

# THE POINTER

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High Point High School

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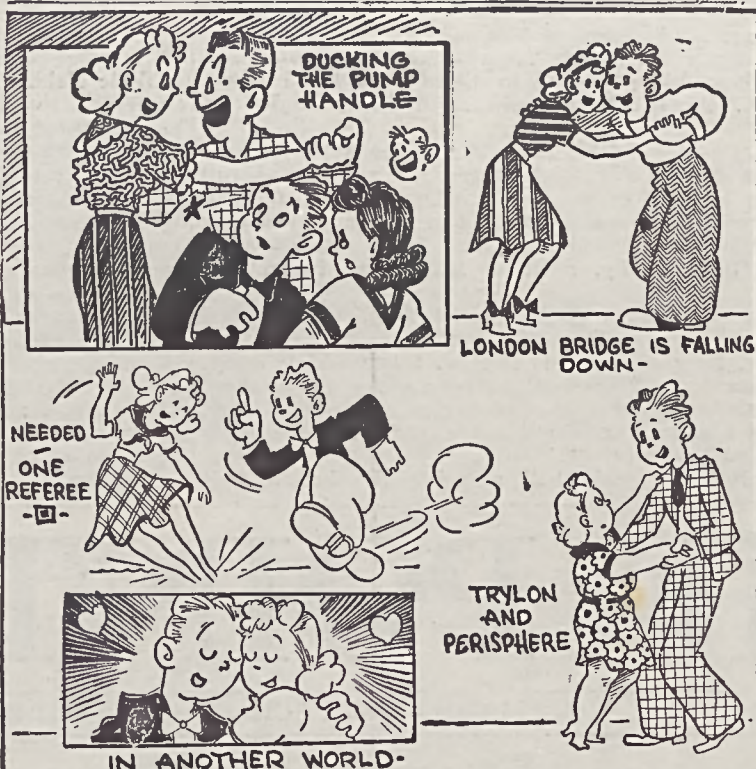
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## Watch For Them

### At the Junior-Senior Prom



... and the band played on... Just a few more days 'til the big night, and then 'mid soft lights and sweet music the above tender little scenes will (this artist predicts) unfold. Ah, well, such is life...

## Looking Back

### Over My Shoulder

It was a crisp fall morning, the first day at H. P. H. S.; the excitement of seeing old friends once again filled the air. It was September 20, 1949, the beginning of another school year.

The strangeness of new faces, new teachers, new books soon changed into the familiarity of scheduled classes, club meetings, homework, fun. Remember the first football game? . . . crowds of people filling the stadium, a big moon peering over the distant trees, a clamoring cow-bell, the rising roar as the team came running out. . . the pep rally with Rudy Upton leading "Hidi, Hidi, Hidi, Hey". . . the night of the bonfire—flaming torches and the snake line weaving out to the athletic field. . . Sheriff Snipes waiting restlessly for the truck-load of G'boro boys who never appeared. . . the Pointer skit in which Mrs. Dubal died of "over-indulgence of raw squash". . . the time Pete Jones brought the canteen into Miss Meador's room. . . familiar sayings, such as, "Wah," "Hey, Ed," and "Check the head on that!". . . the Christmas play, with the heart-warming manger scene. . . the football banquet when Butterball consumed four apple pies a la mode (and one accidentally slipped under the table). . . the go-yo fad. . . the brand new Bison bus parked outside the gym. . . Bert Bragg clowning as the Russian artist in "You Can't Take It With You". . . Key Clubbers selling Christmas trees. . . the grandeur of the final "Hallelujah Chorus" in the Messiah. . . the day the senior mascots took over the school. . . basketball games. . . Charlotte's students yelling accusingly, "You! You! You!". . . the tournament at Duke and Jerry Paschal's well-aimed shot at the opponent's basket. . . Bucket's one-act play in the Talent Show. . . the Fresh-Soph prom. . . Spring. . . the athletic field alive with young voices, quick steps, the hollow slap of ball and bat. . . green leaves. . . thoughts of summer. . . all these make for another year of memories.

As I look back over my shoulder, it seems to have been just one short moment of happiness.

