

Nasty Horror Society Holds Induction

Nine Lucky Members Are Taken In Fold Of Dishonor Club

The Nasty Horror Society, under the direction of Madame Rogers, held its annual induction ceremony in the auditorium last Sunday afternoon when nine inductees were stuck by a straight pin and dragged down the aisle in alphabetical order.

As no one was to know the identity of the new members, everyone was blind-folded as he entered the auditorium; and a St. Bernard dog led the members of each homeroom to their seats. After Patsy Clodfelter, chairman of the scrapbook committee, had knocked-out all the lights, the "Drinksters" rendered "Alexander's Rag-Time Band"; and the old members, equipped with flashlights, skipped down the aisles in pursuit of the chosen nine.

The honored students, stuck by straight pins, were led to the stage; and each was presented a round trip ticket to Archdale and a year's supply of Mustard.

The requirements for membership into the local chapter of the Nasty Horror Society are based on the student's ability to blow bubblegum, to do a back-bend, and to fence. All delinquency records are carefully scrutinized, and only members of the lower eighth of the freshmen class are eligible for membership.

Jr. Day Planned; Bring Kid Bros.

Great plans, yes, stupendous plans are in the offing. Receiving a final affirmative nod from school authorities, Bert and Roy Bragg, co-chairmen of the starting committee, announced today plans for a gala "Junior Day" to be held the second Monday of next week.

Here's the set-up: Each student is asked to bring his little brother to school with him that day. They (the kids) are to have hair combed, teeth brushed and are to be clothed, so as to be distinguished from seniors. (Those unfortunates who have not been bestowed with kid brothers may contact any of the Martins, Neelys, or Hesters. Arrangements can be made with them.)

An afternoon program has been scheduled for the little fellas. A delightful ballet by B. Ellington, K. Yarborough, and W. Miller as well as an address by Ralph Waldo Gibson will highlight the event. At the end of the day's festivities, each kid brother will be awarded two favors—a package of Luckies and a firecracker.

Boyles Drowns Photoging Fish

One of the most tragic freak accidents ever to occur in or around the metropolis of Hawg Hollow came to light last weekend at the discovery of the death of Photographer Richard "Look-Who-Took-This-Picture" Boyles, who drowned Friday with his head in a goldfish bowl.

Coroner I. M. Sorryaboutit, after relating a few sketchy details, deemed an inquest unnecessary. Sorryaboutit, in his own inimitable way, said, "As we understand it, young Boyles was making a pioneering effort to advance something new in the photographic (Continued On Page 3)

Bjangles Whps Up Nu-Fngled Systm To Acclrt Modrn Redng

The othr day, as I ws brwsing thrgh my will-thumb cpy of "Litert nd Life in Nglnd," it occrd to me tha mdrn litertr hasnt kpt abrst of mdrn lvng.

Evrythng we do wdways hs bn acclrted. We drve in hlf an hr the dstnce it tk Grndpa nd Old Dbbn a dy to cvr. We go to lunch, wlf dwn a hunk of pi nd mlk nd tss in a cple of vtamn pils. We cnt blnce our diet any bettr thrn we cn our bdg, bt it's fst. Tdy, we eat, slp, drnk, thnk, and liv at tp spd.

In ivrythng, tht is, expt redng. W're still redng at the sme snl's pace they wre whn "Prde nd Prjude" ws the "Frevr Ambr" of its dy. Ths isn't rght. In the 20th cntry we hve mngd to jzz up our exstnce to a 16-clnder, supr chgd hgh-octne brri-hse dwn the rd to insty—so I've chngd the finl hldout, splng, to a strm-ling which is grnteed to gve the redr alst ifty prent mre spd—whn he gts usd to it. Mst of us hve a tgh time undrstndng wht's wrtn for us nw, nd my systm will mke it abstly impssble, bt wht's the dffrnce: W'll b redng fstr—tht's wht cnts.

Now jst the othr dy, I ws tlkg to Mss Gdman, hed of the English clas nd tid her of my systm, nd she thnks my systm the bst thr; snce Brts stabb Caser n the bak. N fac, she tld me she thought DP Whltly wold go hogwld ovr it. I agrd wth her, and said "Prhps yu'll gt a rse in pay fr such a brnt idea." She said, "I betr." I alst have a gd mnd to hnd in my trm papr to her ths way . . . wldn't tht be a gd way to gt in the Hnr Scty, the Bta Club, and the Msq & Gavel? Srly, they wold bstow me wth hrs of sme kind . . . —Bjngles.

