

# 'Afoot And Lighthearted I Take To The Open Road' . . .

—WALT WHITMAN.

## Last Will And Testament

### Being Of Sound Mind

We, of the senior class of H.P.H.S., being of sound mind, do hereby state our last will and testament:

- To Cam Criddlebaugh we leave the muscle-bound legs of Truitt Grant.
- Paul Conrad and Coit Wright leave their unforgettable fighting spirit as a shining example of what it takes to win.
- Rick and Jeanne leave their fun and fights to Betty Lou and Speedy.
- Darrell Vuncannon leaves the mike paraphernalia to Wayne Mashburn.
- “Boonie” and Barbara Mabrey leave their afternoon jam-sessions to the girls who work in the office last period.
- Harry Samet leaves his basketball ability to Herbert Potts.
- Homer Brown, Jr. leaves to Bucky his cute little ways.
- To Mary Lou Dillon, Colleen Allen leaves her dark beauty and poise.
- Scotty Cook, Mazie Strickland and Wink Allen leave those “fine” Carolina trips to Carolyn Andrews.
- Helen Lyon and Sara Barrier leave the fun and frolics in jeeps to Bobby Wilson and David Dowdy.
- Bobby Hayworth and Joyce Burrows leave—together again.
- To Nora Bundy and Patricia Massey, we leave the quiet efficiency of Lorene Kivett, Patsy Clodfelter, and June Bivens.
- Geraldine Brawley, Jenny Saunders, Jean Weekly, Shirley Kirkman, and Annie Sue Alverson leave Miss Frank with thanks for her tireless efforts.
- To Joe “Cueball” Robertson, who tried so hard, Jayn Collett leaves her naturally blond hair.
- Marceline Dillon leaves her little sister to watch over Al Roach.
- Dorothy Black, Mildred Jeffers, Gaynelle Sears, and William Foster leave their scholastic records to any aspiring underclassmen.
- “Fireball” leaves his pitching arm to anybody that wants three.
- Charles Byrd has already left!
- Allen Conrad and Gene Bouldin leave those “physics class snoozes” to Fred Farmer and James Sumner.
- Ray Hollingsworth leaves his light feet and stage poise to his gal and partner, Nancy Lewis.
- The boy's octet leaves a blank space in the morning announcements.
- Bucket leaves—that includes Polly!
- Temma Layton bequeaths her two “New York” turtles to next year's biology classes.
- Johnny Adams and James Johnson leave their recitation of “Forever and forever—” in English class to future Shakespeare lovers.
- The only boisterous boy in Miss Meador's home room, Lonnie Borland, leaves with Miss M's many thanks.
- Chet Allen leaves his box of B. C.'s to next year's prom chairman who will doubtless need them.
- To most anyone who will find use for it next year, Jean Kearns leaves her walking cane.
- Buddy Whitson and Richard Ward leave their size to Jack Marion.
- Ray Wardell leaves Carol Allen and those lunch time strolls with regrets.
- To Randall Guyer, Charles Ward and Bobby Clinard leave their favorite cue sticks at Bean's Pool Room.
- Norma Grisset, Betty Ruth York, Doris Rae Glenn and Joyce Meadows leave with starry eyes and matrimonial plans for the future.
- The senior class leaves best wishes for good health to Lois Wise.
- Clara Mae Yarborough leaves her cheering visits to the G'boro polio hospital to some such willing person to carry on.
- We leave Betsy White's No. 2 Venus Velvet pencil to next Senior class secretary.
- To next year's seventh period study hall, Barbara Baldwin bequeaths her portable radio and cocker spaniel.
- Mary Alice Edwards, Della Strickland, and Peggie Bencini bequeath their talent for shorthand to any of Miss Cress's future victims.
- Loma Garner leaves a vacant Underwood in the Pointer office to next year's typist.
- Jean Kathryn Murray leaves her parking space on Chestnut street with regrets. (That his name?)
- Betty Faye Hedgecock leaves her “mobile” rides during school to any scheming underclassmen.
- Ruth Campbell leaves, taking those Tuesday night dates with her—she hopes.
- Grace Ann Guy and Bill Seckler leave their spot in tower 3 to Ann Wright and C. L. Corn.
- Shirley Forbis and Bill Cecil leave Vera Dean Puckett to carry on those fine seventh period chats at the store.
- Ella Jean Ball and John Perry leave those naps in Miss Bulwinkle's class to other such industrious English students.
- Ann Shipwash leaves Bobby Bundy to carry on the great horn section in the band.
- Barbara Bartsch bequeaths “Sing Lou” to future senior plays that need talented dogs to play cat roles.
- We leave Gene Council's fascinating looks to Peggy Sykes, who really doesn't need them.
- Maxine Farlow leaves with our good wishes for her and Felix's happiness.
- Tillie Lucas bequeaths her “française” talent to just any junior with two good-looking French cousins.
- Carolyn Morris leaves the F.H.A. members with their heartfelt thanks for a wonderful year.
- Little Joann Green bequeaths her end position in A Cappella choir to Peggy Culler who's the next smallest girl.
- Judy Garrett and Sue Sink leave their respective positions in the dean's offices to Nancy Oglesby and Peggy Hodgins.
- Greta Alexander leaves Frank Hassell to the “clouds up yonder.”
- Alma Fisher leaves her poetic voice and reading ability to Ann Allred.
- Marilyn Robinette leaves to H.P.H.S. an All-American Pointer representing three long years of hard work, good times, and never-to-be-forgotten memories.

