

PICKIN'S

RAIN

I love to watch the rain come down
Pittering, pattering on the ground;
It seems to awaken every little flower,
And makes the trees grow with its power.

It makes the grass in the meadows green
And washes the streets and the buildings clean;
I think the rain is a wonderful thing
To make the flowers bud in the spring.

—Mildred Lee, '40.
Miss Chaffin, Teacher.

POOR DUMB HOUSEWIFE!

That it sits there and ever so often the electricity comes on, the motor starts running and the inside gets cold is all the majority of women can tell you about a refrigerator. Of course, they know that it looks very pretty, that it keeps the food from spoiling, that it makes ice, ice cream and good things to eat; but the actual causes of operation are a blank in the minds of the women I know.

I have seen woman after woman buying refrigerators. Usually Mrs. Housewife comes in and asks to look at a refrigerator and the salesman begins to talk about how pretty it looks, how many dishes the interior contains, how large it is inside, what the outside finish is made of and how cheap it will operate. But never once has she even looked at the motor and refrigerator the box contains. Never once does she realize that good looks will not run the refrigerator. Another thing the housewife brags about is that the refrigerator has a door on the ice compartment. She says that it will keep the odor of food out of the ice. This the result of having listened to another slick salesman. Never once does she realize the back end is wide open and the front is the only end closed. The door is there for looks only.

So I say, you can sell the world to a housewife by saying that it looks far prettier than anyone else's. Poor! Dumb! Housewife!

—Morris Warrick, '37.
Miss Gordner, Teacher.

CONTRAST

Warm silent sunshine, pounding rain;
Cool sloping mountain, lowsweeping plain;
Fresh scented air, a close damp dungeon;
Sunkissed oranges—a strong onion;
A stream-lined car, a plodding train;
A stifling desert, a mountain stream;
A soft blue light, a beacon's glare;
Pleasant drams, an old night-mare;
Vain capital, proud labor;
Quiet peace, sharp saber;
Bold elephant, shrewd ant;
I will, I can't.

—Marjorie James, '40.
Miss Chaffin, Teacher.

WARNING

When a bit of madness hits ye,
After failing of a test;
When a bit of sorrow gits ye
And your soul is feeling prest;
Don't forget 'n up and fling it
At a teacher that's feelin' blue;
For the minit that ye sling it
It's a failing grade for you!

—William Hardison, '38.
Mrs. White, Teacher.

RETREATING HOPE

Trudging, trudging, weary feet,
Plodding down the cobbled street;
Endless columns marching past—
Always slow, never fast.

Some their comrades gently bear
Whose sightless eyes seem to stare
Beyond the hills where bullets stray,
They sigh—

And hope for peace one day.

—George Ham, '38.
Mrs. White, Teacher.

SNOW AT DUSK

Snow at dusk, soft and white,
Darkening sky, gone is the light.
Howling wind, cold and strong,
Golden leaves will soon be gone.
Winter nights, cold and dreary,
Winter days, long and weary,
Old man winter is on his way;
Snow at dusk, he left today.

—Dorothy Phillips, '39.
Miss Downing, Teacher.

Witherington Withers

There was a little boy;
He was a certain frosh.
Everytime a girl passed by
He looked down and said, "Bosh."

He had a head full of brains
Also yellow curls;
He liked his teachers and the boys,
But phoey to all those girls!

He later became a silly soph,
Still respecting every boy;
He was the dream of all the girls,
But his word for them was "annoy."

Next year he was a jolly junior,
He faired real well in school;
He went "alone" to all the parties,
(No exceptions to this rule!!!)

His best friends seemed to turn away
Thinking him still a child;
He didn't know why this should be,
Everywhere he went—he smiled.

He longed to know his one big fault,
Knowing he'd done no harm;
At last a thought came to his mind,
Ah! his heart was growing warm!

"I see," said he, "I've got it now,
My friends have been 'going places';
I've been sitting home at nights,
I'll look out for pretty faces."

So that's exactly what he did,
And he found the one, at last;
His friends came back, praised him well,
Now he's the "MacMurray" of his class!!!

STUDENT OPINION

Dear Editor:

In GHS courtesy has been stressed in many ways, but nothing has reached my ears concerning courtesy at the lockers.

The lockers are so crowded that someone has to use the bottom shelf. This adds one-half again to the number who have to "run the gauntlet." I realize that about the only possible way to swap books with the bottom shelf is to stoop in the aisle but—not in the middle of the aisle! When people stoop opposite each other in the aisle it dams it up very nicely. Since one can't get a running start to jump these couples it's quite impossible to get through without bumping heads or holding up traffic for a few minutes. These minutes are important.

For that reason, I suggest that all of us be more considerate of each other at the lockers. You will find it's very little trouble and it helps the other fellow a great deal. You will appreciate it even more when you are the other fellow.

Scottie Dameron, '38.

