

QUAKES GO DOWN IN DEFEAT TWICE IN WEEK

Raleigh Tops Locals 12-7—Blackbirds Win 7-9

Quake teams are good and bad as teams sometimes are, but the local baseball nine seems to puzzle every one. The locals have dropped four conference (Class A) games and have won four non-conference fracas this season. The losses have not been due to inability to nail the little white pill, for they have slammed out as many hits each game as their opponents, and some games more; but it all lies in the fact that when a team can't bunch hits and make 'em go for runs, they always lose.

The Quakes have had "tuff" luck this season and in the past two weeks have dropped two conference counters to Raleigh and Rocky Mount, respectively. The scores of the two games don't indicate the good playing the locals did.

The Raleigh game was sorta uneventful for any excitement-seeking fan, but when the Quakes put on a lil' act all their own in the seventh frame the hearts of the local fans started palpatating like that of a love-lorn lovmaker in the springtime, and the enthusiasm of the Raleighites subsided. But it was all in vain, 'cause after eight Blue and White baseball shoes had stepped upon the triangular base, scoring four runs, the side retired and the Caps still led by a 10-5 score. Oh, well! Every dog must have his day and so, far-far-into the afternoon the Raleigh fans and players were patting each other on the backs and visions of baseball championships danced through their heads. This all happened on the bleak, cloudy Friday of April 24 in Raleigh—of course it was bleak and cloudy in Goldsboro too, although Goldsboro doesn't have the Legislature.

Then came the last home game for the locals. It was played on the local diamond (which really isn't a diamond 'cause Ripley said not) on Friday, May 1. It also was a bleak, cloudy afternoon, as afternoons sometimes are, and it proved to be even worse than its predecessor. The locals went bravely down into defeat with a 7-0 score tied to 'em. This game climaxed the baseball careers of Tommy McCrary, Monk Mason, and Carl McBride. These lads have played fairly good ball for the local school in the past "few" years, and it is with regret that we announce the departure of these lads from Quake lineups.

The game itself was not much force and the locals didn't play heads-up ball, and thereby hangs the whole story. It was of the short length, going only seven innings—and what frames! It won't be advisable to go into that any further, for if you didn't see the game it would do no good to tell you of it. "Chas" Worrell

Chemistry Class Visits At Dewey's Foundry

Observed the Process of Molding Iron

The chemistry class and Mr. Helms motored down to the Dewey Brothers' Foundry on Friday, April 17, to see how iron is molded.

Old automobile engines, pipes, stoves, etc., were put into a large furnace to be melted. The heat of this furnace reached about three thousand degrees centigrade.

At the bottom of the furnace was a trap hole through which all the slag iron could be drawn off. As this was running off it threw out red hot pieces of iron that resembled stars.

Men came with dump cars fixed on rails and poured some of the iron liquid into these cars. It was then distributed to different molders throughout the plant.

One of the most interesting things was the fact that the negro who fixes the furnace stood right in the way of the red hot sparks that were coming out and yet didn't seem to get burned at all.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB HAS PARTY

Blue Side Entertains Whites

The Commercial Club had a party Thursday night, April 22, in the park house. The party was the culmination of a contest which came to a close at the end of Wednesday, April 2, when the Blue side, whose captain was Sarah Lee Best, lost to the White side, whose captain was Leslie Farfour.

The purpose of the contest was to encourage attendance at the weekly meetings and to get the club to pay dues regularly.

The park house was beautifully decorated in green and white paper, while the mantle was covered in white Spirea. Caps were given to all attending. At the close of the party delicious refreshments were served to all.

was the big gun at the bat for the Quakes, as this phase of the game was the bright light of the Quakes' play. "Chas" slammed out a single.

The Blackbirds staged a big run-collecting act in the third that brought cheer after cheer (and a few razzes also) from the stands or should it be said gallery? (All three of them cheered lustily). In this stanza they batted out three hits and tramped across home base for four runs. From then on it was all Rocky Mount and very uninteresting. The big shot for the "Birds" at the bat was Sewell. This lad banged out a triple and one single to take all stick honors for the visitors.

