

THE POINTER

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First Degree Murder

Pretty serious business, this first degree murder. Crime doesn't pay, never has, never will. And when the crafty killer is caught (and he almost always is) in the clutches of John Q. Law, capital punishment usually ensues—capital punishment for the crime of killing, for disobeying the Sixth Commandment. Yes, killing in any form brings thoughts of destruction, waste, sadness.

Ever think about killing, though in less brutal terms—like killing time? It's the same black crime with a little lighter tinge, and slightly different punishment, yet still bearing those same characteristics of destruction, waste, and sadness.

Destruction? Destroying time is actually destroying a part of your life. The length of a human life is as a drop in the ocean of humanity—"fifty-cent words," perhaps, but glaringly true.

Waste? Many an hour-of-energy which could have been spent in usefulness, doing something creative or a task "put-off," has been spent idly by high schoolers.

The punishment? It will not be physical punishment, but the kind that makes for an idle mind, one in which that gremlin called "Laziness" finds itself a welcome visitor. It's all sad because the person who is an idle time-killer will someday wake up suddenly, only to find that the surge of active and useful life has long-since passed him by on the highway to happiness. That will be an evil jolt, and perhaps the worst punishment of all.

So, a hint to the wise is you-know-what. Don't waste your time.

HOW LUCKY YOU ARE

How Lucky You Are! Yes, you! Here's what we mean.

Bronson Matney, an outstanding alumnus, who recently appeared here on tour with the W.C.T.C. quartet, expressed deeply his feeling toward his old Alma Mater, which was taken to heart by many student body members.

The athletic teams or cheerleaders who have visited every school in the Western Conference and others can tell you that as far as a building and facilities are concerned, they've seen very few that can even compare with H.P.H.S.

So, both in material assets and in school spirit, not to mention activities, H.P.H.S. ranks among the top southern high schools.

But... Just how many of us realize our good fortune and take fair advantage of it all. For instance, many students wanted candy sold at basketball games. So they got it. Yet many of those "sweet tooth" became sour before the game. Another example. Quite a few school dances were held, after repeated enthusiastic demands from students; but when the eventful night rolled around, were you there? Both are just little things perhaps—too little to threaten that wonderful spirit of H.P. H.S. loyalty, yet discouraging incidents.

Belated Thanks To . . .

Jo Auman, Gladys Hall, and Nancy Jean Monroe who certainly have done some excellent work on our bulletin board, especially the Valentine scene.

Nolan Brewer who has been so faithful in taking Paul Conrad's lunch to him each day.

Mrs. J.'s main office assistant, Mrs. Teague, who is always there wearing that big smile on her face and ever ready to help.

The Demolay boys who really had a big part in the success of the March of Dimes.

Our cafeteria cooks—Daisy, Isabelle, Annie, Laura Mae, and Jordan for such wonderful food. A special orchid to Mrs. Meeta Jackson, dietitian, and the student helpers.

Key Club for our high school directory. Especially to Jerry Hester who has been the efficient head for two years.

"Bucket" Barnes and Nolan Brewer for their peanut push down Main Street for the March of Dimes. "One inch for only one dime!"

'Sweet'-Hearts . . . But Sniff . . . Bitter Answers

"Here, draw a candy heart from the little, white bag and read what's written on it. Quick, give me your reply; now you can eat it. Oh, I'm not crazy; it's just for the Pointer." You remember those little colored hearts with a word or two printed on them that always pop up around Valentine at Kress's? Well, we bought some just to make this article. Maybe you were one of the many privileged characters who sampled the Pointer's sweet hearts; but if you weren't, then here's letting you in on their bitter answers—

| Who | Sweet-heart said | The Bitter Answer |
|-----------------------|------------------|---|
| Heywood Washburn | "Smart guy" | "Name's Washburn, not Hopkins." |
| Pat Johnson | "You're tops!" | "My but this candy is fresh!" |
| "Fireball" | "I love you" | "No truer words were ever said, Miss Meador." |
| Shirley Ray Gallimore | "Sometime" | "Why not now?" |
| Jean Hayworth | "True one" | "He better be!" |
| Doug Poole | "Nice boy" | "Just ask any girl?" |
| Peggy Clarke | "When" | "Hope it's soon." |
| Al Roach | "Not yet" | "But, I'm working on it." |
| Nolan Brewer | "Don't tell" | "I won't!" |
| Ruth Ellen Monroe | "Please wait" | "Dedicated to Perry." |
| Robert Brady | "Dance?" | "Why dance?" |
| Evelyn Nance | "Bad girl" | "I did it and I'm glad!" |
| Jack Powell | "Starry eyes" | "Only thing I can think of is Fascal." |
| Barbara Steele | "No love" | "He's a long way off!" |
| Jim Neely | "Tell all!" | "Huh-uh!" |

Jalopy With A Personality

To begin with, Floozie is Charlie Jones's '38 Model Ford, which is definite proof that "Time Marches On" and takes with it all the beauty and smoothness of youth, leaving behind only rattles and broken-down batteries.

