

## A Tribute

For every actor seen upon the stage, there are many persons never mentioned who play just as big a part in the production.

Our paper is like that. We, the writers get the credit; but behind our efforts are editors, copy-readers, proof readers, typists, linotype operators, and printers—all of whom are just as important as the reporters who get the news and write it out. They sweat and toil just as hard but remain obscure shapes in the background.

Very prominent among the backstage helpers was our late printer. If we were to mention Mr. Jack Furgurson, few students outside the members of the Pointer staff would connect him with our paper. Yet, without his efforts there would have been no Pointer.

Mr. Furgurson did so much more than just print our paper; he stepped over the borderline and read our minds; he corrected mistakes we overlooked; he knew what we meant when we marked things improperly; he changed bad headlines; he inserted jokes (good ones too!) when the copy ran short; he cut it when it ran over.

All our amateurish efforts he put up with, explaining our errors to us so that we wouldn't repeat our mistakes.

Many a green editor on his first issue thanked his lucky stars that Mr. Furgurson was there to give sage advice and humorous comments.

Whether a headline writer, a business manager, or an editor, all will remember Mr. Furgurson for his twinkling blue eyes, his leather cap, his grayish-white hair showing beneath it, his extra-special way of marking a galley proof, his way of arguing for his viewpoint, his calm and studied manner as he quickly read off the set type, all of the peculiar traits of personality that made him Jack Furgurson.

No person could work with Mr. Furgurson and not know something about journalism; no one could work with him and not have more faith in humanity.

## Lend Your Support

Several weeks ago the Allied Youth began a series of weekly dancing classes, held on Thursday nights in the Elks' Club ballroom. The officers of the club and the advisor, Dr. Taylor, worked hard finding instructors and making other arrangements for the dance group.

Mrs. Alice Palmer and Joyce Mellis were secured as instructors, with the backing of the City Parks and Recreation Department. The local Elks' Club volunteered the use of their ballroom facilities.

Attendance at the first sessions was very encouraging and several who attended reported that they had "a wonderful time."

Lately, however, attendance at these Thursday night sessions has decreased considerably. For the past three weeks only a "handful" have shown up.

The dancing group was originally planned as a major activity of the Allied Youth, and the organization of this group is an accomplishment of which the club may well be proud. It seems a pity that from an organization of 500 members only about 20 regularly take part in this major activity.

Among the types of dancing which regular attenders of the sessions will master are the waltz, tango, shag, and sugarfoot, as well as many other types of ballroom dancing and jitterbug. The average student seldom has the opportunity to receive free dancing instruction in so many fields.

The Allied Youth did well when they decided to establish such a group. It is now up to the members of the organization, all 500 of them, to support this project and really make it worthwhile.



Here's a mystery for all you Joe Fridays to figure out; so get out your detective hats and your trusty magnifying glasses. Do you recall ever having seen these two posterior views? If you don't, read the article below. Maybe a few hints will help you.

## Mystery Of Miss X And Mr. Y— Can You Identify This Couple?

Presenting the mystery of Student X (girl) Student Y (boy). Do you recognize who the Senior couple is from this unusual photograph? If you don't know them from this enlightening view, here are a few helpful hints and clues.

The first clue to Student X is that she has sparkling hazel eyes and blond hair. This gal really gets around and participates in numerous school activities. She is in the National Honor Society, Beta Club, and Masque and Gavel. Student X's favorite subjects, she says, are A Cappella Choir and English.

Now to take up Student Y (boy). Clue number one to Student Y is laughing blue eyes and blond hair. He is a DeMolay, and has held various offices in this organization. Now he is president of the Hi-Y. Maybe you have seen him at last year's basketball games, where he operated the clock. Also according to X, Y is very fond of Spanish. (There's something funny about this. Why is X standing there just dying laughing?)

Still stumped on identity? Here are a few more clues to couple X and Y.

This twosome had been going together for two years, and X received a De Molay Sweetheart Pin on her birthday, May 15 of 1953. Here is another hint. Perhaps you've seen a little white Ford bowling down Montlieu Avenue some school morning. The car was crammed with neighborhood children and, of course, our mystery couple. Both of these people seem to be partial to cheeseburgers as a favorite food.

