

### Letting 'George' Do It

In H.P.H.S., as well as in other schools throughout the nation, conversations and accusations have been overheard concerning the subject of cliques which run the school.

It creates such a delicate subject that editors are reluctant as to just what should be written as a solution to this touchy problem. Yet, students often state that the honors are not evenly spread out, that time after time the same groups plan and capture recognition at assemblies, on committees, and programs, and at socials. Thus we see the urgent need for discussions of both sides of the problem, in the hope that a better understanding of the other fellow can be obtained, no matter which side the reader may oppose.

It takes all kinds of people to make the world go round, and perhaps some students are inclined to want to do more than others. Whenever an organization is responsible for a particular activity, the job has to be done well. Why not seek students who have proved themselves dependable in other things? How else are they to know the many students who would qualify well for the job, if they have not rendered services in former activities?

Then, there is the other side, which includes the majority of students.

How are they ever going to make themselves known if the same people monopolize every activity? School can be a mighty dull place if you are not given an opportunity to enjoy its privileges. Why should the same names be mentioned for every activity, and familiar faces appear at every assembly. Those who so often take a back seat wonder how their talents can ever be discovered if they are never asked to help out with various things.

There is no stirring answer to this problem. Those students whose faces are familiar in all organizations have not just had things handed to them. They have shown an interest in "what's going on." In many cases, some people are having to carry more activities on their shoulders than they wish or than they can do effectively.

If you happen to be one of the many who have complained, why not take a look around. Activities are open for everyone, so why let "George" do everything? Create a little action and show that you, too, are interested in "what's going on."

The celebration of Saint Patrick's Day on March 17th, is celebrated in many parts of the world, but always is it celebrated by an Irishman, wherever he might be. More uncertainty exists about Saint Patrick than any other saint in the Catholic hagiology; for it is not even known whether March 17th was the date of his birth or death. Sometimes it is said to be both. It is also thought the legend of Saint Patrick is not about just one Saint Patrick, but about the deeds of two or three men woven into one story. —Curiosities of Popular Customs.

### Spring Fever--

The one disease a poor doctor has no hope of curing is about to emerge in the form of an epidemic. It has been carried on the warm, light breeze, whispered about from crocus to daffodil, and lodged firmly in our hearts, making us light-headed and fancy-free. This is no childhood disease, but an attacker of every class. No barriers are harbored.

It lures the schoolboy's thoughts to the wonders of Mother Nature displayed in technicolor just outside the window. It becomes stardust in the eyes of a pretty young girl as she thinks of her Friday night date. It hazes the teacher's mind and causes her to forget the homework she was going to assign. It loosens the heart strings of a mean old miser, and he loosens his purse strings to become a benevolent gentleman who has a soft spot in his heart after all. It softens the mother's tongue as she is about to scold Junior for idly toying with his food. It twinkles in every star for every lover to discern in his chosen's eyes. It awakens the keyboard to every touch of the pianist's fingers, the canvas to every stroke of the artist's brush. It puts the mischief in a puppy's eyes, the trill in a bluebird's melody, the throbbing in the hum of the bee. Perhaps you would have a different description . . . after all, Spring Fever is unpredictable.

### Pointer Pin-Ups For March



#### PEGGY SMITHDEAL

Here is Peggy Smithdeal, current heart-throb of Bill Linthicum. Peggy is a slim little freshman with brown hair and brown eyes.

When asked what her favorite food is, she loses no time in replying, "Cherry pie." Maybe it's because Peggy leans toward the brighter side of life that red and yellow are her favorite colors.

Believe it or not, kids, Latin is the subject she finds most enjoyable. It's a wonder Peggy's nerves aren't shattered, as her radio dial is most frequently tuned to "Suspense."

When summertime rolls around, Peggy will be seen in swimming 'bout every day. Right now, though, she is most often spied chatting with Bill in Tower III during fifth period.

After school hours, one of her pastimes is looking at television.

Peggy hopes to become a housewife and plans to fill her spare time by painting pictures.

#### BILL LINTHICUM

Meet Bill Linthicum, the guy Peggy Smithdeal has "hooked." Bill is a tall junior, with dark hair and brown eyes.

When he is hungry, creamed potatoes are what he craves most. Though seldom in a blue mood, blue is his favorite color.

Football is the sport that attracts most of Bill's attention. In his free moments, he likes to settle down with a stack of records to listen to. In the field of movie stars, Bill thinks June Allyson is mighty cute. As for radio programs, he prefers the talent show variety.

