

JUNIOR POINTER

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THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1938

SCIENCE PUPILS IN 205 AND 206 ENJOY FIELD TRIP TO AUTO SUPPLY CO. AND LOCAL RADIO STATION

Well, lads and lassies! I'll bet you wish you had taken science now. We have more fun than a little. We have taken four or five trips this year (and besides, we get out of a lot of classes for these trips).

Now to get down to business. Last week we took a trip that was "swell-elegant" as Thomas Henderson would say. Last Wednesday as soon as chapel was over we left school to go to the radio station.

We stopped at the Firestone Auto Supply Co. on North Main Street, where we were shown the cross-section of a battery and the process of charging one. Then we walked down to the radio station to see the things we had studied about in actual operation.

Mr. Nelson, the manager of WMFR, showed us the press room where the class saw a teletypewriter. About forty words a minute are sent in to the station so that we can get the daily news.

We then went into the broadcasting studio and the control room. We were especially interested in the machine that broadcasted the transcriptions and the switch board by which the remote control picks up Thomasville, the Boys' Club, and churches here in High Point. After that, we were taken into the transmitting room. Our local station is fortunate in having this room located with the studio, as this saves much time and money. We were interested in the recording of transcriptions. While we were there Mr. Nelson recorded a program on the disc. The threads cut from the disc were charged with static electricity. The two small wires from the transmitter acted as a passageway to the aerial on top of the Security National Bank Building.

We got back to school in time for our next period class. I'll bet you'll want to get in a science class more than ever now.

THE OLD BUCCANEER, BILLIE JONES

(Billy Hall)

Hark! rolling waves dash against the shore,
The very clapping and shaking at the parlor door
Sent chills like icy fingers up and down my spine
Clinging and grasping like the verdelho vine.
The wind with its dreaded song,
Moans round the inn all night long,
And I listen with all my might
For a tapping of a cane in the night.
"Bring me rum, Jim," I cried,
White with my thoughts I gently slide
Into a tortured slumber
With the sound of creaking lumber.
But then I was brought back by the smell of rum,
Which Jim had brought and no other one,
And when I had drunk and was through,
I heard the tapping which meant old Pew.
Terrified and sickly I tried to rise
But in a moment he was by my side.

I was sober now in many ways
For when he gave me the black spot I was in a daze.
When the tapping of his cane had died away
I began to rock and sway
But upon reaching my full length size,
I grasped my burning throat
And went to the buccaneers' paradise.

SPRING

The flowers are blooming, the birds are singing,
The trees are budding, the children are swinging.
For they know it is Spring.
The snow is gone, and the grass is growing,
The whip-poor-will is calling, the wind is blowing.
For they know it is Spring.
The sun is shining, the sea is foaming,
The geese are crying, the children are roaming.
For they know it is Spring.
—MARIE SPENCER.

The first Girl Scouts organization was organized in 1915.

Letters to the Jr. Pointer Editor

Dear Editor:

To ease your curiosity, I'll tell you why I'm so broken-hearted lately. Well, it's like this: a very cute little girl has thrown me down for some other fellow. Now I know you can sympathize with me and cease wondering.

Here to mourn forever,
BROKEN-HEARTED HERB.

My Dear Wonderer Why:

Since it is so unusual for me to smile at someone, I suppose I'll have to tell you the reason. You see, if I don't smile, they'll think I'm stuck up, which I'm far from being, and another thing is, if I go around with a face a mile long, people will wonder why I don't smile sweetly at someone some time. Ah! but the main reason is—there are so many ladies' men in 205 that, to tell the truth, I don't know whom you are referring to.

GRACIE GRIN.

Dearest Editor:

I imagine you recall the instance when the certain gallant in 205 tried to win a certain damsel in 204 by the Miles Standish method. Well, let me tell you something. He has almost, mind you I said almost, given up hope. This is inside information so keep your ears peeled. Some say the lady in question had given him the cold shoulder, so he quit for awhile. B-U-T "where there's a will, there's a way," so don't lose interest and be observant, also.

