

# 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 ..... 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

## Just Human Nature

You've heard that expression, "Give 'em an inch and they'll take a mile?" Well, it follows right along with the one that says, "Give 'em enough rope, and they'll hang themselves."

What's it all about? Just another way of condemning that old practice of "taking advantage," and I don't mean the "opportunity-knocks-but-once" kind of advantage.

There'll be lots of gala festivities coming up soon, such as Senior Day, banquet, proms, etc.; and as usual the same energetic high school citizens will sign up for committees with the sole purpose of getting out of a little class time. Then there are the sports-loving fans who excuse themselves from school on any possible occasion so as to use their vocal chords in support of the team instead of their grades.

When the word gets 'round that there's a practice teacher conducting class one day, well, that's when some pockets come to class laden with chewing gum, peanuts, and minus a homework assignment. Are you guilty of this? If so, are you benefiting by such conduct?

Class periods are constantly being disturbed by scuffling feet, accompanied by loud conversation and often singing or whistling as students move from classrooms to 203 to attend movies. Should we not appreciate the opportunity of a varied source of learning enough to be considerate of our fellow students?

If ever you find yourself the victim of one of these urges, just remember, the noose hangs high!

## That Pink Cloud

Ever notice how everything comes at once? How, while driving up Main, if you catch one red light, you'll catch them all? How you may go for three days without having to take a book home, then each teacher announces an hour homework assignment the next? How sometimes everything is like one big, pink cloud, smooth-sailing and blissful and at other times all goes wrong?

After the steady, study-filled winter months at High Point High, the coming spring brings, along with softer breezes and jonquils, an increased tempo in school activities. Scheduled for spring-time are both of the Proms, the Talent Show—and that it is!—the Senior Play, Social Standards Conference, the Pemicans, and Senior Day—all activities involving the whole student body—and projects expressing the creativeness and versatility found here.

One big hopeless jumble? Oh, no! We just want to keep that aforementioned smooth-sailing pink cloud hovering over the campus of Alma Mater right on up through graduation time. See? .....

## A Law . . .

Live cleanly.  
Eat wisely.  
Sleep adequately.  
Exercise regularly.  
Study methodically.  
Save systematically.  
Invest judiciously.

So—and only so—may you attain health, wealth, and wisdom, if you have them not; or retain them if you have them now. No exceptions can, or will, occur. No halfway measures will suffice. No intentions, however good, will compensate. None but those who obey these dictates may live—happily. The rest must fail, in one way or another. Inexorable, harsh, unyielding, cruel, perhaps, but nevertheless: It is the law!

—From the Boy Scout Handbook.

## Magazine Monikers

Mademoiselle.....Gene Council  
Calling All Girls.....Pete Walker  
Godd Housekeeping.....Evans  
Vogue.....Martha Hogin  
Look.....there's Rudy Upton  
Charm.....Kent Hubbard  
Life.....Ah! report cards  
Woman's Home Companion.....  
make-up  
Open Road for Boys.....  
Mr. Hunt's office  
Seventeen.....Mary Jo Jenkins  
Outdoors.....Pete Jones  
Cosmopolitan ..... Pemican  
Saturday Evening Post.....Duck Pond  
American Girl.....Ann Hall  
Holiday.....Jeff's or Ingram's  
Time ..... 3:30  
Theater Arts.....Shirley Kirkman  
Reader's Digest.....Macbeth  
Better Homes and Gardens.....  
Betty Ruth York  
Newsweek ..... exams  
All Sports.....Wheat Miller  
Woman's Day.....Easter morning  
Harper's Bazaar.....Mazie Strickland  
Poultry Journal.....Sam Hedgecock  
Esquire.....Jimmy Woollen  
Town and Country.....Tommy Beaver  
Redbook.....Catherine Gill  
Calling All Boys.....Pat Hackney  
Pathfinder.....the part in Bill  
Seckler's hair  
Country Gentlemen .....  
Ray Hayworth  
Progressive Farmer.....John Perry  
Reader's Guide.....  
Webster's Dictionary  
Thank Goodness  
1000 Jokes.....Talent Show

## All About A Twist Of the Lip

Ahem.  
Let us proceed to investigate the nature of a smile. First, we have the "chesscat," or the human who sweetly forces his third-year molars squarely in your face. At such times I have seen a lovely array and variety of tonsils. But had you rather see a "chesscat" or a rabbit? You know—the person who barely sticks out his two front teeth in that shy little way. Everytime I see one of these characters, I want to cram a carrot down his throat and say, "What's up, Doc?" Besides the two specialties mentioned above, we have the forced smile, usually produced by people wearing braces; for if your mouth were braced up, your smile would be kinda forced, too. As an added attraction with these special type smiles, we usually have the sensation of being under a shower; but of course we blame this on the braces.

And then there comes the sickly smile. Know what I mean? The person who usually wears this monstrosity looks as if he's walking his last mile—with a hole in his sock, at that! Next, there will always be the character who has a smirky grin that shows one side of his "tater trap." These people, I think, try to look tough, just like some gangster they've just seen in the movies. But all you Humphrey Bogart, Jr.s.,—this is a wonderful way to contract lockjaw.

However, folks, don't give up in despair, for it's far better to see a funny grin than a gloomy frown.

