

# THE POINTER

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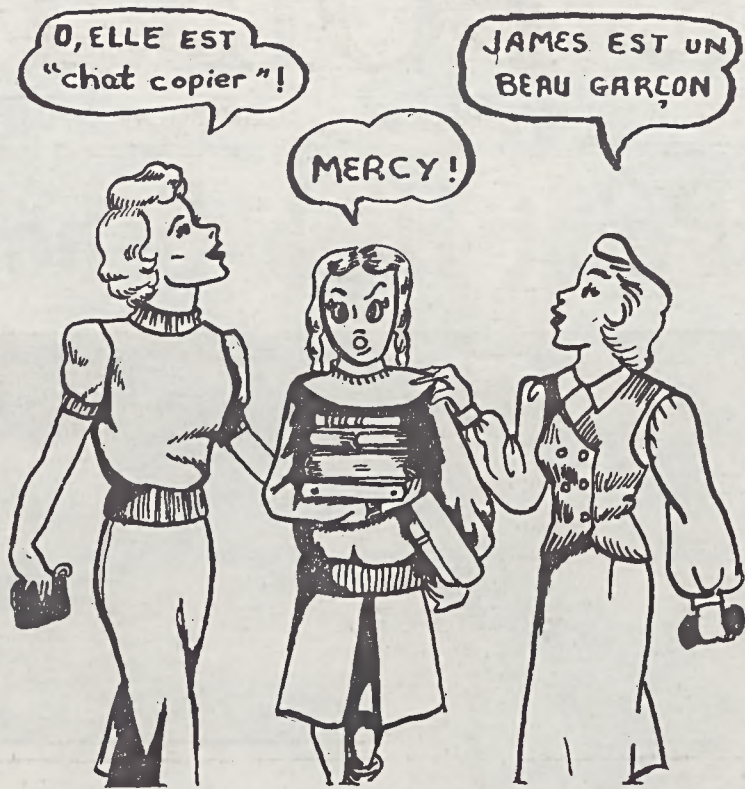
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## Zounds! What Sounds!

Zounds! What are these sounds which have been lilted, or should I say stampeding, about the halls of old H.P.H.S.

It isn't as if the high school intellectuals didn't have enough to do, what with listening to all the latest B-Bop records, diligently learning football yells, and exploding 15 cent hard-glass, unbreakable test tubes in Mr. Ishee's chemistry classes, without this latest discrepancy.

But since this last sentence was extremely oversized, and because I think that you are perhaps not yet "digging me," so to speak, I shall pause and elucidate. . . .

The sounds, which were mentioned in sentence one are to the unpracticed ear, what might be deemed a new language, for who around here knows what "Bone Voyage" means, or "Parlor Voo Francie." Me thinks Mrs. Rogers and Miss McDavid, who share honors as teachers of the French language, hold the answer as to the origin of these new linguistic concoctions. For in spite of their earnest efforts, a few of their proteges are the only people I know who can translate "la plume" as meaning a plum reclining.

I, hapless creature, wind my way homeward each day between two ardent students of French and all I can say is mercy! (Not merci.)

And Eureka! The pronunciation! I have long wondered whether the students' round, or should I say pear-shaped O's come from long practice or stomach ulcers; and if the trilled R's could possibly result from tongue-curling exercises or Tonis.

With this brilliant thought I leave you to ponder; so 'til next time—Ah River.

## They Always Do

Guess what? It's raining! And on a day when I must go to school. Oh, well—someone's sure to pick me up before I get very far. They always do.

So I start walking—splash, splash, splash! Z—O—O—M! Nobody I know in that car. Clinkity clank, clinkity clank; that contraption doesn't even sound as if it will make it, wherever it's going.

Slowly but surely, I drip on. Wait! I hear another car approaching, slowly—slowly. Nuts! Just my luck! It stopped for the people behind me.

So I struggle amid my non-to-respectable thoughts; and as my once curly hair starts to stream in my eyes, and my loafers succeed in coloring my socks a vile shade of purple, I find myself just one block from school.

Then, and only then, I hear that familiar voice which asks me if I'd like a ride. Wearily, I say, "No, I might get the car too wet!"

Feeling very sorry for myself, I finally force my bedraggled form into school, and am immediately inspired to write these lines:

Go away you nasty rain,  
Now all I do is drain and drain.  
Why don't you leave in one big skip?

For it's all your fault that I'm just a drip!

