

Goldsboro Hi News

A Monthly Publication by the Journalism Class
Goldsboro, N. C., High School

VOLUME V



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A TRANSITION

We are now passing from childhood into another walk of life, in which we will be thrown on our own hook. Our mothers and teachers will not be there to guide our footsteps. How are we going to face our problems? Will we face them like a child, or like a real he-man that has red American blood in his veins, urging him on through thick and thin? Some people have the idea that when you graduate from High School you know it all and that your education is handed you on a piece of paper that is rolled up with a piece of ribbon tied around it. But these same people in later life will find that they were all wrong. Instead of knowing it all, they knew practically nothing, compared with what must be known to be a success in life.

Therefore, in making this change from childhood to woman and manhood, don't think you know everything. Take the advice of others. Watch them and profit by their mistakes. Grasp every opportunity you may have. Remember, it may knock but once. If this policy is followed by the out going Seniors, the citizens, preachers, lawyers, senators, doctors, and teachers of tomorrow, they will soon be on the road to success.

We heartily congratulate them on their success already attained throughout High School, and may their future life be one of happiness and success.

QUITE DIFFERENT

The following is the contribution made by one who was assigned to write an "editorial saying farewell for the seniors in an original way."
 "SOMEBODY LOVES YOU"

To teachers and textbooks we must say goodbye,
 To prosper without you we'll now have to try,
 We may meet your equals, and yet if we do
 They'll only remind us of days spent with you
 We've liked you and disliked you, we will admit;
 But surely you've helped us at least a wee bit.
 We do hate to leave you and yet the time is here,
 So farewell teachers—BE good.

DEDICATION

We, of the Journalism Class wish to take this opportunity of expressing our deep appreciation to all who have helped us with the paper this year—especially Miss Ida Gordner, our adviser. Only those of us who are in the class can even realize how much she has done for us and how she has guided us through. It is to her, readers, that you are indebted for this HI NEWS. It is she who has made possible our six page paper. It is her guiding hand that has helped us publish a newspaper which we hope wins state prize. Although Miss Gordner has her Senior English classes, she has spent not only her afternoons helping us but even her whole Saturdays sometimes. It is to her and the others who have helped us that we dedicate this last issue.

AUFWIEDERSEHN

We, the seniors, have enjoyed our stay in G. H. S. during which time we have made many friends among lower classmen. We will miss them very much next year. Probably the incident that will impress upon us most the fact that we are "graduating" tonight, will be the beginning of next year's term after three month's vacation. It will be then, perhaps, that every senior will experience, in some dark corner of his or her heart, a feeling that he or she also should be reporting on the front steps of this building—reporting ready to begin a stiff nine-months long task. Maybe a goodly number of us will be on the way to a college. Time still will remain for a reminiscence of how, the year before at that same time, we were standing grouped before G. H. S., some of us reviewing our vacation, some predicting pleasures of hardships for the coming months.

But we are graduating tonight! We are formally ending our high school life and "commencing" life in its broader capacities. To each junior, sophomore, and freshman, we say in leaving: "Goodbye, copy those among us whom you considered ideal in any way, and wish us success."

HOW'S YOUR IMAGINATION?

I discovered an extremely interesting and amusing diversion the other day. While rumaging through a pile of senior essays, I began trying to imagine the contents of each essay by its title. I entertained my own ideas as the contents of the following, but what do you think?

- ? The Futility of Force.
- ? Dame Rumor.
- ? Visiting—Then and Now.
- ? Experiences of a Saleslady.
- ? Cosmetics.
- ? I Did!
- ? My Pet Aversion.
- ? The Busy Bee.
- ? The Books I Have Most Enjoyed.
- ? Blood and War.
- ? New Dreams for Old.
- ? Clark Gable.

I misread the titles of two others, "Sectional Misunderstanding," I read as "Sentimental Misunderstanding," and "The Marvels of an Ant Hill," I read as "The Morals of an Ant Hill."

Graduating Song

(Tune of "Here We Are")

Here we are,
 Graduating—
 To bid you welcome,
 Then adieu.
 Our thoughts will always linger
 with you friends and classmates
 We'll be true—just for you.
 Our paths may scatter—
 What does it matter,
 If our hearts are always near?
 Hold dear the memories of our
 high school—forget the worries
 caused you,
 We're leaving you.

PEGGY PATE.
ELEANOR CUTHRELL.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

What would you do if, when you had finished only about half of the work to be done on a copy of the Goldsboro Hi News, you received a letter from the publisher saying to send the copy off on the 10 o'clock train that night? What would you do? Well, that's what we did too.

We went to work that morning. We worked until lunch time. We went to lunch. We worked till supper time. We went to supper. We worked till bed time. We didn't go to bed. What would you do? So did we.

We typed a big package of typing paper up, and looked around for more. There was none. There was a stack of book reports on the desk, so we used the backs of them—anything to save time. The parties concerned didn't appreciate our use of the results of their labor. When they started coming, well—What would you do? So did we.

We missed the dead-line—10 o'clock, but we got the paper out, and here it is. Wouldn't you congratulate us? So would we.

Students Have Voices Tested

Mr. John Alderman of Dunn, visited Goldsboro High School Tuesday, May 24, for the purpose of testing the voices of any students who were interested.

Mr. Alderman stated that several of them had extraordinarily good voices. He was formerly the director of music at Howard University, Alabama, and will conduct a vocal class in Goldsboro from now until September.

Miss Eleanor Hatcher, history teacher in Dunn, accompanied Mr. Alderman over here, and spent the day at the high school.

Sailors believe that it is unlucky to kill an albatross.

