



Be Sure Your Sins Will Find You Out

This is an exposay. All the year, the staff has strictly observed the rules of good journalism. It has printed nothing personal or belittling about an individual. But now we're telling. We're going yellow and present the plain unvarnished truth.

The staff feels that it has a moral responsibility to students. They must be forcefully shown that they cannot always get by. The law of averages will finally catch up with them.

Listen! The night before this paper came out, there was a half-page blank space in this paper (RIGHT HERE). Several of the staff members got together to make a desperate last-ditch stand in filling the breach. They telephoned other members of the staff to help. And it's positively authentic that these are the responses they got.

Jon Barnes' grandmother was very sorry but Jon was not there. He was at choir rehearsal. (Why didn't somebody tell Mr. Serposs and the rest of the choir that a rehearsal had been scheduled?)

Dick Thompson's mother said she was very sorry but that Dick had gone to Royster's to study for Latin examination. It seems that the study club was meeting. The officers of this club are: Royster Thurman, president; Dick Thompson, vice-president; Russell Neese, secretary; and El Gato Greer, chairman of public relations. (The staff had been working at the Creative Print Shop fully an hour before Royster, Dick, Russell and El Gato had traced down certain girls (on the staff) and turned up at the print shop.

Mrs. Thurman expressed regrets that Max would be unable to assist in the emergency. He had gone to the Y to swim. (The staff, in a spirit of brotherly affection for Max, refrained from telling Mrs. Thurman that this was the girls' night to swim.)

The Staff Rings in With Personal Comments

Donald Thurber: The News editor of the Junior Pointer should like to express his opinion

ah, poeey! I never get to add opinion or "spice" to my articles. But NOW I shall! I was glad to be able to help on the staff! Although it has sometimes been difficult, I have enjoyed it all!

Marilyn: So you didn't get your name in the paper all the year? We begged, we pleaded, we cajoled, we bribed, we intimidated, we entreated for material. And you never contributed one single item. WELL!!!

Miss Connell: I don't want to say N-U-T-H-I-N'. All I want is a shade tree, a copy of "The Corpse With the Floating Foot" and a box of snuff.

Carolyn: Well, I wanted gossip, too! I love those little juicy paragraphs as much as you do. But write another news story with Miss Connell standing over me, her hammer practically in her hand. Oh, I had the most gossipy piece of gossip you ever heard. But from Miss Connell came a blaring "NO" when I took up my pencil. I'll get my liberty one of these days and will I really give out!

Dot: You wanted your name in the Jumbled Jingles and Jots column! Well, I went around to every room and begged you to turn in funny things. Something happened funny in your room yesterday but you just can't remember it. Maybe some of you did hand in one little item but your last name didn't rhyme with the line above. So-o-o-o your name wasn't in it. Nuthin' I can do about it. Sorry-

Last Will and Testament

"Blimp" Hayworth leaves his two w's (weeds and wit) to Robert Ladehoff, president of the Stamp Club.

210 leaves all their conduct slips from Mrs. Freeman to give Jr. High a bang-up start on next year's paper drive.

Max Farlowe is afraid he's not going to leave.

Towering Gene Bouldin leaves his height to diminutive Frank Hasell.

Marilyn and Carolyn leave their journalistic ability (?) where they found it (e.g., Miss Connell's book, "Experience in Journalism").

Edwin Myers leaves . . . (need we say more?).

The staff leaves Mr. Laffoon to "The Beacon."

Jim Neely leaves his philosophical calm to Cam Cridebaugh.

Charlene Thomas leaves her amiable ability and efficiency to Barbara Steele.

Horace Pennington and Donald Setliff leave their sick leave slips to the girls in the office. ("It's this headache, Mrs. McDonald.")

Bobby Hopkins and Bobby Padgett leave their studious natures and abilities to make good grades to about a dozen eighth graders. That'll be a-plenty for all of them.

Patsy Clodfelter leaves her quiet and efficient way of getting things done to Mary Lou Dillon. Mary Lou will need her own and all she can borrow.

Sara Barrier leaves her knowledge of and efficiency in office doings to nobody. She says she may need these things for a career later.

Tom Garst will just have to find someone on whom he can bestow his artistic ability for the Junior Pointer just can't get along with it. Why about it, Tom? Can't you leave it with your sister, Ann?

Jon Barnes leaves his unusual acting ability to anybody who finds he needs a sick slip as often as Jon has.

