

THE POINTER

Published by the Students of High Point High School

Member National Scholastic Press Association

Editor-in-Chief _____ MARILYN ROBINETTE
Associate Editor _____ BILL MCGUINN
Managing Editor _____ ALLEN CONRAD

News Editors

NANCY EARLE _____ GOLDSTON HARRIS
JEAN STAMEY _____ MARTY BURTON

Feature Editors

JOANN WHITE _____ LIB MARTIN _____ SCOTTY COOK
CAROLYN ANDREWS _____ BILL CECIL _____ JON BARNES
Sports Editor _____ JIM NEELY

Assistants

ALLEN CONRAD _____ ANN SHIPWASH _____ BILL MCGUINN
Photographer _____ DICK BOYLES
Headliner _____ ALLEN CONRAD

Typists

JEANNE RICBY _____ LOMA GARNER

Business Manager _____ GLADYS LINTHICUM
BARBARA TILSON _____ Assistants ANN WRIGHT

Advertising Manager _____ WALTER LEE GIBSON
Assistants
RALPH BROWN _____ CAROLE BOCK _____ BETTY BOWMAN

Circulation Manager _____ MARTHA NEAL
WANDA KINDLEY _____ Assistants GAYNELLE INGLE

Bookkeeper _____ NANCY PERRYMAN
Assistant _____ JOAN CROWDER

Editorial Advisor _____ MISS ELEANOR YOUNG
Business Advisor _____ MRS. VERA WALDEN

This Business Of Saving Seats

A little thing to harp on, perhaps, but annoying and out-of-order—that's the widespread practice of friends saving seats for friends in the cafeteria while the latter friends buy their noontime lunches. Now, there's not a thing in the world like friendship. And everybody guilty of the misdemeanor named above means well. But consider these three facts about seat-saving at lunchtime: (1) During rush times many hungry students must wander throughout the cafeteria (carrying loaded trays, incidentally) looking for seats, or either crowd in at a table, while often a whole half-table is empty and "saved." (2) Leaning chairs marking "saved" places make easy tripping, especially when students going by are carrying trays. (3) The lack of chairs possibly discourages eating in the cafeteria.

These are the facts, so gather your own conclusions and think twice next time before you reach over, or shout down to the end of a cafeteria table to "save those seats." Here's one case where that old adage of "first-come, first-served" still should hold true-blue.

In the long run, being a good sport about seat-saving will make for a much more pleasant, smooth-running lunchtime.

An Explanation

Remember that two hour assembly held by the H.P.H.S. Student Council about a month ago? It marked the first time in about twenty-five years that the Constitution of High Point High School was discussed before its student body.

Student government president Jackie Meekins announces that as a result of well-spent time by the Constitutional Committee headed by Paul Conrad, twenty-eight changes were proposed. All were passed as a result of the assembly except two. These two concerned the present method of electing student body officers and of submitting recommendations to the student council. Their rejections will be acted on in the near future at a meeting of the Student Council and will again be presented to the student body for consideration.

The major change came when the assembly voted to allow students to run for office if they had been enrolled in this school only during the preceding year.

