



## Make It A Good Year!

(Guest Editorial)

The bells have chimed, and the last page of the '49 calendar has been torn down. The confetti throwing and horn blowing is over. The old year has been ushered out with a bang, while the new one is spread before us.

Is it going to contain just another group of twelve ordinary months? 365 regular days? The same old routine of sleep, eat, be merry? Or does 1950 mark a new era in a "new you"?

I suppose all of us have reviewed the events of the past twelve months. Perhaps you viewed it with a melancholy laugh over an old joke, or with a tear shed because of a failure. If we sat down and made a list of all the things we failed to do, or should have attempted, what a story it might make. Think of those good grades we'd planned on getting, or those contributions we were going to make to the community. Is your face red?

But let's turn to the brighter side of events and reminisce awhile. Remember that unforgettable night of the prom; your first orchid on Easter; the "rush" given the new girl at school; the frantic cramming for those hated exams; the hurry at school's close; the summer excursions to the beach; that sensation of returning to good 'ole H. P. H. S.; rained-out Homecoming; and then another two weeks of glorious Christmas vacation. Last year is now packed tightly in a minute section of the memory—stored away, but not forgotten!

What's ahead? The coming months are crammed with packages all bearing the same labels, "Don't Open Until . . ." Each day is a new box of hours, minutes, seconds; all waiting to be used.

Venetia Wilcox

## Are You With It?

School spirit is not a tangible thing. Yet, it is something so active in school life that its very absence can cause serious downfalls, whether it be at an athletic event or only in homeroom discussions.

Even though the football season has drawn to a close, which means no more pep meetings or colorful halftime ceremonies featured by the band, and no more snuggling to bleachers while our energetic cheerleaders brave the cold—no, we won't forget. But will our school spirit stop here?

This year, as in years past, we have what seems to be a promising basketball season. Will your presence at each game benefit your team and school? Cheerleaders are always on hand to help you cheer your team to victory. Are you doing your part? And why not give your full support in showing the visiting team that H. P. H. S. students know good sportsmanship by not boo-ing the opponent.

Not only is there a need for vital spirit to be shown at basketball games, but in everyday school activities. There is always a time and place for enthusiasm to burst forth. This business of upholding school spirit is every student's challenge. It's all up to you. Are you for it?

## THE POINTER

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## Woman!!!

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction;

A woman's the greatest of all contradiction.

She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream at a mouse;

But she'll tackle a husband—as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse;

She'll split his head open and then be his nurse;

And when he is well and can get out of bed,

She'll pick up a teapot and throw it at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind;

She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.

She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down;

She'll make him a hero, her ruler, her clown.

You fancy she's this, but you find that she's that,

For she'll play like a kitten and fight like a cat.

—Borrowed

## Clothes Corner

Stylish-minded persons, take heed! Wool jerseys blouses are proving quite popular. One couldn't help noticing Sally Trepke sporting an attractive light green jersey with buttons looping their way upward.

Important accessories are the silk ribbon ties of contrasting color which add a colorful touch to blouses and sweaters.

Short-sleeved sweaters are being worn most frequently now. Some are cardigan style and have little collars. Sweaters made of rabbit hair are a big hit also.

Mary Lib Casey has a stylish new gadget—a red belt with pocket watch attached!

If you have been puzzled by sweet scents in the classroom, this must be the explanation: the newest type bracelet being worn by the girls has a little vial dangling from it, filled with perfume.

The latest in men's fashions is enough to fire the feminine heart, especially when "firemen's red" suspenders are being worn for inspection. French cuffs, a pair of unusual cuff links, and what do we find? — gentlemen during school hours. Just goes to show that style is a man's business too!

## Guess Who?

—ashful? Not he!  
—seful in the darkroom (aha)  
—ealous in all tasks.

—ersonality  
—ntertaining  
—ed windbreaker  
—iny, but terrific

—eautiful girl of H.P.H.S.  
—live complexioned  
—ne and only of McConkey  
—usiness-career minded  
—en to be psychiatrist.

