ANNUAL YULE PROGRAM STAGED

Pointers Turn Back Northern Teachers For Third Win

Stevens Point Teachers won their third straight match on this year’s schedule, this season, by turning back a fighting aggregation from Northern State Teachers of Marquette, Michigan. Led by Tierzenki and Werner who scored 15 points each, the Pointers rolled up a 48-24 score.

In spite of the one-sided contest, the Kotal men failed to display the brand of ball necessary if they are to be title contenders. Ragged ball handling and poor defense at times were very noticeable. Coach Kotal substituted frequently, using 17 men in all.

LAST NIGHT’S GAME

The C.S.T.C. basketball team dropped a 48-37 contest to a hard fighting Wimona Teachers College team at Wimona last night. The defeat gives the Pointers a running tally of 5 wins and 2 losses in five games. Coach Kotal will send his cagers against a strong River Falls five on the Falcon’s floor, tonight.

Pilot Training To Be Started Here

Notice has been given by the Civil Aeronautics Authority that C.S.T.C. has been selected to participate for the academic year 1939-1940 in the Civilian Pilot Training Program inaugurated last summer.

We have been allotted a quota of 10 students for the present. This quota may be revised as conditions dictate.

Pres Smith has announced the appointment of Mr. R. M. Rightsell to the directorship of this new course. There will be an important meeting of all the men in the college auditorium on Thursday at 10:00 A.M., at which time Mr. Rightsell will explain all of the details.

OUR GLEE CLUBS

Holiday Greetings

"Christmas comes but once a year and, when it comes, it brings good cheer", runs an old verse. It is the cordial wish of the President and Faculty of Central State Teachers College that this Christmas be merry for all members of the school. May the students go home for a real holiday in the true Christmas spirit! May the New Year prove really as happy as we wish so often in our greetings to our friends!

E. T. SMITH, President

Many Pre-Season Parties Given

The Christmas season has brought with it a gala series of parties, and a genuine Yuletide Spirit.

The Nelson Hall coeds held their Christmas party last Wednesday evening. In their big living room, lighted only by red candles and the logs snapping on the grate, the girls, one hundred strong, gathered to blend their voices in singing all the traditional old carols. Leota Brandt arranged the program of additional music and Christmas readings.

When a communal repertoire had been sung the girls were served punch and cookies. The old timers insist that it was positively the nicest Dorm party ever held.

On Friday evening the fraternity of Chi Delta Rho entertained their Greek fraterers and sorors at a Plaid Shirt Party. Upon their arrival, the guests were greeted with a squirt of perfume from a "gentle" insect sprayer. An informal evening of fun and dancing followed, with a "coke" bar "for that pause that refreshes."

The great success of this affair is to be credited to the friendly gesture of the Chi Deltas in sharing their Christmas party with their Pan-Hellenic friends.

Phi Sigma Epsilon held its annual Christmas party at the fraternity house last Sunday evening. The theme of the party, which was "Christmas in Dogpatch" was carried out in great detail. All the residents of that vicinity stepped from the pages of the funnies to be present for this occasion. There were "Daisy Mae", "Mozzard", "Marryin' Sam" Baker, "Harmless Joe" Astwood, all big as life and twice as natural.

The activities of the evening, as listed in the clever little programs, included Hog-Rassling, Community Singin', and "Giffkin out of pre-sence." Music was furnished by the "O W d e l Turn-table-Tune-Ups," otherwise known as a phonograph. A bit of mistletoe was insisted upon by "Marryin Sam".

Alpha Psi's Pledge Six New Members

Alpha Psi Omega, Central State's honorary dramatic fraternity, held formal pre-pledging ceremonies for six candidates Sunday afternoon at the college. The Eta Delta cast was organized here in February 1938, and is a part of one of the largest societies of its kind in America. The functions of Alpha Psi at Central State are for the most part in active as College Theater produces all the plays presented. Therefore, its purpose is chiefly to give recognition to those persons who have shown that they possess outstanding talent in one or more phases of play production. On January 11, 1940, the four-week pledge period will culminate in the final examination of the following people: Madelyn Davel, Don Krider, Lillian Boe, Harlow Henninger, Norman Benson, and Madelyn Lee.