## Hey, What're You Doing Next Year?

Recently several seniors 'round H.P.H.S. were asked this all-important question. Named here are some “institutions of higher learning,” or otherwise occupations that seniors are planning to follow in the future.

Bob Neill, Harry Samet, Tom Bulla and Bobby Baird say that come September, they'll be “singing Ca-ro-li-na's praises.” Just a few miles away at Duke University Shirley Kirkman, Margaret Little, Royster Tucker, and Gene Bouldin will be studying. It's State for Jeryl Hughes, John Perry, Ralph Brown, and Alvis Ennis. Temma Layton, Carolyn

Murray, Nancy Jo Smith, Charlene Thomas, Nancy Earle, as well as a host of other senior girls, are off to a swell place in Greensboro. In a roundabout way we learned that Gene Dillard is planning to attend W. C. too. (His stay will be limited to summer school only!) Barbara Lee and Jane Beam will be in Greensboro also, but it's G. C. for them. Betty Ann Kepley, Joyce Meadows, and Nancy Lou Lambeth plan to don uniforms and embark upon a nursing career to be “gals in white.” Helen Jacobs, Peggy Layton, and Diane Waggar are off to Missouri and Stephen's College. Bobby Aldridge admits he's a

## Class Poem

### Memories Of . . . The Forty-Niners

As we stand on the threshold of the future  
And gaze to the years before;  
We think of things we're leaving,  
The school that we adore.

Remember the proms at spring-time,  
The football game in the fall,  
Assemblies in the mornings,  
The chatter in the hall.

This year was even better  
Than any gone before;  
We were the “mighty seniors”  
And really took the floor.

We'll never forget our classmates  
Nor the teacher's guiding hand;  
We'll never forget our high school,  
For we all know it's grand.

The seniors, all the seniors,  
Look forward and behind  
To lands of unknown secrets  
From memories of '49.

—Barbara Mabrey

### ‘I Remember Mama’ Well Received Here

Last Friday and Saturday evenings, the senior class sponsored a presentation of “I Remember Mama,” a three-act play considered difficult for amateurs, which was well-received and acclaimed by audiences a polished performance. Under the direction of Miss Ruth Goodman, the cast set a new precedent in amateur acting with a story based on the trials and tribulations of a Norwegian family transplanted in America.

Mama, ably and convincingly portrayed by Evelyn Nance, was the focal point of her household. In handling the family budget, reprimanding her haughty sisters, or scrubbing hospital floors to be near her sick child, Mama's strong, venerable personality appeared.

Ambitious and sensitive Katrin, the narrator of the story, was played by Ruth Ellen Monroe, who turned in a commendable performance as the girl who learned to grow up and live with her heartbreaks and disappointments.