There is no conceivable disease that Floozie hasn't contracted. She has a weak heart, which is inclined to make her "conk out" any time; her old eyes blink off and on at irregular intervals; her plump, round legs may be counted on to deflate (in more common language—blow out) very frequently.

Perhaps the worst of Floozie's faults is her uncontrollable temper. Once or twice she has become extremely exasperated because the spotlight turned red just before she reached it. No matter how hard Charlie pumped her brakes or Marilyn and Wheat shouted "Whoa!" from the back seat, Floozie refused to stop, and flew right through the light.

It seems a shame after all these years that ole Floozie should suffer from an inferiority complex, but such has been her fate. Each time she pulled up beside a shiny new Buick she began to cough and sputter. But after Charlie climbed out, raised the hood, patted her gently, and whispered sweet nothings into her engine, she was soon chugging merrily up the street.

But Feb. 3 was a fateful day for Floozie. Mr. Jones decided that since she spent more time in the hospital (Welch's Garage) than at home, it was time to disperse with her.

G'bye, Floozie.

That's A JOKE, SON!

Ann: "In the days of lords and vassals, what did they call the vassal's wife?"
Bob: "Vaseline."

"What shall I say about the two peroxide blondes who made such a fuss at the game last night?" inquired the news reporter.

Editor: "Why, just say the bleachers went wild."

Science teacher: "Where do bugs and other insects go in the winter time?"
Bright Student: "Search me!"

"George, are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

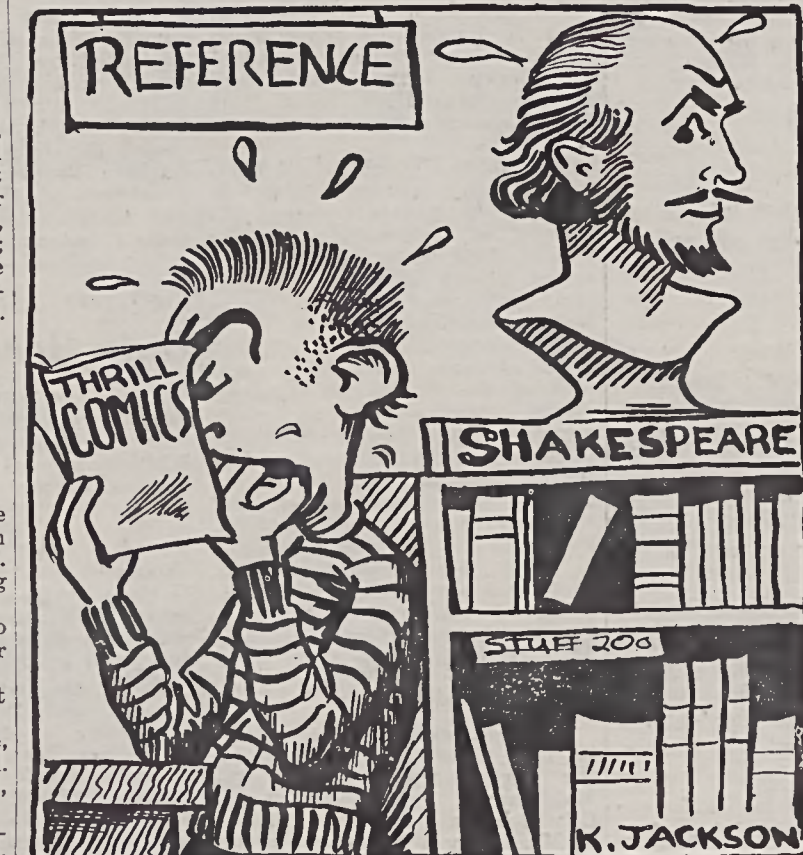
"No, Mother, but I'm coming close."

Here 'n' There

If you have noticed an added brightness around these halls lately, then you know that Polly Carroll has come back to school after an illness of five months. Polly's alluring smile, plus that personality of hers, gives us good reason to say, "Glad to have you back."

Now, even though we've gained some students, they seem to be outnumbered by those who have departed. Jerry Bob and Charles Byrd, recently moved to Greenville, South Carolina; and I've heard they like it pretty well; except Jerry Bob doesn't like the fact that Barbara's up here and he's down there.