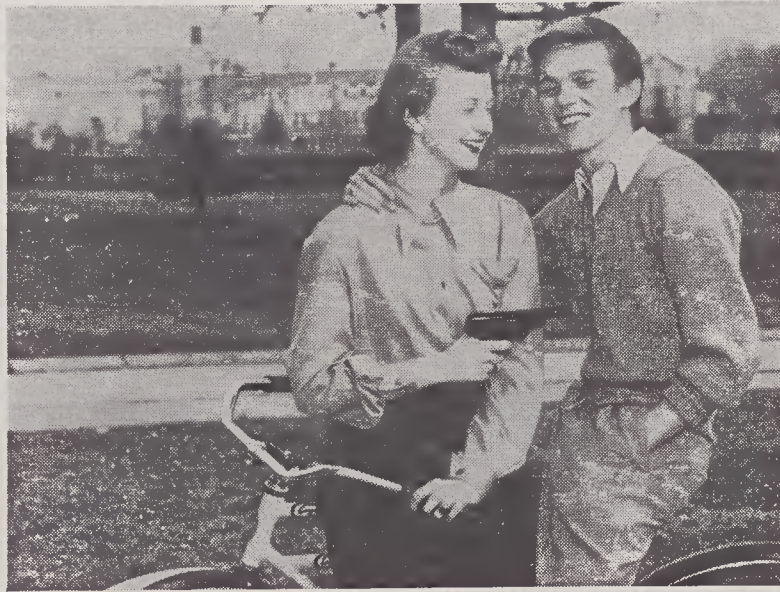
Paul Conrad, Jackie Meekins, Vice-President Bob Younts, and Paul's committee are drawing a round of praise from the administration and students for their tireless, fruitful efforts toward making the constitution even more effective, and High Point High even more democratic than before—keeping it—"of the people, by the people, for the people. . ."

A Goal Expressed

If you are big enough—

- To stand a compliment, you need not fear a critic;
- To face defeat bravely, you can be trusted with a victory;
- To rule your own spirit, you are ready to rule a city;
- To take prosperity calmly, you need not fear any other trouble;
- To see a rival succeed without jealousy, you have achieved real greatness
- To keep your head while being attacked, you are on the highway to success!

Personalities . . . Plus



Hey, whoa, here! Looks like dangerous territory. But there's really no cause for alarm because they just happen to be the Pointer's Personality Kids. That's red-headed Betsy holding the gat on "Bugs", who doesn't seem to mind at all. Whose bicycle? Don't know, but it rides O. K.

DONALD SETLIFF

Yep, it's Donald Setliff, or "Bugs", whichever you prefer. This "glad lad" can be distinguished from most juniors by a slight touch of peroxide, which highlights his crowning glory. He always greets you with that friendly grin and calls everybody—not darling—but "Do-Do."

Summertime usually finds him down Myrtle or Carolina Beach way, but this year he has his hopes set on Florida.

In case you're wondering how our personality kid acquired the nickname, "Bugs"—we'll tell you. Have you ever seen him jitterbugging to some "real gone" music? He's a "bug" from way back! Besides dancing, Donald goes in for dating, boxing, crowds, and that popular pastime of shooting pool. His pet peeve? "To date a girl who talks all night about another fellow." He's a "fig fiend" and exercises his jaws every afternoon at Jeff's. Guess there's no way of getting around saying, he's an "all right" fella!

BETSY GUIN

She's cute, she's smart, she's hep, and that's not all—she's got red hair! Yes, it's these adjectives that describe Betsy Guin, who, as a newcomer last year from Winston's Reynolds High, has already made a smash hit at High Point High.

Betsy is like most other teenagers; she likes to dance and mingle wherever a crowd is gathered. Just mention our neighboring city, Winston-Salem, to her and you'll find from an added sparkle in her eye, that there's still a certain fondness attached over that-a-way.

As a junior, she is a member of the Beta Club and The Curtain Callers. Her most becoming color is pale green; and southern fried chicken just happens to be her favorite dish. If you chance to see Betsy cruising around some fine spring afternoon in a long green Buick convertible, just whistle; and for sure she'll reply, "Thanks a lot!"

Boys Oughta Fight

Aw gee, mom, don't get mad! T'was just a little fight, t'warn't bad!
And what if he did tear my tie—
You oughta' see his black eye;
And another thing, my dog, Spike
Didn't chew the tire off this fellow's bike.
He started the fight—that ole fellow!
But when we got through you shoulda heard him bellow.
Anyway, boys oughta fight;
I don't mean that it's always right,
But a man's gotta stand up for what he believes true
Even at the expense of becoming black and blue.
—Jean Stamey

Do These Sound Familiar?

Maybe you've heard these oft-quoted sayings before around ye olde Alma Mater. We have.