Papa was Nolan Brewer, an amusing, sympathetic old character who balanced the play well. Humorous Bob Baird, as Nels, picked up where he left off previously in the role of “Little Brother.” Harry Samet, also of “A Date With Judy,” played a more forceful role as Uncle Chris, a gruff, uncouth, somewhat questionable relative.

Barbara Bartsch and Nancy Jo Smith filled well the roles of the girls, Dagmar and Christine. Other members of the supporting cast which added flavor, timeliness, and variety were Jean Short, Elon Nixon, and Barbara Mabrey as Mama's sisters; Jerry Hester, the boarder; Bob Aldridge, Kent Jackson, Joann White, Davia Lee Teague, Scotty Cook, Mazie Strickland, John Perry, and Andy Pickens.

### Coming Up . . .

- May 6 Senior Day, Banquet, Dance
- May 13 Junior-Senior Prom
- May 18 Career Day
- May 19-20 Faculty Play
- May 27 Band Concert
- May 28-29 Bible Exhibit
- June 5 Baccalaureate Sermon
- June 8 Graduation Evening—Whoopee!

## A Class Prophecy

### Aboard the '49 Special

It is a cold, clear winter night, a suitable setting for catastrophe. The milling throngs linger expectantly on the loading platform of the depot waiting for the arrival of the “Forty-nine Special,” bound for deepest, darkest Siberia. A murmur arises from the crowd and far in the distance we hear the plaintive click-clack of the tracks, heralding its arrival. As it draws nearer we can perceive huddled at the controls, the mightiest of mighty engineers, Rangy Rudolph Upton. As the train comes to a shreeching halt, Conductor Nos Alman leaps daintily from the boarding steps. He reaches for the ticket of the first passenger and suddenly recoils in fright, for it is none other than that notorious gangster—Boss Tweed Younts followed closely by his crude crew of henchmen. Jackie Meekins, his gun moll, steps in closely behind him, not wanting to be left out. Mouthpiece Dewey Greer and extra-large mouthpiece Henry Shavitz open their mouths and glide by unseen. Melvin “Toughy” Bost carries the artillery in a bag made especially for the occasion by Dangerous Dan Smith. Drew “Pearson” Haney, Aubrey “Specs” Black, second story man Mason Brown, basement specialist Gene Bouldin, Dick “Beard-me” Thompson, Yes-men Leon Rudd, and Eugene Martin, with his Chicago typewriter in a fiddle case, round out the gang.

Diplomat Heywood Washburn, nattily attired in his congressionally-striped trousers, is accompanied by his personal valet Do-Do Allred. He pauses and turns to say a few farewell words to the now empty station. Before he can utter a sound, Conductor Alman interrupts, saying “BOARD”, and suddenly the train is gone.

Hours later, as the train is gliding through the desolate wasteland of Southern Siberia, we find in the day coach Jim Neely, incredulously reading Super Comics, while a disorganized bar-fly, Clyde Connor, beats his head wistfully against the window. Bartender Ray Hayworth fondly handles his newest six-shooter, while dumb-waiters Don Chamblee, David Brewer and Philip Purdy carry away remains of the innocent drinkers of Hayworth's most potent potion. Further back in the car, crowded around a crowded table, “Gaylord” Tom Bulla, a Calvert Man-of-Distinction and a former riverboat gambler, is teaching his card tricks to a group of his most prized students, Don Martin, Everett Ellington, Sam Hedgecock, Wade Hines and Bobby Hopkins—all aspiring to be as successful as Bulla in dealing off the bottom. Artist Kent “Rembrandt” Jackson, on his way to a reunion with his now famous “Flat Lands” quartet, hastily sketches the scene. In the opposite corner, under the direction of Charles Shufelt, a fast checker game reminds one of the days of Hank Rohde, Mary Dern, Harry Samet, and Gary Reddick in a four handed game.

Slowly the great train comes to a stop—the mysterious border of the never-never land has been reached at last. A shuffling sound as agents of the CRUMBS (dreaded arm of the law) climb aboard the train. Inspector Vernon Taylor, accompanied by his fearless cohorts Don Morris and Val Kearns, starts routine checks. Undercover agents “blanket” the train, as Clayton “Blimpo” Reid orders nothing to be left unturned. Eddie Myers, Bobby Lawson, Edwin Lackey and Bill Riley rush to do his bidding.

