

This Is Your Life

Soon—sooner than you can possibly conceive—the door by which we have come and gone so many times in this building is going to challenge us. The graduation ceremony will be over; and with diploma in hand we will pass through this door—the same door that we opened the night of the class play, the day of exams, the day of the big game, and the night of the prom. We'll hesitate as a flood of memories comes back; and just as though that wooden structure could talk, it will say, "This is your life. What are you going to do with it?" This is the challenge which comes with graduation. More than ever before, we are going to be making our own decisions, and they will have much more influence on our lives than any of our previous decisions.

Expert guidance has been afforded us here by our fine faculty and school officials. This will be the backbone of many future decisions. These school days will mean a great deal to us, and their true value will be appreciated more and more as the years go by.

Mine is the sincere desire that yours will be a feeling of pride and determination to make something of your life. To the challenge I would like to add my best wishes for all the success and happiness in the world.

I suggest that we remember that no one is alone as he receives the challenge. Each of us wishes success for the others.

"There is a destiny which makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own."

Life is no bed of roses; and as a final thought for that graduation day, I would like to use the words of Ethel Barrymore: "When life knocks you to your knees, which it always has and always will—well, that's the best position in which to pray, isn't it?"

THIS IS YOUR LIFE. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?

—Jimmie Casey

A Luxury Divine

Someone has very aptly said, "Memory is a luxury divine." In about one month graduation will be a memory of a glorious climax to twelve years of work and play, good times and bad times. We will long remember our first days in school, our first dance and then the last Junior-Senior Prom. For some of us, the end of twelve years of hard work will be a welcomed relief, but for others it will mean the beginning of a new life.

However, we cannot live on memories alone. We have to accept reality which is before us. No longer will our only worries be to get to school on time, or to get our work in on schedule. We are on the border line, just before becoming men and women and gaining prestige and a place in the community. For all of us the future holds in reserve, unknown incidents. Some of us will travel far to many colleges and universities. Others will be serving in the Armed Forces. Some will get married and go to work; but whatever we do, wherever we are, we have to realize that we have to continue to look forward to new and brighter horizons. We want to save our memories for some gloomy day, when we seem to be hemmed in by the whole world and can't break through to the world beyond that which surrounds us. Then memory will be truly a "luxury divine!"

May the commencement of '54 and the school year of '54-'55 be the starting point for new hope and a brighter future, with unequalled success.

"There was a little daschand
once so long
It had no notion how long it took
to notify its tail of its emotion,
And so it was that, though its face was
filled with woe and sadness,
Its little tail kept wagging on
because of previous gladness."

There will be difficult moments for us in the future, but we can remember the "previous gladness" of our thrilling high school experiences. It will be a "luxury divine" to remember our friends, our sports, music groups, understanding teachers, and helpful advisers.

Sincere appreciation is expressed to each for your contribution in divine luxury offered at High Point High School.

—Dean Mac Pruette

We Leave You In Good Hands

The year 1953-'54 has been an active one here at High Point High; and it has been the privilege, as well as the duty, of the Pointer staff to report to you as accurately as possible the news of the school. In looking back over the events of this year and the preceding ones in which we have served on the staff, we become quite conscious of the fact that we are indebted to a great number of people.

Primarily, we are indebted to the student body for their co-operation in making the news, as well as for their enthusiastic support and inspiring confidence.

The help of Student Council members, club officers, and advisers has been indispensable, as has been that of the various office staffs.

The fact that we place last on our list of "thank-yous" the faculty and administration has "last-but-not-least" significance. To say that the faculty is the backbone of the school would be trite; but it is, nevertheless, true. Our purpose here is to thank them for their guidance and inspiration to us, not only in work on the paper, but also in the building of our lives.

We have considered it an honor to put out your paper. We have had before us always a goal: to publish a paper that you would endorse and support and enjoy. We have endeavored to reflect your opinions and give a true picture of you as High Point High School.

We Seniors of the staff will miss our work on the paper and the people with whom it has brought us in contact. We have done our best for you, and our final word to those who will return is—we leave you in good hands.

THE POINTER



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Grammar Grade Gremlins Groan At Graduation



Last Of Tyrants - A Tragedy

Nancy Hill: Fellow Pointer members, the time has come to bid you all a fond farewell. It grieves my heart to think that I, your humble Editor, will never again have the pleasure of witnessing your worshipful glances as I dish out the orders. (Stifles a sob). So, best of luck to the '54-'55 staff.

Harriet Shelton: Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to praise Miss Young, not to bury her. The good that she has done will long live after her. As associate editor I speak for all as I say, "Thank you."

Nancy Stockwell: Fellow staffers, this is indeed a sad time for all of us, especially for those who will not be coming back next year. I hereby want to take this opportunity to give Nancy Hill credit for my gray hair. "Dye if you must, that old gray head, but get the Pointer out!" she said.

Betsy Lewis: (Parting grief has overcome Betsy. She is assisted to the front by two lowly Sophomores who bow 3 times). The end has come to my life as a "galley" slave. Liberation is near, but I leave with deepest regret.

Wanna McAnally: A tender goodbye to those blank spaces in the Pointer. A final reminder to all who may be wondering: Old Headliners aren't crazy; they just act that way.

All: (Crying loudly) Farewell.

Famous Last Words Uttered By Seniors

Talley Wright: I hope these are my last words to the Pointer (no offense meant to the Pointer).

Martha Ellington: It'll be good to get out from behind bars.

Nancy Robinette: I hope all my best friends graduate with me.

Martha (P. J.) Packer: I leave P. J. behind (the nickname that is).

Ann Teague: I leave and I reckon that's enough.

