



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.

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 racquet).
- 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 15cent reserved seat tickets.
- 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.

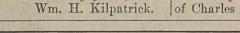
OPEN FORUM

Columbia University New York City May 6, 1937.

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

program of your school fair. I am of the veneer mill by the Atlas Plydelighted to see how your school is wood Corporation. working. I have read the statement with much interest and approval. It is a great pleasure to know that of 1910. Incidentally, he was presithis kind of development is going dent of the graduating class. Mr. on in schools all over this country. With best wishes in every way,

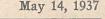
I remain, Cordially yours,



KEYHOLE KOMIKS — by "JABIE JABBERS"

Foreword: This is the first anni-| One student (and a big guy, too) versary of this column, which is so said that once Mr. Johnson looked ably written (ahem) by, not that at him and made him feel the size cute girl whom you hear so much of a pigmy snail.

about, but by that irresistible, in-different, responsible, independent— of Bert G. then—).



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 12. Harriet's "formal" and the 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 interst 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 Please accept my thanks for the is employed as the superintendent

> A graduate of GHS, Mr. Britt received his diploma with the Class 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.

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 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.

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 moondust was Pouring down through the Gosamer curtains in long Steady, silvery snafts; 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 c 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."

(I better quit or I'll have to hire a telpehone 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.

noun, Jim.

Jim Manly: Waste paper basket.

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

that method to "crack-brained" student's, didn't they?

that there are a few of them any- most ignorant. (All Seniors send way) Reese wonders why he doesn't complaints to: Mr. Smith of New get a better grade on English.

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, Sopho-mores 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 Mrs. White: Name a collective 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: Reese Bailey: Gosh! They taught Juniors 247, Sophomores 224, Freshmen 230, Seniors 192. By the totals we find that the Juniors are

And yet, my dear readers (I hope the smartest and the Seniors are the York City.)