"Snacking" at the Youth Canteen



The Youth Canteen, under the sponsorship of the Y. W. C. A., has formally opened for the summer season. Membership cards, which may be purchased at the door, are priced at fifty cents. The cards will last for a period of time although there is a slight cover

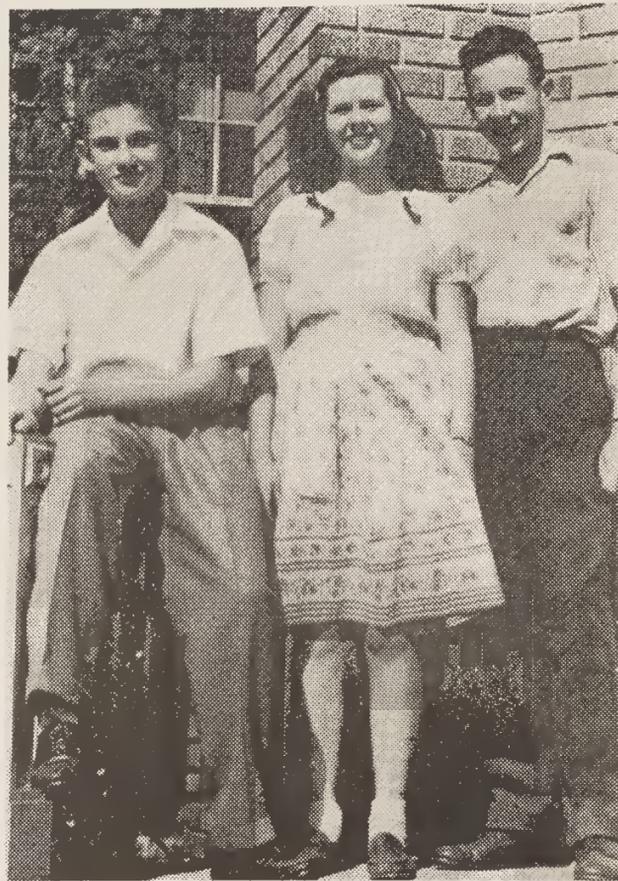
charge of ten cents per person or per couple upon entering the canteen.

Any teen-ager is eligible to become a member of the canteen. However, a set of rules has been passed by the planning council, and any member who does not

abide by the rules will be suspended.

Tentative plans have been made to open the canteen twice a month in the future: Friday night for Junior High and Saturday night for Senior High. However, guests of either school may go either night.

And Besides, They're Musical



Here are the only individual Junior High entries in music contest in Winston-Salem. All three of them received an "A" rating—Donnie Silver, with his violin; Dot Lewis, at the piano, and Max Thurman, with his voice.

Party Pickin's

By Evelyn Nance

"In a quaint caravan there's a lady they call the gypsy."

Thus the strains of "The Gypsy" welcomed approximately three hundred students to the annual school closing tea dance. The dance this year was given by the eighth graders in honor of all ninth grade students. Yellow and green streamers and roses, serving later as articles for ninth

graders' memory books, decorated the gym. Ice cream and ginger-ale were served from three punch bowls. These refreshments were prepared by the new executive committee of which Joan Ronk is chairman.

Special dances honoring the old and new executive committees and members of the ninth grade were enjoyed.

Teachers Plan Summer Vacations

Miss Berry is going to Hertford, N. C., and catch the worst case of malaria she can, because malaria is a North Carolinian's excuse for laziness.

Mr. Nicholson likes to get buried in his work so he is going to attend a grave-digger's convention in Chicago.

Miss Craven, Miss Young, and various other teachers are spending an exciting summer—in summer school! (Don't have too much fun, girls!)

Miss Booker is wearing a diamond on her third finger left hand, a-hem! What are YOUR

plans for the summer, Miss Booker?

What Miss Winfield will do this summer:

"Go to the country where they never heard of I. Q.'s and shoes and sit—and sit—and—sit!"

Mr. Morris has made this schedule:

- Work—8 weeks.
- Beach—1 week.
- Kentucky—2 weeks.
- Loaf—2 weeks.

Mrs. Freeman says: "I am going to Atlantic City and let that cool beach sand ooze through my aching feet!"

Diane Wagger Describes Last Weeks Of School Impressions

"Only three more weeks!"
"I can hardly wait!"
"When are exams? I dread them so."
"Oh, I hope I win!"
"We'd better hurry. I haven't voted yet."

All these exclamations and many more are heard at the nearing of the end of school. They come from the excitement of elections, exams, and those other millions of things that are crowded into the last few weeks of school.

Mrs. Ross is heard to say, "Oh, I don't know how we're going to get in everything we're supposed to!"

"Now, people, I don't expect anyone to get one hundred on the

exams. But you'd better study," is heard from Miss Berry's territory.

(A question, Miss Berry: Who DOES get 100?)

Elections—ooh! Those elections! What fun—All those posters. (Half of them are torn down five minutes after they are put up!)

"On the last day of school!"—this from Mrs. Hutchins—"you can do anything—within reason!"

No one can truthfully say that he isn't glad school is out. At least not for a few weeks.

"Only three more days!" says Betty Martin.

"Next week this time we'll be out!" says Sally Trepke, happily.

Yes, that's the way it is. Happy vacation, everyone!