Know who it is now? Stymied, huh? Well, if you don't guess who after these clues, you're hopeless!

Both of these Seniors are on the Pemican editorial staff, and Student X was elected Senior Superlative Most-Likely-To-Succeed. She also was chosen to be a Senior homecoming attendant. Couple X and Y are in homerooms 302-a and 312, respectively.

Of course you've guessed it! Our mystery couple is Patty Dillon and Jerry Meeks.

## All Burglars, Watch Your Step; Sheriff Snipes'll Get You Yet

By Helen Lucas

Can you imagine coming to school one morning and finding no school? Well, perhaps this is a "little" exaggerated because who, besides Superman, could carry off a school. However, if Sheriff Snipes, the night watchman for Senior High didn't keep his faithful guard with his faithful flashlight and faithful gun, the students might wish they hadn't laughed at the above statement.

Can you imagine walking down the long dark halls every night looking for prowlers? Would you have the nerve? In reply to this Sheriff Snipes laughed his "ever popular" laugh and replied, "Afraid? Me? Nahhh! I've been guarding this school for nigh on to 20 years this coming August 25, and I'm still as sound as ever."

When asked if anything exciting ever happened, Sheriff Snipes scratched his head and related an

incident which took place about three years ago. Two prowlers, or burglars, or whatever you want to call them, got a little too nosy, shall we say; and Sheriff Snipes took out his trusty revolver and fired. Now if the head of one of these fellows had been a few degrees left of the point of tangency by the perpendicular bisector formed by his head and shoulders—well, in other words, he would have had what we call today a "gone" head, or shall we say he would have been "gone"? Anyway, one gets the general idea.

Seriously, though, Sheriff Snipes has done an excellent job of keeping things in first class condition. The following is a warning to those who might try the suggested item in the first paragraph concerning the matter of carrying off the school: The school is pretty heavy, so is Sheriff Snipes.

## We Heard Them Say

Miss Rhodes: "Wish you'd make a note of this."

Mr. Rhode: "What have you learned today?" (the most frequent answer is "nothing")

Dr. Taylor: "My goodness gracious."

Mrs. Whitesell: "I will handle the ventilation of the room."

Mrs. Shaw: "Think!"

Mrs. Poston: "Will you please stop talking and get to work."

Miss Young: "Any questions?"

Mr. Ousley: "Anybody disagree?"

Teachers (without exception) to classes two minutes before lunch bell: "Sit down!"

Pointer headline before being revised: Brewer, Brown, Lain, Cook On WFMY-TV Teen-age Program.

Threat to Bill Bailey: "One of these days a college professor is going to ask me what you have in your head, and I'm going to tell him 'chewing gum.'"

Overhead advice: "Use above the ears a little more and under the ears a little less."

## Many Days Of Pandemonium End With Printing Of Pointer

(with humblest apologies to everybody on the Pointer staff).

I am your Pointer. And brother, am I glad to be here! Believe me, it was a struggle—almost didn't make it!

I began two weeks ago, seventh period in Room 313. It was News Day, and all the bright reporters gave forth with what they had found out about what was going on. Or at least, that's what was 'sposed to happen. . . . I was looking forward to my future.

The next day was Assignment Day. The eager reporters marched into the room humming the death march. Ah—such enthusiasm!

Then came "Woe-Is-Me" and "Waal-Seeing-As-How-I-Can't-Git-Out-of-Whatever-It-Is-That-I'm-In Day." Everybody started working like m-a-a-a-d!

The next day the whole room was turned into one frantic (pardon the expression) mess as the feature writers (except the ones who couldn't think up a good excuse) turned in their stories with that kind've hopeless, "here-I-go-to-the-guillotine" look. I began to get butterflies way down deep inside me.

Next, the news articles straggled in. I began to think I had a pretty good chance.

Soon my headlines were written, and I started thinking about how beautiful I'd be.

At the end of the week everybody within rounding distance was rounded up to read my copy. There were a few minor corrections: A couple of ads were printed upside down; there was a five-inch hole in the middle of the front page; the date read "October 11, 1359." I felt kinda dubious about myself again; but all the loyal reporters went to work to patch me up, and suddenly there I was. And here I am!

