



Why Not Grow Up?

As students of High Point High School, we are ashamed of and disgusted with the student body of this school. No, not the whole body—just a few are we disgusted with, for there are always those few who make a bad name for everyone else. We guess by now you know what we are talking about, namely, the conduct portrayed at Hamlet.

Would someone please just explain to us, why—why—people who are in high school must act as if they have never been turned loose before? Why is it cute to purposely push a crowd of people back and forth, back and forth? Why is it funny to talk and giggle and make stupid remarks in the middle of a picture show? Why is it smart to throw popcorn boxes on the stage? Why, in heaven's name, do certain people go to the show anyway?

People with only a little bit of sense know that when a person reaches high school age, he is supposed to act high school age also. But we're sure that if you were one of the unfortunate persons to witness the behavior of some of our own students at the particular time about which we are talking, you will agree that those certain persons acted much worse than a bunch of wild horses.

Now we don't think we're being stuffy or "prissy" about this matter, because as much as anyone, we like fun and good times—where they belong, and when they are of the right nature. But this was neither a form of the right kind of humor or of the proper kind of good time. It was just plain rudeness.

We hope that an incident concerning such behavior will never again be affiliated with this high school. It is up to you, as an individual student, to see that it isn't.

Congrats, Neighbor

Perhaps we H.P.H.S. students are inclined to feel somewhat proud of our annual, which has attained an All-American honor rating for three years in succession. Without this yearbook which holds on its pages the pictures of classmates, school day activities, and the unforgettable athletic feats of the season, many a graduating student would feel that his year was not complete. Incidentally, that's exactly what last year's senior class of Greensboro High School felt and the result was—a yearbook!

Yes, Greensboro High School has, for the first time in twenty years, a yearbook. It took much strategic action and planning by the '49 seniors to maneuver such a large transaction, and it is to their efforts that this year's annual is dedicated.

The annual staff began work on the 1950 edition early in the fall. Heading the staff of G.H.S.'s new annual is Fred Upchurch. Assisting him is Carolyn Birgel, associate editor. Under the faculty advisement of Miss Estelle Le Gwin and the forty-five active staff members, the 200-page yearbook is scheduled for delivery on May 20.

We, the students of H.P.H.S., know what a big day that will be for all of the G.H.S. subscribers. May we extend our heartiest congratulations for a job well done and a sincere wish that your yearbook will attain many high honors this year, and in the many years to come.

Grecian-Born Student Impressed With Ways Of American Students

Rita Demus lived in Florina, Macedonia, in Greece, for fifteen of her seventeen years. Now she is in High Point, and after two years still finds herself in many ways confused by the habits and customs of the American people.

Upon arriving in High Point, Rita's problem, first and foremost, was the learning of the English language. One of the most complicating factors, according to Rita, was the slang expressions, which actually have no translations; and, gee whiz, who wouldn't have trouble explaining what gee whiz means? Rita finds school life in America very different from that in Greece. Since the boy's school in Florina was bombed during the war, the one remaining school had a divided schedule. Half the day was allowed for boys; the other half for girls. Also the school subjects were much harder. Students through high school were not allowed to choose their courses. In grades nine and ten, nine subjects were required. In the junior and senior years, from twelve to thirteen subjects were required. Girls wore uniforms to classes and were not allowed to use cosmetics of any kind.

Rita remarked that certainly American girls and boys have much more freedom than the young people of Greece. Dating, for instance, is definitely not allowed in Greece. Rita has also found that boys in Greece are somewhat more polite than boys in America. Even when a couple are engaged, a chaperon is required for every date. Neither boys nor girls are allowed out after 7:00 p. m.

Music in America, too, is quite different from that in Greece, since

Fashion Fads...

Attention all fashion fiends! For that extra sparkle, try wearing blouses decorated with a design of rhinestones on the front.

The school-girl appearance is being accentuated now by the ever popular jenkins. With the slenderizing effect they have, no wonder they're the rage.

Girls around school have been sprouting out in pretty tweed skirts. Rumor has it that these items of feminine apparel will be much shorter, come spring. Colored shoes, especially red and green, are fashionable. If you see certain people who appear to be bouncing down the hall, they are probably the victims of the crepe-soled shoe craze.

Soon girls will have less cause to complain of aching feet. Lower-heeled shoes will be worn more frequently in the near future, with high heels saved for extreme dress. Platform soles are definitely on the way out.

The lassies who crave especially fashionable hair-dos will have to cut their hair to a one-inch length all over the head. Say, what's the use of having hair, anyway?

