

Goldsboro Hi News

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To obtain a closer relationship between students and faculty, to provide for a more democratic atmosphere in school activities, and to develop the spirit of cooperation among ourselves and as an example for our successors, we the students of Goldsboro High School do hereby establish this constitution for the Student Association of this school.—Preamble of the Constitution of the Student Association of Goldsboro High School.

Indifference Has Its Consequences; Take Your Choice

"North Carolinians have no respect for law." This statement was made by Mrs. Mary Canfield, a winter visitor of Goldsboro from Vermont, in a classroom forum recently. She meant, of course, that the average citizen obeys the laws, which are prepared for his welfare, only when he is forced to. Her statement is based on the fact that North Carolina is among the states which have the most crimes.

Elements of this truth are seen in us, the students of GHS and future citizens of North Carolina. We've known since we've been going to school that we're supposed to be on time to classes. Eight fifty is the time every student should be in his first period class, although he isn't counted late until nine. The hall recently has been serving as a social hall until two minutes to nine. Can you blame those in whose charge we are if they take drastic measures to enforce these simple rules?

There are other examples of law-breaking around school, which are done less openly. Students who boast intelligence ought to know that they aren't hurting the ones who make these rules but themselves. The rules are made for their welfare and the uniformity of the school.

Based on the proverb that little streams make big rivers, these little indifferences to rules may lead to the breaking of city, state and national laws—another expression for crime.

Now, and only now, is the time to direct our lives in the way of fine citizenship. A fine citizen is an asset to a law abiding city, state and nation.

Invincible Spirits

The names of two men have for many years influenced debating in our school. They are Charles B. Aycock and Ross I. Giddens. The University of North Carolina donates a cup each spring in memory of Charles B. Aycock as a reward to the outstanding high school debating. The late Ross I. Giddens donated a cup in 1928 for class debating in GHS.

We know that debating has been slipping since the beginning of school, but we cannot point our finger directly to the cause. The interest in the Giddens' Cup debate was lower than it's been since the cup was given. Four seniors, unwilling to let GHS drop from the North Carolina high school debating arena, took up the standard and will argue April 2 in the triangle with Kinston and Wilmington.

Dorothy, Marshall, Irene, Rosanna and Miss Beasley, we are with you and pledge our cooperation. May there be a repetition of the GHS victory in 1935.

PICKIN'S

SPRING

She came on swift and silent feet,
 But hesitant,
 For winter winds might still return,
 Their icy blasts to perish her and reign again.
 Her tiny hands and feet were pearly white,
 And all she touched took on a new and glorious hue.
 Her hair was balmy breezes—set free to warm the world.

And when she wept, because all things looked dead and dreary,
 Her tears became soft, fragrant showers
 That brought again new strength to living things.
 Her breath was sweet perfume,
 And she breathed into the flowers,
 And she breathed into the flowers,
 That they might maintain the smell ere she was gone.
 And all the world was made more beautiful by her coming—
 For she was Spring!

Betty Gray Best, '38.
 Mrs. White, Teacher.

LAST ROAD TO GLORY

I am dying on the field of honor,
 My body is covered with muddy slime,
 I am praying to God, "Please speed the time."
 My feet are sticky, swollen, and green,
 My body is rocked with torture, with a bullet through my spleen.
 I hear no stirring music from the military band,
 No one is here even to offer me a hand.
 Had it not been for this hole made by a shell,
 I would have lain in the open and rotted to Hell.
 The wind will blow the earth over me,
 "Killed in action" is the word that will go back across the sea.

My soul rises up above the land,
 Death and I walk hand in hand
 Along the last road to Glory.

Robert Bartholomew, '37.

WIND, THOU ART STRONG

Wind, thou art strong, and greatly dost thou blow
 To bend giant trees and make them stoop,
 As though they were but leaves that droop.
 You make the mighty be the weak and low.

If you could drive out all my fears
 That trouble me for long—
 If you can make my doubtings rise
 And go from earth up to the skies,
 Then with other dots on earth I'd say, "Wind, thou art strong."

Irene Mitcham, '37.
 Miss Beasley, Teacher.

DOWN BY THE OLD RUSTY MILL

Down by the old rusty mill
 Where we used to stray
 Over by yonder hill
 Jimmy and I used to play.
 Now the old mill is still
 And the wheel has turned to rust
 Gone the voice of the whippoor-will
 That used to "whip" as we strolled through the dust.

The old house is covered with vines
 And the stream is just a small run.
 The wind that used to whine
 Has ceased and all seems done.
 The flowers are withering fast
 Where we used to stray.
 The old rusty mill is the last
 Place Jimmy and I used to play.
 Nannie Mae Howell, '39.
 Miss Mewborn, Teacher.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA

When the sun shines, the sea shines.
 When the clouds are dark, the sea is dark.
 Just as the sun rises in the east,
 The deep blue rises out of the sea,
 And shows its beauty to the world.

At night the sea becomes angry,
 By slapping its waves on the shore;
 It turns the sand to silver,
 And its foam washes over the moor.
 At the break of dawn,
 The sea again becomes calm
 And as harmless as the clouds.

Lambert Jernigan, '38.
 Mrs. White, Teacher.