The locals have three more games to be played before they close their season. All of these will be played away from home and without the services of any of the senior teamsters.

SPORTRAITS

By Iddygay

Well, Spring with its blossoms and blooms, love and pretty boids, baseball and now picnics, has come and nearly went and still this column is here to aggravate yo' all. I'm like "J. A. S."; it sorta hurt my feelings when Mr. Ed and Mr. Br. didn't use my column 'cause it is hard work to try and amuse such critical folks all the time, but I just know that yo' all enjoyed it a lot.

The locals haven't had much luck this season or rather so far this season, but you just can't expect a high school to put out a winning team all the tempo. 'Specially when they ain't getting nary a speck of ye olde students' support. I got a lil' message for yo' all, so be suah to reade this colyumn complete lack—then look for me and I'll tell you just what I mean by it.

"?" McCrary is a courious compound. One week he can bat a pill out of the infield and the next he can't even hit one to pitcher's box. He is also an unsolvable (new word for you English guys) problem when it comes to gals, too. He can be with a gal from Raleigh five minutes and she acts like a new person and then again he just doesn't seem to be able to do much with 'em. Won't somebody prescribe accordingly? Please! Oh, don't say "no!"

"Tater" Allred has sho' been putting the stuff that it takes to make a batter's head swim on the ole pill this year. He is getting to be quite a strike-out artist. And the ole curve ball artist, Jack Hardy, has had a good season, too. This lad has more control of the ball than "Venus" Hawley has girls. Fair amount—eh, Venus?

If night-baseball playing keeps on gaining such interest in the future as it has in the past, the Man in the Moon will soon become the world's best known authority on this "game" as well as some other "Spring Games" which he happens to be connected with. Last year the afternoon attendance at the local game dropped off considerably, but there was a reason—Miniature golf—If we should play at night, would they blame it on bridge?

There is one thing about baseball attendance. People are always talking and grumbling about not having anything to do on these fine spring afternoons—wishing that they had a baseball team to watch you play—well you all have had one this spring—and how—but what did you do about it? What did you do about football and basketball teams? Did you support them? Yeah, about fifty or a hundred. Then you wonder why we don't have good teams. You can't run a team on congratu-

Math Students Put to Test

Monday, April 27, thirty students of G. H. S. took part in a state-wide mathematics contest, which is conducted each year by the University of North Carolina.

The test was one of the hardest tests (as voiced by the students), ever before given. Every student who took it was simply out of his wits as to what to do. Much of the arithmetic had never been taught; quite a number of the algebra examples and problems had never been heard of before. The geometry, too, was quite difficult.

Miss Cobb estimated that six of the ten algebra examples and problems could possibly have been worked by her algebra class; Miss Ipock estimated that seven out of ten; while Miss Taylor's guess was eight out of ten.

Spring is here! Booty Lewis should verify this fact by dying his hair a bright color again.

Miss Taylor has a namesake—Hilda Pearsals' rabbit.

The only time some girls get a rush is at the lockers.

You gotta have support. A team can't play its best when their home folks don't give them the support. It is as much a part of your school work to support your athletic teams as it is a part of your home life to support the local theatres. Some one in the back there said "more." Maybe it is and maybe you don't agree—so good-bye, till the next time.

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JUNIOR RINGS ARRIVE

The junior rings will be here when this paper comes from press; at least that is what forty-some juniors are hoping.

After much discussion between ring No. 10 and ring No. 1, the decision finally went in favor of No. 10. Gee, it's a pretty ring, too. The crown is rectangular-shaped with half of it blue and the other half black. *Goldsboro* is written on the division line. 1932 is written in "sort-of-a-Chinese" style, which adds much to the beauty of the ring.

The day the rings arrive will certainly be a red-letter day for the juniors.

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