was dropping school for her ultimate reason for doing so, she replied, "I know enough!"—Now, what do you think about a girl like that? . . . It seems Jimmy Rickert led a "water pistol raid" in choir some time ago—that left everybody "just singing in the rain" . . . Homeroom 301 really went "all-out" for the P. T. A. campaign. They had 101% membership—the extra member being David Blair's cow, who is now a full-pledged member of the P. T. A. . . .

Yep, it's just "plum" excitin'—now ain't that right?

There are just not many people who'd enjoy tramping through dense, black woods on a dark, cold night—all for the sake of trailing the sound of a pack of howling hound dogs. But to three fellas we know it's prettier than any A Capella choir music they ever heard. Just ask Sonny Connor, Pete Jones, and Tom Kellam, veteran hunters from 'way back.

They've got a nice pack of hounds—Lady, Blue, Jack, Lead, and Perry's dog, Spec. With guns oiled up, boots on, and a dark moon, that crew's got everything it takes for a good night of hunting.

The boys usually put the dogs in the trunk of the car and head for Wallburg in the wee hours of the morning. Sonny says hunting's best just after the moon goes down on a bright night. Just what kind of luck they'll have all depends, though. Once, all in one night, they treed 15 'possums, but with over four in the crowd, they never have much luck. Biggest 'possum the boys ever got weighed 12 pounds. That was the night that Perry lost a good dog, Zip. "He just got gone," Pete said.

Sonny, Pete, and Tom went down to Haw River one night to see what they could "tree." (Joke, son!) But the tables turned! The dogs "treed" a 'possum across the river; and Sonny, since he had on hip boots, waded across and proceeded up the tree after the varmint. About that time, a big bull quickly ambled over, and every time he snorted ferociously, Sonny went a limb higher. Pete said he got tired of waiting. They got home the next morning. What they do with 'possums is something else! If the dogs don't get them, they bring them home and sell 'em to darkies for about a dollar, or a half. They like that!

LAMENT FOR A TURKEY

I remember the way you use to gobble,
Showing off in splendid array.
As around the barnyard you did hobble,
That is—before Thanksgiving Day.
You were fattened up on ovaltine,
And you lived without dismay,
But you snoozed upon the guillotine,
So we ate you Thanksgiving Day.

Snitched!

From deep in the jungle . . .
One Ubangi to another: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Now you fan me for awhile."

A little closer home . . .
Sympathy is what one girl offers another in exchange for the details.

"Men may come and men may go but not if I can help it."

RHAPSODY IN GREEN
A green little chemist
On a green spring day
Mixed some green little chemicals
In a green way.
The green little grasses
Now tenderly wave
On the green little chemist's
Green little grave.

Seeing through a thing means little unless you see it through.

If there is anything we can't stand it is the person who talks while we are interrupting.

Round Those Clinging Vines

No more rambling around for some fellows and gals at High Point High. Some "old flames" have died out, but new flickers have been kindled. We, of the Pointer staff, have strolled "underneath the arches" long enough to observe . . . Bobby S. still setting Betty up to a coke at Ingram's . . . Ronnie cutting up with Venitia . . . "Ig" dating Peggy 'bout every night . . . "Seaweed" and Jerry puffing up to the third floor after the 8:30 bell . . . Mary Lib seated alone in the auditorium, just checking on Tommy! . . . "Lib" M. helping Jimmy with his French . . . Betty Drye with "Speedy" Reed . . . Ronnie and Marilyn with a future ahead . . . Edith lettering "B-O-B" on the end of her baton . . . Perry and Ruth Ellen playing tag . . . still Dot and Charlie . . . Gordie beaming over a birthday gift from Bill . . . Jim Neely explaining a football play to Nancy Lambeth . . . Jack Armfield looking seriously at Martha Neal . . . Joann and Max with their "reserved seat" at lunch . . . Darrell V. walking with Nancy Bright . . . Marty in deep conversation with Herbert Clapp . . . Bobby Aldridge coming up the tower just behind Mary Dern . . . Jo Beamon and Kent Hubbard just laughing . . . Jeanne and Rick waiting for the bus . . . Buddy chasing Marie through the leaves on the campus . . . Bob Wilson with Darlene Jenkins . . .