Jimmy Casey: Carbolic acid, strychnine, and nitroglycerine—that's good-by in anybody's language!

Patty Dillon: I'll miss everybody and Jerry.

George Eanes: I won't miss anything.

Kitty Marsh: Ah, parting is such sweet sorrow (sob, sob).

Nancy Hill: Glory, Hallelujah!

Steve Burton: Good-by, cruel world.

Betsy Lewis: Remember to be careful of falling light bulbs on the stage, flying microphones in the radio station, and falling plaster anywhere!

Barbara Cook: Just make the most of every opportunity and don't waste anything.

Paul Wood: I hate to leave Mrs. Stevens and her geometry class.

Gail Armstrong: I never thought I'd make it—surprise!

H. J. York: Who goofed?

Carolyn Roberts: Everybody have fun while you can; it's a sad world.

Ginger Walser: Boo-hoo!

Wanna McAnally: It's about time!

Bill Bailey: All I can say is, these have been the best years of my life.

"And then they were all confined to their padded cells and lived happily ever after . . ."

Senior Pose Of Former Years; Do You Recognize The Dears?

This first gentleman on the left has, among other things, lost a little weight since the above picture was taken. His most outstanding accomplishment was the receiving of the N. H. S. Service Award.

The bouncing little girl you see here behind the fence is one of those people who do things behind the screen, letting other people take the credit—like her Pemican job. The key to this young lady is a little white Ford with Jerry in it.

The bottom lass peeping from behind the tree is a very small one. Being small has nothing to do with her ability, for she has tackled well the job of president of the N. H. S.

One of the marble shooters above is president of the G. A. A., who can slug a softball or shoot a basket along with the best of them!

Of great interest (and vice-versa) to the Miss above playing

A Tearful Farewell To Harvey 'N Jake

Goodbye Harvey! Thanks to you and your Cousin Jake, this year has been bearable. Everyone will remember this year as the Horner-Bradshaw Era. But now you are going. You will never be back. Next year may bring a Mae Bush or a Kilroy III, or even another Harvey Horner and Jake Bradshaw; but it won't be you. It will just be an imitation on the lips of those who will be taking our places trying to call you back. But they will fail because you belong to us, the class of '54, and to this year of '53-'54.

You were our best friend, for who else would take all the blame for our stunts? Because you were always with us and willing to do anything, you were the best-known boy in school.

Remember all the songs you had played for you over Skyline Patrol? Your favorites, and ours, were "You, You, You"; "Ebb Tide"; and "Stranger in Paradise."

You must have been the most careless boy in school. You were always losing your car keys at the football games, just to have your name called out probably. Every time you stuck your head in the radio booth you said you were "just checking."

You and Jake were always crashing the gate down at the Center. You said you especially liked The Robe and Cease Fire. You played cowboy for days after you saw Shane. Yes, it's been a good year, Harvey and Jake. We'll miss you.

Jist In Jest

I can see a reason these days for that expression "contented as a cow." Why wouldn't they be, standing around in all that high-priced meat?"

The seven-year-old son of a radio comedian came home with his report card.

"Well, son," asked the radio star, "were you promoted?"

"Better than that, Pop," replied the boy happily. "I was held over for another 26 weeks."

marbles, is the red-headed gent with her. Radioman, play producer, and finder of local talent, his own abilities are varied and many.

"Ohhh!" wail the girls, "What a build he has!" The boy hanging from the tree wasn't elected Most Athletic for nothing! Besides being athletic he pays attention to his studies and makes excellent grades.

The girl jumping rope is another of those behind-the-scene gals who help produce a school publication. As headliner for the Pointer, she puts in many an extra hour after school.

On the right, cradling a doll, you see a person who works endlessly to produce this, the Pointer. As its editor, she works tirelessly. When the Pointer is finished, though, she finds time to devote to music.

If you're ever sent to the hospital, drop in at the soda fountain; for there, being a "jerk," will be the top youngster peeping from behind the tree. A friendly smile and warm personality mark this gal.

The little blond, dimpled boy behind the fence is a very witty one! His classmates at first are kept in stitches by his clever remarks and puns, though his teachers may not think they're quite so funny!

Next to our dimpled friend is a very prominent personality around H. P. H. S. This year he served his school by being its vice-president. A trait of this fellow is to greet everyone with a friendly smile.

Now to identify our Senior personalities. First, we have Sheriff Jimmie Casey; the pigtailed miss above the heart is Patty Dillon; Wallace Stamey and David Pancoast peer over the fence; getting her daily exercises is Wanna McAnally; Nancy Hill is playing dolls; Tiny Neely and Barbara Wilson peep from behind the tree; ape-man is David Fagg; marble champs are Gail Armstrong and Bill Bailey; and in the dog-house is Talley Wright.

Congratulations

A job well done is something of which to be proud. So congratulations to — Dean Mac Pruette and David Pancoast for their fine job as president and vice-president of the student body—Nancy Robinette and the cheerleaders for their part in keeping spirits high and cheering the teams to victory—Jimmie Casey for his work as chief announcer of the radio station—Jane Marlette, Kitty Marsh, and the rest of the Pemican staff—Tiny Neely and the National Honor Society for giving High Point High School higher goals and greater achievements—Nancy Cridlebaugh and the Masque and Gavel—Margaret Slate and the Beta Club—Harriet Shelton and the J. C. L.—the Key Club—the Library Club—and all the remaining clubs that gave a better and more active life to the students of High Point High. Also, congratulations to Lt. Shields for another year with no broken necks; and last, and perhaps greatest—congratulations to all the Seniors who have finally made it.