That's all for this time,
TALKATIVE TOM.

Dear Busybody:

The whole school is buzzing about the romance of 204 and 208. So a hint to the wise is sufficient (I hope, I hope, I hope). Here it is, The boy and girl spoken of really know less about it than anyone, but as you have observed, more people around Junior High know more about the other person's business than they do themselves. Certain people, get wise to yourselves, please.

Inquisitively yours,
"ME."

A Unique Home Room Program in 206

(Roy Lee Grant)

Recently in room 206 at our regular home room period, a unique home room program was given. Miss Deans had charge of the devotional, after which we sang a song. First on the program was a Bible scramble in which the books of the Bible, chapter and verse were given. The person who found the correct place was asked to stand and read it. Robert Cowan found the most places and he won the prize.

After the Bible scramble, different people were asked to tell the most thrilling experience of their lives and the most dangerous. Freda Carter said her most dangerous experience was going down the second time while in swimming. Her brother rescued her. Charles York was asked to tell the best report card he ever received. He said it was when he was in the second grade when he received all A's and one B. The program was concluded by asking Dorothy Crater to spell Czechoslovakia backward, which she ably did.

Just forty-four more days and then three months of vacation. How about those book reports? Better check and double check.

Turns Poetess; Uses Absences as Theme

The reason I was absent was I couldn't get my shoes on, And Sam said, "Miss Browne, I had to take care of Baby Don,"

And can you believe it, one said he worked to pay for a cow, And a girl's dress was too wrinkled to wear, I'll vow.

One went to S. C. to see an aunt who was sick,

While another went to Florida his own health to seek.

One stayed out to watch the work at the railroad crossing,

Still another said, "I'm sorry but I had to go visiting."

Another said, "In the incorporating business, I had to help my Pa."

And Bill burst his pants — they had to be mended by his Ma.

I had to stay out to break in my new shoes, said Sam,

And Fred's excuse was that his friends failed to come and wake him,

But the most absurd excuse as you'll all agree,

Was sent by a mother, "Mae's as trifling as can be."

—MISS WASHBURN.

An Oddity

A limb off a small thorn tree with about seven snakes on it, was brought to Miss Deans' science class by W. D. Mitchell. A butcher-bird (that's how it got its name) caught the snakes and took them to the tree. There it stuck the snakes on the thorns, which went through the thickness of the body of the snakes. This limb was kept for a few days and then destroyed. It proves that not only men and women fight but birds and snakes do, too.

Elbows Caused It All

(Frances Tournage)

One day when the teachers' table was full, Miss Hayworth sat at our table. A friend of mine was sitting opposite me. She kicked me on the foot several times. Once she meant to kick me, but accidentally she hit Miss Hayworth! When we got up from the table I asked her why she kicked me. She said she was trying to tell me to take my elbows off the table.

'TIS SPRING AGAIN

Daffodils are growing everywhere, Violets are blooming here and there.

Narcissus are springing in the lane, For they know 'Tis spring again.

The brooks are babbling and trickling along,

Giving to the world their glorious song.

The trees are whispering in the lanes

For they know 'tis spring again.

The ants are busy building their homes

Out of red sand into high domes.

Beetles are feeding their young ones grain,

For they know 'tis spring again.

Children are shouting,

Dogs are barking,

Mother birds are protecting eggs under their wings,

For they know 'tis spring again.

—CATHRYNE ALBERTSON.

SPRING

(Clarke Wilson)

Spring made its official entrance on March the twenty-second. All life, human and plant, has taken on renewed vigor. When Lowell said, "And what is so rare as a day in June, then if ever come perfect days," his June must have been an equivalent to our spring. Even the school is different from the same old cut and dried routine, and the students all have a cheery smile on their faces. Who could help but be so light of heart when everything is so colorful around them? The birds have come back from the South and the plant life's leafy heads are stretching upward for the sky. As you walk along, you can feel the stir of might within the earth which is also so beautifully spoken of by Lowell. Every spring day seems to say that something happy is on the way.

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