SWAMP FIRE

Yellow demons leaping longingly
 At trees against the summer sky
 Seem hungrily to clutch at slender branches.
 Fire eats its way into the swamp, now dry—
 Creaking, crackling giants of trees give way to hungry demons.
 Red, yellow, grey, green, seem blended into one
 As the summer sun lets down its bleaching beams
 To gaze upon this monster of destruction.

Tillie Horton, '38.
 Mrs. White, Teacher.

Young Contributor

Miss Leila Cobb's fourth grade room of William Street School has a Poetry Club that meets once a week. Their study of original, seasonal, and favorite poems has led to some of the students making poem books. The following is an original poem by Katherine Royall, daughter of Mr. William Royall:

The Moon

Every single night
 When the moon shines bright,
 I lie upon my bed
 With pillows at my head
 And look into the sky,
 And often wonder why
 The moon makes up his mind
 To shine all the time.

PRESIDENT DEES' SEVEN-POINT PROGRAM

President William Dees in his inaugural speech Tuesday morning outlined the following objectives for the Student Association to meet during the spring:

1. To promote better home room organizations.
2. To publish a handbook for the school.
3. To provide more social life and through this carry out a personal hygiene program.
4. To keep a more attractive building.
5. To obtain and keep better activities.
6. To help the oncoming Freshman Class to adjust themselves to high school life.
7. To provide better assembly programs.

President Dees then added: "This is my program, and I intend to carry it out but can I carry it out? No, I can't, but we can. With your help and your cooperation we can make this Student Association successful."

WELCOME

Mr. Anderson, Mr. Hollis and ten accompanying teachers from the Parker District School, we welcome you. May your two-day visit be most enjoyable.

We know your leader, Dr. Tippet, whose enthusiasm for finer schools spread to all with whom he came in contact. May you do as he—criticize us adversely and favorably. Talk to us informally and tell us about the schools you represent.

GHS JUNK PILE

1. Ridley Whitaker's snapping fingers.
2. Sports page.
3. Baddour (Babbles).
4. "Scab" Ward's "train."
5. Ozello's assignments.
6. Geometry.
7. Seymour Seymour
8. Friday's French test.
9. Nancy's laugh (giggle to you).
10. Exams.
11. March 19.

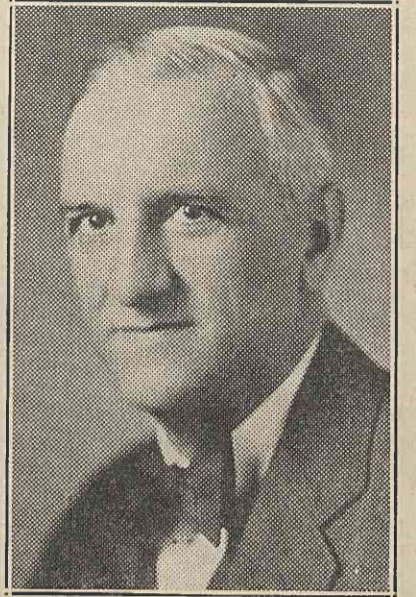
HURRY BACK

Miss Sarah Chaffin will be missed by the freshmen and all the rest of GHS while she is recuperating from a recent operation. We shall miss the cheery smile that we get as she stands outside her door, waiting while the students of her next class come in.

Miss Chaffin's teaching of freshman English has been outstanding this year. Last September she took a course in progressive education methods at Tamasee, and the values she gained there have been clearly shown by the attractiveness of her room and the quantity of excellent creative writing that her students have done. Her blackboards are filled with colored pictures, and her students have made many beautifully illustrated scrapbooks.

We hope, Miss Chaffin, that your recovery will be rapid and that you will soon be back with us.

Our Banker



MR. FRANK B. DANIELS

Mr. Frank B. Daniels, who has been a member of the School Board for several years and who is now president of the Bank of Wayne, is to be introduced to HI NEWS readers this issue.

Mr. Daniels is intensely interested in the addition to the building that the School Board is now considering, and he says that the problem confronting the school system now is housing the students. He is a member of the finance committee for this project, and he feels that they need the help of the community in putting this housing project across. GHS was built to accommodate a large number of students, but the classroom capacity is too small to fit the present needs.

Before Mr. Daniels became president of the bank, he was general manager of the Borden Brick and Tile Company. He attended VMI and UNC, where he studied law and was a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity.

He has four children: Frank, '33; Bill, '34; Martha, '34; and Mary, '39.



Days pass by, weeks pass too but romance is still around or so it seems. Anyway, I wonder where J. Pearson was going about date-time Saturday night with something under his arm that looked like a box of candy?

During the past week-end a GHS graduate told me to ask Bobbie Anne S. what "Oh joy" meant to her. I wonder? Suppose you ask her.

It seems that as I looked down at my notes that I find more GHS girls going with out of town boys. For instance: Who is this Bill Joe Suggs who gallivants over here to see "Lib G.?"

And it seems that a certain Carrie Smith is that away about a certain GHS graduate who is now in Raleigh.

And good gracious, here's Rachel J. with a certain James Sanderson and Minnie Grace R. with "Jinnings" Jordan from Smithfield. Well, I don't know but I think I'll stick to home talent. "Out of sight, out of mind," you know, but then they say that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

But oh, now that Betty Hallman has moved, Tommy S. has to have somebody to console him and it seems to me that Elizabeth Moore is doing a mighty fine job of it.