Also heading south a short time ago was Mary Lee Church, who went to Jacksonville, Florida, to work in a dress shop; and Emily Callicutt, who left last semester for Cannon, Georgia.



Mrs. Poston's Delight



I've been thinking—course that's unusual; but with all the jabber-gabbers 'round this Pointer office somebody's gotta start thinking! The things I've heard! . . . Why, did you know that Boonie Davis and Barbara Mabrey have been making weekly excursions out to Oak Ridge to see what're-their-names? . . . And Pete Jones was actually seen talking to a girl in Tower II the other day. . . I just don't know what the school's coming to—it was rumored that Coach Simeon found a lacy petticoat in his office—my ears just turned red! Marilyn's too. And to top it all, you should hear the story Nancy Lambeth tells about Jim Neely climbing a telephone pole in the dark and waving frantically—a futile attempt to catch a ride. . . There's one thing puzzling me and that's that three-cornered triangle made up of Bobby Baird, Ann Bain, and John Story of G'boro. What I want to know is why Bobby, with his wrestling experience, doesn't square it off! . . .

We might as well bring in this problem of styles too. . . the latest fashion, from what I've heard, is Rosie Beam's detachable bangs—seeing is believing. . . I predict that girls will soon be wearing hoop skirts trimmed with buttons and bows o. "Margaret Pink" (original by Margaret Truman) and displaying crew cuts beautified by Harry's Home Permanent.

Such foolishness—guess I'd better get back to thinkin' . . . Excuse me while I concentrate and fill up this pen with Pointer's ink.

HEARTSTRINGS FROM BEAUX

Perry MacDowell to.....Ruth Ellen
I love you, darling, but a little more I might
If I were sure you did my homework last night.

Bill Craig to.....Betty Clarke
It's Valentine's Day, and I'm moneyless—see?
So the Pointer put this in, just for us—free!

Dick Thompson to.....Joanne Ronk
I've been dropped short by Betty, Mary, and Sal;
Now, honey, I'm lonesome, so will you be my gal?

Clyde Garrison to.....Barbara T.
Roses are red, violets are blue;
I have red hair, and honey, so do you.

Kenneth to.....T. Lentz
Honey, does you love me? I don't know, but maybe.
Tell me, Tommy, is you is or ain't my baby?

Mr. Heniford to....."F" Students
I is your'n and you'uns is mine;
Let's larn some English on Valentine.

Jack Steed to.....Betsy Chernault
I'd want you for my Valentine
If you were near at hand.
But now to stretch my love I need
A heart-shaped rubber band.

Bill Seckler to.....Grace Ann
It's Monday, February 14, nineteen forty-nine.
To make this date complete, will you be my
Valentine?

Attention, He-Men!

What To Do With Cologne Given To You For Presents

BY B. JON BOJANGLES

(Do you smell like a schmo? When you breeze into the room, do your friends start opening windows? Do you know which cologne to wear with what? Don't be half-safe! Let the Pointer's Sassy Editor show you how you can acquire that Aromatic Appeal! Bojangles knows perfumes. He studies—he analyzes—he smells!)

Men, if you don't know which alluring odor to put on your facial features for the basketball game or whatever, then that's where I come in, on all fours. Gather around and I shall reveal to you the purpose they serve, which I now reveal:

KENNEL NO. 5—For men who hunt possums with hounds. Rare, spicy, alluring. One whiff and the hounds will chase you.

OLD HORSE COLLAR—Still another scent for the sportsman's set. Rich in that old leather smell men are so mad for. Comes in amusing container amusingly labeled Horse Liniment. Oddly enough it is horse liniment. Wear with horse-blanket sport coat.

MINER'S ARMPIT—For the hard-working type. A sultry, haunting fragrance, good with overalls and that smart new masculine shade, Dirt Brown.

NIGHT IN SING SING—Designed for politicians. Goes beautifully with stripes.

OLD CURRENCY—For the Wall Street, lotta money type. A heavy blend of rare old paper money. Wear it with that popular Wall Street color Treasury Green.

EAU DE OH-LAY-HEE-HOO—For Swiss Mountain climbers and old goats. Comes in an amusing wooden cask, each one personally delivered by a St. Bernard.

Comes in a bottle, too.
EAU NUTS!—Smells like perfume. Comes in a gay container amusingly shaped like a bottle. Matter of fact it is a bottle.

FREE ON REQUEST!—Small Atomizer for Little Squirrels! ALSO Big Illustrated Booklet on the 7 places* a Man Should Wear Cologne!

* Drug stores, restaurants, basketball games, movies, class plays, dances, Pointer office. (ED'S NOTE: This writer is rancid.)