## Highly Complimentary

"Render Unto Caesar". . . A famous line, that. But we're not just being "highly complimentary" in offering due recognition to some pretty deserving graduating seniors. Because they've exercised those three principal words—strive, strove and have striven, we suggest much glorification to . . . Heywood Washburn for applying his efforts and abilities unmeasurably towards the eagerly awaited '49 Pemican. . . to President Jackie Meekins, hardworking and unselfish in her unlimited contributions to H.P.H.S. . . . to Marilyn Robinette whose creative ability and easy personality for two years have gone into making The Pointer an "All-American" one . . . three cheers to all our peppy cheerleaders for keeping our school spirit so aroused! . . . Charlie Johnson for being such a capable senior class president. . . Dependable Dick Boyles and his ever-present camera. . . Jon Barnes and his limitless wit, personality, and suggestions. . . Dewey Greer, capable Pemican business manager and talented orator. . . Brainy Margaret Little, Beta Club president. . . National Honor Society president, Betty Claire Schultheiss, so reserved. . . that active Masque and Gavel president, Scotty Cook. . . Bobby Younts for his conscientious vice-presidency and talent show work. . . Can't leave out "many voices" Mabrey or that personality-plus gal—namely, Joanne White. Last, and far from least, just have to mention that wonderful Key Club prexy, Maxwell R. Thurman, who is now twisting my arm.

## Congratulatory Note

Congratulations to Miss Dorothy Hollar, Pemican sponsor, who was informed this week that The Scholastic Editor, a journalistic magazine will publish a speech which Miss Hollar delivered at a panel discussion in French Lick, Mo. at the National Scholastic Press Association Convention last November. The title of the address was "Advertising Skill."

## ... Life's Par Value ...

I've never played golf, but it strikes me that this great game of life has a close resemblance to a golf game. Our Creator laid out the course, gave us the necessary equipment, and furnished a Master Pattern for us to follow. We believe that we are equal in the sight of our Creator and under the laws of our land, but we recognize a great variety of talents and abilities when it comes to the mastery of the great course of life that lies before us.

Every day twenty-four new hours of unused fairways of space and time are given to every player, and some of us "tee off" in a good spirit. We keep our eyes on the ball and soon learn that some are in rough timberland or tangled thickets; others find themselves by lazy streams or in dry unstable sand beds. More fortunate ones soon conquer the steep hillsides and find themselves comfortably situated on the smooth velvety greens. Every player has his own handicap.

Life is being lived at its par value when we make the most profitable use of the talents and skills that we may possess or develop, in the interests and services of others.

—V.

(Senior Class Advisor)

## The Quiet Presses

"All the copy's due Monday, O.K." Polite, but firm words, those. "No, Miss Young, Nancy's in Miss Mendenhall's den; Bill's looking for Mr. Whitley; and Jim's parked down in Coach's office. I'm hunting Marilyn." These words were more on the explanatory side. "Hey, Allen, did you count the letters in that head?" Just checking. "Waldo got a couple more ads. Scotty and Goldston and Jean Stamey had three inches each on—oh, what was it? Mr. Furgurson's delivering 'em at three!" The last three expressions were probably uttered in utter confusion. But the presses rolled on.

Impossible to condense a whole year's work into a few snatches of conversation? We almost did. And we'll miss every word of them! But, more important, here's "good-bye" to you of High Point High, the ones our efforts were for. Thanks, too, for your praise, your criticism, your enthusiasm. You created The Pointer, we only wrote it down.

So now the presses are quiet, and just as quietly these issues will pass into the annals of Senior High history, yet may they ever reflect life at High Point High—'48-'49 style. It was wonderful!

## SUSPENSE!

This suspense is killin' me! Five more weeks of school 'n' here I sit in English listening to a discourse on the "beauties of nature as expressed through poetry." Yeah? Well, that poet was outside. And if an English teacher I know will pardon the expression, "cooped-up," I'll remind her (gently, of course) that Wordsworth did all his "shining" out in the open.

A squirrel just poked his funny brown head around the window ledge and two black eyes looked inside and laughed squarely at me. "O. K. don't laugh at me, fella, 'cause in just five more weeks I'll be out there with ya"—free (Continued on Page 5)

## Drama: 2 Acts

Act I. Year: 1922. Place: The High Point High School that stood on South Main Street. Action: The newspaper staff had just completed copy on the latest POINTER. Sure, there had been POINTERS in years before, but never like this! For the first time a professional printing press was to do the job. That afternoon, a young printer called Jack Furgurson came by to pick up the material ready for the presses.

Act II. Year: 1949. Place: High Point High—a massive building on Jones Boulevard. Action: The newspaper staff has just completed copy on the latest POINTER, an "All-American" publication. That afternoon, a friendly, slightly greying man called Mr. L. C. (Jack) Furgurson enters the office, to pick up the material ready for the presses.

Nope, you read it right. It's the same Mr. F., and in the meantime about five other printers have handled the POINTER under about four times as many editors, two of whom were the offspring of—guess who?

