

Reflection

There was a dream . . . that someday there would stand a high institution as guide for TRUTH, WISDOM, and KNOWLEDGE.

There was a hope . . . that somehow such an institution would create and mold in the youthful lives of its dwellers a lasting sensation of the true basic principles of constructive living.

There was a prayer . . . that these youth would forever look upward to ideals set forth as a part of this institution . . . go forward determined to attain their ever-aspiring goals.

That dream . . . that hope . . . that prayer . . . became HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL.

Great strength, intelligent foresight, inspiring instructors, and youth with enthusiastic interest made it so. Now that same institution is the dream, the hope, the prayer of the forthcoming generations.

Throughout these years of its structural standing, this building has given, and will continue to give, the future a long procession of prepared youth. During their brief stay, these students have "increased in wisdom, and in stature, and in favor with God and man." Henceforth, as they pass through these open gates, they, too, in turn, will make their footprints on the sands of time . . .

Thus this most beautiful reflection will remain HIGH POINT HIGH.

—Doris Craven

Departure . . .

In the past I have always looked forward to the summer holidays with a hidden desire to get rid of school and everything pertaining to it.

This year, however, as I reminisce over my past years at High Point High, it is with grief and regret that I think of leaving these halls that have become so much a part of me. The principles on which the school has stood, the friendliness of all who attend, the concern of the faculty for the student's success, and the various entertainments from which we have found enjoyment—all seem to have "got into my blood" and changed my whole personality. No doubt, many of you who are graduating feel as I do.

Never again will those who have participated in varsity sports feel the sense of keen competition or the joy of undying friendship created through such sports in high school. Nor will those who have found amusement in watching and supporting them find this same amusement again.

Although we may never experience these enjoyments again, we find consolation in the fact that we can remember them. For the coming years I should like to wish everyone of our graduates all the luck possible in whatever he or she may attempt.

—Fred Farmer

Four Walls . . . And A Memory

With pen in hand and solitude of mind, I sit within a room—a room that suddenly seems to beckon my attention. As I gaze around, I see stacks of forgotten POINTERS that line the sun-tan walls; the All-American rating suspending from the hardwood border; the picture of Marilyn peering down on the oaken desk, where two Underwoods stand majestically grasping the long white sheets of copy; the wire basket that contains the treasured exchange papers mailed from all parts of the country; the brown make-up sheets all splattered with printers' ink; the non-supporting, but cheerful, paper curtains that cling to the high window sills—it is here in this room that journalistic memories of each year are thought up, recorded, and not forgotten.

But even this room, the POINTER office, would not be a reality if its doors were not created by you—the students and faculty of H.P.H.S. For it is you who have made the news of the POINTER staffs, past and present. Bowing to your praise, your helpfulness, your criticism, your enthusiasm, we, the POINTER staff and editor of '49-50, bid you adieu.

POINTER PROFILES

Arch McMullan
Class: Junior.
Color of eyes: Blue
Color of hair: Black
Height: 5' 4"
Favorite color: Blue
Pet peeves: None
Ambition: Crook (or smuggler)
Favorite hangout: Hayworth's (John's, that is)
Favorite food: Mashed potatoes
Craziest notion: To go to see Tina again
Talent: Hidden
Best subject: Study hall
Hobby: Pistols (Russian Roulette?)
Likes: M-m-m-m!

Bennie Lou Ridge
Class: Senior
Color of eyes: Green
Hair: Brunette
Pastime: Writing letters
Favorite Song: "Because"
Enjoys: Dancing
Ambition: Be an undertaker (Really, Bennie? "Of corpse—er, of course.")
Always eats: French-fried potatoes
Favorite subject: Choir
Talent: Majorette
Favorite movie-star: Jane Powell
Desires: Trip to Sanford
Favorite sports-star: Charlie Justice

Joy Knox
Class: Freshman
Color of eyes: Blue
Color of hair: Blond
Favorite color: Green
Pet peeve: Conceited people
Pastime: Dancing
Desires: A car—any variety
Favorite song: "It Isn't Fair"
Enjoys: Funny funny-books
Ambition: To become accomplished at sports
Accomplished at: Swimming
Always eats: Sweets
Favorite subject: Math
Favorite movie-star: Alan Ladd

Pepper Tice
Class: Sophomore
Color of hair: Blond
Real name: Jon Keyser
Pet peeve: People who slam serves in hand-ball
Favorite color: Maroon ('specially on cars)
Accomplished at: Piano
Desires: Anything with four wheels, motor, steering wheel, and exhaust pipe.
Favorite song: "Mam'selle"
Accomplished at: Talking—also sneezing
Always eats: Food
Favorite subject: Chemistry—next year
Enjoys: Good movies
Ambition: Be a psychiatrist or go nuts!