THE SETTER

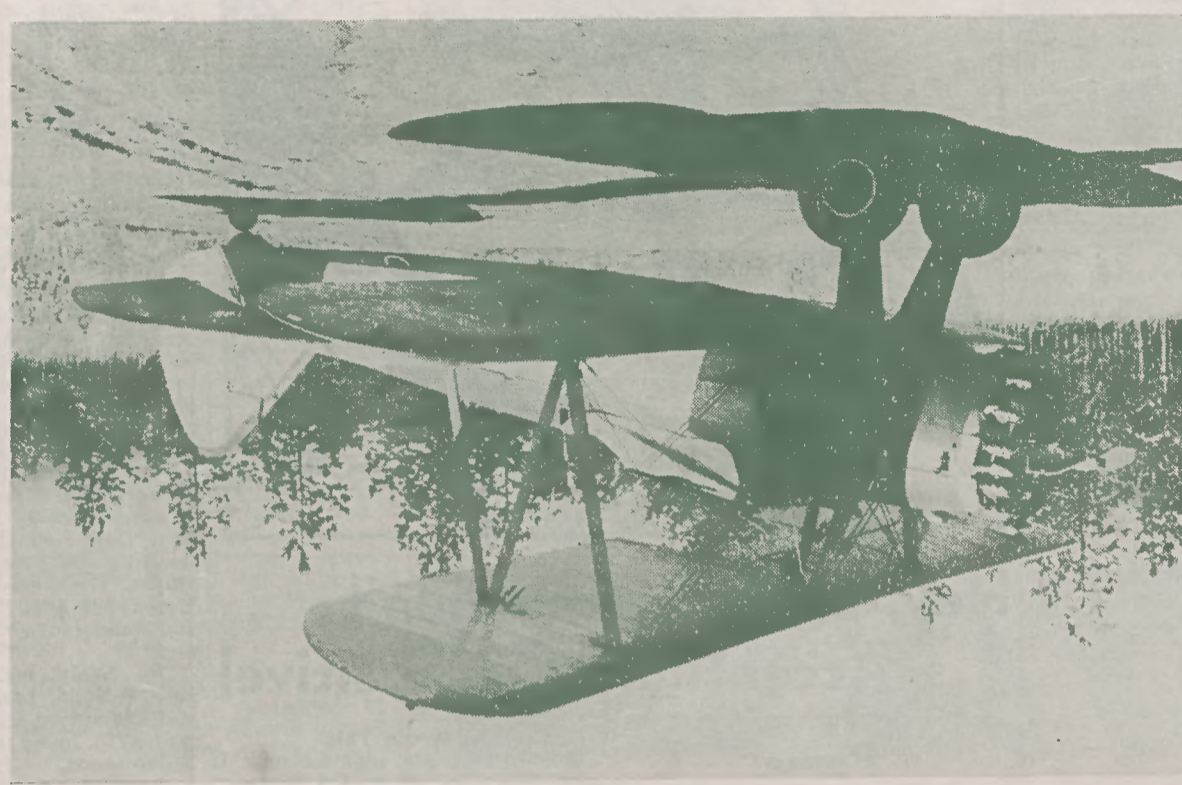
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Ferhevvensakes! School Buys Plane



... And here we have a view of the latest financial endeavor of the student council of High Point High. It's the newest in airships—a '49 model W. P. A. X-71. This mammoth airliner is super-charged, hydraulic, and all that crap, besides being equipped with safety features it hasn't even used yet. Exactly what the plane will be used for hasn't yet been determined, but Principal D. P. Whitley just smiled and said, "It's something nice to have around. We must keep abreast of the times you know. Now I've been seriously thinking of the benefits that a railway line . . ." —Photo by Boyles Studio.

Couldn't Think Of Anything Else Drastic H. P. H. S. Lacked

By Special Communique From Correspondent Bojangles

EUREKA! Our bodacious student council has cast aside all concerted caterwauling about money matters, slaughtered the gold standard, crushed all criticism; and in their moment of dire and frightful need have, lo and behold, purchased an airplane!

In a special statement made by Jackie (You Count 'Em) Meekins, it was revealed that "... since we (the high school) have bought radios, radio stations, rohdes, football players, and large amounts of confusion pills for Carr's classes, we decided to buy something we really needed, and this is it."

When asked to give a few more details about the plane so the student body could know just what they bought, President Meekins submitted a very detailed specification detail sheet, which is reprinted here in detail (for you, now, just for you):

"The Ultraflash W P A (World's Poorest Airplane) H2O Strapoliner, 44-seat Flying Trolley-car, Air Conditioned, Shock-Proof, Flies Underwater, Streamflo Model.

"It Takes You Up, And It Always Lets You Down." Check these exclusive W. P. A. safety features:

1. 24 hidden motors! eliminate motor failure! instantly reversible to avoid collision with mountains!
2. Retractable giant bore—for boring through mountains.
3. Concealed helicopter rotor prevents crash if wings fall off (it's possible).
4. Sky hook permits fastening to passing plane or cloud.
5. Kingsize parachute lowers (Continued On Page 3)

Bida Club Holds Rat Race With Match & Gamble

The Senior High School basement was the scene of a hot card game last night between the National Bida Club and the Match and Gamble.

Led by honest Margaret Little the Bida Club provided the deck of cards for the first game of Beer Rummy. After the Bida Club won decisively with five aces showing, certain members of the Match and Gamble requested a new deck of cards. Scotty Cook, talented crap shooter and president of the Match and Gamble, provided same, and play was resumed.