- Jean Kearns—"My cow!"
- Jimmy Johnson—"Oogots!"
- Mr. Ishee—"A gum chewing girl and cud chewing cow."
- Buddy Nance—"Check the head on that gal."
- Ann Wright—"Fa-diddle."
- Bill Hatley—"Honey, I'se fatted!"
- Barbara Lee—"Gripe me!"
- All the boys—"Hey, Ed."
- Miss Bulwinkle—"Wake up, Sam."
- Bill Hackney—"Veteran Bill Ellington."
- Elliot Abeles—"Gad!"
- Jimmy Lovelace—"Tell me and then we'll both know."
- Barbara Mabrey—"Hello, Mort."
- Boonie Davis—"That'd be tellin'."
- Betty Faye Hedgecock—"Whoa, Zeke!"
- Arch McMullan—"Drop dead."
- Betty Clarke Dillon—"I'll be darned."
- Lane Green—"Explain it again, Mrs. Sowers."
- C. L. Corn—"I didn't say a word."
- Mary Lib Casey—"Great Caesar's ghost!"
- Peppy Stamey—"Gracious Gus!"
- Malvin Perkinson—"Yeah, I reckon not."
- Marceline Garner—"Bless pat!"
- Jerry Paschal—"Hey, Stilts, look at that figure!"
- Kathryn Jones—"What's that?"
- Nolan Brewer—"Cuss a kid."
- Barry Ruth—"Sick 'em, Sa."

What Makes Up The POINTER...

- Twenty-six years
- Chewed-up pencils
- Coach's office
- Mr. Furgurson and a green eyeshade
- Youth
- Jam-sessions in the Pointer office
- Deciphering Jim's handwriting
- The postman
- "Sell another ad? Tell Gladys."
- Scotty's feature-finders
- Deadline
- Allen's "heads" (including the peroxidized one)
- "Creative" and its presses
- Cuts
- Noise in the hall
- Ads, ads, ads
- Dialing a telephone
- A systematic confusion
- Bucket's typewriter doodling between periods
- Proofreading
- Local boy makes good
- Big Wheels
- Brown make-up sheets
- Mr. Whitley
- Hearsay investigated
- Athletes
- Laughter
- Names in print
- Sense of accomplishment
- Criticism versus praise
- Frosh, Sophs, Juniors, Seniors
- Miss Young
- Mrs. Walden

Dial For Dates

- Fellas, here are the statistics—all you have to do is put Alexander Graham Bell's invention to use!
- A dancing dolly.....47211
 - A laughing lassie.....66130
 - A gabbing gal.....8474
 - A fatal femme.....8448
 - A little lady.....47356
 - A bashful belle.....44431
 - A dashing damsel.....4031
 - A merry maiden.....47186
 - A mischievous miss.....3073
 - Girls, are you dateless on Saturday nights? If so, why not take a tip from us and use the phone?
 - A wild Willie.....51406
 - A free fellow.....4089
 - A cheerful chap.....66219
 - A timid-Tom (timid?).....66200
 - A generous gent.....44137
 - A "hep-cat" lad.....41444
 - A good-looking guy.....3698
 - A rambling rover.....35421
 - A jealous Joe.....8235

Latest Drift On Discs By That Bojangles

Without further ado, dear readers, we shall go ahead and discuss the top current releases in the Disc Jockey Kingdom, among which we find:

That the Cowboy tune of the month is "No Matter How Much Sand and Cactus Gets in Our Spinach, I'll Never Desert You," sung by Roger Autry, accompanied by an all-horse orchestra. His horse, Lightnin', hoofs the guitar nicely in a second chorus hot lick, backed by "I'm Leavin' My Boots and Saddles in the Old Corral Because the Last Time I Used Them on a Horse, I Couldn't Sit Down For a Week."

