

Stockings Full Of Personality---Right Down Santa Claus Lane



His Indelible Mark

1948—One thousand, nine hundred, forty-eight years ago in a crude pastoral village called Bethlehem in Asia Minor was born a child whose mark made on the world's history in one short lifetime was to be indelible throughout centuries and centuries to come.

Today, among the innumerable mixtures of races and creeds scattered over the earth's surface, and despite the thousands of years of human progress in civilization, that Christmas faith taught by the Galilean, firmly holds its ground. As yet no greater basis of an ideal and full life, or of spiritual wealth, has been introduced to the world.

That is why that one cold December night, when a babe was laid in a lonely stable manger to the sound of ethereal music and the light of His own star, is celebrated universally today.

Perhaps that is why Christmastime renews afresh a feeling of goodwill, brings to light once more all that is good, and makes stronger the bonds of human fellowship.

"Man cannot live by bread alone."

Ring In The New!

On the eve of January 1, in the midst of a gust of winter wind, a new year will burst forth, bringing new opportunities, new experiences, and new friends for each of us. It is a time to cast away ill feelings, past mistakes and unpleasant memories into the rusty old trunk of yesterday; for it's time to make New Year's resolutions that will not be just pretty phrases uttered in a moment of reformation, but resolutions that we can really live each day.

How lucky we are that there is always another beginning, another new year that we can make better than the previous one! So, as we tear off another page of the calendar of life, let us begin anew.

"Let earth receive her King,"
 "Let every heart prepare Him room."
 "No more let sins and sorrows grow."
 "The Lord is come."

Thus from the Christmas hymn, "Joy to the World," comes a message for the ages.

He Sailed With the Sunser

We just didn't think you'd have much trouble guessing identities in the above Christmas Cartoon! Well?

It was all Kent Jackson's "brain-child," but don't ask where you can find him. Last word revealed that he boarded the last boat out to spend the holidays in Lower Slobbovia.

In case you did encounter difficulty, though, we propose to help you out.

Remember Jim Allen? He was that famous co-capt. that lead the Rison footballers to such a dazzling season. So . . .

A sock, chock full of gridiron fame
 Is bound to bear Jim Allen's name.

Eddie Myers figured prominently in making the Messiah such a success! Being president of the A Capella Choir isn't easy.

Curly-headed Eddie Myers
 Is tops among the lively wires.

'Course that's Mrs. Johnsie Jackson in stocking number three. What would the office be like without this ever-present personality. Besides . . .

Saint Nicholas is a good Joe,
 by golly!

He brought Mrs. "J" who's efficient and jolly.

That peppy head-cheerleader of three long seasons is none other than Miss Peggy Layton. The way we figure it . . .

Though our art department is pretty hot,
 We can't draw the pep that Layton's got.

Steady work in lower house activities, and as a darkroom assistant has brought fame to Clyde Baxter. And . . .

Clyde Baxter has something in his bean
 Even if he is a camera fiend!

Never has it been said that "Wink" Allen wasn't on the job—'cause if ever you want anything done for sure and on time, Wink's the gal to see. Besides . . .

Winifred Allen is one reason
 Mistletoe is scarce this season.

A steady beat and a rhythmic foot belong to Ray "Pee-Wee" Wardell, the fella whose rhythm holds the "Dreamsters" together. See? . . .

A real gone hepcats' pride and joy
 Pee Wee — "Roogie woogie drummer boy."

I'M DREAMING OF A

Of course all of us want a white Christmas with plenty of fun and nuts, fruits, and candy; but some high school students have big things planned, such as . . . Bobby Lee and "Purney" are going to Sophia, N. C. to act as Santa Claus this Christmas. Sure hope that costume fits. . . Herbert Potts is planning a fishing trip in Florida—Object, sail fish! . . . Jerry Paschal will be seeing that Sugar Bowl game down in New Orleans around New Year's Day . . . Jane Beam is visiting relatives at Coon Hollow this Christmas, or is it Mt. Holly? . . . Don Morris and Bobby Grady cordially invite you to their annual Christmas "party" . . . Myrtle Hughes is planning on getting a nice tan in Florida this Christmas. . . H. T. Hartley is going to Washington, D. C. to take a boat ride up the Potomac River with Uncle Harry! . . . Barbara Bartsch just wants to spend the holidays with her one and only. . . Albert Sawyer is planning to do lots of hunting (he didn't say what!). . . Harlan Burton thinks he's going to Baltimore, Md. to see a certain someone. . . Edwin Carmichael and Darrell Winslow sure would like to go to Asheville and see some of those gals they left behind. . . Charlene Thomas says that Santa better watch out, because she's going to be different this year and pay him a visit!

There'll still be plenty of sleigh bells and mistletoe for those of us who remain at home this Christmas—and let's hope it will be a white one!

A Parody

'Twas the night before Christmas,
 And all through my mind
 Ran visions of Lincolns and Buicks
 so fine.

'Twas the night after Christmas;
 And how plain you could see
 I froze, as expected, in our same
 Model "T."

'Twas the night before Christmas;
 All I wanted was a mink.

