

First Things First

In the last mad jumble that inevitably comes with the closing of school, this editor, through a deluge of other material, has come up with a note of appreciation for the Junior Pointer staff and those associated with it. Thanks are in order for 210, whose many afternoons that one-third of us spent writing in the room, one-third roaming the halls in quest of information, and the other third visiting Mr. Laffoon at the print shop (all three-thirds exhausting Miss Connell's patience no end) have all been a part of writing a school paper. There have been too many outstanding individual contributors to name, but among the valuable and unmentioned have been Mardelle Snipes, exchange editor, and Ted Hodge, photographer. Our appreciation is also extended to those 7th and 8th grade rooms contributing.

After all's said and done, though, whether the 1945-46 Junior Pointers have maintained that sparkle and wit aforementioned in the paper we'll leave for you to say.

MARILYN ROBINETTE.

"Not Less But Greater"

"I will leave this school greater than it was left me." This is an emphatic excerpt from our creed. I'm sure we have all wondered, at times, if we have made it come true.

Let us think of some instances in which this aim is realized. By being faithful to student council duties we have maintained an efficient organization. Representatives of the music department went to the festival in Winston-Salem and brought back all A ratings. The JUNIOR POINTER staff presented to the school a first class honor rating from the National Scholastic Press Association.

Then, too, don't you think dear old Junior High could say to us, "I will send you out not less, but greater than you were when you came to me?" For every contribution of service that we have given to this school has resulted in inches to our own statures.

We ninth and eighth graders who will go to Senior High have been given fair compensation for our expectations. Many new and lasting friends have been made. Many contacts in this school will go toward developing character and future citizens of tomorrow.

BOBBY YOUNTS.

Drive!

The closing of school will find many of us eligible to drive—from the standpoint of age. During the learning period, one of our parents will be on the seat beside us. Then we will be compelled to drive cautiously.

But what about after the fundamentals have been mastered and we are out on our own and with the gang? Are we going to do the sensible thing and put into practice all the caution which our parents so painstakingly taught us or are we going to say "At last I can drive as I please," and then proceed to throw caution the winds?

But Stay Alive

In the newspapers we read about horrible accidents of which teen-agers were the victims. We shudder at the sight of the pictures of these accidents. But we reassure ourselves by saying, "Oh, that will never happen to me—I'm too lucky." The next point I'm going to make is obvious. But I'm going to make it anyhow. It Can Happen To You.

Let's be on the roll of students whom the school bell summons to class next fall instead of on the roll of automobile victims for whom the church bell has tolled a memorial during the summer.

—CHARLENE THOMAS

City Public Schools
Charles F. Carroll, Supt.
High Point, N. C.
May 14, 1946

Miss Thelma Connell
C/o Junior High School
High Point, N. C.

Dear Miss Connell:

To you and through you to all other persons associated in the publication of the JUNIOR POINTER, I extend heartiest congratulations upon your having won a first class honor rating for this year. The paper is certainly worthy of commendation and approval and I hope all of you have enjoyed satisfaction from having produced such a worthy publication.

Sincerely yours,
Charles F. Carroll,
Superintendent.

The Payoff

I walked into the room, that day,
Oh, I was feeling swell,
That is, until I heard the news
Which someone had to tell.
"They're giving us exams today!"
That was the whispered word,
My stomach turned, too sick to
care,
Oh, for the wings of a bird!

Why weren't we informed before,
How were we to guess?
That we were to take today
Those everlasting tests—

Why is R plus X, or which designs
are mates,
Or when did Franco get his reign?
I can't remember dates!
Spell questionnaire, and chloro-
form,
Also curriculum,
These teachers ask so many
things,
Just to prove we're dumb!

"Now boys and girls, you must
not speak,
Keep your eyes on me!
Ready, now! Then you may start,
As soon as I count three."

I toiled and blundered through
that day,
With naught but tests on mind,
I knew if I had flunked exams,
I'd just be left behind.

It's over now, for three whole
months,
No more work for me!
No more tests, or teachers,
Or principality!
Keep your tests, you teachers,
Don't put them in my way,
'Cause you and I part company,
Upon this very day!

—By Betty Clarke Dillon

Mr. Hasty Gets Even



The audience is so impressed that a few parents here and there are brushing away a few surreptitious tears. Five hundred or more childish faces are massed in a solid blanket of innocence and beauty. The top row reaches the overhead curtain; the bottom row extends into the audience past the orchestra pit. The cherubs sing. The audience holds its breath.

