

...LOOSE ENDS...

Well, it's all over now! And everybody's rather relieved. Yet we're going to miss those "Messiah" practices. That was swell harmony coming from Horace, Harold J., Clyde, Bobby Everhart, and "Skip" on "Clementine" and—uh—other things between the choruses. Also the times Diane Snyder got the "giggles" and Jack Steed nearly fell off the stands. There's always a next year through.

It was a commanding tone coming from Mr. Rohde when he told Cornelia Ann Hodgkin to proceed to the blackboard and prove a theorem. Then, turning to the rest of the class he quite innocently asked if there were any more "volunteers."

...

Yes, this cold weather is pretty disgusting to a lot of us. Many were the times on those warm autumn days when "Susie" (Helen Lyon's A-Model) could be seen chugging up Jones Street during third lunch period, headed toward Ingram's, and full to the brim with Betty Ann, Marilyn, Becky, Mary Lou, Mary Ella, and all that crowd. Now, on these cold, frosty mornings, "Susie" must be content to sit quietly at home most of the time. Kind of sad, isn't it?

...

Flowery phrases dripping with adjectives were examples of some original descriptive sentences, which members of Miss Nicholson's English class were reading aloud, when Kent Jackson popped up with, "My cat's fur isn't soft or downy or smooth or mangy or anything—I don't have a cat."

...

Ruth Ann Stainbeck in the tower the other day was found busily engrossed in a copy of a pamphlet on entering the army's R.O.T.C. program. Finally, looking up with a disgusted expression, she complained, "I've got all the qualifications except one. I just ain't a boy."

Orchids and Onions

Orchids to Mr. Cronstedt and Mr. Serposs and all of the others that took part in "The Messiah." You really did a grand job.

Orchids to Bobby Everhart for standing in line so long for a robe at Messiah practice the other night. He got to the door and found out he didn't have to get one. Oh, well!

Orchids to the Sea Scouts for their fine compositions—something, nothing and anything.

Orchids to Dot Kendall and Heywood Washburn for trying to improve the traffic system in the Pentagon Building. If you don't think they're smart, just ask them.

Onions to the car that jumped up and hit Thurman McKenzie and broke his tooth. I think someone should speak to those cars!

Orchids to Miss Meador for still being able to put up with Hurley and Skip. She really has self control.

Orchids (?) to Max Thurman for the following voice descriptions:

His voice is gruff and deep;
Her voice is mellow and sweet.

A Modern Version

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Nothing was nibbling, not even a mouse.
Her bobby-sox she flung on the big Armstrong heater,
Feeling sure that old Santa would surely not cheat her.

The children were supposedly snuggled in bed,
But no, they were looking for old Nick instead.
Mama in her curlers and Dad with his pipe,
Hearing the children awake, at once started to gripe.
On the driveway below a loud honking was heard;
'Twas good old St. Nick, who said never a word.
His sleek new black Buick to the limit was filled
With toys which included tin whistles that shrilled.
But Mama and Dad looked on in dismay,
Wondering why Santa Claus didn't ride in his sleigh.

They rushed down the stairs at the sound of a shout,
And found Santa working, with the children about.
When they asked the good saint concerning his sleigh,

He said, "That was yesterday; this is today!"
When Santa had finished all of his work,
He lifted his bag with a mighty big jerk.
Then he jumped in his Buick and took off his brakes,

And away the car went in a couple of shakes;
But he looked back and shouted as it purred out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!"

Holidays Are Coming

A real Christmas feeling has settled over the big brick building in the midst of tall trees on Jones street. Everything and everybody seems keyed up with anticipation and delight, and to make it even more pleasant, our holidays will be longer than usual this year. Almost two and a half weeks! So make the most of this, and we'll see you next year.

Wanta Date

DEAR GIRL FRIENDS,

I realize that now as Christmas is coming everyone is worried over what they can buy me for a gift. My word of advice to you is to forget it. Of course I know half the girls in school are so madly in love with me that they would feel guilty if they didn't give me a watch, a ring, a diamond stick pin, or some other trivial article. I do wish the girls would leave me alone though, for Mother says they bother her by coming by the house and pulling off shingles, door knobs, and cutting pieces of screen for souvenirs.

But to get down to the point of this letter, I would like to wish you all a

"MERRY CHRISTMAS"
(even the ten girls who call me up every night.)

"KILROY".

GLASTONBURY THORN

Many years ago there grew in England a shrub known as the Glastonbury thorn. According to tradition the rod of Joseph of Arimathea, having been stuck into the ground, took root and grew and blossomed.

At Glastonbury, Joseph is said to have established the first Christian church in Great Britain and to have spent the remainder of his life there.

A cutting from the shrub was brought to America some years before the first World War and planted in the garden of the National Cathedral in Washington. People looked in vain for it to blossom, but it was not until the Christmas of 1918 when everyone was celebrating "peace on earth, good will toward men" that the bush burst into full bloom.

Seen during lunch period: Miss Lindsay absent-mindedly walking down the hall holding her empty lunch tray in her hands, after having forgotten to leave it in the kitchen.

