

Hi News, Jr.

Published by the Sophomore
Journalists

VOLUME II NUMBER 1

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WAIT YOUR TURN

We understand that a number of you rising Sophs, who were planning to take first-year journalism, are disappointed. We would like to explain why and how it will be more beneficial in the long run for you to wait one more year.

If first-year journalism remained a sophomore subject the present Juniors, who are now working on the Hi News, would lose the privilege of working on the paper in their senior year. Some of you Frosh might say you don't care about the Seniors, but when you are Seniors you would be in the same predicament with no way out. Also with the "Old Regime" in command all Hi News would be junior issues. We'll admit you would have fun while you were juniors, but no matter how much you would want to work on the paper (we know you would want to because once work on the paper it gets into your blood) you would not be able to. But with journalism moved up to the junior year, seniors will be able to work on the paper.

And so, Freshmen, you don't have to shed any tears about journalism not being a sophomore subject. Your time is coming.

TO OUR PRINCIPAL

The type of person who, though tired and discouraged himself, tries to help and encourage those around him should be highly commended.

A good example of this type of person is Mr. Burt P. Johnson. Tired from meetings and responsibilities of various kinds, anxious that the Goldsboro episode would go off all right, Mr. Johnson helped the members of the pageant go through five hours of long and tiresome waiting, at Durham recently; footwear and sleepy, Aycock and his followers finally went on, with the optimistic words uttered by our principal resounding in their ears.

Mr. Johnson deserves much credit for helping our episode go off so well. G. H. S. is appreciative.

STICK BY YOUR MAN

Whom are you going to vote for? When you petition a student to hold an office in the Student Association you have pledged yourself in his support.

When thirty persons sign a petition for a candidate and in the finals only eighteen vote for him, this is unfair to your candidate, the other petitioners, the election committee, the council, and the others running for this position. It is unjust to your candidate because he is expecting your support, and the other petitioners are expecting your aid, and the election committee has gone to the trouble of checking over all of the petitions.

Let's take voting in a more responsible manner and stick by "our man."

AT LAST IT'S COMPLETE

Our most sincere thanks to the School Board. A mere "thank you" doesn't usually mean very much, but this time we say it from the bottom of our hearts.

In January 1927 our building was used for the first time. At the first assembly crude board benches were used and the only completed part of the auditorium was the floor. We had then only the skeleton of our new beautiful auditorium. The walls were not even plastered.

With the help of the School Board the inside of the auditorium was completed in 1932. In the same year the School Board gave the seats and the class of '32, then Juniors, bought the material and made the curtains and drops for the stage with the proceeds of the junior play.

The auditorium was then complete except for the light fixtures. Again the School Board came to our rescue, making the class of '37 the first to graduate in a thoroughly completed auditorium.

And so we say sincerely—"Thank you."

YES WE HAVE NO TENNIS

Let's have a tennis team!

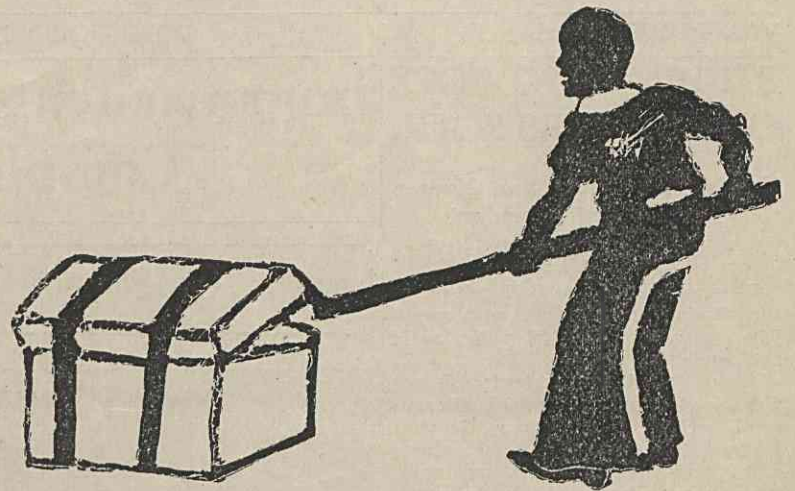
We have a track team, a basketball team, a football team, a swimming team, a baseball team. So why not have a tennis team?

Are enough students interested in tennis? If you think not, saunter over to the park some fair afternoon and see the to-the-death struggle which are enacted in every court. Hear the caustic comments hurled at any who dare play in a court too long, list to the heart-broken sigh that accompanies every ball knocked into the net, notice the fanatical gleam in the eyes of a tennis enthusiast, and I think that you will agree with me that tennis is a wonderful sport.

Let's have a tennis team!

How many chews of chewing gum would a chewing-gum-chewer of-chewing-gum chew if a stick of chewing gum lay where Mrs. White knew?

LET'S PRY OPEN THE LID



CARTOON ANALYSIS. The boy is you; the pole is cooperation; and in the chest is the success of the Student Association. With your cooperation the chest can be opened to success.

Looney Limericks

We all know him.

There's a fat swimmer named Hood.
His hobby is hogging down food.
He eats and he eats.
On meats and on sweets
And he floats like a hunk of wood!

The woods are full of 'em.

And then there's that guy they call
Glisson.
To him we all hate to listen.
He'll chase everyone
With a joke or a pun.
We'd be tickled if he was found
missing!

Or could it be romantic?

We're pestered with that gal, Edith
Jones.
On class she sighs and she moans.
When we ask "What's the matter?"
She says "Can the chatter;
I've got reumatic bones."

Who could this be?

This time it's a Sophomore lassie--
And all her friends call her "Cassie"
She hums and she haws
Just to strengthen her jaws.
When she talks her eyes appear
glassy!

And what a career!

There's a certain Cozart called
"Fat."
One on a hurdle he sat;
The hurdle fell down.
He fell on the ground,
And his track career ended with
that!

The author, no doubt.

And now we've come to the poet.
If you give him a job he'll do it.
But when you come to his brain
It's dried up like grain
He's me, he's dumb, and I know it!

THE LETTER TASK

I'm going home this summer.
At times I'll sit and wonder
About those letters I must write
Boy, oh boy! That's some sight.
I think I'll write Mr. Mahaffey first
Or he might blow up and burst.
I better not forget Mrs. Cox either
Or she might think I'm mad with
'er.

I'd better not forget Mrs. White;
She's a good friend and it might
start a fight.

There's another good teacher; it's
Miss Mewborn
I'll write her as soon as I get in
New Bern.

I'll write one to Sarah, also,
'Cause if I don't, up goes the steam
and off she'll go.

I was about to forget my boss, John,
'Cause when I argue with him, you
bet it's fun.

Above them all there's my sugar
Bless her heart! I could hug her
and kiss her.

—Ben Hill, '39

Miss Mewborn, teacher.

We Watch The Birdie, But

"Lights! Camera! Everybody
keep still! I'm going to snap it."
calls Miss Gordner. Everyone
freezes and the deed is done. "Oh,"
she wails, "the film wasn't even
turned to one. Sit down and we'll
try it again." Yes, you've guessed
it. The High News Jr. staff was
getting its picture took!

Miss Cone: Give an example of
organized labor.
Sleepy Glenn R.: A chain gang.

Miss Ipock, disgustedly: "How
much is three apples minus one
apple?"

Evelyn D. (pretending to be
bright) "Four apples."