

## THE POINTER

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## Eyes Of America Are On Youth This Week

Tried and approved, this is a successful undertaking made possible by home, school, and community co-operation all over the nation. November 5-11 is American Education Week, the thirtieth of its kind.

We, as students, are certainly most concerned, for one of the main results of this special week is that all eyes are turned upon the youth of America. For one full week parents, teachers, and community leaders put their heads together; and we, the youth, are thoroughly discussed—our futures considered and our potentialities measured. The value of a complete education has, of course, already been recognized. (They're even educating girls now). The unceasing cry from the speaker's stand is, "The youth of today is the world of tomorrow," and only through education can the "youth of today" intelligently meet the complex problems of living that lie ahead.

School needs are urgent. Millions of additional children are entering school each year, and adequate facilities must be supplied. The parents, teacher, and community leaders are busy overcoming these difficulties. They have, literally, led their little cows, if you'll pardon the expression, to water and are waiting for them to drink. And if the youth of today fail that world of tomorrow—what then?

## Now It's Our War

As a child, I saw war as an inevitable horror that belonged only to grown people. War was theirs. Of course there were our relatives; you had some too in the last war—a cousin, perhaps a brother or an uncle, maybe even your dad. Except for these, war was far away. And now, what has happened? Suddenly I have grown up and you have grown up, and with the loss of our childhood we have found the nearness and the awful closeness of war. It's hard to think that fellows like Perry Jones are fighting over a thing called the 38th parallel, and it's hard to believe that boys like Robert Sharpe have come within an inch of death as prisoners of the North Korean Red army. There are others—you know them; so do I. And every time I realize that, I wish that I could be a small child again—so small that I did not know what war meant—so very small that I did not even know there was such a word.

## In Appreciation

To Mr. Whitley, Mrs. Poston, Mr. Hunt, Mrs. Rogers, Miss Mendenhall, and Miss Highfill, the guidance committee who so successfully planned and designed our College Day, may we join with the student body in expressing our appreciation for that day.

Though the excitement of College Day has died away, the thoughts of many high school students are now seriously turned to after-graduation plans as a result of last Tuesday. Talking with the various representatives, we realized that we must begin to make our preparations now if we wish to enter college. We became aware of the fact that we must choose the right courses and make good in them if we are to be admitted to certain schools.

We want the guidance committee to know what a help College Day was to all of us. We now have a better understanding of what is expected of us and what we must do if we have set higher education as our goal.

## A Thought

To every man there openeth  
A Way, and Ways, and a Way,  
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,  
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,  
And in between on the misty flats,  
The rest drift to and fro.  
But to every man there openeth  
A High Way and a Low,  
And every man decideth  
The Way his soul shall go.

—John Oxenham.

## Won't You Call On Me Tonight?

I am truly lucky; for though I must always stay at home, I have many visitors. Some must even pay to call on me.

People call on me for many reasons. Businessmen often call on me for advice. Broken-hearted lovers call on me with their tales of woe. I have been honored by the calls of important diplomats, not to speak of the President of the United States. I have heard all of their most important secrets and decisions.

Almost every person on this earth has occasion to call on me at one time or another.

Yes, even you students here at H. P. H. S. have called on me; for, you see—I am your telephone!

## Roman Slave Owners Enjoy Home Comforts In Latin Department

Wanted: Approximately eighty straight jackets immediately.

Nope—no Columboes or Napoleons Bonapartes running loose yet. However, don't be too surprised if you do see Julius Caesar sauntering down the halls of H. P. H. S., or some of his more intimate friends, better known as Latin students, who are being initiated into the Junior Classical League.

These associates of Caesar may be seen in the near future running at break-neck speed in their apparel of flour sacks (wealthier members may be seen robed in pillow cases) performing every wish of their DOMINI (masters).

The rather unfortunate SERVI (slaves) will bathe feet, entertain, and fan their masters. They will also serve them at a banquet.

A regular Roman banquet consists of 22 courses; but because of the high price of food, the menu will be slightly cut. (This banquet will have one course—cokes.)

At the present time all slaves may be seen wearing colored ribbons. If they are seen without the ribbons by the DOMINI, a fine of \$.01 is charged.

## Mary Jean Tinsley



Meet little Miss Mary Jean Tinsley. She is a fun-loving member of the sophomore class whose two loves are cherry pie and Burt Lancaster.

