

# Goldsboro Hi News

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An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.  
 —B. Franklin.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
 These three done lend life to sovereign power.  
 —Tennyson.

Sure friendship is like radium. It is constantly giving off its energy, and never losing.  
 —Author Unknown.

Thus above all: to thine own self be true.  
 And it must follow as the night the day  
 Than canst not then be false to any man.  
 —Shakespeare.

## We're Proud of Our Campus; All Credit to You, GHS Gardeners

Did you notice our west-side campus last September? Weeds were growing high; the appearance of our school was spoiled by the unkemptness of that part of our campus. But—have you observed the improvement being made during the year? Have you noticed how it looks now?

Due to the efforts and enthusiasm of the Landscape Gardening activity the west-side campus has been changed from a broom sage field to a beautiful garden which enhances the beauty of the entire campus.

Congratulations, Miss Taylor and Landscape Gardeners! We are extremely proud of our garden spot. By your digging, ploughing, raking and planting you have completed our campus, making it the most beautiful it has ever been!

## Success Depends on You!

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. Are you weakening our Student Association? Are you doing your part to strengthen the links? The success of our association depends not only on the officials but on you as individuals.

Although our committees are functioning and things seem to be moving successfully, we do not want our whole association judged by those students who do not cooperate or who fail to perform their duty.

Soon an election for next year's student association officers will be held. One's first duty to any organization is to participate in its voting. Since we are still young and in a very crucial period, it is necessary that we choose officers that really are capable and interested in a successful organization.

## Here's to You, Our State Champions

Hats off to Captain Casey and his swimmers! They have won the first State High School Swimming Championship to be given in North Carolina and the first state athletic championship to be won by GHS.

Our gratitude to Coach Casey, Mr. Stapleton and Goldsboro's Swimming Association! Through their interest and guidance our swimmers accomplished this feat when in the second year of competitive swimming.

Coach Casey has had no training in swimming, but through his own initiative to study technique and form carried our team to this outstanding victory. We are particularly proud of Coach Casey, since he is a graduate of GHS and was Sports Editor of the Hi News his senior year.

# PICKIN'S

## PAID IN FULL

"Slicker" McGee sat on the edge of his bed and thought over the happenings of last night.

No, they couldn't pin nothing on him. Mrs. Hogan didn't know he had been out. She knew he had gone to bed early, but she didn't know he had slipped out the window fifteen minutes later. He was too smart for that.

The rest had been a cinch. Dan Musgrave had died just as he had meant he would—fearfully, knowing all the while he was gonna be slugged. He laughed when he thought of it.

Oh, he was slick all right. They couldn't catch him. There were no clues. He had wiped the fingerprints off the rod and he hadn't left footprints, and furthermore no one would know that Dan Musgrave was dead until his secretary found him this morning and he, "Slicker," would have a perfect alibi. Any fool could have propped the stiff up to throw a shadow on the shade: Anybody passing would think Dan was just working late. He looked at his watch.

"Bout time they found the body," he mused aloud. "The world didn't need that hunk of ham nohow."

No, "Slicker" wasn't sorry he had bumped off a former pal. Hadn't Dan stolen his wife, the prettiest little kicker on Broadway? Hadn't Dan faked evidence to send him up the river so he could have a clear road to win "Blondie."

"H—l, no, I ain't sorry," "Slicker" cursed softly. "Time I was moving though. A drink at Joe's wouldn't hurt me none."

He reached toward the hatrack, but he turned pasty white, a sick feeling crept over his body as perspiration lay in great drops on his forehead. His hat was not there! He had worn it last night and last night he had been at Dan's. The whole world would know. Wasn't his name written inside on the band?

Hurriedly he began to throw clothes in a bag but as he did he heard the scream of a siren. Police? Yes, there they were—too late now—they knew. Thoughts of the chair filled his mind. The smell of burning flesh seemed to fill his nostrils but he jerked himself together. They'd never get him. He had a gun.

"Is he up here?" a man's voice asked. "Yes, we're almost there."

Steps outside his door; now was the time. A sharp report filled the building and outside "Slicker's" door the policeman halted.

"Whose room is that?" he snapped at Mrs. Hogan. "'Tis Mr. McGee's room, sir. The door's locked. Here is the key. I'll open it, sir."

As Mrs. Hogan and the policeman entered the room they were confronted by a grinning corpse with a small black hole in its forehead from which there slowly trickled a stream of blood. There was a tang of gunpowder in the air.

"Mmm—suicide," said Policeman Casey. "Did this man seem to have any financial worries, Mrs. Hogan?"

"Oh, well, we'll call the coroner, but now we'd better go get that drunk we came up here for."

It wasn't until the next week that Mrs. Hogan noticed "Slicker's" hat hanging on the front hall rack where he had left it the night before he died.

—Tilley Horton, '38.  
 Mrs. White, Teacher.

## I DREAMED

I dreamed last night  
 That he had to go;  
 I reached for him—  
 One last kiss, one last caress.  
 But, no, he just turned his head  
 And wept.  
 And then—  
 He was gone!  
 'Twas like a cloud come down  
 To tear him from me.  
 And when I tried to follow,  
 Alas, the cloud was gone!

Suddenly, I awoke!  
 The silvery moon dust was  
 Pouring down through the  
 Gosamer curtains in long  
 Steady, silvery shafts;  
 My body was drenched  
 With the pure, refreshing  
 Moondust.  
 My eyelids were drenched  
 With tears.