Most Impressive Concert Of Year

With the advent of Christmas the ninth annual Christmas concert, sponsored by the music organizations of Central State Teachers' College, will be presented Wednesday and Thursday evenings, December 20 and 21. The College Orchestra and Girls' Glee Club, the Men's Glee Club, and the Mixed Chorus under the direction of Mr. Peter J. Michelson, Mr. Norman E. Knutzen and Mr. Arthur Stoel, respectively, will present the musical program. The tableau, "The Nativity", handled by Miss Mae Roach, will be enacted by actors using the playing of carols to complete the Christmas theme.

Greatest Year Yet

The 1939 program brings the presentation of the most impressive Christmas concert ever to be given. The audience is certain to feel the true atmosphere of Christmas upon being ushered into the auditorium. The stage setting, painted by members of "Misses' Art" uses for its theme "The Birth of the Christ Child". In addition to this large panel are two others portraying English carolers. The light effects used on the stage are being set up by Mr. W. G. Jenkins, Joe Oyehoven, Don Krider, Clarence Solberg.

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)

Christmas Obituaries In Library Display

The librarians have gathered together many of the finest Christmas books in the library and have placed them under an elegantly decorated tree, in one corner of the reading-room.

In addition to the numerous books of the library collections, Dr. H. M. Tolo has contributed, for this season, several Norwegian Christmas books published in 1910, 1915, and 1921. These books were published by the Augsburg Publishing House in Minneapolis, Minn.

The C.S.T.C. library has eight volumes of books printed by the above house. The title of this series is Christmas.

Other books from the Illustrated Book Case are: The Chimes, by Charles Dickens, Why The Chimes Rang by Raymond Alden, Story Lady's Christmas Story by Georgene Faulkner, and Christmas by Robert Hauen Schaufer.

VACATION NOTICE

The Christmas vacation of Central State Teachers' College begins Friday, December 22, at 4:00 P.M.

Classes will be resumed Monday, January 8, 1940.
CHRISTMAS
by MARY LAWRENCE

1
Oh, Christmas is coming again this year,
Spreading to all men, good will, and good cheer.
With holly and Christmas trees, trimmed so gay,
We all await for that glad Christmas day.

2
There are large gifts and small ones, laying around,
And there in the corner a huge one I've found.
Here's something for Billie, and Jack, and May,
Oh! What joy comes on Christmas day.

3
Many long years ago, it is said,
Three wise men to Bethlehem were led.
Bringing their gifts to the Christ Child so small,
As he lay with his mother in a manger stall.

So we rejoice on this cold winter day,
For soon it will pass and fade all away.
May this Christmas bring happiness and joy to you,
And also much success in the New Year too.

CHRISTMAS
by WALTER JACOBSON

"The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night.
H. I been heaping field and highway
With silence deep and white."

It is Christmas morning. I am standing by a window watching the last flakes of a heavy snowfall filter through the sunlight. I could not help repeating Lowell's "First Snowfall." I thought, with a heavy heart, of my father who had been laid to rest only a few months before the snow. Christmas snow, in all its purity, and peacefulness, had covered his grave.

Christmas Eve was not the same without him. It had emptiness, shallowness—the usual cheerfulness was missing. My Mother, my brothers and sisters, had gathered as if the custom on Christmas Eve, to open presents, to sing the songs, and to read the Christmas story that he loved so well. But the occasional tears in Mother's eyes, the silent moments—when we all wished, (Oh! how we wished he were with us), were hard to endure.

Now it is Christmas morning. All is still, all quiet. It had snowed during the night. The white, the deep, the silent snow, brought peace. It soothed me. I sank on my knees, in praise to God.

The sun now shone in all its brightness. It was Christmas! White Christmas! It brought a change in my life, it inspired me, strengthened me to go on— to live— to live the life of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

THIS WEEK AND NEXT
WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 20
8:00 P.M.
Christmas Concert — College Auditorium
Basketball game with River Falls State Teachers at River Falls.