And soon the train moves on. A deathly silence prevails as the steel monster speeds into the land of darkness and despair.

Fireman “Fireball” Kimball pours on the coal as the “'49 Special” roars into the night. Unperturbed by the sudden change of events, those eminent gossip columnists Polly Borland and Aelise Dailey continue with their writings. Butch Hayworth, whose fluent French netted her a teaching post at the Sorbonne, talks excitedly with Almeda Campbell and Clarice Clinard. Adrian “Slimey” Grout nervously walks through the car hawking peanuts. Carole Byerly, Peggy Carmichael, and Pat Cleveland crowd into one seat as Hattie Hightower, special government agent for women malfactors, checks their car for spies.

Quietly the speeding train slows down. There is no scheduled stop here! And suddenly we realize the frightening truth: these dreaded, horrible, foreboding, evil, despicable, inhuman snares of mankind—THE SALT MINES. And before we know it, we are herded into make-shift compounds beside the frightening shafts which lead to premature death. The now empty train has moved on; the last remnant of civilization has gone. But the reverie is short lived as our attention is attracted by the raucous voice of Maxie Ward announcing Sir Nolan Brewer, distinguished penalist, who addresses a few words of welcome to his new crop of slaves. Vice-chairman Johnny Raper is next on the program, informing us that no unauthorized antics will be tolerated by the administration. Jerry Hester, in a fit of apoplexy, babbles incoherently and is immediately shot with Randall Saunders's sword. Dick Swartzberg and Bobby Cannon, following Raper, appeal for co-operation among slaves and taskmasters. Jack Wrenn opens his mouth, an automatic sentence of death in the acid pits. Bobby Samuels, Carl Clemmons, and Johnnie Wiley quickly take him away.

Myrtle Bost reaffirms the statements of her predecessors and then orders chief cook Max “Boll” Weavil to pass out the food. Anyone would pass out with that kind of food. Weavil and his chef assistants Bobby Medlin and Wilton Kennedy do a magnificent job—one crust of bread for every 97½ persons. Using valuable knowledge gained at the telephone office, Royster Tucker climbs a phone pole and calls for more. However, his optimism is cut short as he is dropped with a shot between the eyes, from the gun of Dead-eye Charles Bolton. Pleading for more sustenance, Jerry Bates and Waldo Gibson are trampled underfoot as they get in front of Betty Hayworth, Catherine Gill, Johnnie Bryant, and Marion Davis, who are rushing to refresh their make-up before going into the mines. “Always look your best,” they say. Roger Moorefield, Bob Saunders, and Julius Lambeth are quietly silenced by Tommy Wagoner and Jack Patterson, who must preserve morale.

A yelp of fury then focuses the attention of all on Zola McDonald, matron of the women's division. She has lost her Kleenex and has called in other agents Gloria Rice, Patsy Eady and Ann Shipwash to help investigate the valuable tissue. Already they have unjustly sentenced Yvonne Peters, Florrie Russell, and Helen Wall to slow torture in the beauty parlor where they dry the head after a shampoo, they really dry it—hanging it up when they get through. This cunning slaughter house is efficiently managed by Rhumell Jones, Sarah Forbis, and Martha Hodgins. Paul Kelly and Clyde Joyner put Bill Gray and Johnnie Marion out of their misery, quietly sliding them into the septic tank. Homer Brindle, warden of No. 1 compound breathes a sigh of relief after Bobby Furr, Carl Ellison, and Wayne Cox are safely tucked under six feet of earth.

Bobby Goins rushes out now from the main office to inform the male workers that they are now to go into those cavernous pits. As we file past the opening, Clayton Cranford, a trusty, and Dean Goodwin, now superintendent, give us a friendly pat on the back and sends us on our merry way. Darrell Beverly and Shirley Harvey take us down in the elevator where we are met at the first level by Betty Cresimore and Marceline Ayers who offer us steaming cups of arsenic and doughnuts. But never fear. . . for this is going on and on and on and on—and will never cease; therefore I will STOP.