If you hear the words "What say?" rest assured it's Bill, using his favorite expression.

Geometry is the subject Bill likes best. It will prove useful to him, no doubt, if he fulfills his ambition to become a civil engineer.

### 'Tis Spring

For lo, 'tis spring.  
How do I know?  
My eyes do sting  
And tears there flow,  
Yet do not fall.  
Melancholy  
Seeps in my brain,  
Stirs my folly  
Once more again  
To foolish things.  
I seek Job's Face,  
Knowing full well  
'Twill sap my grace  
And make me ill;  
Yet still I seek.  
And on the stars  
I gaze at night.  
Venus and Mars  
Pause in their flight,  
For lo, 'tis spring.  
—Jean Armfield

### Book-Ends . . .

There are three types of books in the H.P.H.S. library: the old tattered fiction books which everyone reads, the slightly "dirtyish" non-fictions which got that way because one has to make a non-fiction book report occasionally, and the shiny new books which are that way because nobody has summed up enough nerve to read them. It is this last category upon which I shall write.

There is one new book by the name of "Cheaper by the Dozen" about a man who had twelve kids (poor man). Only he liked it; said they made life interesting.

Who is T. C. Mits? He is a strange little man with a bewildered look! He is introduced in a book entitled "The Education of T. C. Mits" as:

T. C. M I T S  
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"The Education of T. C. Mits," written by Lillian R. Lieber, is a quaint little book which tells how important math is in today's world.

This book is written like this, as the author claims it takes less time to read; but then I wouldn't know since I have never read a book written like this before.

This strange little book is found in the High Point High School library, and anyone who reads this little book will find that he will enjoy it very much.

There are many other new books in the H.P.H.S. library; you not go in and take a look at them; better still—read one.

### Giants Like Radios Too

As I cautiously approached the control room of Station WHPS and inquired, "Where's the head technician?", a six-foot-three-and-a-quarter, two hundred and fifty-two pound senior glared back at me from behind the controls and said, "Here I am."

After he had informed me that his name was John Leslie Andrews and all the formalities were over, this lil' fella found out just what I had come to see him about; which was, of course, himself. So, he started talking, and this is what I learned.

John Leslie has been interested in radio for quite some time, and at the present he is a licensed operator and has his own amateur radio station in his basement. The station has three transmitters and also six receivers for every frequency. With this set-up, he is able to talk with other operators of amateur stations all over the world.

When asked how he gets in contact with other stations, he said, "Well, you just throw it on the air and call somebody; then you wait five minutes or five hours till they call you, and then talk about the weather or something."

John Leslie plans to continue his radio work next year at N. C. State College, where he will major in physics. His hopes are to become an expert acoustical engineer, and then maybe marry Henrietta. So you want to know who Henrietta is? Well, just ask her radio man; and he'll probably say something about a little Eskimo.

### Le Chat Copie

Mother to daughter's beau: "It's past 1:00 a.m., young man. Do you think you can stay all night?"  
Young Romeo: "Just a minute; I'll call my mother."  
—The Ashmorian

A freshman wandered into the library and asked the librarian to help him find a book to report on.

The librarian asked, "What have you already reported on?"  
"Biography and friction," came the prompt reply.  
—The Full Moon

One woman golfer to another: "You're improving, Muriel. You're missing the ball much closer than you used to."  
—The Lexhipep

Johnny: "Ever been pinched for going too fast?"  
Sam: "No, but I've been slapped!"  
—The Lexhipep

### St. Patrick's Day Shenanigans

The following scene takes place in the Ye Olde Dramshoppe somewhere in bonnie Ireland. As we enter this prosperous establishment, owned and operated by Patty O'Flatherty himself, we find two of Patty's more faithful customers in heated discussion. Robbie McHoolahan is noisily pounding his fist on the table while Mike O'Feeny looks on in solemn indignation.

"'Twas na'!" shouts McHoolahan. 'Could na' have been!"

"'Twas!"  
"May the good Saint Patrick forgive ye fer sayin' such a thing! Of course it 'twas na'!"  
"'Twas."

This, dear reader, could have gone on forever had it not been for O'Flatherty.

"Here, here!" interrupts Patty who is busy shining mugs with his apron. "Are you two at it again? I thought ye decided yesterday who threw th' overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder."