What's In a Name?

Ray eat apple
Ray get sick
Ray Green

Horace row boat
Horace fall out
Horace Sink

Cookie engaged
Cookie married
Cookie Cook

Nancy take test
Nancy make 100
Nancy Bright
C. L. funny
C. L. witty
C. L. Corn

Herbert see girl
Herbert whistle
Herbert Clapp

Horace see lady's hankie
Horace pick it up
Horace Noble

Fred not postman
Fred not streetcleaner
Fred Farmer

Becky stumble
Becky cry
Becky Hurt

Tom not wolf
Tom not "Cat"
Tom Beaver

there is nothing equivalent to American jazz or "jitterbug" in Greece. The first American song Rita learned was "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover," but her current favorite is the "Wedding Samba." One of the recent popular songs in Greece which Rita is fond of is, when translated, "Do Me the Favor To Let Me Kiss You."

In Florina, stifado (a sort of stew) was Rita's favorite dish, but now she has obligingly switched over to southern fried chicken.

Amazingly enough, drug stores in Greece sell nothing but drugs, but there are soda shops, similar to the ones in America, which sell the Coca-Cola of Greece—a drink called Gazoza. The favorite candy is the Floka bar, which is chocolate.

Life is very different now for Rita, but we hope she may live happily and successfully here in America.

What Do YOU Do?

1—When you happen to be late for the lunch line, do you:

(a) Yell "FIRE" so everybody'll run and leave you there at the head of the line?

(b) Go stand in the corner and pout 'til someone gives you a gap?

(c) Politely take your place at the back of the line?

2—If you make 10 on your six-weeks' test, and Jimmy makes 100, do you:

(a) Copy another 0 on your paper, so it'll look just as good to your mother as it will to Jimmy's?

(b) Resolve to work harder?

(c) Bless your teacher out because she didn't teach you well enough?

3—If you are excused during a class period to go on an errand, do you:

(a) Bang on all the lockers in the hall to let everyone know you're out of class?

(b) Try out your vocal chords to see in what good condition they are?

(c) Quietly go where you were sent and hurry back?

4—If you have a substitute teacher, do you:

(a) Shoot paper airplanes at her when she isn't looking, so you'll irritate her so much that she won't want to come back?

(b) Pay attention and be as courteous as possible?

(c) Open your mouth every time she starts to talk, so she can see your tonsils?

Who Won What When Where?

Beauty is only skin deep. Don't get bored yet. I'm trying to produce a brain concussion to fill up this space. . . one that's brand new. I could write about the sparkling plate glass on the trophy case and how clean Coach keeps it, but the trophies are more interesting and important. Just let them tell you! Could this be a debate or an argument?

"I'm the most important. I'm the ABC cup—just like those awarded to this year's outstanding football players, Ken Yarborough and Bobbie Joe Mickey!"

"You fellas just haven't heard of my status. I was awarded to the All-State champions in basketball. John Crowder carried me home in '43, and his "little" brother Richard claimed honors along with his team in '48."

"Well, don't forget me! I'm here to represent a fine-track team. High Point High won me in the 35th Annual Civitan Track Meet."

"I was won in 1933 for cross-country running. When you say 'important,' look at me, the beautiful Mason-Dixon Trophy!"

"I'll start swinging this golf club if you don't give me some attention! I was presented to this school for the State Championship in golf. I represent three years of hard work and good golfing!"

The voices grow loud and intermingling. Then one beautiful trophy speaks up. "I am the Douglas Reid-Herbert Hodgkin Memorial. I was awarded for the first time last year to Pete Jones for being the most outstanding athlete of the year. I am the living memorial of the two boys of my name who died in the service of their country during World War II. They were both very outstanding athletes and were studying at State when duty called. I am the highest award that can be given an athlete at High Point High School." It ceased to speak and my throat choked up. The argument was ended.

Each trophy speaks for itself, not with the words we humans use, maybe, but with a nostalgic language of its own.

America Through A Train Window

Have you ever seen America through the windows of a train?

If you have I'm sure you want to see her again. But if you haven't you ought to, for through the windows of a train you see many a view.

And America has views of all kinds to offer to you. As you go along your way you'll be at rest, and you'll see the city, the country, the desert, the West.

The desert nights will be filled with romantic mysteries.

When you see the gigantic natural obstacles that still exist in the West,

You are filled with renewed respect and pride for the pioneers

Who built a civilization on the foundation of blood, sweat, and tears.

It took them not days to build, but years.