—agnetic personality  
—tractive florist!  
—citing?

—martly dressed  
—opular senior  
—nthasiatic track star  
—asy going  
—rye humor (!)  
—oung and handsome



## Pointer Pin-Ups

From a list of suitable twosomes the POINTER picked for the "couple of the month," Seniors Peggy Clark and Bob Grady. As our inquiring reporter interviewed these two personalities, the following facts were jotted down:

Peggy and Bob's favorite pastime is just being together with an additional stack of recordings to give a listen to. A colorful setting would find Peggy decked in pink (Bob's favorite color on her) and dark-headed Bob, looking mighty "sharp" in navy trousers and wine sweater. Could be they're on their way to a basketball game or for barbecue and orangeades at Kepley's; nevertheless you can be certain they'll have a good time.

January will find Bob graduating from H. P. H. S., leaving behind him an active football career and membership in the Monogram and H-Y Clubs. Peggy will carry on her usual school activities as secretary of the Masque and Gavel, treasurer of the Beta Club, and PEMICAN work. After graduation Bob will be journeying to U. N. C., but until then, our POINTER Pin-Ups will be seen as usual in their favorite lingering place, Tower III.

## Don't Believe All That You Read

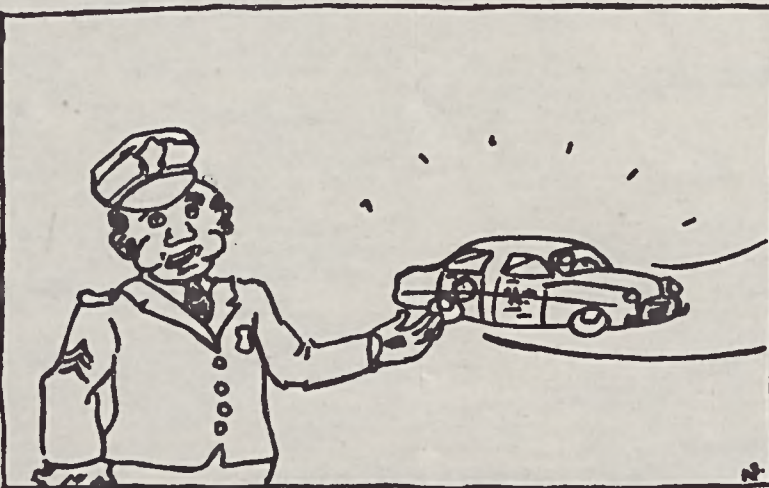
You watch a maroon Studebaker thread its way slowly down a shaded, empty street. Everything is very quiet, and you notice that the car swerves occasionally to the side.

Muttering quietly to yourself, you think—Just another one of those crazy drivers, not paying attention to what he's doing.

The car enters an intersection. Suddenly another vehicle appears bearing swiftly down upon the Studebaker—the crash is inevitable. You close your eyes and wait—and then it comes—click—and then another sound—ring! And driver-training class is over for the day.

You see, this particular maroon Studebaker just happens to be approximately one foot long, and the culprit driving the car that caused the accident must have been Kilroy; 'cause when we looked, he wasn't there.

The tiny model car is run by battery, and is used in driver-training classes mainly for demonstrating how to handle a car at crowded intersections and the right of way at intersections. We would like to suggest that all reckless drivers use this little Studebaker instead of the real McCoy!



"How are the driver training students coming this year?"  
"Much better—the roads are beginning to turn now, when they do."

## Bojangles Returns

It seems Editor Andrews dipped her hand in the Pointer Plot Box and pulled out the idea of asking me to write another feature story, just "for old time's sake."

So I pulled out my trusty, rusty typewriter, grabbed an edition of the University of North Carolina's Student Directory and wrote a story exclusively with the names of some of the 7,500 students enrolled here. It'll take about three readings.

\* \* \* \* \*

Noe Eure Neighbours: Avery Boddie Anders Brothers Kahn Reed Deer Naimon Pepper Adder the Nooe Student Directory appearce on Kamp-schmidt the List of Peebles.

