

THE POINTER

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Christmas Means . . .

No matter what your religious beliefs are, this holiday season symbolizes something for you. It may be the joy of giving or that of receiving; it may be lighted gold candles or the Birth of a King. But during this festive season all people are bound together by one common tie which becomes particularly strong right before Christmas—the tie of tolerance.

If you are tolerant, you have caught the true Christmas spirit. All of us—Catholic, Protestant, and Jew—have our own conception of Christmas. To each of us it symbolizes something different, but to all of us it teaches tolerance.

I am a Catholic. Aside from the numerous things that Christmas means to most people, it commemorates for me the miracle of Jesus, my Lord, born of a human being, the Virgin Mary. It is a time when all my people gather together at midnight Mass in order to pay homage to Mary and above all, to Christ—my God.

Christmas is the celebration of the birth of One whose greatest joy in life was to teach men love of one another. That, primarily, is Christmas; but there is more. . . there is happiness, love, joy, and friendship which is a symbol that His teachings yet glow in the hearts of man. I am a Protestant.

Christmas isn't Christmas at all to me, but Chanukkah or the Feast of Lights. This is a holiday of eight days commemorating a great war won by my people over two thousand years ago—a war for freedom, both religious and political. You think my Christmas idea is a little different from yours; maybe it's because I'm Jewish.

Although the Catholic or the Protestant or the Jew thinks differently, respect his thoughts as well as your own. Are we all not doing the same basic thing. . . giving thanks to God. . . and isn't it the same God?

What Is Education?

Education is development. It is not simply instruction, facts, and rules communicated by the teacher; but it is discipline, a waking up, a development of latent powers, a growth of the mind. It finds the student's mind passive; it trains it to think independently; it awakens its powers to observe, to reflect, to combine. It aims to bring into harmonious action all the powers of the mind, not, as some suppose, a cultivation of the few to the neglect of all the rest. The object of education, when rightly conducted, is to make man a complete creature of his kind. To his frame it would give vigor, activity, and beauty; to his heart virtue; to his senses correctness and acuteness. The educated man is not the gladiator, nor the scholar, nor the upright man alone, but a well-balanced combination of the three. The well-developed tree is not the one simply well rooted, nor with giant branches, nor resplendent with rich foliage, but all of these together. If you mark the perfect man, you must not look for him in the gymnasium, the university, or the church exclusively; but you look for the healthful mind in the healthful body, with virtuous heart. The being in whom you find this union is the only one worthy to be called educated. Education is a work of progress and expresses the sum total of human duty. We progress only by our own efforts, and what we are to be we are now becoming; therefore, each day of our educative process is highly important and should not be idly discarded.
Mr. Paul B. Walter

AN EXPLANATION OF ---

Carolers' songs filling the air,
Holly wreath's hanging on doors that were bare,
Reindeer pulling old Santa's sleigh,
Icicles sparkling so merry and gay,
Snowmen standing on white-covered lawns,
Tots running downstairs on Christmas dawn,
Mistletoe tied to the big chandelier,
Addressing cards of good tidings and cheer,
Sacred time of the Christ Child's birthday—
All these things mean Christmas, to me, in my way.

Hawaiian Student Appeals To H. P. H. S. Students

"I am Lynn Maeda, a junior at McKinley High School, born in Hawaii and am an American citizen of Japanese ancestry. The purpose of this letter is, that I, as a citizen of Honolulu feel it my duty to try to promote statehood for Hawaii."

So writes Lynn Maeda of Hawaii in a letter which was recently received by Superintendent Charles F. Carroll. The letter was forwarded to Miss Lindsay's history classes. It reads on as follows:

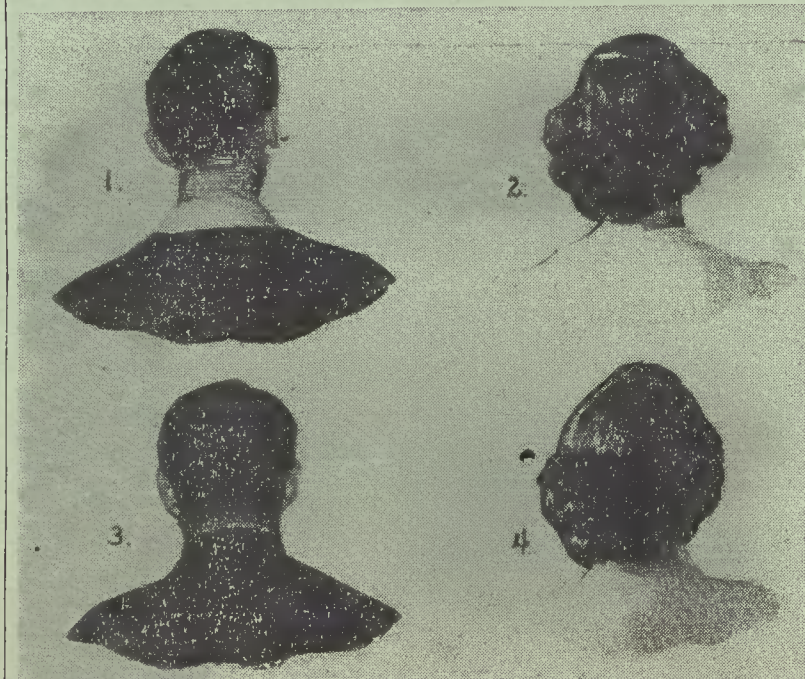
"We have heard that some people on the mainland object to our becoming the 49th state. We, a junior class, decided to write to the schools of the different states to get them to help us promote a better understanding of the Hawaiian Islands.

"McKinley, named after President William McKinley, has an enrollment of 2,500 students. It is governed by the students.

"Election time in our school is at the end of the year. Everyone must vote. If we do not, it will be marked against our citizenship. The purpose of this is that later, when we are 21, it will become a habit so that we will go to the polls and vote intelligently.

"A forum is to be held on December 7, 1949, in our auditorium, and I would like to have some of the students in your school give us their opinions of what they think of Hawaii and our Statehood goal.
Thank you and Aloha,
Lynn Maeda"

Students from High Point High School who have answered Lynn Maeda's letter are Jo Anne Graham and Anita Byrum. These two girls were selected by Miss Lindsay's classes to answer Lynn's letter.



Heading This Way Backwards

(1) Here you see the head of a freshman boy. This picture is very unusual, because he is hardly ever seen without Craig Kester. Blond, blue-eyed, and so—o—o tall, Mr. Freshman is noted for shooting his arm into the air as he greets you. It is a rare day when he can be found without his trusty yellow windbreaker.

(2) This is a sophomore girl. She is slender and has very good posture. Miss Sophomore has hair of brown and eyes of green. She has artistic ability, and was bulletin board chairman at Junior High last year. She is often seen wearing a red corduroy skirt.

(3) Next, the head of a junior boy is seen. He has dark hair, blue eyes, and is of stocky build. He always greets you with a smile and a wink. Mr. Junior comes to school driving in his light-green convertible 'bout every day. The final and biggest hint of all is his nickname—"Rip."

(4) This head of hair belongs to a senior girl. She is small, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her first love is dancing, and her heart belongs to a tap-dancer. Still another hint! Her last name is the same as that of a prominent man who is noted for his shaggy, eyebrows.

Freshman—Claude Earle; Sophomore—Ann Johnson; Junior—Jim Johnson; Senior—Nancy Lewis.

Nuts 'N Fruits 'N Candy Too . . .

Here are presents for some deserving people around our high school:

A great big package all tied in red goes to Pat Blair and members of her committee. It contains praise for the very attractive and original bulletin boards they are responsible for.

Now, a special yell for the cheerleaders: James, Max, Colon, Martha, Becky, Venetia, Betty Jean, and Shirley, who have displayed much talent for pep and energy. Keep up the good work, kids.

Our high-stepping majorettes have finished their duties. To Carolyn, Wilma Ann, Edith, Marceline, and Bennie Lou, goes a bundle of thanks for adding sparkle to the band.

Now for a box of compliments headed straight for Mr. Helms and the band members. We all enjoy their music.

Congratulations go to Frances Mull for winning The Voice of Democracy Contest in the area of High Point. Last year's Pemican, which won an All-American rating is also in line for our congratulations.

A gift of appreciation goes to all people who have had a part in our radio programs. Thanks, for a job well done.

The splendid conduct of the student body in the auditorium is worthy of real praise.

Last, is a basket full of adjectives for Mr. Cronstedt. They tell of the splendid work done on the Messiah by both the director and the choir.

Students Paroled For Two Weeks

Well, it won't be long now before the students of this institution will sojourn for a lovely two weeks' vacation; and almost everyone is busy planning—trying to see how many thrills and pleasures can be packed into two short weeks.

There are, however, some few live wires around who, when given two whole weeks, head for the wide-open spaces.

Take Bob Ladehoff for instance. He's disembarking for the South Pacific on the 23rd—er—rather I should say—he is heading for New York to see South Pacific (Mary Martin style), among other things, of course.

Heading 'down where the trade winds blow are Vernon and Lester Zimmerman.