'Twas the night after Christmas;
 Wool coats are nice, don't you
 think?

—By Marty.

'SNOWED' FOR GOOD

As the snow flakes begins to fall and Christmas carols ring through the air, we find many starry-eyed maidens and fellas with visions of wedding-bells dancing in their eyes.

Carole Byerly has recently announced her engagement to Floyd Roger Hines, and is going to have a Christmas Day wedding. Also making definite plans is Sara Jane Jones, whose engagement to Carl Skinner was announced. We hear too that Betty Swain and Norma Grissett are all sparkles—especially around the third finger, left hand. Then there is Wanda Kinley, who will be saying "I do's" with Ernest Galloway in the near future; and Jim Allen, who thinks of none other than Betty Lou Byrd.

These are surely "snowed for good," but we still have our doubts about some the "little bird" done told us would be married." For instance the wedding invitation of Mary Elizabeth Casey to Tom Beaver, which is to be dated ten years from now; and Betty Clark Dillon and Jack Steed, with their after-graduation plans.

We're not contradicting cupid's plans for "Seaweed" Saunders and Jerry Phelps, or for Ronnie Key and Marilyn Osborne; but time will tell.

In spite of all these "church-going people" I guess another Christmas will still find me struggling over English themes, etc.—! Now what about the rest of you old maids?

Better Watch Out 'Cause

Old Santa's sleigh will be here soon, Nancy Gray; and I've heard he doesn't like little girls who take off other little girl's shoes in algebra class. If this keeps up, Santa will have to bring all the members of the class a bottle of Air-wick.

I'm sure, too, that when he finds out Peggy Andrews' friends locked her up in her locker one day, that he won't like it at all.

And a warning to you, too, Mr. Ishee; he says you better stop so many poetry classes at 3:30 if you want Santa Claus to bring you that new edition of "How to Grow Hair on a Bald Head."

Yea; 'Twas Busy

Shop-weary? Here's A Suggestion Or Two

BY JON BARNES

And everywhere in the royal city there was a great droopiness of spirit, and in the public places the hardier inhabitants foregathered in sodden groups and grumbled one to another that it should be so infernally crowded.

And in the places of business the frantic customers went surging through the crowds cursing for lack of change and holding their weary feet. And in many places the sorely tried eyed uncompromising clerks and called in pitiful voices for their lost purses and asked what they should do about their overtime ticket. And to each and every one of those within the royal city, the woeful police opined that within the day relief would be at hand, and occasionally throughout the day they could walk without being tread upon.

But the wiser of those in the public spaces kept their counsel, murmuring one to another the while, "Have patience, O ye of little breath, for well do ye know that the twelfth month in the royal city was ever thus and as likely will be again." And, understanding not, the multitudes sagged slowly to unyielding pavements and of fragments, there were gathered up enough to fill 100 baskets.

* * *

I would suggest that students low on money and short on time do their Christmas gift shopping early. Some of you have already done a bit of buying, and you know that between 3:30 and 6 o'clock the downtown area looks like Man's Great Shopper Trap. If you intend to purchase that boy or girl friend a present, you'd best do it now.

The better plan, however, would be to let school out a week earlier. This would be an immense help, allowing everybody plenty of time to go buy-buy.

Still another approach would be to break off relationships with the opposite sex right here at Christmas time. This would end the whole problem. You wouldn't have to worry about that boy or girl friend's present. It is absolutely the best plan yet, for it—Hey, gal, don't throw that book at me, I was only trying to be helpful!

• • •

Besides My Two Front Teeth!

All I Want For Christmas Is . . .

Johnny Adams: "One of those super deluxe, automatic yo-yos that you don't have to wind up."

Charlie Martin: "To be a full-fledged member of the Honor Society."

Jerry Hollingsworth: "I want my hope chest filled to the brim." . . . (Now I wonder why!)

Ann Bain: "That handsome male Greensboro cheerleader."—(sigh).

Bobby Lee: "A cute little Di-dee doll—diapers and all!"

Becky Johnson: "It's about time my folks gave me a bathroom, a great Dane, and a bird dog."

Bobby Baird: "Breakfast in bed!"

June Bivens: "Y-O-U."

"Blimp" Hayworth: "A long pair of red flannel underwear to keep me warm."

Barbara Mabrey and Boonie Davis: "That'd be telling!"

Bucky Brown: "Nothing—'cause I'm just not sure about this Santa Claus deal!"

Nolan Brewer: "I want to go back to Charlotte." (That's all right!)

Tillie Lucas: "A bottle of vitamin pills, so I can grow."

Van Boyles: "Betsy, and never another haircut."

Everett Ellington: "Red hair."

Mrs. Jackson: "Rest, and plenty of it."

Mr. Whitley: "A new automobile so I can go!" (I wonder where?)

Doris White: "Give me my two back teeth, and then I'll have a full set."

Mason Brown: "A pair of tall wooden stilts will suit me fine."

Della Strickland: "All buttons and bows."

Allen Smith: "I want three black cats, and that is all."

Allen Conrad: "After seeing The Loves of Carmen, I want Rita Hayworth!"

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