

. . An' Nuts an' Fruits an' Kandy

It was the night before Christmas, and all through the house not a creature was stirring except:

Horace Davis, who was dreamily looking at his stocking and hoping that tomorrow it would hold a diploma. Santa couldn't leave him out again this time . . . And right over by the fire sat Marilyn Robinette, writing a letter to Santa—"And please bring me a picture of Kilroy," she said . . . While on the sofa Perry McDowell kept muttering, "Gosh, I hope he brings me a choo-choo twain that wuns on a twack."

And Clara Ann Massey meekly bowed her head and whispered, "Santa, I want a big hound dog" . . . Bobby Beard got his two bits in when he said, "I want Richard Crowder's height" . . . Then Cornelia Ann Hodgkin wailed, "Mother, don't you think Santa will remember this year to bring me a wolf skin to keep me warm?"

"I can't play it, but still I want it," murmured Van Boyles as he put Harry James' trumpet at the top of the list . . . Kinda gruesome, but just the same she longed for it—"The bed that George Washington died in, that's what I want," insisted Mary Grooms . . . "And Betty Grable's figure wouldn't be bad," she muttered to herself. Well, now I can't say that I think it would be too bad either.

"And, Santa," they said all together, "we want some nuts, and fruit and kandy . . . But over in the corner Bobby Scalf cried out, "I don't want anything, 'cause I found out there isn't any Santa, and it's just about broke my heart!"



If you've noticed a tall, good-looking junior around the halls of H.P.H.S., and of course there's an awful lot of good-looking juniors, it might be Robert Boyles. In fact, the junior we're talking about is "Little Beefy." He likes math and playing basketball better than he does newspaper interviews. Steak and mashed potatoes and fishing in hot weather, all come in as favorites. His ambition, he says, is to pass French.

And just so everyone will know who that "live-wire-in-a-keg-of-dynamite" girl is, the one who is so full of life at football games, meet Darby. Her first name is Betty, just in case you've never heard this. When she starts cheering, you can "sho-nuff" hear her from the other side of the field. Besides cheerleading, Lu-Lu likes basketball, pork chops, and typing, but her real love is dancing.

The head manager of the Bison, Jack Petty, is "Butterball" to his pals. He wears the same pre-flight jacket to every game, just for luck. He likes Bing Crosby, sports of any kind, food of the same type, but he has no love either for tests or for homework. "Butterball" has no particular ambition unless it is to start a school which teaches only sports.

Doris Craven, freshman president, likes just about everything except loud neckties. "Craven" loves sports, especially basketball, food such as chocolate pie, Southern fried chicken (if you are not hungry yet, we'll name some more), "To Each His Own," and math. Her pet expression is "Gee Whiz!" She hopes to enter the field of medicine.

What Christmas Means to Me

A holly wreath, a carol bright,
An open door, a cheerful light;
Smiles and handshakes, greetings gay,
Merry laughter and children's play.

A lovely star, a far-flung song
Of angels watching through the long
Cold night; the simple need of giving
That satisfies the high desire of living.

—Nellie Reeves, '47.



I think that most people are forgetting the sacredness of Christmas. To me it is the time of the year when we should celebrate our relationship with Christ. This should not be done in a boisterous way, but rather in an humble manner, thanking God for sending us His only Son. At this time we should remember also to do unto others as we would have them do unto us.

—Frances Griffith, '47.

As Christmas draws near, I seem to have a more reverent feeling, and I begin to think of the night on which Christ was born, and of the wonderful feeling the Wise Men must have had when they saw the bright star in the east and knew that a Saviour had been born. At this season of the year people seem to have a more friendly feeling for one another, and we try to do things for all our friends. Christmas, therefore, is the time when all of us should be thankful and happy.

—Jack Bollinger, '47.

During the past few years, Christmas has come to be a time for singing. I belong to several choirs, each of which has its own Christmas program. After weeks of rehearsing, our first program is given. It is Handel's majestic "Messiah." With over two hundred voices proclaiming "Glory to God" the music is inspiring. The auditorium is packed with an appreciative audience. They, too, seem to be moved by the spirit of Christmas. In the darkened auditorium the white lights shine on the cross formed by the blue and white robes of the chorus. The back-drop suggests a great cathedral with the gilded pipes of the organ rising above the last row of seats. The second program is sung from the balcony as the actors on the stage below enact the Christmas play. The third program is a candle-light service at my church. The long procession of white-robed choir members winds down the dark aisle, holding lighted candles and singing, "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful." My Christmas spirit comes with all these occasions.

—Betty Whichard, '47.