This is Mary Jean's first year at H. P. H. S., but she already has made up her mind that she likes it. In her opinion, one has more freedom here than at Junior High.

A little girl with brown hair and blue eyes, Mary Jean stands only five feet high. She feels this is a disadvantage because she can't always see what is going on and too often finds it necessary to stand on her tip-toes.

During school she enjoys her English class more than any other. Could be because Miss Highfill is her homeroom teacher.

After school, Mary Jean may be found at Jeff's, her favorite hang-out.

## Loose Ends

There are three windows in the POINTER office. The one on the right affords a bird's eye view of a portion of slate roof. Ann Allred was just musing aloud about how expensive slate is, and this brought to mind the terrific wear and tear the slate blackboards in this school are being subjected to . . . maybe the teachers could take a hint . . . "The benison of hot water . . ." quoth Miss Bulwinkle to her third period class from a poem by Rupert Brooke. "And now," she continued, "who can tell me what 'benison' means?" Jim Lovelace opened one eye and volunteered brightly, "Isn't it deer meat?" . . .

Thanks to Pat Russell for this "fractured Latin":  
"O civile se ergo,  
Fortibus es in aro.  
O nobili deis trux  
Indemar sum causen dux."  
(It's supposed to read like this):  
"Oh see, Willie, see 'er go,  
Forty busses in a row.  
Oh no, Billie, dey is trucks  
In dem are some cows and  
ducks."

There must be something to fill up the rest of this space . . . Oh, well . . .

## Did You Know

—Doug Farmer weighs 74,899 grams?

—Albert Hale wants to dedicate the PEMICAN to the POINTER?

—there are only 47 more shopping days 'til Christmas?

—the latest trend—as far as

feminine faculty members are concerned—is red dresses?

—there's an amazing similarity between Helen Ridge and Orlia Jo Strickland?

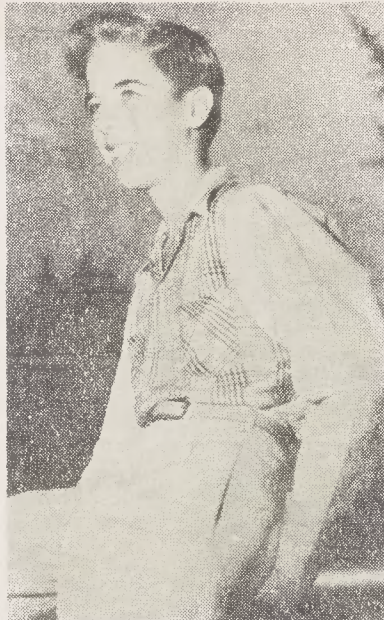
—they say a man's house is his castle, and that's what Mr. White-sell is building—a house, that is?

—Arch McMullan is 1,651 millimeters tall?

—Mr. Carr framed his wife and son? He also tinted the photograph.

—the French students have a new teacher—a monkey, yet! If you don't believe it, ask Andy Pickens.

## Braxton Warner



This young fellow is Braxton Warner, a blonde, blue-eyed member of the freshman class who is in Mrs. Harrison's homeroom.

Braxton is fifteen years old and is only five feet tall. This fact troubles him because he could run faster with longer legs. (Wonder what he wanted to run from.)

Eating fish and looking at June Allyson are two favorite pastimes of his, not to mention the fact that he is a fiend for horseback riding and football.

Braxton enjoys the figures at school this year (algebra, that is). He agrees with Mary Jean that students have more freedom here at Senior High.

Braxton resides on Woodlawn, but is often found loafing in Ingram's after school.

## Interesting Hobbies . . .

Yes, indeed, dear reader, this is another of those articles on that unusual topic, "Hobbies." Now, if you don't happen to have an interesting avocation of your own and you don't exactly care to start in collecting match covers or hotel towels, perhaps you can get a few hints from the following.

You might try Sandra Mitchell's hobby—horses, er, rather, Sandra's pet pastime, horse-back riding. Elliot Abeles is quite fond of horsing around, too.

While we're on the subject of animals, here's a student whose interests are quite catty. To wit: Annie Frances Stutts is a collector of cat pictures and has quite a variety—anything from Persian to hep.

Ann Thompson's new moniker is "Pluckin' Paw," for quite recently she has purchased a guitar and is soon to begin lessons.

Tallow talent is "Issy" Thayer's pastime. By dripping colored wax onto odd-shaped bottles, she has made many vases and knick-knacks.