The arbalest is an ancient cross-bow.

Thoth was the scribe of the Egyptian gods.

CLASS POEM

We're the "hard-times" class of G. H. S.
 But that doesn't worry us—our "blues" we suppress.
 What do we care if we wear our old clothes?
 And who wants a banquet? We'd turn up our nose!

Seriously, though, we've something to say—
 There's one thing that the "depression" will never take away.
 For G. H. S. we have loyalty, admiration, and love.
 We'll keep it, we'll treasure it—all things else above.

G. H. S. has stood up for us through all dismay.
 In football defeats, she would seem to say—
 "Come on, team; we'll pull you through—
 You did the best, the very best you could do!"

And when we've gained victory—whether large, whether small,
 We've owed it to her—to G. H. S. we've owed it all!
 She's boosted us, cheered for us, from beginning to end;
 Seniors of G. H. S. into life will she send.

We appreciate it, and we'll show it—by our careers, by our fame.
 We'll protect G. H. S.—it's honor, it's name.
 We'll keep our fond memories, our dear stories to tell.
 With this promise, G. H. S., G. H. S. fare thee well!

FLORENCE BAKER, *Class Poet.*

CLASS "DIRT"

Well, folks, we've got the "dirt" on all these affairs, and we are generously willing to impart the precious information to you. Here goes—

To begin with, there's Martha and Arthur, but the trouble is they are both on one end of a triangle. Who is breaking up their happiness? Well, they say it's Sarah, but you never can tell.

And then there's Nancy with her theme song—"Billie Boy, Billie Boy!" Slightly another case of a triangle, too, but Helen Edelmann really doesn't mind—she has her Wyatt.

Dorothy Hooks stays at home every Saturday in hopes that "Sonny" Kornegay will be passing through on his way home from Carolina.

Sara Lee was once heard to say that Louis didn't have anything to do except to do what she told him to. Poor Louis—we know she's beginning early!

Maybe you have wondered why Weil's seemingly did so much business over on Walnut Street. Well, Sonora lives over there, and Marion, well—he runs the truck for Mr. Weil.

"Jinky" says she feels just like a sister to Robert Musgrave. Ain't that sweet? These brotherly and sisterly affairs do get us.

Sara Carr's favorite gum is Wrigley's. The reason is that she's "that way" over Jimmie Horton.

Nell Kilpatrick may have a baby face, but she's downright sophisticated when it comes to knowing her man. Look out, Alton!

Lucille took George Starr to a leap year dance. *But*—George went after her. There was something behind that action, folks! Love is a funny thing!

Wylie Parker just got the skids put under him by Hilda Carraway. Watch out for that girl, boys! Wylie evidently didn't know her himself, or else—

As for Emmett and Hilda, we'll just cut that short, as a whole column could be printed on the affair. On second thought, the history of it would be quite interesting! Here it is: It all began when Hilda first noticed his distinguished white spot—that was last year. This year it continued by her inviting him to a skating party. Then it continued, and continued, and continued, until at the present, well—draw your own conclusions. You've got good eyesight!

Somehow "K" Liles found out that her name was to appear in this column coupled with a boy from Atlantic Christian College. "Oh, please!" said "K"; "don't put that; it would make Virginia and Wake Forest and State College mad with me!" Now Kat, yours is not true love!

Iola and "Skip" declined invitations for a ride home until they found to their dismay that they

had to walk! Alone and at night, too! Dreadful!

Viola and Emmett Stafford slipped the car one Sunday afternoon and took a little spin down to Seven Springs. There on the hotel porch sat Mama and Papa Ward! Imagine!

Dorothy Langston says her Austin is just big enough for two. Now we wonder if she sits on her side while Fred sits on his? Or is it that "two's company; three's a crowd"?

Fred Sweet had several invitations to that last leap year dance. For instance, Julia Derr, and Louise Moye. He accepted none of them. Now is that conceit or what? You'd better change yo' ways, "Sweet," or Louise won't think you're so sweet.

If you see Jack Piland all bruised up, you'll know Jack Fonvielle did it. Did you see those looks Fonvielle gave Piland the night of the Junior Play? Poor "Mick"! The object of such an affair!

"Pos" Best has to have a chaperon every time he goes to see Esther. Why? Afraid of his power or hers? We'll see.

From the moment Emmet Spicer heard we were to have a girl from Honolulu in our midst, his heart began to flutter. It now flutters every Friday night.

Sammy says he doesn't have an affair. Maybe that means he's got as many as two; anyway he left his hat over at Margaret Weil's, and he's already saying "Papa Les."

Peggy Pate intends to marry Irbie Jackson, a young preacher at Wake Forest, and go into B. Y. P. U. field work. So don't worry, Sarah—she's only teasing Arthur.

John Hawley and Wilborn Davis were taken to the leap year dance by Hilda and Sarah. The boys turned around and asked Mary Margaret, and Bertha to the Junior Play. Now wouldn't that slay you?

Could Marian be a gold-digger? She's "thataway" about the boy who "may stutter, but he knows his dollars." Of course not, though, anyone could recognize the bond between them.

We all thought it was gonna be serious about Nell and Elbert, but he turns right around and gets serious about Nan Jane Robertson. Look out, Nan Jane; he's got a girl in Anderson, S. C.

Kermit Crow causes Helen Davis' heart to go all pitter patter. What more need be said?

Durwood had pneumonia, and Reba had appendicitis, but they both came out all right. True love will stand most anything.

Here are explicit directions as to where to find Helen Thigpen and Bill Ward during school hours: Walk down the upstairs hall (going towards town), turn to the right, (Please turn to page five)