## Windy Whims

Here it is March, and whipping round the corners of H.P.H.S. are whispers of. . . Nolan Brewre, who has recently been appointed prompter in Mrs. Rogers' French class, 'cause he's always right there with the right word, if there's any difficulty encountered by those around him. . . Nancy Lambeth and her fond admiration of the masculine uniforms out Oak Ridge way. Looks like Jim's gonna have to join the army. . . the smoke that enveloped the chemistry lab the other day and caused quite a row. Seems as if the practice teacher hadn't practiced enough. . . the Key Club convention in S. C., leaving all the fellas bewildered. They just couldn't quite make out what the Charleston girls were saying. But, like Heywood suggested, "Who wants to talk?" . . . "Seaweed" the sailor—Sounds like one of Moby Dick's characters, but Jerry's counting the days till "the fleet's in"—by airplane. . . the anticipation in the minds of Carolyn and Scotty as well as a bunch of other Carolina "fans" who are looking mighty happy these days—just one guess why. . . Right! . . . Spring holidays are coming up. . . the relieved expression on the faces of some Senior English students. . . Macbeth has been killed!

## Just Boys!

By Carolyn Andrews

Girls are made of sugar, spice, 'n' everthing nice—well, at least we of the feminine sex think so! In an article written in the last issue of the Pointer, girls were really put "in the know" about themselves. Since turn about is fair play, here are a few pointers on what we think of boys.

Boys are just as particular about looks as girls—why, take the matter of hair for instance. A few who aren't fortunate enough to have naturally curly hair often seek extra kink by a Toni. Then they go all out for different hair styles, such as, peroxide, the "Ishee Crew-Cut," or other extremes—"the Drake's Tail."

Now there's the fella who waits until five minutes to seven and phones for a 7:00 date. Of course any girl can roll up her hair, take a shower, dress, take down her hair and—phew! appear fresh as a daisy by 7:00. Then the minute she gracefully opens the door he greets her with some kind of remark like "Gad! Check the head on that!"

Beware the "Snow King" type! He'll hand you a smooth line that just won't anchor until you've swallowed his sweet bait hook-line-and-sinker! Soon you'll find out where you really stand. Yep, to him you're just another catch. There's bound to be a solution to boys somewhere. Guess it's just a good thing girls were made to take care of 'em!

"The secret of success in conversation is to be able to disagree without being disagreeable."

Civilization had better find a way of doing away with war, or war will do away with civilization.  
—Preston Bradley

I have never been hurt by anything I did not say.  
—Calvin Coolege

## . . . As Time Marches On . . .

Different Words Mean Different Things to Different People. See?

WORD	FROSH	SOPHS	JRS.	SRS.
A Blind Date	must be fruit	a sightless lover	something exciting	what's it look like
Jeff's Cat	cartoon a sort of animal	boy's name an odd fellow	drugstore a "real gone" guy	hangout "Dodo" Allred
Je t'aime	"I'll bite"	ain't English	must be French	I love you
H.P.H.S.	a maze of halls	biology	swell times	whew! made it!
Duck Pond	place Ducks swim	off Florham Drive	chasing cars	Woo-oo-oo
Dope	illegal medicine	a cracked person	all but me	any Junior
Love	mush	it's possible	it's probable	it's got me
Graduation	What's that?	beyond me	not long off	pass English
"The Beacon"	a light	a newspaper	"let's read"	scandal
"brown nose"	freckles	teacher's pet	"A" student	social outcast
"snowed"	big white flakes	no school	"flooded"	in love
schmoo	a beast	a flower	peculiar person	odd-fellow
lunch bell	food	gap in line	drugstore	mad rush
3:30	Whoopee!	Whoopee!	Whoopee!	Whoopee!

## Ding-A-Ling-A-Ling



How about a date?



Got one huh?



Oh, you'll break it?



Pick ya' up at 8.

## Thanks, Alexander

The telephone—a useful instrument for the weak of head, heart, and hand to procure dates, call the grocer, and send for dear ole mother-in-law. Also handy in those instances where the fellow on other end of the line is bigger than you, or when deans decide to find out why so-and-so wasn't in school today.

The shape of the telephone is unmistakable. Something like a cornucopia with curled-in ends. There are two styles of the present day phone: the wall type and the desk type. The former is found mostly in grocery stores and farmers' exchanges; the latter mostly in homes.

Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor, was married and died of natural causes. (Well, we had to mention him some way or 'nother. After all, it's all his fault. Why, if . . . but let us leave that 'cause that's neither Sears nor Roebuck.)

I once heard of a fella that took a trip and instead of boarding his pooch out at some respectable dog hotel for five scads a day, he wired the phone some befangled way so that simply by calling home twice a day via long-distance the ring of the bell tapped something that opened the Kasco, and controlled the water spigot. The dog gained five pounds—never looked better in his life.

Which all goes to show ya, the telephone definitely has unlimited possibilities. Why if . . . gad! Here' we go again.

## A Touch Of Ireland

March 17—that's the birthday of me dear beloved Saint Patrick. And now spakin' of Patrick, the Irish comes to me mind; and spakin' of the Irish, let's recognize our own "Irish" lads and lassies: Now there's Donald McNeill and there's Bobby McLeod;

To be sure, me darlin', of their names they're proud.

While Thurman McKenzie and Louis O'Neal Will always praise Erie with plenty of zeal. And Patricia Ireland, that red-headed lass, Who serves Irish potatoes at lunch as we pass. Then there's Perry McDowell and there's Peggy Teer—

But—"Teer"—How the heck did that get in here?