Those faculty members who made up the small audience were Miss Anna Mendenhall, who was cheering for the Bida Club; Mr. Niles F. Hunt, one hundred per cent Match and Gamble; and Mr. Cuthbert Ishee, who was mistaken twice for a white poker chip.

Midnight 'Phone Call--Tug-Of-War; Daring Intrigue Rampant At H.P.H.S.

Orange Growers Pick Bucky Brown Most Likely To Suck Seed

From the sunny shores of California comes word that the Sun-kist Orange Growers have picked Bucky Brown Most Likely to Suck Seed.

Out of the total number of entries in the contest, Brown's letter was decidedly the best of the two. A copy of his prize-winning essay reads:

Gentlemen:
I like Sun-kist oranges because.
With love,
Bucky Brown
When asked for a comment on (Continued on Page 3)

Dark, Mysterious Actions Arouse Sinister Suspicions

The telephone rang in the dead of night—a piercing ring. I sat up in the darkness, frozen for an instant. Then, suddenly wide-awake, I grabbed the receiver. I only heard a hoarse whisper. "Come to High Point High School! At once!" Then "click!"—and cold, black darkness.

Within 15 minutes I had approached the building on Jones Street. As I slowed to jump from the car and lower the entrance chain, a voice yelled through the night, "Wait!" The chain lowered. It was Mrs. Jackson, who moved as if in a trance. Stupified, I neared the front steps.

There unfolded the most baffling, terrifying scene of my life. Through the darkness I could see Miss McInnis, Bill Craig, Joe Roberson, Mr. Carroll, and Mr. Carr all pulling mightily on a chain that seemed to be fastened somewhere within the building.

I switched off the ignition. Suddenly Sheriff Snipes and Carolyn Murray appeared from nowhere beside the door and glared as I alighted.

That silence then was deafening and suddenly unbearable.

"Who called," I yelled frantically, unable to fight the ominous foreboding any longer, "Who phoned in the middle of the night to get . . ." My voice broke. Beads of sweat suddenly dampened my forehead. There was a piercing scream. Then dead silence, as we all looked upward at the roof to stare terrified at (Continued on page 5)

Hey Ed Better Read This

This, the eighth issue In the 1948-'49 volume Of yours truly, THE POINTER (again!) Is hereby entitled "April Fool Issue" And cannot be Regarded seriously By students, teachers, or outsiders As a shining example Of the gospel truth For the simple reason That there's Not a single thing In this fantastic farce That's anywhere near the truth 'Cept This.

M3 Wins Blue Horse In Paper Cover Contest

Word was received here today to the effect that Miss Minnie May Meador, noted history teacher and overseer of the school store, has received a five-gaited blue Tennessee Walking Horse. The delivery of the Blue Horse early today climaxed twenty years of toil and tears in saving eight zillion Blue Horse Notebook Paper covers.

Miss Meador's only statement to reporters was, "Now that my goal has been attained, I no longer walk to school. Life is so-o-o wonderful!" she sighed.

Booth Boys Get Large Charge; Darkroom Boys Now Seeing Stars

Shouts of terror and vengeance echoed from the walls of the auditorium last Thursday when the Darkroom "Bullies" engaged in a battle royal with Wayne's booth boys over just who's boss of the auditorium.

Flash bulbs popped (they weren't taking pictures), chairs flew across the stage, and even fists were utilized as Wayne's men charged up the stairs toward the ramparts of Boyle's brigade. Leading the charge was Cam "Knock-em-down" Criddlebaugh. Urging the more timid ones on (from behind) was "Dareless" Darrell Vuncannon. "Fearless" Mashburn was directing the battle from the booth in the balcony by means of the loud-speaker system.

Meanwhile behind their invincible barricade Commander Boyles was calmly yelling orders to his determined force.

"Don't faint until you see the whites of their eyes!" "Stand by to abandon ship!" Those were only a few of the orders heard over the general confusion.

However, there was in their midst one person who was afraid of nothing (except Charleston girls). This man, Albert "Heartless" Hale, immediately came to the rescue of his comrades. Charging down the stairs, Hale completely routed the enemy with his famous body block.

It will probably never be known whether Hale fell down the stairs or was pushed by Harold Gibhardt, because at this moment a new character appeared. This person, Mr. N. F. Hunt, immediately declared a cessation of hostilities and everyone retired to his office for a discussion on the merits of arbitration.

Student Council Does Something

Emerging from the moth balls, Student Bum President, Jackie Meekins has announced the following changes in legislation which were recently overwhelmingly approved by the faculty and especially D. P. Having been defective in securing other magnanimous appropriations for her admiring constituents, Meekins led the Council into several wise decisions.

One of the first reforms enacted by this body has been the installation of Tru-Ade into all the fountains previously used for water. (This last statement is questionable because you couldn't ever get water out of them, anyway.)

Another plan inaugurated for (Continued On Page 4)