And Mr. Hasty doesn't catch his again until it's all over. He built the vehicle that carries that mass of precious cargo. And—well—500 is a lot of young-uns.

For years, Mrs. Hasty has been called upon to make work, in a practical way, some ambitious scheme of some producing teacher. And sometimes he's made hasty exits from the productions themselves. There was the time when the Maypole wobbled in the midst of the winding. Enter—Mr. Hasty with hammer in hand to make the Maypole secure; exit—Mr. Hasty, skipping lightly in the manner of the dancers, and to the applause of the spectators. Then there was the time a teacher decided she just HAD to have a real, live pig in an Irish tableau. Mr. Hasty made a house to house canvass of

the farmers of Guilford county and found one. But when he brought it back to school, this little pig didn't like the other little pigs in the tableau—so exit Mr. Hasty with the squealing creature tucked under his arm. And then there was the time that the amplifying set which Mr. Hasty rigged up, broadcast the football game along with the Christmas program. But let's don't go into that. For Mr. Hasty came very near making a quick exit from the mortal stage that time, and Miss Connell is still a little touchy on the subject.

And now Mr. Hasty is driving the teachers crazy with those deafening and maddening noises made by those confounded motors. He calls them lawn mowers but they sound like cement mixers.

Jumbled Jingles and Jots

by Mazie and Dot

This column is dedicated to all people
Who got together their wits,
And planned and performed in
The campaign skits.

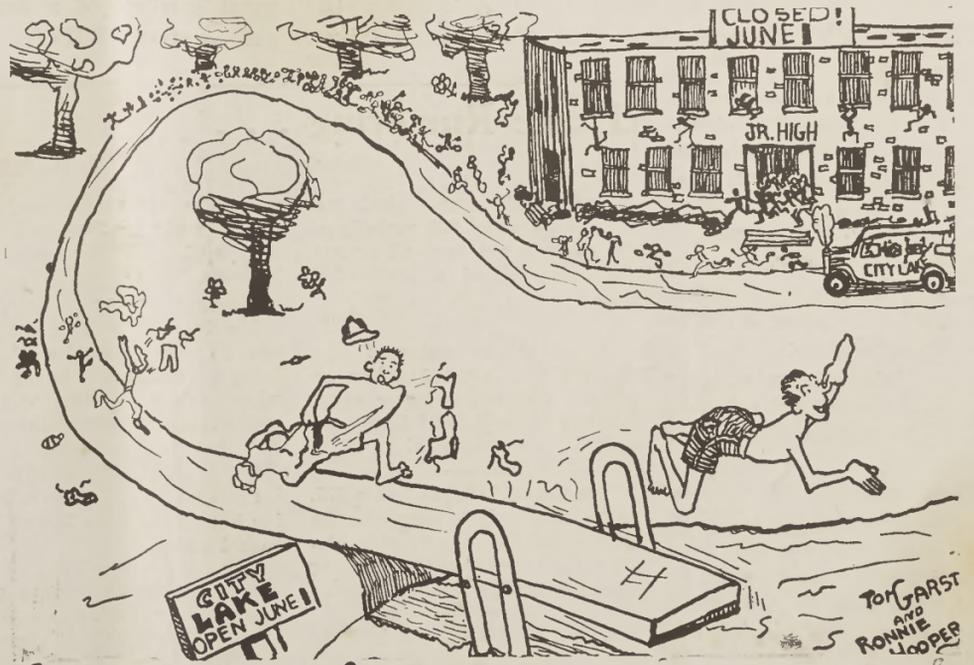
"What—Sr. High is burning down—oh, me!!" wailed Shirley Rae Gallimore as she rode off hastily in her little red fire engine. Who did all the cheering when this horrible thing was announced, ninth graders? Huh? ?

Eerie calls from the graveyard coming—
High pitched screaming and woeful humming,
DORIS CHITWOOD, a red-haired ghost,
Was leader of the white-garbed host.
She screeched and shrieked that everyone's fate
Was doomed—unless they voted for her candidate.

He's layin' out—he's going to vote—layin' out—goin' to vote—
layin' out (intermission)—goin' to vote—layin' out—goin' to vote—
(Neither one will give in)—Layin' out—goin' to vote—etc.—etc... Just
what were your intentions, MAX FARLOWE?

That JUNE BIVINS and SHIRLEY GALLIMORE
Really made you laugh your eyes sore.
They acted just like real mountain folks,
By dancing jigs and telling corny jokes!

Yippee!



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