Cab Cavity has just recorded the theme song of the American Dental Association, "Look for the Silver Filling." Adding authenticity to the arrangement is the steady background of dental drills, with four-bar rhythm breaks featuring the rippling of pages of December, 1891, issues of National Geographic. Dentists plan to plug the tune by giving patients overdoses of aspirin so that their heads spin. Then, all you have to do is put the record on your head and touch it with a needle.

"Who Put the Chowder in Mrs. Murphy's Overalls?"—Latest of the kitchen classics, this waxing feature is a high vocal E flat by Mrs. Murphy when the pouring takes place. Done by the Blue Flames, it is easily the hottest record of the month, and if you don't think so, ask Mrs. Murphy.

Revived by Guy Lumbago is the old favorite, "How Deep Is the Ocean?" which was recorded under water by Lumbago in an earnest effort to answer the question. Rippling rhythm effects by a quartet of sea bass and a xylophone solo by an unnamed octopus add a touch of novelty. Lumbago obviously was in an exploratory frame of mind, for the tune on the other side is "How High Is the Sky?" Lumbago's musicians may not have reached the sky, but they sounded as if they were plenty high.

Want Ads . . .

- WANTED: A term paper, second-hand, quick! Liberal reward offered. Contact Sam Hedgecock and others.
- LOST: Winter snow, sledding at the club, and days missed from school. Somewhere in this vicinity between January and March.
- FOR SALE: Shorthand books. Cheap. Consult any member of Miss Cress's second period class.
- WANTED: One head, new or used. Inquirer wants to trade the one he has. For information contact Harlan Burton.
- FOUND: A tack in my seat. Owner will be sued for damages. Vernon Taylor.
- WANTED: Insulation for the chemistry lab. For obvious reasons. As possible substitute, a generous supply of Air Wick for all third floor rooms.
- LOST: French "Verb Wheel", last seen rolling down the hall of second floor. Jimmy Rickert.
- FOR SALE: A host of well-filled-out conduct slips, sold as scrap paper. 3c a pack. Blimp Hayworth.
- FOUND: An accumulation of chewing gum stuck under my desk. Will owners please identify their own. Diane Wagner.
- FOR TRADE: A Superman funny book for a Jungle Thrills Comic. Bob Hopkins. References required.
- WANTED: A dropped stitch from three-quarters of an argyle sock. Nancy Earle.
- LOST: Bottle of peroxide, belonging to Allen Conrad . . . all recent blondes suspected.
- WANTED: A translation handbook for this foreign language called Shakespeare's "Macbeth." See any of Miss Young's seniors.

Foolin' With Dynamite!

But not literally, even though, to some folks' way of thinking, the following way of foolin' with the explosive (that is, via words) can be almost as dangerous and deadly. This problem of boy versus girl or vice versa has always been a thorny one. So what do we do but kindle the spark!

Here's Chad Rogers' view of the situation and we hasten to add that the views expressed are his own and not necessarily the opinion of. . . ! Oh well, read on. . .

One of the most unusual and unpredictable forms of life known to man is a girl. One of her cute little habits is that of breaking up with the boy of her affections every now and then; but don't worry, boys, she'll always come back in a day or so to bury the hatchet and be friends once again. Just be sure that she doesn't bury it in your scalp, that's all.

At the art of camouflage, girls are as proficient as the toughest commando. At night they spend long hours in front of a mirror surrounded by a huge array of mysterious little bottles, each one containing something designed especially to help milady improve on nature and make herself more lovely.

And then, of course, there is the problem of hair. They roll this stringy stuff into knots and tangles that would baffle a locksmith, then they wonder why it's so kinky the next morning. They continually complain about being too fat and then promptly stick bustles under their clothing to give themselves an added bulge or two. You would think that this ought to be enough, but no. They promptly defy all the laws of modern science by cramming a size ten foot into a size six shoe and then saying, "This is a bit loose around the heels. Haven't you anything smaller?"

Girls are poison all right, but, gosh, who wants to date a boy?

(Just to keep it fair, the other side of the issue will be expressed in the next Pointer by some brave writer.)