## What If . . .

Mr. Ishee had some hair?  
Girls wore crew cuts?  
Nobody went steady?  
The Freshmen were all fresh?  
We skated in the gym?  
Bobby Davis were never absent?  
The Pemican had no pictures?  
Ann were wrong instead of Wright?  
People studied in study halls?  
Tommie Strother made an F?  
Vacation started tomorrow?  
Jerry Paschal wore specs?  
Mrs. Walden never gave homework?  
Miss Mendenhall resigned?  
Bucky Brown graduated?  
Tom Charming expelled Mr. Hunt for smoking?  
Robert Ladehoff ate Wheaties?  
Everybody were happy?  
Andy Pickens didn't have a camera?  
The Key Club ate at Kepley's?  
Suzanne Slate never made an announcement?  
Everybody got his homework?  
Monk Falls had black hair?  
"Sister Buck" were a majorette?  
Miss Goodman's red shoes didn't squeak?  
Class rings didn't arrive?  
We were all good?  
We couldn't think of anything else?  
(You're right—so we gotta stop!)

## High School Daze

Right here, in just a high school, As in the world throughout, A silent-faced philosopher Tells what it's all about:

You want my views on high school life?

I'll gladly give them, free. You'll likely squawk and threaten But here's just what I see. . .

First, the things I'm partial to, The crowds around the walk, With girls' remarks on "so-and-so"

And boys' uncensored talk; The atmosphere of devilish ways Prevalled by "TripleX."

The younger boys wear hunted looks

Just wond'ring who'll be next. The Proms, and plays, and ball games

The watch for Him or Her; The envy, smiles, and heart throbs Complete things I prefer.

The second side of school life Is no match for the first; Dislikes are hard to mention, And here's where I get cursed:

The teachers have one mishap— A pretty tie of hem, They'll wear it every day, 'til we Are sure it's glued to them.

The boys are fine—except some Who think they run the school, But whispered jokes and boasting Will mark them as a fool.

The girls are quite a problem But really aren't to blame. To primp and fuss is stylish When boys are their aim.

These things sound hard and silly; But when you look about, You'll find they hold some honesty Without a bit of doubt.

But our school is a proud one; Of all she's seen and done She loves her every student Who keeps her in the run.

So laugh your laugh—be scornful; You've got the world to fool, But don't forget—We knew you For what you were in school.

Betty Clarke Dillon

## New Faculty Faces

If you have been wondering about some new faces in the faculty this year, let us enlighten you on the subject by introducing to you all of our ten new teachers.

Three of the new faculty members are teaching in the English Department. First is Miss Amy Franklin of 310, who is directing the junior play and advising a Junior Y-Teen club this year. Next is Mrs. Anne S. Burton of 302, who taught last year in Stoneville, N. C., and thinks our school has wonderful spirit and great co-operation among the faculty. Then, there is Mr. Paul Walter of 209, who loves to use such big words, your reporter couldn't tell you a doggone thing he said!

Teaching in the "do, re, me, fa" department is Mrs. Mary Lou Moran, who takes over fifth period choir class in 214 every day. Most of her teaching however, is done at Junior High.

Conducting classes in the bugology field is Miss Mary McInnis of 301A. She likes Senior High and the students here very much.

Rendering services in the Home Ec. Department is Miss Virginia Blount of 105, who enjoys teaching the gals to cook and sew.

Mr. William J. Gibson of 205 joins the industrial arts faculty this year. He taught last year in Pinehurst.

In the shorthand and typing department of the school, we find Miss Nevoline Cowan. She occupies room 215.

Assisting Mrs. Poston in the library is Miss Winona Walker. During the war, Miss Walker was in the army and served one year overseas.

Teaching civics and American history is Miss Myra Barron of 206. Her last teaching position was in New Hanover High School in Wilmington. Welcome to the ten new faces!

## Welcome, Newcomers

They're all over the school—Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. They're from all parts of the United States and even from Alaska. They number over forty. Who are they? Why, the new students of H.P.H.S., of course. Oh—you still don't know them? Then you must find out, so here they are: Harvey Tilles, Ann Leonard, Jack Whitehead, Joy Knox, Bill Terry, Henrietta Howell, Tom Queen, Buster Rouse, Betty Elkes, Phyllis Burrow, Phillip Mowery, La Verne Vaughn, Nancy Hoover, Della Foster, Betty Luther, Phyllis Royal, Raymond Blackwell, Ernest Lovings, Drema Hughes, Robert Brigham, John Brigham, Darrell Lloyd, Mary McGill, Charles Richens, Earl Baker, Donald Carter, Darrell Powers, Richard Byerly, Eleanor Jacobs, Jo Anne Meredith, Peggy Thomas, Frances Fagan, Donald Burgess, Sylvia Nicks, Victoria Waggar, Anita Byrum, Jack Grimes, Jr., Peggy Williams, Floyd Bottoms, Ann Hancock, and William Odham.