HIGH POINT HIGH SCHOOL
HIGH POINT, N. C.

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Nature shook her feather bed last night;

She did not see the moth-eaten patch.

I'm glad, for the feathers fell like diamonds

To the silent earth below.

Twinkling, sparkling, glistening brightly,

In dancing whirlpools they fell. Their fitful ballet soon tired them, So softly, quietly they lay down to rest.

Children gleefully raced through them,

Scattering them here and there—Children with rosy cheeks and frosted breath.

Their rainbow garments gay against the whiteness.

Carefully they molded frost and jolly snowmen;

Then homeward turned, stiff-limbed but happy.

Home to the warm room and crackling fire;

Home to spiced apples and mince pie,

Home to the steaming turkey, stuffed and delicious;

To cranberry sauce and cold celery;

To cornbread soaked in butter, and spread with jam;

To sweet potatoes basking in syrup.

Home to the jovial fireside chatter,

With Grampa telling tales of olden times;

Home to gifts wrapped and beribboned,

To loud praises and thanks to the givers.

Later the sweet voices of carolers singing

Of the birth of the Christ Child long ago.

Finally quiet envelops the household

As each one sinks into his own dreamland,

Filled with the memories of Christmas Day.

—Nancy Greer '48

Books Won't Balance!

There's going to be turkey for Christmas—um-h-h! That's the latest bulletin from Mrs. Meta Jackson, our new dietitian. Not only that but she's serving cranberry sauce, gravy, stuffing, and all the other trimmings. There's no catch to it either. The prices will even be the same. However, because food is so scarce and so expensive, the recently raised prices will probably not be lowered this year. Although some of us may not realize it, the cafeteria is not a profitable organization and those prices are absolutely necessary to make the books balance.

Christmas in the Future

As I sit here looking at my faithful typewriter, with Bing coming full blast over the radio, the telephone ringing every few minutes, someone raising a rumpus with half a dozen car horns out on the street, and someone else beating out "Cement Mixer" on the piano, I find myself relapsing into a very peaceful mood. Partly disgusted with all of these old-fashioned things around me, and with Christmas right behind the door, I begin to wonder what this anniversary will be like in the future. My mind runs far ahead into the year 1976.

It is Christmas Eve, and everything is stirring, even the mice. From the distance there comes the sound of a faint whirring. Suddenly a rocket ship soars downward through the air and comes to a stop on an air-field near a small round house, which is smeared aquabuff, a new color that someone has just mixed. A handsome young man in red tights with a blue cape around his neck steps out of the ship. He has blue eyelashes to match his cape, and a small cigapipe is in his mouth. On his hip he carries an old-fashioned bag made of plastic, which looks like the one his grandfather used on the first expedition to Mars. He enters the round house on a parachute and goes straight to the hall closet, where the heating plant is kept in case something goes wrong with the artificial sunlight. According to tradition he puts his gifts into the shoes placed there. (People no longer wear socks). Then using a chute, which takes him directly to the laundry, he gets back into his rocket ship and returns to his industries on Pluto until the president of the solar system council gives him permission to go around with gifts again.

The next night, when everyone is just getting up, a mother and father (instead of the children) come down the escalator to see what the man has left them, and they are just as happy on that Christmas as everyone hopes everyone else will be on this one.



DATING

What do you like to do on a date? This question was lately asked several girls who ought to know.

Some interviewed were reluctant to say but the most part had definite ideas on what a good date is. Unusual and adventurous happenings were widely sought for by most but you will have to remember the good old steadies.

Betty Ann Rankin seems to be one of the adventurous kind. Following cars around at a rapid pace and cruising around parking places as if she were a cop while scaring the daylights out of some poor chap. On top of this an occasional movie goes well, even if her date can't hear the movie for listening to her talk.

Betty Ann and Betsy Hardin like one thing in common—milk shakes. But Betsy seems to be more conservative. "Dancing in the Dark" is the song and a well-lighted place to do it, with a couple of hamburgers thrown in make life enjoyable for her.

Good old spaghetti. If you like it too, then you and Mickey Marsh should go into business. Mickey says anything but go to the show all the time.

Carolyn Andrews also likes to dance and on Saturday night to ride around listening to the "Hit Parade." Then, if she had her way, she would stop off for a hot dog, a Pepsi, and some French fried potatoes.

Those Old Red

Is that your natural dreamy expression, or have you, too, been gazing recently at the home economics display window? It appears that our more domestically inclined feminine students in this department have been on a sewing spree, the result being a collection of gay flannel nighties.

Grandma certainly had the right idea about this kind of garment with its high collar and long puffed sleeves to keep her snug in frigid temperatures, but these ambitious young seamstresses elaborated into all kinds of ruffled flounces and frills. Some even discarded the conventional modest white and used a pattern of bold peppermint stripes intertwined with forget-me-nots.

The first year home economic girls chose "sleeping apparel" as one of their sewing projects, after they were advised by their instructor to attempt something not too difficult but yet useful.