The Graveyard

— BURYING —

What's a graveyard besides a place where dead people live? A place to bury things and forget them, or bury things and remember 'em. The things I'll bury for good are . . . hmmm . . .
Gee! I can't remember a thing I wanta forget!

What I'll Miss Most

As members of the senior class, we think this is what we'll miss most . . .
Nancy Jean Monroe: "The lunch periods (not the food, either.)"
C. L. Corn: "I guess I'll miss Juniors most." (Could there be a certain one?)
Gordie Maxwell: "Those Masque and Gavel meetings."
Anne Hall: "Everything."
Jack Petty: "Figures."
Iris Searce: "You can't put that in the POINTER."
Pat Hackney: "I'd better not say."
Harvey Tillis: "I haven't been here long enough to miss anything."
Bob Carrigan: "Nothin'!"
Ray Green: "Seeing 'Netia at lunch."
Tommie Lentz: "Everybody."
Bill Garner: "That hour's sleep in study hall."
Charlie Martin: "Failing English and playing football."
Tom Beaver: "Women."
Jack Kay: "A Cappella Chior."
Jean Armfield: "Johnsie and Mrs. Teague."

And Good Luck!

To those who have worked and made this year at High Point High one which will never be forgotten, here are many "merci's" for . . . Doris Craven and Jerry Paschal, hard working leaders of the student council . . . the cheerleaders and majorettes for keeping everybody's moral up . . . Coach Tony Simeon and the state championship basketball team . . . Suzanne Slate, "Peppy" Stamey, Betty Jo Snider, and all the PEMICAN staff . . . Sergeant Shields and his work with driver training . . . the music department and Mr. Cronstedt for such memorable performances as the MESSIAH . . . Fred Farmer, capable senior class president . . . Bob Fountain, Tommie Lentz, and Pat Johnson—presidents of the Beta Club, National Honor Society, and Masque and Gavel, respectively . . . and to that ever-busy Key Club and its able leader, Bill McGuinn . . . Gordie Maxwell, who has faithfully kept the National Honor Society scrapbook . . . Miss Amy Franklin and Miss Ruth Goodman, for the direction of the junior and senior plays . . . Mr. Walter, who so ably assisted with the production of the talent show . . . and the whole faculty for their heart warming performance of "Here Comes the Bride."

— DIGGING UP —

Justaminit. . . lemme stop and wait for my breath to catch up with me . . . uh—whew! I've been making like a track team. Don't you know I grabbed that sheepskin and lit outa there the second my name was called! No, siree, I wasn't taking any chances on their changing their minds. I'm an h. s. degree holder and owner. Can you imagine? Twelve years of playing and studying and playing, and now I've got my diploma to show for all that work. Gosh, I thought my sheepskin looked more like a lamb—a little undersized; or maybe I got perspiration on it and it shrunk—shrank—minimized. (This synthetic stuff they use these days!)

Well, let us not quibble over such minute problems—I've graduated. Love that word! 'S funny how it used to irritate me in spelling when I was a mere scholar. Scholar . . . sniff . . . scholar—no more speeches to make in Miss Goodman's English class—no more cutting class to meet my equally elusive pals at the school store—no more hiding my gum behind my molar while I spit out a frothy "Je ne sais pas" to Madame Rogers—no more streaking down the stairs barely making the corners and missing that inevitable teacher on my way to lunch—no more jumping the bell when my study hall's over—no more loitering in the halls with "the apple of my eye"—no more "apple of my eye" (a Junior)—no more writing these corny features—boo-hoo—I wanta get demoted!

Fashion Fads . . .

Now that sunny days have rolled around, winter clothes have been pushed into far corners of closets to make way for new spring and summer wardrobes.

Attractive cotton dresses are adding bright splashes of color in the halls and on the campus.