Yet there are those who still find "clinging" to outside interests not too boring, 'cause . . . Dick Davenport makes frequent week-end trips from Carolina to see Scotty . . . Betsy Guin finds High Point College mighty interesting—he's a certain fellow named Dick . . . Chet Allen surely keeps those letters going to Meredith . . . Seems like the party line from State to Carolyn M. is busy once more . . . Nancy Earle finds the dances at Duke mighty fine, especially when she's with Walt Linville . . . Don Martin is counting the days to Christmas holidays when Elsie gets home again.

Some Sketches Of Schmoos At School

JERRY PASCHAL—Blonde, curly hair and specs . . . hails from Tulsa, Okla. . . Subs at quarter-back for the Bison . . . Good conversationalist Pastime is eating steak and creamed potatoes . . . Loves to dance to "Stardust" . . .

ANN WRIGHT—Half-pint sophomore . . . Booster for Pointer business staff . . . Faithful and confirmed dog-lover . . . Pet saying is "Aw, anybody can be slow" . . . Hang out is corner of Hurdover and Farriss . . .

AL ROACH—Tall frosh . . . Likes playing junior varsity football, but also plays the field with the girls . . . Favorite subject is study hall . . . Song, My Happiness . . . swam two consecutive years in AAU meet . . . Is glad that he's at high school for freshman year . . .

MARTHA HODGIN—Majorette with bangs . . . Loves purple, purple, purple, and Bill . . . Future "alma-mammy" is H. P. C. . . . Favorite food is oysters . . . Pet peeves are pink and rainy days . . .

KEN YARBOROUGH—Big Bison end who weighs in at 195 . . . Not choosy about what he eats as long as there's enough of it . . . Likes to hear the Mills Brothers sing "I'm Afraid to Love You" Size shoe, 10½-A! . . .

JOANNE ROTHROCK—Pug-nosed brunette . . . Junior who loves to bowl . . . Enjoys eating hamburgers and watching Van Heflin act . . . Pet peeves are squash in any form and being in a mad rush! . . .

LORENE KIVETT—Senior gal who appears quiet . . . Proud possessor of a convincing smile and a nice looking report card . . . Haunts Leonard's . . . Fiend for candied apples and Guy Madison . . . Likes Ipana toothpaste.

PERRY "PETE" JONES—Tall, with long wavy hair . . . Always making a lot of noise . . . Models for Esquire in his spare time . . . Doesn't like anything at all but girls and he'd rather do anything, just anything, than go hunting (You're O. K. Pete).

Feature Staff's Idea Of 'News In The News'

. . . as we gathered, sifted, and salted it:

IN POLITICS: Today, Congressman J. Parnell Thomas donned red winter flannels. The un-American affairs committee investigated him. Once again a governor, Dewey says all men over 5' 2" must wear Now-You-Can-Be-Shorter-Than-He shoes—the Shoe with the Built-in Hole in the Ground. South protests proposal to dissolve Democratic Party. Says it would deprive them of right to vote. Joe Louis says he will enter politics in '50. No opponent found to run against him.

IN SCIENCE: Inventors produce jet plane that flies faster than sound. Immediately get to work on sound that can pass jet plane. . . . Hitler's armored car brought to U. S. A. for display. Engineers found it ran 500,000 words to one gallon of gas . . . Television covered the reopening of Congress, as gas main on street outside broke. Arrive at smellevision hailed . . . Best way to avoid mosquito bites found—bite mosquito first. Soap soup is now on the market for washing out mouths of nasty, but hungry, little boys.

IN FASHION: Banana Yellow is decreed most popular Fall shade. Only trouble is dresses made of it keep slipping off . . . Price of meat so high cows are wearing mink coats.

IN SPORTS, SOCIETY AND BUSINESS: Olympic marathon runner who lost way in London fog finally reaches finish line. Demands race be run with contestants radar-equipped . . . Man contestant wins live woman in radio prize show. Gives her away because he doesn't want two loud speakers in his house . . . Pocket edition of Encyclopedia Britannica published in Scotland.

FLASH: Russians seize all air not over Berlin and force democracies without special passes to stop breathing . . . Taxpayers find bill for Marshall plan making them ERP.

AND Cranberry Sauce

At Christmas it's snow and carols and gifts, on Valentine's it's lacy, red hearts, and candy boxes, and the Fourth of July brings firecrackers. But at Thanksgiving all you have is an empty little place in your heart for the tragic death of a turkey, and a full, very full, space just below that.

Golly, just thinking about that forthcoming Thanksgiving dinner is enough! Whether you'll dine at home, at Granny's, or Aunt Mary's, the picture always pops up the same—a richly-clothed, candle-lit table groaning under the weight of a huge platter of turkey, dressing, and giblet gravy, rice and rolls, peas and candied yams, apple salad and nuts.