And the West will be filled with such beauty that it can never be described.

The countryside will be knee-deep in Spring, The city will be such a noisy place and its noise will long in your memory ring.

So as you go through America, the land of the free, Here are some of the sights you will see:

A stretch of flat land broken by the wide open mouth of a valley . . .

The fields of a lonely farmhouse twinkling in the night . . .

White-washed barns dominating the night like frozen ghosts . . .

Fields of golden grain giving beauty to the country sight . . .

The eternal peacefulness of forests filled with a million leafy fingers reaching for the warmth of the sun . . .

Large signs announcing that you're about to enter this-or-that town,

A sight as American as a home unrel . . .

Twilight coating the train with an unreal glow

As a bouquet of colors is pinned in the sky's buttonhole . . .

Fields of wildflowers curtsying to balmy winds . . .

The wide open spaces of the West filled with mountains of silence.

Well, as you keep on traveling through this great nation

Seeing a city of every size and population You will see tired tourists chewing the fingernails of their patience,

Eager to arrive at their destination. And you will also see:

The deisel engine entering a tunnel with a loud cry, dragging the serpent of cars behind it . . .

The sage brush country, with an occasional motorist providing the only sign of life . . .

And hot dog stands planted in the middle of nowhere . . .

The graph of California's mountains etched against the horizon . . .

Large orange groves sprinkling the air with natural perfume . . .

The rash of hamburger stands . . .

A cloudy sky pregnant with rain draping the landscape with an orgy of gloom . . .

The lonely fields of flowers all in bloom . . .

Cattle herds in the sunset making a picture postcard to be filed in your memory . . .

Stately mansions nested in the palms of green valleys . . .

Patches of brooks among the carpet of grass . . .

Dark train tunnels that are darker than all the city's alleys . . .

Oh, you can scoop up only a handful of America's wonders traveling through it.

But that's enough to put America in your heart. Its beauty, richness and power never fail to fill you with awe.

Be thankful for being a part of it; For it is a great country, and every one of us should never stop being grateful to be a tiny part of it.

—Mickey Colbert.

THE POINTER
Published by the Students of High Point High School

Member National Scholastic Press Association and North Carolina Scholastic Press Institute

Editor-In-Chief: CAROLYN ANDREWS
Associate Editor: MARTY BURTON

News Editors: Sally Trepke, Teasa Bloom, "Lib" Martin, Gladys Hall

Feature Editor: Janet Blair
Assistants: Anne Garst, Kent Hubbard

Sports Editor: Ronnie Current
Assistants: Bob Bundy, Barry Ruth, Anne Shipwash

Photographers: Andy Pickens, Lester Zimmerman
Headliner: Tom Beaver

Typists: Mary Ann Britt, Betty Dean

Business Manager: Nancy Perryman
Assistant Business Manager: Gaynell Ingle
Circulation Manager: Martha Neal
Assistant Circulation Manager: Barbara Lain
Bookkeeper: Wanda Kinley
Assistant Bookkeeper: Ann Renfrow
Salesman: David Driver
Salesman: Bob Ladehoff

Editorial Adviser: MISS ELEANOR YOUNG
Business Adviser: MRS. VERA WALDEN

Evaluation Week In the Eyes Of the H. P. H. S. Student Body

What do you think the student body thought of Evaluation Week this year, as compared to other years, when the conference was held in one day? Here are some answers your fellow students have given to this question:

Frances Mull: "I like the conference in one day. It mixes up everything for a whole week and disrupts classes."

Iris Seacare: "A whole week makes you more conscious of the topics discussed. I like the new way a lot better."

Ronald Pierce: "It is too stretched out in a week, and you don't know what's going on. I think we ought to have more than one panel."

Pat Blair: "I like one day better. A week makes it too long and drawn out. You think more of it and get down to work in one day."

Sony Lee: "A whole week is

better. In a day, going from panel to panel gets boring."

Paul Boyles: "One week gives you more time to think of it, and a chance to discuss it in classes."

Betsy Gamble: "I prefer one week. Then there is more time for the topics to impress you."

Betty Jo Snyder: "In one day, your mind is on the idea steadily, and you concentrate on it more."

Patsy Pendergrass: "I got more out of it in one week, and I enjoyed the programs much more."

Ann Allred: "In one week more gets done. The talks give you something good to think about. Although there were fewer discussion groups this year, they were much better."

Vivian Miller: "I like the idea of carrying the theme through the week. Concentrating on a different phase each day made me enjoy it more."