THURSDAY DECEMBER 21
10:10 A.M.
Meeting of High School Division—College Auditorium
8:00 P.M.
Christmas Concert — College Auditorium

FRIDAY DECEMBER 22
1:30 P.M.
4:00 P.M.
Christmas vacation begins at 4:00 P.M.

THE REAL SPIRIT
by RICHARD PARRETT

Two types of heels that I am sure we could all do very well without are (1) the cowboy who says, "Christmas? Yeah, you give somebody something he doesn't want and in return you get something you don't want," and (2) the person who looks his Christmas gift horse in the mouth. Some advice I would like to give this latter person is, "A Christmas gift is never anything less than perfect, and a complete and delightful surprise. So if you must make a minute inspection of the thing, either offer an expression of delight at each feature you notice, or else make the inspection later, off in a room all by yourself. Even if the gift does surprise you, you are putting on a bit of a show when you go into raptures over a gift, it will make him feel good."

People are criticized for giving gifts beyond their means. Personally, I never could see this as a basis for criticism myself. I still think in the mind the necklace my grandmother, my last grandparent, gave me the year before she died. It was a good necklace, just how expensive I don't know nor care, but it was quality merchandise and showed good taste in pattern and color. Certainly it cost a good deal more than I could afford, because she was quite hard up. I have already worn that tie a lot, and so help me, I'm going to keep on wearing it until it is worn down to the last shred, and then it's going to hang on an old tie-rack for a long time after that. I like to look at it as a remembrance of somebody who would manage to be able to give Christmas gifts in spite of poverty.

CHRISTMAS QUEEN
by BOB SHOREY

Oh—How beautiful! She was all dressed up in a beautiful frock with red, green, blue, and orange spots on it. She had the most beautiful shape I have ever seen but the best part of her was what she had under her for she was our Christmas tree.

What Is Right With This World Of Ours
by JOYCE LARSEN

The stars are shining—otherwise it is dark—and cold. But there is not bitterness in the cold, or the slivery glints from the snow. There is just enough for refreshment—light enough to make one look upward and walk faster. And with each quick step the good things in life can be counted up—

The soothing warmth of an afternoon sun; the soulful feeling that comes with fighting a wind that strikes you in the face—blows your hat about and finally conquers you. Brittle, frozen branches crackle with each slight movement—they place themselves like menacing ghosts, and yet you go on without fear—fear only of their beauty.

People smile at you as you pass, if you but return their smile, or be the first to grant it. The hurt expression on the faces of those you have not blessed with feelly yet inspiring words—the proof that people still have souls to love, and live, and dream. The consoling affirmations of the minister that drop quietly, but firmly into the eternal atmosphere of the church, and are sacredly consumed by the mind. The friends you trust, and believe in; the feeling of true joy in finding mutual comprehension.

The prickly feeling up and down your spine as you receive the actors during their curtain calls—as you realize they are themselves, not the characters they so passionately portrayed.

And finally, the last look in the mirror before attending class—if you can stand it—gives you a feeling that all is right with the world, and that life is a glowing thing—

TOMORROW IS CHRISTMAS
by DORIS ABRAHAMSON

I
The ground is covered with a sheet of white.
Children are laughing with pure delight,
Happy and joyful while they play,
For tomorrow is Christmas day.

II
Mother is baking an apple pie;
Sister is wrapping, and at 3 A.M.
Singing all our cares away,
For tomorrow is Christmas day.

III
Everything is finished now,
Happily to bed we go,
Excited in our beds we lay,
For tomorrow is Christmas day.
**CHRISTMAS SPIRIT**
by ARTHUR STAPLE

Christmas in my family is a time for rejoicing, not because of custom, but rejoicing on the anniversary of the birth of our Saviour! This, in my family, is the true Christmas spirit.

A few years ago I had an opportunity to observe an unusual Christmas custom. I call it unusual because it was so different from the custom observed in my family. I shall attempt to relate the custom as it was told to me by the lady of the household.