It's just all you can do to wait for Grandpa to finish the blessing. But you sit there a minute and quietly watch the laughing group of loved ones. It makes you feel so warm and good inside that it's hard not to be thankful.

Then you dive for the pulley-bone, hot buttered rolls, dressing and—oh, almost forgot—cranberry sauce!

Thanksgiving Thoughts

Our thanks to God . . .

Each year around Thanksgiving time, custom has it that people pause to enumerate their many blessings and to offer thanks to the Divine Creator who provides. But custom cannot be enough. Only through an honest and humble prayer of thanks, backed by thought and sincerity, can we know a real Thanksgiving.

Rights and ideals enjoyed in a democratic nation, our home life, modern facilities, and unending opportunities—all are pretty overworked phrases and phases of our life; but they are staunch and classic ones for which we may well be ever thankful.

Our thanks to those who serve at school . . .

The ever-ready Dick Boyles, who's always on hand with that camera and the darkroom staff . . . The maids and janitors for their work in making clean and safe our building . . . The majorettes, who strutted in their final game for the "blue and white" last Friday night (unless . . .) . . . The Beta Club and the socials they've planned so well . . . The student body for the very commendable attitude and pep shown at the football stadium . . . Patsy Clodfelter, one of the hardest working of Mrs. J.'s office gals . . . Miss McInnis for her inspirational Bible lessons . . . Paul Conrad and Coit Wright, whom we hope someday to see walk with us again . . .

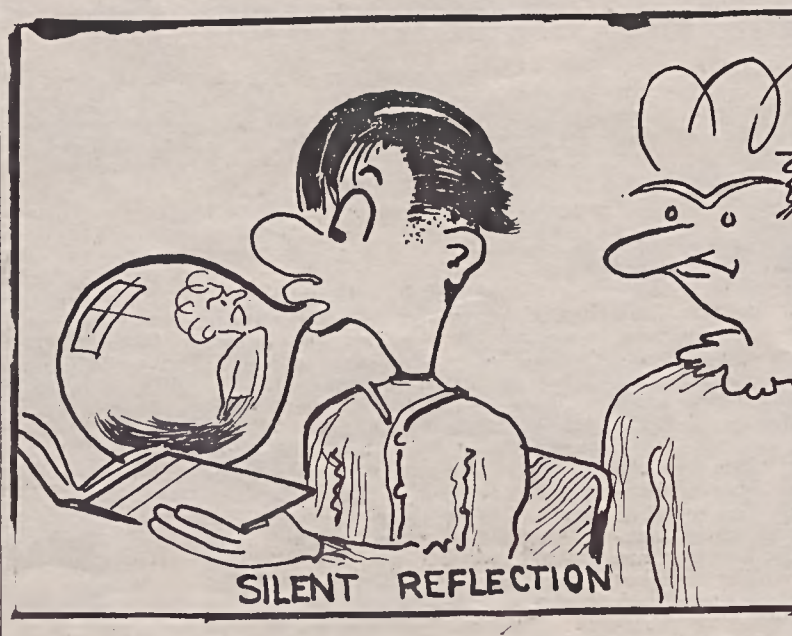
Unforeseen Situation

'Way back in 1926 when this building was being erected, our city fathers, school authorities, and building contractors were exercising great foresight. Quite a few extra rooms and seemingly unnecessary departments in the plans caused some of the townspeople to scoff at the "awful waste." Gradually, however, the scoffers ceased laughing as High Point grew from a community into a town, into a city, and the empty classrooms filled. Their foresight and worth was proven.

But one unforeseen situation arose. Back in '26, at noontime the whistles sounded, and everybody dropped lessons to scurry home to lunch. Those few, very few, teachers and students who lived a little too far away to walk home opened brown paper bags and sandwiches in the lunchroom, which was designed for them—seating capacity not over 200. Later a cafeteria line appeared and the larger the town grew, the more people attended and ate at school. That condition continues today. Right now more than 1,000 students eat in a cafeteria with a seating capacity of 200—at different lunch periods worked out by a complicated schedule, of course. But, that's the way it is.

Now, wouldn't it be fine someday to see a large building set in the center of the horseshoe drive at the back of the building—a pleasant, lighted and roomy cafeteria with more students enjoying their noontime meal together?

Wouldn't it?



—By Kent Jackson.