brown



Let Us Be Thankful

most likely to succeed.

maquimm

Another Thanksgiving Day rolls around and most of us have made our usual plans for the occasion. Some of us will be off to the football games, while others will spend the day hunting and eating turkey with all the trimmings. Doing the things we like on Thanksgiving Day is traditional; however, this memorable day should be observed in its real meaning. Let us remember the first Thanksgiving when our Pilgrim Fathers gave thanks to God for the very few material things they possessed.

Today we Americans should feel blessed to be a part of such an eminent and fruitful nation. One thought that needs to be innermost in the minds of all of us this Thaksgiving Day is: Let us be

Thanksgiving Ideas

"Come, ye thankful people, come, Raise the song of Harvest home!" —Henry Alford.

"Thanksgiving Day, I fear, If one the solemn truth must touch, Is celebrated, not so much To thank the Lord for blessings o'er,
As for the sake of getting more!"
—Will Carleton.

"So once a year we throng Upon a day apart, To praise the Lord with feast and song." -Arthur Guiterman.

"Gather the gifts of earth with equal hand; Henceforth we too may share the birthright soil, The corn, the wine, and all the harvest home." -S. C. Stedman.

Geometry.. Where Art Thy Solution? Thanksgiving Dinner

johnsom medowell

best personality

There comes a time in every young student's life when he is confronted with this question: "Do I have to take geometry?" And regardless of what he decides, the answer is always, "Yes!"

For your sole benefit, you underprivileged people, I shall now attempt to elaborate on the plight of an average geometry student.

Question Box he feels sure everybody will think

friendliest

nance

crowder

If you were at a party, and he's smart. He just doesn't know someone asked you to amalgamate, . . . yet! what would you do?

Anne Salley: "Turn around and go home."

Arch McMullan: "Run for the nearest girl."

Jeanette Hankins: "I wouldn't do it in public."

Cam Cridlebaugh: "If it was a girl, I'd tell her we'd have to get together sometime."

Billie Ann Slate: "Sit down." Herbert Clapp: "Guess I'd look

puzzled.'

Bobby Walton: "Drop dead." Ann Lambeth: "Hollar halp!"

Alman Butler: "Nothing— I'm feeling fine now!"

Venetia Wilcox: "I don't go to that kind of party."

Thomasine Strother: "I'd run-" Ramelle Hylton: "Ask me over." Alveria Coleman: "Heaven

Now really folks-let's not get amalga er excited All your conscientious host wanted you to do was be sociable. You

Happy Headache

Hurry up, get out of bed! Another school day lies ahead. Out the door soon after eight, Off to school, let's not be late. Short of breath from walking fast, I arrive at school at last. Now I'm in the surging crowd, Soon the bell rings long and loud. First, I step upon the stair, Happy voices fill the air. Then I journey down the hall, Greeting friends, both short and tall.

My, but I am feeling gay! Work forgotten, I'm for play. Gay moods turn to one of gloom As I turn into my room, On the board there is a test, Which will tax my brain at best. So it goes all morning long, 'Till at noon I hear a gong. Lunch is when I have my fun, Then to classroom on the run. Work and slave is all I do, Till this weary day is through. Though I suffer torments cruel, Still I love my dear high school.

Brilliance Shown **In Typing Class**

Come, kiddies, let us look in on the high school typing department for a few moments

As we arrive, we find that the class is well under way—but wait. A student is motioning to the

A student is motioning to the teacher.

Let's listen in—
"But, Charles, I had that typewriter repaired just yesterday!"
"I know, Miss Nance, but it keeps making misprints."

How does she stand it? And take this little incident!

A student got study by crossing

A student got stuck by crossing his legs under a low-slung typing table. One brilliant student's solution: Pull the chair out from under him! These two gentlemen are now arranging for a game of fisticuffs after school.

And so it goes—
But wait—Who's this?
Peck—Peck—Pickety—Well, wha' do ya know—it's me!
And typing too! (Now Miss Nance is getting a discount on her BC's

from the drugstore.)

andrews

A turkey's not so dumb. That's why I'm having hash for Thanksgiving this year! I could never, never again go through all those football plays just for a handful of feathers and an earful of "gobble—gobble-gobble!"