—Angeline Casey, '38  
 Mrs. White, Teacher.

1. Eye wish dat sum uv deez ear stew dints wood larn how 2 spel. Ef ah tyme eye go n a rume eye e sum bad spel n awn d bored n eye dawnt lak it!  
 2. Be sure to read "Keehole Komiks." It's 20 times better than "Baddour Babble, Jr."—Author of "Keehole Komiks."

## Pleasant Memories

As Junior English students entered Mrs. White's room the Monday following the Junior Play, they noticed on the board this tribute, paid by Mrs. White to the cast of "Life Begins at Sixteen":

In Memoriam

1. "Jabie's" ability to get on the stage on time.
2. "Scottie's" last minute rush to learn lines.
3. Mary Louise's wrist that was held instead of her hand (also a certain tennis racket).
4. Bobbie Ann's "puffs" of excitement about the bank robbery.
5. Ross's dual personality—lover and forger of checks.
6. Frank's dependability.
7. Ridley's "near" cure of the snapping of fingers and his contented expression when he's dancing.
8. Helen's calmness.
9. Jean's dramatic voice saying, "Stop that man."
10. Frances' portrayal of a typical 16-year old.
11. "Speed's" hard work and 15-cent reserved seat tickets.
12. Harriet's "formal" and the sweetness of her voice.
13. Joe's smile and his inability to get "filled up" even on celery and cakes.
14. Hardy Lee's chicken sandwiches and even temper.
15. Anni's dialect.
16. Annette's "props," pins, pans and posies.
17. Jack's good nature and ready wit.
18. Betty's gun and scheming ways to get money.

## OPEN FORUM

Columbia University  
 New York City  
 May 6, 1937.

Mr. Ray Armstrong  
 Goldsboro Public Schools  
 Goldsboro, North Carolina  
 My dear Mr. Armstrong:

Please accept my thanks for the program of your school fair. I am delighted to see how your school is working. I have read the statement with much interest and approval. It is a great pleasure to know that this kind of development is going on in schools all over this country.

With best wishes in every way, I remain,

Cordially yours,  
 Wm. H. Kilpatrick.

## KEYHOLE KOMIKS — by "JABIE JABBERS"

Foreword: This is the first anniversary of this column, which is so ably written (ahem) by, not that cute girl whom you hear so much about, but by that irresistible, indifferent, responsible, independent—(I better quit or I'll have to hire a telephone operator to handle all my calls).

Figure this one out and I will corroborate (notice that big word) any statement which concerns your high integrity of unsurpassable knowledge. (I'll have to memorize that and "speel" it off in English one day). Well, here goes anyway. William Mitcham: I dreamed that I was awake, but when I woke up, I was asleep.

Speaking of dreams, one student said that—I'd hate to dream about eating flannel cake and next morning awaken to find my blanket gone.

Mrs. White: Name a collective noun, Jim.

Jim Manly: Waste paper basket.

Teacher: Here's the way that I learned grammar (proceeding to demonstrate old method).

Reese Bailey: Gosh! They taught that method to "crack-brained" student's, didn't they?

And yet, my dear readers (I hope that there are a few of them anyway) Reese wonders why he doesn't get a better grade on English.

## Our Newest Member



MR. W. G. BRITT

"I am always glad to be of any service to the schools of Goldsboro," state Mr. W. G. Britt, who is a new School Board member. "As school problems have always interested me, I was very happy to hear of my appointment to the Board."

According to Mr. Britt's views, the Student Participation plan will be beneficial to the students in more ways than one. He thinks that the plan with the full cooperation of the students can be made a big asset to the school.

Mr. Britt, after witnessing the Second Annual School Fair, commented: "The work on the exhibits told the story of very hard and excellent work. The school children have, indeed, accomplished very many wonders and every person in Goldsboro with any interest in the schools should have visited the Fair."

Mr. Britt has no hobbies, but he is a sport enthusiast. Football and baseball hold his main interest. He is employed as the superintendent of the venerable mill by the Atlas Plywood Corporation.

A graduate of GHS, Mr. Britt received his diploma with the Class of 1910. Incidentally, he was president of the graduating class. Mr. Britt later attended Wake Forest College. He is the father of John Britt, '36, who is now attending the University of North Carolina and of Charles Britt, '46.

One student (and a big guy, too) said that once Mr. Johnson looked at him and made him feel the size of a pigmy snail.

(Hint: If anyone wants to get rid of Bert G. then—).

To the very few readers of "Baddour Babbles, Jr.": That cute girl (this is sarcasm) proved that everyone is ignorant. Now the question that arises is—"Who is the most ignorant?" That is what I am going to prove.

The intelligence of a class depends upon the number in the class. Following are the enrollments in the classes at the beginning of the year: Seniors 112, Juniors 207, Sophomores 224, Freshmen 220. As it is obvious that the more education you have the more intelligence, we must allow for such.

To the Freshmen we will add 10, bringing their total to 230. Each class is twice as smart as the one preceding it, thus we will add 20 to the Sophomores' total, etc. Don't follow me too close or you might step on my pray-it-don't-rain jobs (white shoes).

Final tabulations are as follows: Juniors 247, Sophomores 224, Freshmen 230, Seniors 192. By the totals we find that the Juniors are the smartest and the Seniors are the most ignorant. (All Seniors send complaints to: Mr. Smith of New York City.)