"Oh," cries McHoolahan, "O'Feeny swears he saw a garden snake curled up on Widow McDoolin's front step early this mornin'. Why any Irishman knows that th' good Saint Patrick chased all the snakes from the shores o' Ireland years ago!"

"Well, if that be th' case," chuckles O'Flatherty, "what be you and O'Feeny doin' around here then?"  
"Maybe he left this little snake 'cause it was green," commented O'Feeny, ignoring the pun.

"Now that could be; but if you two don't calm down, I might be fer slippin' a Michael O'Finn into yer mugs th' next round."

"Seriously, though, boys, it was more than fate tha' flung Saint Patrick into the hands o' pirates when he was only sixteen, and it was more than fate that brought him to Ireland where he was sold into slavery. Six years later he escaped, but a vision from Heaven brought him back to the Emerald Isle, determined to convert the heathen Irish to Christianity. And as ya' can see, Ireland's patron Saint was more than successful wi' his task."

"Yes," beams O'Feeny, "and St. Patrick used the shamrock to symbolize th' Holy Trinity, and that's why we wear the green shamrock come every March 17, which was th' date o' St. Patrick's death."

At this point McHoolahan stands and carefully adjusts his derby over his fiery red hair.

"Well," he says, "I must be fer goin' now, fer I promised th' Widow Doolin I'd hoe around her Irish potatoes this afternoon. —Comin' O'Feeny?"

And O'Flatherty, smiling, watches as the two, arm in arm, solemnly depart, and the doors swing shut behind.

### Classified Ads

Wanted: A girl to help me with my homework. No knowledge of any subjects required. See H. T. Hartley.

Lost: Somewhere around Tower 2 a cigarette belonging to Tom Beaver. Bundy and Charming suspected.

Wanted: Small arsenal; must be in good condition. Contact any member of the Brady Gang.

Found: One wad of much-used gum on the sole of my shoe. Owner please call for it at POINTER office. No identification needed.

Wanted: A man. Phone 35409.  
For Trade: My lame brain for Tommie Strother's. With hope—Gwen Reddick.

Lost: A chord. If found, please return to the choir classes.

Wanted: Food. Please see the Hungry Five.  
Lost or Wasted: Seven hours at school. Jack Powell.

Wanted: A pair of stilts. See Yates Adams.  
Found: A bald eagle lingering around the halls of H. P. H. S. Oops—mistake. It was just Mr. Ishee.

Escaped: About 1,300 inmates from the Jones Street prison camp about 3:30 yesterday. Be on the lookout for such notorious criminals as "Two-gun" Weatherford and Fred "Shoot-em-Dead" Bean.

Wanted: One accredited ballet teacher to instruct talented group. References required. See the wrestling team.

Wanted: A ride to town every afternoon. Must be prompt. Tommy Potts.

For Sale: Car insurance to all parents of children who are taking driver's training. Also death insurance for the children. Call Acme Insurance Company.

Found: Mrs. Donnie Andrews.  
Wanted: A wig chock full of hair for a very needy person. Contact Rosa Hudson.

### All Right, Louie, Drop The Knife

I'm beginning to think you can learn as much history from a desk as you can from a book. This one has so much on it, it's almost impossible to read it all. Some Eager Beaver carved Black Bison in beautiful letters. Another work of art before me is an H.P. At least the lads were loyal. Are they all lads? Such words as Bob, Bill, Duke, and Davidson lead me to believe that some of the butchers are girls! There's a big Tuesday near the bottom. Maybe that's to remind the artist that he (or she) is supposed to cut class on that day? Someone with the initials of E. H. H. camped here in 1942 and 1943. Can't help wondering who Joe and Janie are. Fireball . . . I'll bet that's Kimball! Whose phone number is 8228? Here's a picture of something that looks like a rabbit, with an arrow from the word monkey pointing to it. The person who engraved Dot all over this desk probably never dulled a pencil on homework. Oh, these people who cheat on tests! Somebody just couldn't remember how to spell Mississippi. This guy says he's a BTO . . . big time operator. Most likely a Mortimer Snerd honoring his "hidden self." Who, or what, is Scrunch? That's what the word looks like, believe me. Could B. R. be Bill Ring? Could be. The dates are '43-'44. Some glad guy went college-crazy. Here's U.N.C., U.C.L.A., State, and Duke. I'll bet that fellow ended up out at High Point College.

Well, drat! I just picked up a little momento of another who has gone before. Does anyone have a special formula for removing chewing gum?

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