???
What Would You
Do if You Found
A Cadillac in
Your Christmas
Stocking ???

or

What Would You
Do if You Found
A Stocking
In Your Cadillac?

FOR THE BOYS

Don Martin—I guess I'd go hog-wild.

Dick Davenport—Put it on—If it fits.

Perry McDowell—Hey, boys! Get the shovel.

Ronnie Key—I'd know someone was pretty doggone careless.

"Catman" Rice—Hey, that's bad business!

Raeford Halker—I'd turn over and go back to sleep.

FOR THE GIRLS

Lamaric McArthur—Go straight to Oak Ridge.

Miss Milling—(shooting me a funny look) I don't know. What would you do?

Barbara Lee—Heck, I was expecting a Buick.

Bettie Sue Coltrane—My stockings aren't that big.

Mozelle Valentine — I'd scream "acchh!"

Jeanne Sheetz—Probably have a "Hessy", I don't know.

What If

Betty Jo rang?
Frank Von Drehle had black hair?

Norman stopped talking?
Bill were gray?

Martha Ingram chattered all the time?

Ted Hodge didn't have a camera?

We didn't have homework?
Irving were gold instead of silver?

Rodney Borum flunked?
Someone sat on Dick thinking he was a davenport?

Boys took home economics?
Jack Horner lost his Christmas pie?

Mack were poor instead of rich?

Joanne were a wave instead of a sechrest?

Buckie Brown were the principal of Senior Hi?

You Tell 'um

Dynamite!

HODGE PODGE

Hear ye! Hear ye! Gather around me, everybody.

Well, what do you know, that sweet old melody "White Christmas" is back again. And there also seem to be some jitterbugs who still haven't purchased that little package for Mom and Pop, for Sis and Brother, or for Jane, Jo, Jack, and Tub. Hence, my dear children, I have decided to put you out of your misery. Why not buy them — Yes, you have guessed it—Record Albums.

For Mom and Pop there are those old-time favorites. "Sonny Boy" and "You Made Me Love You." Just watch them compare Al Jolson with Frank Sinatra or Bing Crosby. Perhaps they would enjoy a new Columbia Album, jammed full with those old parodies of the "gay nineties" sung by Beatrice Kay, "The Curse of the Aching Heart," "The Golden Links Are Broken," and "Tatters."

Now for that sister or brother. If they are in that tiny tot set, they will just lap up "Winnie the Pooh." Even you may like the gay episodes of Winnie. Then if they belong to the "giggley" set, they might enjoy Spike Jones, album of "The Nutcracker Suite."

Last and most delicious of all is that scrumptious, heavenly teen-age group, your friends and mine—Jo, Jack, and Tub. For your "dream girl" Victor has an album, "Dreamland Special." Will her toenails curl as she listens to "Dream," "My Dreams Are Getting Better all the Time," "Isle of Beautiful Dreams," and many more. Of course if she just happens to be a Frank Sinatra fan, his new album, "The Voice of Frank Sinatra," is really super. And for all of you, why not try the King Cole Album? U-um-m!

Suddenly hearing someone call her name in study hall one afternoon, Mozelle Valentine very unexpectedly turned a deep pink, but laughingly explained that things like that startled her. Well, fellows, there's one girl who hasn't lost that old-fashioned feminine blush!

It might be more convenient if those football minded personalities—Paul H., Skip V., and Jim A. —just went ahead and marked off the yard lines on the lawn of the Presbyterian Church. We've even spotted Barbara George out passing with them a couple of times. But, then, football's a great sport!

FICTITIOUS FLASHES!

Maizie Strickland has just quit school. She accepted a position at Adams-Millis to fold stockings for "Sandy Claus" . . . "Wheat" Miller has turned author on us. He is reported to be writing a novel entitled "The Evils of Peroxide" . . . Two of High Point's leading department stores seem to think that wearing a red suit trimmed in white, a snowy beard, and a long, red cap, Nolan Brewer would very strikingly resemble you-know-who and both are clamoring for his services.

In Memory Max Harlow

To his friends, to his sisters, and to his parents, I dedicate this poem in remembrance of a boy we all loved and whose memory we shall cherish throughout our lives.

He is gone but not forgotten,
The little boy with the coal black hair;
He was full of fun and gladness
All the time and everywhere.

He was loved by all his schoolmates,
No one looked on him with hate;
Those who loved him need not worry,
For with God he is at rest.

He is gone but not forgotten,
The little boy with the coal black hair;
And forevermore he will be
Safe from harm and in God's care.

—Geraldine Carroll.