The Bookes Haff Avery Boddie Ingram Fremd Sloop to Nutts, Looneys, Faireys, Elfs, Angels and Sapps, Braive, Smart Boyce and Duls, Rich and Poe, Young and Old, High and Lowe; Auld are Ennet. Kings and Princes, Black and White, Long and Short. Little Guys and Subermans, Love, Chambers and Potts, Money Dolls, Toys, Hamm, Bacon and Ogg, and Mauney Moore.

Sommer Stout, Sommer Swift, Somer Weary; Wise Guys, Snooks and Bjerks. From East to West, Dollars to Pence, Justice to Weiner, Roses and Thorns, Cutt's and Bruce's, Rogers and Hammerstein, Park and Breedlove, Mason and Dixon, Stroupe and Strain, all in Dees Bock I'm Redding Frumm. Songs (and Carrolls) and Harmony, Cutt and Deal, Sugar and Coffey, Faucette and Sink, Hill and Dale, Hale and Hardy, and I Donahoo else, Nassif Dees aren't an Hough.

Goforth and Fine a Naimon this Storey that isn't in the Bok, Weiss Guy, and I'll Donat a Nishol to Yow! Oakey?

ED'S Note: Jon Barnes, better known as "Bucket," formerly wrote feature articles for the POINTER under the name of "Bojangles." Member of the class of '49, he is now a student at the University of North Carolina.

## Snips and Cuts . . .

I've just been looking around and happened to see . . . a metallic-green Pontiac with Breezy Bain at the wheel. . . the look on Miss Franklin's face as the junior play cast presented her with an array of long-stemmed red roses on opening night. . . Tommie Lentz counting the number of days until that certain party will be home from Stanton. . . Mollie Samet on her way to Chapel Hill and Mannie Bernstein for the German winter dance. . . Mary Lib Casey receiving another mysterious letter. . . Jim Lovelace starting a new fashion for boys by wearing a tan corduroy suit. . . Anita with stars in her eyes when someone mentioned Jim Woollen. . . Anne Leonard in her new Ford. . . Rip Johnson and Connie McGhee enjoying a Saturday night show. . . a picture of Bill Ring when he was in the seventh grade—it's been a long time. . . Donald Spencer wearing the wine sweater Carolyn Shoaf gave him for Christmas. . . that my pencil is void of lead. . .

## It Must Be Catching!

Is mumps a disease which is commonly prevalent among the fast-growing extinct race of male school teachers or can other people catch it, too?

Previously, I had the seemingly mistaken idea that ordinary people could also have mumps; but "Bigger-than-me-on-both-sides" Ishee and "Sore-jaws" Cox have taken drastic steps to disprove my theory.

It seems we are on the brink of an educational disaster.

Yes, an epidemic of mumps among the male members of our faculty would indeed be unfortunate. But who are we to deny Fate her supreme right? If it is according to one of her whims—let them have mumps! But, please, spare Mr. I-Don't-Have-Anything-to-Say-but. . . Hunt. Our boys need him.

A renowned doctor once remarked that mumps is normally a childhood disease. Over this point, we will argue until the end of time. Some of our greatest educational pioneers, Messrs. Ishee and Cox, have been stricken by this malady. Or could it be that; no, it's impossible—but could you imagine Mr. Ishee and Mr. Cox in their second childhood?

## TEACHER TURNS POET

Miss Geneva Highfill, teacher of sophomore English in this high school, has recently had two poems published in the magazine, North Carolina English Teacher. The magazine is put out monthly by the North Carolina English Teachers' Association.

One of the poems appears below:

### CLOTHES

Three lines of clothes  
Flapping in the wind  
Out in a backyard.

I thought of Carlyle  
And his philosophy of clothes.  
I'd like to snatch the aprons of pretension  
And the cloaks of selfishness  
From dummy people  
In the show window of life  
And swing them up on the line.

And let them flop  
To pieces in the wind  
Out in every backyard!