And then David Driver, who is momentarily becoming an Arkansas Traveler—Yep! he's beating feet for Conway, Arkansas, where he'll be visiting relatives and friends — and. . . well. . . friends.

Though she'd surely like to see "Choo Choo" play his last game (and don't we all sympathize with her), Molly Samet will just have to settle for Savannah.

Also headed for the Peach State is Carolyn Shoaf.

But after extensive inquiry, it has been found that most everyone is staying home Christmas.

And one knows that there's nothing like a nice restful vacation to renew one's thirst for knowledge and to gladden one's heart at the sound of the school bell—DOESN'T ONE?



Now that Christmas trees are glistening with tinsel and bright lights; Mom's kitchen has that favorite aroma of something special cooking; Dad has an unfamiliar twinkle in his eye, which is a bit disturbing—all seems quite well, but haven't we forgotten something? It clings to the top of the highest branch; and when used for decoration (especially over doors), creates yuletide bliss! The answer to this difficult riddle is answered by our H.P.H.S. queens. Just notice what adorns their crowning glories nowadays, and you'll discover an alluring sprig called mistletoe.

Speaking of mistletoe and holiday bliss, Peggy Sykes seems to be sparkly, especially on the "Lefty" hand. . . Tower I still keeps occupied with that chatting twosome, namely Betty Drye and Speedy Reid. . . Always making up after an occasional feud are Pug Brown and C. B. Brown. . . Alman Butler is singing "You May Not Be an Angel, but I'll String Along With You" to Martha Hoover. . . Becky Autry keeps her notebook well scribbled with Duke and Truitt. . . Joan Crowder and Albert Hale seem to be living in the filmy clouds these days. . . Anne Renfrow and Jack Kay are seen frequently clicking heels. . . H. T. Hartley and ? oh well, let's just wish him a rosy Christmas. . . and to everyone, the Pointer staff extends heartiest holiday greetings and best wishes to you for lots of bliss underneath the mistletoe.

Letters To Santa

Dear Sanda,
Du yu kno whut eye won't fur Zmus? Eye won't sum nutz in fruytz in candy. An maibee a spellin buk to.
Luv,
John Hayworth

Dear Sandy Claws,
Beware of brudder's booby trap!
Love,
Herkamier
P. S. No reward expected. (MUCH!)

Dear Santy,
I want Choo-Choo for Krismus. (Notice I leave out the article a.)
A good lil' girl,
Janet

Dear Mithter Clawth,
All I want for Chrithmuth ith a gweat big doll. (Blonde, please, and blue eyes—'bout five feet four—)
Wove,
Perry McDowell

Dear Santa Claus,
Only one thing, please, Mr. Santy, only one thing is all I want. And that, sir, is a diploma—don't leave me out again!
Hopefully,
Bucky Brown

Dear Santa,
I want a flint
I want a match
And don't blame me
If I burn Miss Hatch!
Love,
Monty Wilson

Dear Santy,
Betcha' can't guess what we want for Christmas! It's not much, Mr. Santy, but will you please bring us something to unlock?
The Key Club

Dear Mr. Santa,
I don't want nothin' fancy
Or no finery to wear
All I want, please, Mr. Santy,
Is jes' a little bit of hair!
Lovingly,
Cuthbert Ishee
P. S. I have been such a good lil' boy, Santa Claus!

Baby, It's Cold Outside!

It is 11:30 p.m. I am sprawled in a chair before the hearth. The clock on the mantel ticks away the minutes slowly. I am freezing, but I cannot build a fire in the fireplace. I freeze on. I gaze about the room, seeing the same old things I've always seen. . . and the new. An evergreen, which has been transformed into a dime-store Cinderella, holds court over the besprigged, tissueed, and beribboned packages. My foot goes to sleep. There is nothing to do but put it on the floor and let my little pink toes get frostbitten. I am still sitting on my other foot. It is 11:37 p.m. I try to imagine me toasting myself before a blazing fire, but the thought is torture. There are no logs on the hearth. I freeze on. My gaze falls on the clock—wooden. It has a nice, steel face and a loud tick: wouldn't it run as well without the wooden casing? No, Santa may not be wearing fireproof clothing. I glance at the books in the bookcase idly. One bound in red hits my eyes. The black letters form the words, "The Girl with Money to Burn." I freeze on. At 11:45 p.m. the sound for which I have been waiting greets my ears. I run—flying open the door—and a tired voice says, "I'm sorry, ma'm. We've been busy today. I just couldn't possibly get your coal for the furnace here any sooner. Hope you haven't been cold."