## H.P.H.S. Senior's Poem Is Published

"Though through all the world you roam There just ain't nuthin' like a pome!"

And a "pome" has turned the spotlight on Martha Lanham, senior of H. P. H. S., who has had a poem published in the National Anthology of Poetry. Martha's poem was submitted for publication by Miss Muriel Bulwinkle, under whose supervision it was written. The book, entitled Your America Sings, is an annual volume of poetry written entirely by high school students. Last year, Becky Austry and Janice Murphy both had poems published in this book.

### SNOW

The hill is quiet as a thought  
Except for singing streams;  
The snow falls on the frozen pond,  
The world is lost in dreams.  
The shiv'ring trees are packed with ice  
As tiny jewels freeze;  
The silent beauty of the snow  
Spreads over land and trees.

## Up And Comin'

Guess maybe we'll feel lost for a while next year. We'll miss seeing all the old familiar faces of the class of '49, but won't it be fun watching new faces, working at new jobs? There'll be Suzanne, "Peppie," and Betty Jo with a hard task of heading the Pemican, and Carolyn working on the dummy sheets for the 1950 Pointer.

James Buck will be the only returning cheerleader to lead next year's squad, while Edith Hunsucker, Wilma Kearns, Carolyn Andrews, and Marcelene Garner will remain top majorettes for the H.P.H.S. band. The four newly-elected Upper House representatives will be Nancy Bright, (Continued on Page 5)

# ... That Rascal, B. Jon Bojangles, Bids His Last Adieu ...

Zounds!

Comes the appointed time of the year when all Senior's hearts turn with great gusto and yearning to the zenith of school careers, Quittuation.

Amid the mad confusion of ordering cruddy calling cards corroded with corrupted type and pure, solid pure-to-the-core 28-carat, raised four inches from the surface of the thing itself, prefixed with any little title your heart desires, such as, Esquire, Junior, Senior, or Father if the occasion demands—for goodness' sake this sentence is getting out of control so now we stop.

Also, we are cajoled, forced, and wheedled into ordering those outfits designed by a madman with a pair of forceps and scissors, which are called graduation robes. But alas, this is not enough. . . we must have something to adorn our cerebral region (the head, I said). Mortise boards, I believe they call them. They also have an interesting little feature called a tassel, which is really a fly-chaser. "Horsey, Keep Your Tail Up" should be sung during the processional since we have these things. You may not believe it, but concealed in these shapely chapeaus, if one would look, there actually are mortise boards! They were bought from R.

B. Gantt's surplus warehouse at a great saving to the school board, who are too anxious to get rid of us anyhow.

"We are faced with a momentous time, opportunity knocks only once in the hard world ahead, but never before have I seen such an excellent and promising graduation class. . . " says the Wheel imported for the tobacco-laurel speech. As we are constrained to sit and listen for gruelling, heat-racked hours under the eighteen 1,240 watt blazing bulbs burning brightly from 'bove to the impelling intonations of an allegedly intelligent individual informed upon illiteracy and righteous indignation, the tassels suspended from the mortise boards slowly begin to swing in time to the tempestuous torrent of titillating twiddle-dee-dee. SWEAT. It oozes forth in minute particles from unknown (unexplored and unused) portions of the head. Increasing to drops, it soon becomes a maelstrom—a veritable Niagara!

But yet it isn't over. You think you're free—well you ain't. Wednesday night we come again. The robes, the boards, the speaker, blood, sweat, tears, and HEAT must be experienced again. Is it worth it, we ask ourselves—can we pay the price in casualties and con-

fusion another night? But we must go through with it. "This is our finest hour" it says here in small print at the bottom of the page. Now we turn the page—what's this—another speaker!

At this point, for you, the uninformed, we shall explain the Bojangles bodacious broadminded numerical alphabetical unintelligible and unplanned system for alphabetical alignment which could, no doubt, save Mr. Whitley a considerable amount of voice in reading out those diploma names on that fateful evening. (At this point, I pause for a weed.) Now are you ready, dear reader? Having heeled my Chester Field neatly under the edge of the carpet, we are ready to resume. Now silence reigns supreme in the office—hold it! \*%3 \*\$&\*()\*@%? GET THAT CAT OUT OF HERE, STOMPIN' AROUND LIKE THAT! About that enumeration. . . let's just forget it.

And about the SPEAKER, just come and hear him. Now I can graduate. WHeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee. But a voice says:

"Just a minute, Bojangles, SUMMER SCHOOL for you. We will now return to our home rooms."

Zounds!