IT WAS FINE

Thanks to Mr. Johnson for a very enjoyable program, in fact, for the best of the year. We were more than repayed for the two programs which we payed for but didn't enjoy. It was very thoughtful and considerate of him and it is thoroughly appreciated. So again let's say—thanks Mr. Johnson.

Useful Information

Simple majority—one over half of the votes cast. For example, A and B are running for office. Fifty votes are cast; A receives 26 and B 24. Therefore A wins by a simple majority.

Two-thirds majority—two-thirds of the votes cast. For example, 60 votes are cast. X receives 20 votes and Y 40. Y wins by a two-thirds majority.

A three-fourths majority is attained in the same manner.

RELIEF

I think that I shall never hear
A sweeter sound upon my ear,
Than when the teacher said so sweet,
"You passed exams, my boy, last week."

Jack Wharton, '38,
Mrs. White, teacher.

OUR COLONEL



Courtesy of Goldsboro News Argus

Col. John O. Langston

GHS students should be very proud of the Goldsboro Graded School Board. Already a doctor, a business man, a lawyer and a former teacher have been introduced. This issue the staff is happy to present a colonel, John D. Langston.

Since he is father of a faculty member, Colonel Langston saw a few mid-term examination papers and was very much impressed since they are part of an improving educational system. Colonel Langston also favors the addition of a twelfth grade. He is a great believer in the open forums.

Trinity, now Duke University, and the University of North Carolina are the places where Colonel Langston received his education. He taught school one year after his graduation.

Football is the Colonel's hobby—as well as poor folks. Fifty percent of his leisure time is spent thinking about some poor man who is having it tough. This is clearly shown by the colonel's interest in the Salvation Army. He is on the Salvation Army Council and was president of the council for a number of years.

After the World War Colonel Langston received a Distinguished Service Medal. He was chairman of the State Board of Elections in 1926-27, ran for Lieutenant Governor in 1928 and was second high man; he is a member of the Goldsboro Chamber of Commerce and is an honorary member of the ODK fraternity for national leadership.

Miss Mary Langston, '28, member of the history department, and Carolyn, '29, are two of his five children.

Are You Up-To-Date?

The building is full of Scarlet O'Haras and Rhett Butlers now, or so it seems. Anyway the school has gone "Gone With the Wind" conscious or at least fifty-eight of them have been fortunate to have secured the book and to have read it. Every available book has a waiting list; so there must be something in what these critics say after all.

But those that can't get copies right now are contenting themselves with the good magazines in school.

The five most popular magazines shown by a recent tally were "Readers Digest," "News-Week," "Collier's," "Saturday Evening Post" and "The State." And incidentally, the copies of "Life," the new picture magazine, are almost worn threadbare by so many interested readers.

So it seems that the school is becoming more and more "reading" conscious.

Jim and Bert a-hunting went,
Jim fell down and his gun was bent.

The gun went off and away went Bert

Holding tight to where it hurt.
Bill Morgan, '38,
Mrs. White, teacher.

"But, Mister Chairman, Why—?"

In ten sections of the nation—a few of them being in the South—public forums are being conducted. In our Seven-County Public Forum (Goldsboro is headquarters) at a cost of \$29,000, public forum workers and well read speakers are being employed by WPA funds. This gives our community an opportunity to become well acquainted with problems of today.

The idea of forums is not new, and it is not an idea that the general public should be slow to accept. The old Romans gathered in the Forum to learn and discuss current problems. New Englanders years ago met at the Town Hall to decide local issues. In early American life, gathered around the rusty wood burner in the neighborhood store, pioneer farmers discussed the problems of their day. People have always gathered in small groups to exchange ideas and opinions.

Democracy is governed by expression of opinion. In open forum discussions people learn to decide for themselves, and security from dictatorships is more assured. Today we have a better chance than ever before to enter into these discussions. We are given well advised leaders who are authorities on their subjects to talk to us and answer our questions. The future of democracy will be determined by our expression of opinion!

We Go Forward; Yes, We Do!

— HIGH SCHOOL SONG —

GHS lacks something. What is it?

Even after we received the school supplement last spring something, not a financial difficulty, was and is still lacking. We now have sufficient athletic and extra-curricular equipment; yet some vital point is missing.

This vital point is the teamwork of the students. At athletic gatherings a very small percentage of this school is present; at chapel some students are so noisy that those near them cannot hear; in the lunch line some students are inconsiderate of others. In these things and others there is no cooperation.

This is why the proposed student association is a needed asset to GHS. It will go a long way toward remedying the above conditions. Forming the Student Association is one of the most progressive steps GHS has ever taken.—Support it!

Greetings and Au Revoir

Greetings to Miss Nellie. We're glad to have you back with us and gladder that you're well again. We've missed seeing your smiling face around the building more than we can tell you and GHS seems to be complete now that you're with us again.

But we don't say goodbye to you, Mrs. Stevenson, because we sincerely hope that when there is any substituting to be done that you will be called on and we'll be seeing you from time to time.