Elizabeth Prettyman has been collecting pennants. To date she owns 83.

"Shutter-bug" Pickens's hobby is stamp-collecting.

## Ideals

BOYS	HAIR	GIRLS
Bill Jones.....	EYES	Marilyn Sumner
Doug Farmer.....	TEETH	Ann Johnson
Jim Hall.....	LIPS	"Sibbie" McGhee
Tykey Savvas.....	LAUGH	Bebe Sorrell
Sam Gibson.....	SMILE	Jean Burnworth
Max Williams.....	POISE	Frankie Herman
Buddy Bullock.....	DIGNITY	Ramelle Hyton
Albert Hale.....	PEP	Orlia Jo Strickland
"Pepper" Tice.....	WIT (?)	Mary Jean Whitley
Jim Lovelace.....	VOICE	Nancy Gray
Eugene Hyde.....	FIGURE	Anita Byrum
Ronnie Nifong.....	LEGS	Tommie Strother
Monk Falls.....	WALK	Mollie Little
Alman Butler.....	PATIENCE	Wilma Anne Kearns
Haywood Rogers.....	FACE	Frances Mull
Ronnie Current.....	STAMINA	Barbara Hedgecock
Football Team.....	GLAMOUR	Mrs. Shaw
Donald Wood.....	FRIENDLINESS	Peggy Williams
Sonny Sorrell.....		Sherry Kearns

## So This Is Football!

A football game is generally considered very complicated by most people. ("What do the little men in the striped shirts do, daddy?") Some people cannot even keep up with the man with the ball, to say nothing of knowing what a "down" is. During football games one can hear some very odd remarks. ("Which is our goal post, huh, daddy?")

Here is what you're liable to hear when H. P.-H. S. plays Reynolds.

### FIRST QUARTER

Jerry Anderson to Peggy Tobias: "Look at the figure on that number 23! What terrific shoulders! Isn't he beautiful! Oh, would I love to take him home to mother!"

("Daddy, did you see that number 23 man drop the ball just now? Did dat 'lil man who's down there crying tell him to do that?")

### SECOND QUARTER

One character to another: "What a mess! Why I could do better in my sleep!"

("Daddy, whose dem two 'lil midgets sitting in front of us?")

### THE HALF

One teacher to another: "Such ardent school spirit; even in the face of such losses, they're fighting valiantly."

("Daddy, who's winning?") And so on through the next half until finally the game is over. H. P.-H. S. goes home victorious!

("Laddy, are ya sure we won?")

## Why Can't I Come In?

"My! What a large building." His eyes proclaimed his wonder as he approached the door.

I noticed the look in his eye and wondered why he was walking so slowly as he came up the steps to the edifice. He was not at all neat, and the white coat he was wearing was grey with patches of dirt. He was unkempt and slovenly, but his politeness overcame these discrepancies.

A young girl opened the door he was preparing to enter and rudely shut it, almost catching his nose between the door and the post. He backed away with a hurt expression on his face and graciously let another person go through the portal, intending to follow. The door slammed on his foot; he jumped, gave an expression of pain, and settled back on the steps.

Several people came through the door at once. He shyly followed them; and upon entering the building, looked around in wonderment. I noticed him standing by the door, and I approached him with a feeling of concern. The door opened behind him, and I gently gave the little black-eyed puppy a shove to send him back whence he had come. He turned, looked questioningly at me, and merrily trotted on his way.

## Droll Drivel

Mother: "Well, son, what have you been doing all day?"

Son: "Shooting craps, Mother."

Mother: "That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you."

"Thish match won't light."

"Washa matter wif it?"

"I dunno. It lit all right a minute ago."

"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor, as his glass eye rolled down the sink.—The Virginia Spectator

The country dance floor was jammed to the four walls and after one number a gallant youth said to a young lady beside him, "Thanks so much for the dance."

"Dance? Dance?" she queried aghast, "Why I was just pushing my way through the crowd to reach the refreshment stand!"—Virginia Intermont Couldron

A tramp knocked on the door of the inn known as "George and the Dragon." The landlady opened the door, and the tramp asked, "Could you spare a man a bite to eat?" The landlady slammed the door in his face with a loud "No!"

A short time later the tramp knocked again, and the door was again opened by the landlady. This time the tramp inquired, "Could I have a few words with George?"—The Beta Club Journal