"Our holiday customs are extremely simple. The entire family is gathered under one roof and we proceed with the planned gayety. One little custom in our family observation of Christmas gives peculiar emphasis to that day for us. We are not a very religious family. Sometimes some of us go to church, but it is not a usual performance. Probably some of us say a prayer—generally, like most folks, in extremity. Nobody in our family has asked a daily blessing at meals since I can remember. But on Christmas day, when we have all sat down at the table and the food is tantalizing us, the children's father bows his head, and all the little heads hang with him. They have heard a blessing since last Christmas, but all the older ones expect it and the little ones tag along.

The address to the Lord is not long or informative. It is filled with phrases as "Dear Father," "Thou knowest," "we thank You," etc.

The custom began twelve years ago when the oldest boy was well enough to sit at the Christmas table after a desperate illness. For this reason we say a prayer of thankfulness for the rich benefactions of family life. Our appreciation is put into a few simple phrases spoken aloud. This is our Christmas.

To me this revelation was thoroughly shocking. Shocking, yes, but after some thought I realized it was time to wake up to a reality. It is hard to grasp that to a large multitude of people Christmas means nothing more then an opportunity to exchange presents and eat a large meal. How can people be so unthankful when blessings are being showered upon them daily?

This is a true story...

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"Twas The Day Before Christmas, And . . .

by PAT MCGUIRE

Oh, why don't they come with that Christmas tree? We'll never get anything done. Other years it was all set up at Thanksgiving—well, almost Thanksgiving—and now it's four o'clock.

There they come! Thank heavens. And what a tree! It's the best I've ever seen. Where ever did they find it? Must have got it in someone else's woods. Nothing like that ever happens to us.

I knew it! I knew it! Look what they've done. Cut out the middle branches so it would be easier to carry! Did you ever—

Now we'll have to use that dread-

ful old fence post with a few twigs

on it. It's been propped up against the house so long—people will know it's last year's model. Won't it look lovely! Bah! How'll we cover up the empty spaces? I'd like to cover up the whole darn business.

And that what-you-call-it that the tree stands in or on or what have you! It looks like a cross between a wooden box and one of those triangular chicken coops. But it's all right. Father made it.

Well, look what you're doing! That bean pole almost went through the window. Of course, you'll have to saw it off on the living room rug. Oh, no—no, that perfectly all right. You've been doing it for twenty years now. This'd be a poor time to start kicking.

No, you won't use that bedsprad of mind to cover that bottom thing. You know it's the only one I have. There! I hope you're satisfied. Knock it over and break off the only branch it has! Well, almost the only one.

Mother! Look what she's done—put those cookies on the tree—if it can be called that—and the frost-

ing's running over. Say, maybe people will think it's snow. Think so?

Say, that tree doesn't look so bad. I always say that all one needs is a little system.

DEPARTURE

by LILLIAN BOE

You left—
Walked straight out the door, and I—
Watched you swagger down the walk and drive away.
You did not once look back or wave
I—
Went to my room carefully closed the door
And powdered my nose.

CHRISTMAS AIR

by MAURICE SMITH

As I walk down the street I am struck by a strange feeling, for as I glance about me I see on every side such activity. On every side I see decorations, both outside and inside of homes and places of business. As I get into the business district, I see large crowds scurrying to and fro, stopping first here for a brief moment and then there, as something catches their eye. People are doing their Christmas-shopping. Once again I realize the importance of Christmas. Christmas, a local holiday, a country's holiday, yes, a world holiday—which is observed and celebrated by people the world over regardless of race or color. So I say to you, and you, and you, take that something out of the air and let's all be happy for tomorrow is Christmas. I wish to all a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS

The Quality Store

December 20, 1939

THE POINTER

KEEP HEALTHY

The Health Service wishes all the students of Central State Teachers College a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!
Fred A. Marrs, M. P.
Mary K. Neuberger R. N.

A HUMBLE BIRTH
by ELIZABETH HOTVET

A happy heart on Christmas morn
The day on which our Lord was born,
A humble birth of noble worth
Was His who came to us on earth.
A lowly manger where He lay,
No crib was His—but bed of hay
No stateliness with riches crowned,
But humbleness did him surround.

