

STANLEY STATIC

As the motion has been neither made nor seconded that this annoyance be discontinued we shall continue where we left off last time. If I remember correctly it was at the bottom of the page. But I won't bring that up—I like leaving off at the bottom better. On the other hand (left hand—not right) if anyone makes the already mentioned motion I will second it myself and send the "motioner" a check for ten dollars. To save both parties from embarrassment I will make it anonymous. But if he or she (as the case may be) prefers a ten dollar bill, I will send one as the charge for insult. The first of the month is the usual time for sending these out. All I know is what I read in the paper (last edition of the High School News).

Christmas, Christmas, is coming;
The bills are getting fat.
Please drop a penny
In the poor man's hat.
If you haven't got a penny,
A half-penny will do;
If you haven't got a half-penny,
Stick out your hat, too.

Christmas ain't what it used to be. The boys and girls don't wait for Santa Claus any more—they know it ain't no use; they broke him and the auto both when they went to the Thanksgiving football game. The big Christmas tree has been reduced to a little stub that sits on the table; one more merry couple can dance on the floor space it took up. It puts a fellow to thinking—that's what hurts—when he remembers when he used to go to bed early to keep from being caught by Santy when he comes; now he takes his shoes off at the front door to keep from being caught by the same old Santy who has been in for hours. Which all goes to show you that some stories are funnier than others.

You can tell that Christmas is coming;
The girls are getting fellows.
Even the most unpopular guy
Hears a lot of "helloes."
And the way that girls are talking;
The way they make a hint
You would think they were talking to
The Boss man of the mint.

Some fellows say that they owe themselves for all they've done. It is wonderful to be out of debt.

Page five of this paper is dedicated to the most progressive and best looking class in the high school. Don't blush, freshmen. The sophomores, it is supposed, have sense; but there is some advice that I would give them.

1. Set the juniors as your ideal—at least, they aren't sophomores anymore.
2. Be different—pass all your work.
3. Go up—visit any office in the bank building that's not on the first floor.
4. Gain popularity—go to New York and back on one dollar (How about it, George?)
5. Keep your books nice and clean—put them in your locker and lose the key. On the last day of school buy another key for twenty-five cents.
6. Make one package of paper last a year—buy the paper and leave it home for the year. There are six hundred students in this school; so you won't have to borrow from the same one twice.

By reading the above very carefully and by bringing flowers and fruits to school you might be a junior next year, but it's doubtful; unless your father changes his name to the one you have now.

Remember one thing, you are a sophomore but once—maybe for a lifetime.

Seeing that little whale up town reminded me of what Monk said when the teacher brought the globe in the room: "Humph, I thought the world was bigger than that."

The most wonderful place in North Carolina is the seashore. There you can hear the seas and see the sound.

What makes Ralph Giddy?

Eugene Garris is one of the most talented persons taking first-year French. Miss Kornegay asked him the feminine of a certain word. He explained that he couldn't say it but he could smell it. That's talent.

Has Ralph forgotten "Hall"?

I wish everybody a merry Christmas and Happy New Year. I hope Santa Claus visits every member of the faculty and fills his sock or her stocking (as the case may be) with the very thing they want. But Miss Roark's man can't get in a stocking. She ought to hang a 'toe sack by the radiator.

Yours till,
Niagara Falls
and
Morehead Bluffs.

LETTER TO SANTA

Goldsboro Hi School
Dear Old Santa:

The students of G. H. S. are expecting a big time this Christmas. To be sure, you won't forget any of our teachers. I am writing you a letter and telling you what all of them want. I am writing this letter early, so you can have everything in time, because they want so much I am afraid you and Mrs. Santa Claus will have to get to work and wrap up the curious things they want. But they wish to have their orders filled correctly, so here goes the names of the teachers and their wants:

Miss Mason wants a big stick of red peppermint candy, sweet enough to sweeten her disposition to put up with some of her bookkeeping students. Mr. Green wants anything he can get. May I suggest a wife? Miss Atkins wants a chauffeur with qualifications like those of Blackwell Robinson. Miss Ipock wants a new set of Algebra students that can depend on themselves. Is such a thing possible? Miss Roark is still waiting for a man. Come on, give some nice fellow a break, Santa Claus. Mrs. Cox wants sound-proof rooms, so she won't have to let the school know how dumb her first period class is. Mr. Bullock is getting desperate; he wants a book to select original jokes from, because the students are not laughing at his stale ones. Mrs. Middleton wants another ideal Latin student like Charles Worrell to take with her, when she visits Rome. Mr. Helms wants to grow. I have my doubts if this want can be fulfilled. Miss Taylor wants a new pair of oxfords, so she can go on a 'possum hunt. Mr. Wilson wants a marriage license and a cute little cozy nest. Oh! Mr. Wilson. Miss Sherwood wants some brave person with a hearty appetite to eat the biscuits her cooking classes bake.

Mr. Sansbury wants a new starter for his car so he won't have to crank it and get the Hee Haw! after school. Miss Kornegay wants a good bunch from which to pick the cast of the Junior play. Miss Beasley wants to learn Clara Bow's technique. Mr. Harvel envies Paul Whiteman. Is there a chance? We think so anyway. Miss Gardner wants to be editor-in-chief of some big paper. Miss Koch wants her hair to curl. Well that's that. The above includes all the teachers and the things they are expecting you to bring them Christmas. Santa Claus.

I nearly forgot some of the students, who will not have time to write you and are afraid you might forget them and who have asked me to remind you of them in his letter. Of course, I am including the things they want for Christmas also. So here goes! Sara Lee Best wants a soft, sweet voice (no chance). Myrtle Musgrave wants a teacher who believes in chewing gum. Nancy Bridgers wants a new car. Vir-

ginia Crow wants a new crush, even an "Orange" one. Arthur Allred wants a way to keep from blushing when a teacher asks here a question. Alton Ward wants to be in an orchestra like the one that played at the dance in Wilson, Monday night, December 8, 1930. "Hemp" Edgerton wants a cute, girlish figure. Pete Heyward wants to be tall so he can say, "How's the weather down there?" to Thurman Merritt. Lucille Summerlin wants to grow up so she can wear high heeled shoes. Isabel Baddour wants to live up to her sister Evelyn's name, as the little Bad-dour girl. That's the end of the students and now to give you a hint as to what I'd like to have.

I want a thing with four wheels (no brakes), an engine, two white lights, a red light. A top painted blue and a white body with blue fenders. It comes out at night. It's not a buggy, or a truck. The hint is only in case you do. Here's wishing you a Merry, Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Successful New Year.

Lots of love,
"Kyks."

"The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their knives;
They spill their broth on the table-cloth—
Oh, they lead disgusting lives!
The Goops they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew;
And that is why I'm glad that I
Am not a Goop—are you?"

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