


JUNIOR POINTER

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FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1938

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

(Margaret Price)

We, the class of 1938, do this day, May eighteenth, nineteen hundred and thirty-eight, record our last will and testament. We do by the approval of the undersigned, make the following bequests:

SECTION I
(Individual Bequests)

Article I—Royster Thurman wishes to bequeath his knowledge of the dictionary to Emily Herring.

Article II—To Miss Deans, Mrs. Moffitt leaves her success as Student Council adviser.

Article III—Lawrence Holmes, who thinks he can spare a little of his height, leaves a foot of it to Billy Peak.

Article IV—To Helen Bissett, Bill Currie leaves his entire wit which he has so kindly shed upon us during these long-suffering years at Junior High.

Article V—Roy Lee Grant wishes to bequeath his slim figure to Eleanor Younts.

Article VI—Nancy Cox and Mary Jo Wilson leave to the incoming Junior Pointer staff their excellent reportorial abilities.

Article VII—Bill Price bequeaths his powers at basketball to John McFarland.

Article VIII—To Phyllis Freeman, Martha Williams leaves her voice.

Article IX—Ross Hedrick wishes to bequeath his beneficial heart to Helen Craven.

Article X—To Jack Burris, Bill Currie leaves part of his gift of gab.

SECTION II
(Faculty Bequests)

Article I—To Mrs. Ranson we leave our appreciation for everything she has done for us and Junior High.

Article II—To Miss Deans we leave a student body that will work industriously and faithfully at their studies.

Article III—To Mr. Ellington we leave long fingernails for him to chew on at the exciting basketball games.

Article IV—To Miss Poole we will an excellent soccer team for the year 1938-39.

In witness thereof we hereunto affix our signature.

THE CLASS OF 1938.

Sworn to in my presence,
Mary Frances Holt.
Ross Hedrick.
Notorious to the Public.

205 GOES PICNICKING

(Mary Jo Wilson)

Wednesday afternoon a joyous crowd left Junior High School loaded down with picnic lunches. Across the street and through the path went the group chattering like magpies. We ended up at Betty Brockman's home where we left our lunches and went whooping down the hill to the lake. Luckily, no one fell in or even got his feet wet. Now here's where the fun came in. Miss Carter offered a nickel to the boy who could roll the straightest and fastest down a grassy hill which ended perilously near a stream of water. To keep anyone from rolling in, a light brigade was formed commanded by Edward Knight. Herbert Hodgkin came first and was presented with the nickel. Then we proceeded to the top of the hill and enjoyed games under a huge spreading oak tree.

By this time everyone agreed that it was time to eat. So the drinks, which Mr. Smith had so kindly kept on ice and delivered, were opened and the eating began. Then to our surprise and joy who should appear but Mrs. Corrigan with ice cream for all. When the last bite was eaten and paper cleared away, we gathered for pictures which Betty snapped.

It was growing late, so we all departed for home, happy after having such a jolly time.

SAY IT WITH SLOGANS

"They Satisfy"—Straight A's.
"For the Smile of Beauty"—No homework.

"The Pause That Refreshes"—Lunch.

"Good for Life"—Learning.

"Children Cry for It"—Vacation.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"—Class pin.

—Ruth Culler.

Hawaii?
I'm Hungary
Well, I'm Chile.
Aw' Guam, I don't Bolivia,
Yes, Siam.

We hear the whistles shriek at dawn,
Summoning the workers from far
and near.

We see them hurrying up and down
As the noises fall upon our ear.
Industrial High Point.

—Emilie Cobb, 104.

THE OLD MILL

(Jack Rochell)

One night when it was, oh, so dark,
I went walking in the park;
I looked up on a high, high hill
And there sat an old, old mill.
I walked up the high, high hill
And walked into the old, old mill.

'Twas the merry month of May
And all the ghosts were away
I walked into a spooky room
And didn't find anything but a broom.

I turned and threw it away
And then decided I would stay.

Another room I then spied
And said, I'd enter if I died;
I opened the old, old door
And stepped on the creaky floor.
It gave a creak that made me jump
And in my throat I felt a lump.

I shone my light around the room
And there I saw a great big loom;
I turned it once, I turned it twice
And then my heart turned to ice;
That noise, that noise, what could it be,
That noise that so frightened me?

I looked out the door and what did I see?