## Book Reviews

Here are some mighty devourable and digestible items that will please almost anyone. Why not try the one called "The Last Billionaire," which can be found in our school library? William Richards cooked the original dish. Why don't you follow instructions and mix one for yourself? First, you must put in a bit of devotion to old-fashioned dancing for a base. Now stir in labor relations. . . (Not too much beating—it takes enough already!) Measures carefully the profit-sharing plan. (The more you put in, the more you have in the end.) Dump one full-sized Peace Ship into the mixture plus several collections of Americana. Now flavor with the campaign against the cigarette and roll the last item (Poor Ford) in a paste of front page headlines; deposit it gently in the mixture and place it all in the pan of life. Bake. When you take it from the oven you're sure to have read one of the best new books in the library.

Bob Considine took the mixing bowl in hand for this next concoction. Here's how. Empty a cameraful of pictures, together with the sand lots of an Exaverian school in Baltimore, in a bowl. Add a few cans of seasons as a Pro. (Labels read, "Baltimore Orioles, Red Sox, and Yankees.") Sprinkle with broken batting averages and home-run records; then put it in the oven and let it simmer slowly. It turns out to be a wonderful mixture called "The Babe Ruth Story."

We take to the trees for this next one. Rebecca Caudill picked the fruit for a delicious cocktail. She put in a thirteen year old girl and added a long trek from North Carolina to Kentucky. She plucked a brother and covered him with the desire to bring beauty to their wilderness home. Flavored with fears of Indians and looming war rumors, this mixture is filled with the ingredients of drama. Why not read it? It's called "The Tree of Freedom."

## Pfft . . . Bang . . . Roar-r-r!

Pfft—Bang—ROARR! !  
"And as I was saying, clauses contain a subject and a pred-  
Pfft—Bang—ROARR! !  
icate. And a phrase cannot stand  
Pfft—Bang—ROARR! !  
This—er—I mean—alone."  
This, in case you are wondering wha is hoppersing, is a mere remnant of one of Miss Goodman's English classes; and all the interruptions between sentences are made by the motor-scooters, which seem to have acquired the habit of zooming around quite noisily during class periods.  
Not only is shouting above the din and roar hard on the teacher's vocal chords; but if classes must be carried on without any discussion, I'll bet my hat that students will have to have Chapters 1-2-3-3-4-5-and Pfft — Bang — ROARRR! ! 6-for homework.

## Opportunity Knocks

Since today is College Day at H.P.H.S., we, the students, have only a limited time to take advantage of this opportunity which has been carefully planned for our benefit. Yet, how many of us realize the importance of this day?

In the library during all periods today, representatives from various colleges throughout this area will be giving needed information to students. This instructive day should not hold interest only for seniors; but under classmen as well should start thinking seriously about after-graduation plans. The time is now, today, to begin building up ideas for the future; and if college is foremost in your mind, you have the opportunity of deciding on your choice before becoming a senior. This is most important in that you should know which courses to pursue throughout the rest of your high school course.

Many seniors may find out from talking to a representative of the college of their choice that geometry or other subjects are required as entrance courses to that school. If the almighty senior lacks a certain unit, he is out of luck and will have to search for another school of his liking. This is really uncalled-for on the part of the senior. As we go into this College Day, let us hope that it will prove some help to the students of H.P.H.S. in overcoming such situations.

For those of you who are in doubt about attending college when you finish high school, why not plan your courses so that you will be prepared in case Dame Fortune is kind to you and you find that, after all, you can join your classmates on a college campus.

## How's Your Conscience?

"Don't play with that sharp stick, Johnny. Run along, now, and don't go next door to bother Mrs. Smith, and don't go across the street by yourself."

Don't, don't, don't! Always, in your early childhood, there were a million "don't" a day; and wasn't it usually mother who reminded you of those little things not to do?

Well, mother has kinda let up on her don't now. She thinks you're nearly grown and ought to know when to do the right thing yourself. But does that mean that you should start doing those "don't" which you know are not right? Of course not—and if you really do something you know you shouldn't have, don't you have a little funny feeling deep down inside you that just makes you feel kinda rotten? If you haven't that feeling, then you haven't a conscience.

You know, it's a pretty good thing to have a conscience, too. In fact, you can't get along without one. Don't ever try. Just always listen to your conscience, and let it be your guide even if it says don't!

## High Point High School Code of Honor

As a student of High Point High, I stand  
For Honesty  
In all I do and say;  
For Industry  
In study, work, and play;  
For Purity  
In spirit, thought, and deed;  
For Courage  
To meet life's every need;  
For Brotherhood  
Of races all combined,  
And Love  
For God and all Mankind.