## Song Titles Change Meanings; Note The Dedications Below

From the current issue of Music Views come these song titles for advertisers who wish to pep up their sales:

Diaper Service: "There'll Be Some Changes Made"  
Finance Company: "You Belong to Me"  
Income Tax Bureau: "Oh, Promise Me"  
Weather Bureau: "They Didn't Believe Me"  
Magician: "I Wonder What's Become of Sally"  
Aspirin: "You Go to My Head"  
Pawn Shop: "Everything I Have Is Yours"  
Undertaker: "After You've Gone"  
Dentist: "The Yanks Are Coming"  
Manicurist: "The Touch of Your Hand"  
Bootlegger: "In the Still of the Night"

Now for some dedications to some familiar people:

Miss Smith: "Dry Bones"  
Mrs. Walden: "Latin Lady"  
New Cafeteria: "Time Will Tell"  
Sam Guy: "Don't Get Around Much Anymore"  
Mr. Whitesell: "Wood I Love You"  
Carolyn Sumner: "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody"  
Miss Mourane: "C'est Si Bon"  
Charles Vaughn: "I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair"  
Miss Highfill: "In the Drill of the Night"  
Tally Wright: "In My Old Model T"  
Kay Moore: "How Do You Speak to an Angel"  
Practice Teachers: "Strangers in Paradise(?)"  
Harvey Horner: "I Don't Claim To Be an Angel"  
All H. P. H. S. Students: Oh, for the "Good Old Summertime"

## Highlights Of School's Past Recalled From Old Pointers

The old Pointer file in the Pointer office hides many a pleasant memory. Remember when, one year ago: March, 1953, Ruby Hallman received the National Honor Society Service award. The A Cappella choir was ready to leave for Chattanooga for a Southern Reginal Music contest. The members had raised the money themselves by washing windows, baby-sitting, mowing lawns, etc. The Center was preparing to show its first picture in 3-D, after installing special equipment.

Some of you may remember when, two years ago: March 7, 1952, Jane Marlette and Sonny Sorrell were elected most typical boy and girl in High Point High. George Coltrane was picked as one of the five finalists to participate in the Angier Duke Scholarship Contest. WHPS changed from one hour each week to one hour each day of broadcasting time.

Most of us weren't around then, but maybe some of you remember when, three years ago: April, 1951, Stuart Hart drove a monstrosity called the "Sherman Tank."

None of us were around then (?), but an interesting sidelight is seven years ago—January, 1947. The Jaycee Jollies was given before a large audience. The production was under the direction of a professional director. The cast included several high school students including a group of girls singing "Swanee River."

## Chet's Chatter

"The first question is - - - Whir-r-r-r crash buzz -z-z-z!!!"

"Now give a complete account of - - - Br-r-r-rt pow!!!"

Is this familiar? When you are taking an exam, do you suffer from acute ringings, knocking, and buzzings? Vot's da matta? You have new cafeteriaitis, a rare disease found only among students of High Point High School. It strikes only when you are trying (?) to listen to the teacher. Suggested remedies are: (a) ear plugs (useless unless you are a lip reader), (b) no cafeteria, (c) no teachers, and (d) revolt.

Employment wanted! Does anyone know how much P. S. West Co. pays an hour? It must be pretty high.

Memo to Juniors and Seniors! Completed, passing term papers will be delivered for reasonable prices (minimum; C-paper—\$3.00) tomorrow after 3:30. This includes notes, source cards, and written papers (typed—\$1.50 extra). Applicants please slip your names under the door of the Pointer office.

## THE POINTER



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PHOTOGRAPHER \_\_\_\_\_ George Honeycutt

REPORTERS: Betsy Lewis, Helen Cates, Anita Eagle, Albea Chafin, Jean Blankenship.

FEATURE WRITERS: Mary Geddie, Nancy Stockwell, Ellen Foscoe, Chet Hodgkin, Helen Lucas, Elnita Bray.

SPORTS WRITERS: Jerry Willis, Gail Armstrong.

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TYPISTS: Dot Lloyd, Ginger Walsler, Sylvia Fee.

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