Two ghosts were after me.
I felt myself falling, falling, and I hit the floor,

I looked up and there I saw mother standing in the door.

I fell out of bed, said I,
I must have eaten too much pie.

The very next time I go to bed
I'll tie a string around my head
To remind me not to dream such crazy things,
Or maybe next time I'll sprout wings.

TO OUR SCHOOL

A smile, a song, and a joyful heart,
We students boast abroad;
Forever in our hearts we carry
Glory, praise, and laud.

For all the wondrous things you've given
To help us on our way
To honor, success, and happiness.
We thank you this glorious day.

We thank you for the times we've had,
Among your lofty towers and trees,
For we know they can ne'er be equaled

Though we search o'er the seven seas.

We thank you for our splendid teachers,
Who shared with us their knowledge
And taught us all the better things of life
That were never taught in a college.

Our school, our school,
We're sorry to leave you now;
But ever you'll be cherished in our mem'ries

As we give you this parting vow.
—Cathryne Albertson.

AWAITING

William sat awaiting under the apple tree,
Whom do you guess he was waiting for?

Why, Virginee!

When she arrived with a tear in her eye,

She told him she hated him, which of course was a lie;

Poor William was broken-hearted,
And under that tree they parted,
But not for long, William sang her a song

And she could not give him the gong.

BIRD POEMS

1

A bird was flying in the sky
When all at once he looked down.
He saw a scarecrow in the rye,
Then he flew right around

To hunt some other resting place
Where he could find some worms,
To rid the people of these pests
And feed them to his young.

He found this place,
A haven of beautiful things it seemed,
Someone's beautiful garden
With millions of things he'd never dreamed.

He settled in an apple tree
And gazed with wonder and awe,
Before he ever started to hunt
Delicious worms, nice, fat, and raw.

2

I saw a tiny robin's nest
All cozy in a tree,
I saw the watchful mother
Guarding her babes of three.

The father was hunting worms for them

To feed their hungry mouths,
And fill their empty stomachs
To help them with their growth.

But soon changes came over them,
They yearned for bigger things,
They wanted to see the big, cruel world

And have a taste of its sting.

Their mother, just to satisfy them,
Put for them, their flying lesson on
One by one, they tried it,
Till the frightful thing was over and done.

—Cathryne Albertson.

ROOM 206 TAKES A LOOK INTO FUTURE AND SEES MEMBERS IN YEAR 1950

(Continued From Page 1)
secretary. Those two large eyes saw Joseph Wood on a cattle ranch out west. Bob Hedrick was seen owning and operating the High Point Grocery.

John Bennett has become one of those tobacco auctioneers. Bob Cowan has taken the place of his father and is conducting the High Point Boys' Club.

Last, but not least, those two large eyes viewed Roy Lee Grant owning and operating the Grant Funeral Home.

Room 206, taking off her spec-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:
"Gentle" rivalry was in the air when names were drawn for a certain picnic. If you listen closely while you are around a couple of rooms upstairs, you might hear: "Trade with me, please. She isn't so bad but I want to take —." He still persists so the tormented shouts vehemently: "See if I ever speak to you again! Just wait until I tell the gang! Aw, come on, be a pal! I just can't stand —! Awright. Don't then, see if I care!"

These are just some of the few conversations existing upstairs. Also please note that all of this said with force but under cover. He doesn't like her but wouldn't have her know it for the world. "Ah! Such is life."

Yours still listening,
THE PUBLIC.

* * *

Dearest Editor:
If you recall a few weeks ago the elementary children were over to sing at various intervals. Well, I happen to sit next to the windows in civics and when the practice was over, I'd take delight in looking out at the children scampering to the cars. Oh, my goodness, you should have seen those tots running over our beautiful lawn. It was outrageous! Every time someone stepped on that precious grass, my heart fairly took a leap! To think anyone could have no regard for civic beauty! They just didn't seem to know how to care for plant life like the "sweet and thoughtful students" of dear old Junior High. Gracious! It makes me shrink at the very idea that any pupil would even think about walking upon unseem life. And that's exactly what they were doing! Believe me, I was thoroughly shocked, and so much so until I couldn't resume my civics lesson!

Very sincerely yours,
MISS PRISS.

tacles with a daze, was proud of the success of her former students.
—Margaret McIntyre and Lois Swaim.

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