

SUPERLATIVES

FRONT			<i>friendliest</i>			<i>best dressed</i>
	<i>joan crowder</i>	<i>budder nance</i>		<i>carolyn andrews</i>	<i>ralph brown</i>	
						<i>best personality</i>
	<i>doris craven</i>	<i>fred farmer</i>		<i>becky johnson</i>	<i>peter mcdowell</i>	
	<i>best-all-around</i>					

ROFF			<i>wittiest</i>
	<i>frances allen</i>	<i>jack petty</i>	
			<i>most athletic</i>
	<i>anne shipwash</i>	<i>bobbie joe micker</i>	
			<i>best looking</i>
<i>mary lou dilloro</i>	<i>ken yarbrough</i>		
		<i>most likely to succeed</i>	
<i>suzanne slate</i>	<i>bill mcquinn</i>		

Let Us Be Thankful

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 Thanksgiving Day is: Let us be thankful!

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 ye too may share the birthright soil,
The corn, the wine, and all the harvest home."
—S. C. Stedman.

Geometry.. Where Art Thy Solution?

Dear Prospective Victim:
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

If you were at a party, and someone asked you to amalgamate, 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 Criddlebaugh: "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 knows!"
Now really folks—let's not get amalga..... er..... excited..... All your conscientious host wanted you to do was be sociable. You know—mix.

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 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 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.)

Thanksgiving Dinner

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 turkey, 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 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 gobblers!
By the 23rd of November, I realized that I would have to K-I-L-L Esmirelda, my pet! At first, tears of remorse 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 in my face and then I was flapping my arms in his face, all this accompanied by yells and gurgles and screams.
Soon 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 saw of Esmirelda.
Do you, dear reader, blame me for not wanting to put myself, my pocketbook, and some poor turkey in such a plight?
Hey! Wanta join me for a meal of hash?

Musical Messages

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| Ann Lambeth..... | Thomas P. |
| "Get Yourself a Redhead" | |
| Football Team..... | Western Class AA Championship |
| "I Can Dream, Can't I?" | |
| Doris Craven..... | Dick H. |
| "Lover Come Back to Me" | |
| Bottle of 20 Volume..... | All Proxies |
| "Silver Threads Among the Gold" | |
| Ken Y..... | Jean |
| "Until" | |
| Driver-Training Class..... | Sergeant Shields |
| "Coming In On a Wheel and a Prayer" | |
| Jazil..... | Betsy D. |
| "Jealous Heart" | |
| Jack Petty..... | Food |
| "I Love You So Much, It Hurts Me" | |
| (Indigestion, maybe?) | |
| Bob Bundy..... | Bob Bundy |
| "I'm In Love With a Wonderful Guy" | |
| Ronnie Current..... | Bobby Lain |
| "I Won't Go Hunting With You, Jake, But
I'll Go Chasin' Women!" | |
| Bobbie Joe..... | Billie Ann |
| "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" | |

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