Last year I thought I'd play it smart and cut expenses by buying a turkey fresh from the shell, cause when one desires an already beheaded tur-It all starts when the student key, one has to pay for the services rendered, as well as the turkey. Well, I got my turkey and carried him home to love and cherish 'til death did us it because it sounds specialized and part.

As the feathered food-gulper expanded day by day, my pocketbook began to be devoid of that green stuff which provides the luxuries of life—at least that turkey's. Now I know why they're nicknamed Of course, there are a few who, gobblers!

gobblers!
By the 23rd of November, I realized that I would have to K-I-L-L Esmirelda, my pet! At first, tears of remores crowded into my eyes at the thought of the cruel fate I had in mind for a poor little bird that had done nothing but eat. That did it! My pocketbook was empty, and I decided to eat the miserable turkey in return for all he had eaten. Esmirelda must have seen the gleam in my eye, for he took off like a P-38! I, fool that I was, gave pursuit. Now the turkey was flapping his wings much to everybody's surprise, pass geometery. Whether it be the color of their noses, the length of their memories, or maybe even a large amount of brains we would not

nursuit. Now the turkey was flapping his wings in my face and then I was flapping my arms in his face, all this accompanied by yells and gurgles and screams.

But the majority of us are the type students who have a hard time grasping basic principles, measuring angles, and erasing crooked lines without tearing a hole in our exam paper. We are doomed from the beginning, because we think in circles; that is. Scon the yard resembled a pillow factory. I gave one last grab and my hands came away full of Esmirelda's tail feathers. He immediately took to the trees in embarrassment, and that was the last I cause we think in circles; that is, until those two followers of Eusaw of Esmirelda.

Do you, dear reader, blame me for not wanting to put myself, my pocketbook, and some poor turkey such a plight? Hey! Wanta join me for a meal of hash?

6 • **6** Musical Messages

But there's really no point in warning you. Learning why one triangle equals another is as inevitable as "Sister Buck" and his little people making noise at football games. Ann Lambeth. "Get Yourself a Redhead"
Football Team.....Western Class AA Championship
"I Can Dream, Can't I?"

So go to it! And at the end of the year ask yourself this question: "What have geometry, Mrs. Shaw, and Mr. Rohde done to me?"... Then you'll see what we mean. Here's hoping you do better than I did

Driver-Training Class Sergeant Structure "Coming In On a Wheel and a Prayer" Sergeant ShieldsBetsy D. "Jealous Heart"

"I Love You So Much, It Hurts Me"
(Indigestion, maybe?)

Bundy.....Bob Bundy
"I'm In Love With a Wonderful Guy" Bob Bundy.

Bobbie Joe......Billie Ann "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby"

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Louella Parsons vouches for the fact that Prince of Foxes is packed with hot speeches, full moons, and nightingales singing in tremendous gardens.

Everyone interested in this imaginary pleasure trip to Italy, is urged to watch the newspaper for the appearance of this movie at a local theater.

2 For The Show

Love,

P. S.—Ain't life confoosin'?

Little Pointed Head.

dare say. Anyway, any person who passes geometry eventually graduates and continues trying to become one of life's little geniuses.

clid, Shaw and Rohde, change our cute little circles into monstrous nightmarish triangles.

Look at the average geometry student. Already he is worn and confused to a point, the result of

messing around with too many tri-

angles.

ball games.

Here's

than I did.

Attention! All interested in a pleasure trip into the past, please read on. The destination is Italy, way, way back during the Fifteenth Century. Here you may Here Century. look forward to excitement, beauty, and escape.

All this, and much more, is made possible by the 20th Century Fox production, Prince of Foxes, directed by Henry King.

This movie is adapted for screen from the novel of the same name, written by Samuel Shellabarger.

The filming of this technicolor movie was done in Italy, and lovely backgrounds of Italian scenery prevail throughout.

The Prince of Foxes, handsome, mysterious Lord Andrea Orsini, is played by Tyrone Power. He portrays the prince's talents for leadership, intrigue, diplomacy, love, and war. Beginning as a scamp, the prince ends as a medieval hero.

Orson Welles is cast in the role of cruel Cerare Borgia, who charges after power.

The opening scene is in an actual old walled city of Tuscany. From here, Andrea Orsini sets out on a delicate mission. If he is successful, his reward will be the lovely Donna Camilla, played by Wanda Hendrix.