The shepherds on the fields that night
At sight of angels were with fright,
Then joyous in the tidings brought
And Christ the King of Kings they sought.
Oh nations turn from your distress
And cease from strife and worthlessness,
To honor Him who to us came
That "Peace on earth" again might reign.

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Annual Christmas Program Staged

(Continued from page 1, col. 4)
berg, and Earle Siebert. Flanking each side of the stage are groups of gaily decorated trees. All these things add to the completeness of the festive celebration.

Michelson In Full Charge
Mr. Peter J. Michelson brought the idea of an annual Christmas concert to C.S.T.C. some years ago and because of his competent manner of presenting the program he has been given full charge of it. Through his work he has given the college a lovely Yuletide tradition. Each year has seen more impressive concerts and larger audiences in attendance.

Last year numerous music lovers had to be turned away because of the lack of seating facilities. This year, the program has been scheduled for two performances in the hope that all who wish to attend might do so.

The playing of carols will greet the audience upon entering the two performances in the hope that the program has been scheduled for larger audiences in attendance.

N. O. Reppen, Chm.
NYA Committee.

"Gesu Bambino" ..... Pietro A. Von Russell Frederick, Baritone Solo
Mixed Chorus
Arthur Stapel, Student Director
Ula Mae Knutson, Accompanist

INTERMISSION

Tableau "The Nativity" 
"Cantique Noël" .......... Adolphe Adams
Charlotte Reichel, Contralto Solo
Slumber, Jesus, Slumber"
Ethel Hill, Mezzo Soprano Solo
"We Three Kings" ............. Rev. J. H. Hopkins, Jr.
Male Quartet
"Silent Night" ..... Franz Gruber
Mixed Chorus
"Carol of the Russian Children" ..... Antig Gaul
"Gloria in Excelsis" ........... Mozart
Men's Glee Club
Mr. N. E. Knutten, Director
Ula Mae Knutson, Accompanist
"Holy Art Thou"--"Largo" from Xeres Frederick Handel
"Hallelujah Chorus" from Messiah .... Handel
Combined Chorus
College Orchestra, Accompanying
The Audience will please stand during the last number.

N. Y. A. NOTICE

In the event that the NYA checks do not arrive before the close of school Friday, and you want your check forwarded, leave a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your landlord or landlady with instructions to put the check, when it arrives, in the envelope and mail it. Postal regulations do not permit the forwarding of a government check in the usual way.

N. O. Reppen, Chm.
NYA Committee.

Let There Be Peace On Earth
by RUTH SPENCER

I have a Christmas wish. Oh, yes, I have one for myself and one for the nations of the world.

First, I will tell you my personal Christmas wish because I am sure it is the wish of many others. My wish is to please God with my interpretation of Christmas, the day the world celebrates the Christ Child's birth. I wish to be pleasant to my fellow men—(all friends—let none be enemies). May I impart to others the blessed Christmas spirit and never for a second give way to an angry rush of words, "Dear God, help me to make my wish come true!"

My wish for the nations is a very common wish—peace! I realize my wish is large, but still it could be relatively simple and would bring peace and relaxation to thousands of homes in Europe, Asia, and America. I am hoping many others may have this same wish in their hearts. God, let there be peace on earth!

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A CHILD’S FAITH
by MARGARET JOHNSEN

There were but eight of them and though they occupied only a tiny nook in the huge choir loft, there was nothing more needed. The audience was oblivious of everything except the small, intent, and truly earnest faces of the eight juvenile choristers. “Hosanna, In the High¬est” came floating out, descended to the audience, and crept softly into the most remote recesses of the church, as if to make sure the readers had heard, and was joining in the spirit of “Peace on Earth Good Will Toward Men.” “Silent Night, Holy Night” followed before the last echoing “Hosanna” had died and, “Joy to the World” burst forth from the lips that but were agents for the hearts and souls of the youth who were making Christmas real for the listeners with upturned faces far below.

A childlike faith is beautiful and pure. May we adults who have tossed it off carelessly find and profit by it during the Christmas season at hand.

Merry Christmas to the many Friends that we have made among the Students.
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