Gals have literally been "blossoming out." Yes, dainty artificial flowers are the rage to pin at the neck or to have peeping from the pocket.

Full, gaily figured skirts, worn with frilly blouses, are quite popular for school wear, as well as for hayrides and square dances.

As loafers and socks are being abandoned, more and more, feminine feet are being seen padding around school in sandals and ballet shoes.

Fella's and gals alike are cutting their crowning glory, and the good old peroxide bottle is being emptied on the hair that is left.

For sports, new knee-length shorts are in style, along with the ever-popular pedal pushers.

Here I shall leave you with this fashionable idea: take two bandannas, do a little sewing, and presto! You have a new sports shirt.

I Remember

Tall and proud
I remember you were,
Towering above the others
As if
They were not there.
Seldom did a smile break through
That massive countenance.
But when you did smile,
The rareness was dazzling;
So that all who saw you
Felt the goodness of another day . . .

I stood beside you and was proud.
How they must have envied my devotion!
The days were stormy and the winds were chill!
I found a port from the storms
When I moored within you,
And the chill, blowing winds were futile
In their attempts to claim my soul.
Sometimes there were days
When you scowled darkly.
And I trembled in your company.
Yet did understanding win,
For the sun broke through
And I was glad to greet you . . .

Companions were we—
You and I—
Sharing the hours each day.
You, being the Elder,
Shared knowledge;
I, being the Younger,
Shared eagerness.
Together we sowed a bounteous field,
And watched each planting grow.
Wisdom knew a harvest within us,
Only together could others see
What we were.
Apart, I knew loneliness, sorrow,
An aching heart;
Apart, you lost the one who understood.
I loved you still,
And the loss grew heavy
As the darkness of night
Cloaked your still, silent form . . .

Together, you and I,
Our happiness knew no bonds.
What was pain? We lost sight of all
Earthly sense
And lived among the saints of words,
Beloved poets of the life we shared.
Yes,
Friends we were—
You and I,
Laughing, grieving, passive.
All has been placed
On the dusty shelves of wisdom
In the dim halls of Time.
Tall and proud,
I remember all that you were.
And once again
I am content
Just being near you . . .

And as I walk through
Your dim re-echoing halls,
Gazing through doors marked
"English," "Music," "History,"
Well I remember the days
When I was student here,
And the memory brings tears
Which I quickly brush away . . .

Then as I leave you standing there,
Proud, erect
Above the blowing trees,
Glancing back
I see you smile,
And the flag above your towers
Waves a fond farewell . . .
—Betty Clarke Dillion

A Farewell From 'The Pointer' Staff!

Farewell.
Sadly we exit, leaving behind us approximately ten POINTERS for posterity. Zounds! What is that sailing through the air? Oh, posterity just threw them back . . .

We glance around at the POINTER office for one last look. The delicate paper curtains flap whimsically in the ocean gale. Never again will we hear the pitter patter of Beaver's tiny feet or the secret sounds of Bundy's voice as he torments Betty Martin . . . And Carolyn is leaving too. That sweet little lass who always assigned us "those" stories. (Put in your own adjectives for emphasis.)

But who are we to complain? We're leaving. Goodbye, Sally Trepke.

As we gently and sadly slam the door of the POINTER office, amid the tinkle of falling glass, we think of Miss Young and her scholarly talent of knife throwing. She was always ready to help us, to explain the facts of life (those concerning English and American authors, that is).

Adieu, etc.
Why are they making us go? We shall miss the happy task of editing the POINTER. Those breathless moments when we searched through other school papers looking for something to fill up the empty spaces and finally coming up with a thing like: "A flea and a fly in a flue were imprisoned. Said the flea, 'Let us fly.' Said the fly, 'Let us flee.' So they flew thru a flaw in the flue."

As it was stated above, we spent breathless moments hunting such things. We shouldn't even have breathed to begin with.

And remember those days when the feature staff congregated. We were supposedly planning the feature page; but somehow, a bull session was always the result.

"Did you hear about . . . ?"
"Yea, I hear."
Believe us, the POINTER staff did more than tell jokes this year. Mary Ann Britt and Betty Dean, the typists, typed.

You know, this thing is becoming a trifle uncontrollable; and anyhow it's almost 3:30, and today is May 14. Tomorrow the paper comes out. So without further ado about nothing—
Be seeing you.

THE POINTER

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