

Goldsboro Hi News

Published eight times a year by the Journalism Students, Goldsboro, N. C., High School

Volume XI



Number 4

EDITORIAL STAFF	
Editor-in-Chief.....	Helen Moyer, '38
Assistant Editors.....	Nancy Pipkin, '38; Mary Best, '39
Managing Editor.....	Harry Hollingsworth, '38
Assistant Managing Editor.....	Addison Hawley, '39
Make-up Editors.....	Randy Middleton, '39; R. T. Cozart, '39; Gabe Holmes, '39; Leigh Scott, '39; Billy McClure, '39; Hugh Dortch, '39; Edith Jones, '39.
Feature Editor.....	Bobbie Ann Sanborn, '38
Library Column.....	Olivia Ferguson, '39
Sports Editor.....	Ross Ward, '38
Assistant Sports Editors.....	Charles Liles, '39; Jack Smith, '39
Alumni Editor.....	Jean Edgerton, '38
Exchange Editor.....	Evelyn Colie, '39
Staff Artists.....	Angeline Casey, '38; Tilley Horton, '38
Staff Typist.....	Marjorie Westray, '38
Adviser.....	Ida Gardner

BUSINESS STAFF	
Business Manager.....	Edward Luke, '38
Advertising Mgrs.....	Evelyn Dillon, '39; Grace Hollingsworth, '39
Circulation Manager.....	Carolyn Langston, '39
Adviser.....	Burt Johnson



Subscription, 50 Cents a Year. Advertising rates: 35 cents per column inch for a single-issue ad; special rates on ad contracts.

Entered as second-class matter October 26, 1931, at the postoffice at Goldsboro, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879

Think For Yourself

In a democratic school such as we have, the students are given a chance to make decisions which vitally affect them. But if the students fail to use their judgment in voting on issues that come before them, this democracy will be the ruin of GHS.

So far students have shown their ability to think through problems. Now, more than ever, they should think.

When important issues come up, as a protector of democracy students should study the problems before them and vote as they think best.

In the coming elections let your vote be your opinion, not what some one else has told you.

In assembly today the point system will be placed before the association. This point system affects you. For the good of the school, as well as yourself, when the time comes to vote, express your opinion.

Turn Your Thoughts Into Money

"Goldsboro High School Student Wins First Place in Essay Contest."

Can't you visualize a headline like this in our local papers?

Wouldn't it thrill you to see your school "in the news" because someone was interested enough to enter the contest? Or wouldn't it be grand if it were you that had received the honor?

Of course it would thrill you. If only—"If only what?" you ask.

If only we had enough ambition to enter some of the various contests which present themselves to us every day. There are reliable contests in the *Scholastic*, also contests sponsored by merchants and business men of this town and community, and from several other sources.

When we think about contests, in a general sense, maybe we think of certain contests in which you see how many dog faces you can find in a picture. Afterwards you sell dog food or some other product whose company has sponsored the contest and then you sit down to wait for your million dollars. But you never get the million. You need not expect anything from something you don't really put some work into.

When we refer to contests we mean contests that challenge your creative ability and you don't have to sell dog food.

Possibly you'll say, "Oh, I wouldn't have a chance if I entered, so there really isn't any sense in my trying."

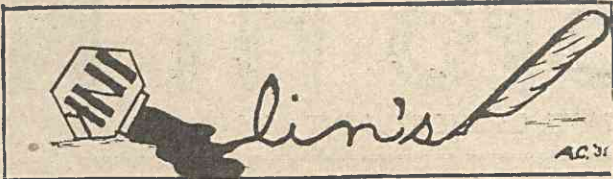
Surely you wouldn't have a chance if you had an attitude like that. Nobody ever succeeds if they go into anything half-heartedly.

We aren't all geniuses, of course, as Margaret Widdeman said in her article, "Do You Want to Write?," published in a recent *Scholastic*. But, you don't know that you aren't a genius. Writing doesn't come easily, even to the best of us and we'll all have to strive for perfection. And, of course, striving means a good deal of practice.

It would be much better if you decided, "Well, I know I'll have a chance in the Annual Scholastic Contest because I'm so interested. I'll go to see my English teacher right now."

And remember that old saying:

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained."



Travellers

He passed along the street seeking oblivion in the shadows. His thin body was wrapped in a worn cloak and his feet were shod in battered sandals, worn to the ground in places. Under the white hair was a face marked as though it had encountered much hardship, but in the old eyes a light was shining. He had seen happiness, too. He walked with difficulty, his only aid the staff of a giant scythe, but he moved as swiftly as possible.

Just as he left the city a bell tolled, and approaching him he saw a small child, clad only in very short white trousers and fairly beaming with happiness, hope and ambition. He stopped the child and wished him luck. The child did not seem to comprehend, but merely smiled and hurried on. The old man watched him as he entered the city amid much cheering from a crowd that had gathered there.

"Hail, 1938! You will do better by us, than the old year has, won't you?"

The child nodded assuringly and was bourne away. The old man, too, humbly turned and went his way.

—BETTIE GRAY BEST, '38.

That You May Know

I thought it might be the night that called me,
And so I went.

Perhaps the stars would shed their chilly light
And force a ray thru all of the fog and mist.
But tho' the radiance of the moon was about the
entire earth,

I lived in darkness.
The night gave no warmth and so I sought the sea,
Where the waves beat high and hard on the sand or
rocky cliffs,

But I felt no solace.
The silence of the deepest wood seemed not to pene-
trate

The tumult of my soul.
The sky—the sea—the earth heeded not this cry of
of my heart.

And when these failed to ease the ache within,
I knew that it was only you that could.

—B.A.S., '38.

But, now . . .

Mischievous, grinning, full of boyish pranks—
Blond curly hair shining in the sun—
Sobbing, "Mommy, why do you give me spankings?
When I only pranked for fun."
In only a little while he's laughing again,
Running, falling and skinning his shin.

But, now—
Where is her darling little boy?
Could it have been the hell of war that shattered her
joy?

She wonders what snatched him from her loving arms,
Arms that held him and kept him from harm.
She'll never know what he went thru',
Looking into a troubled sky of hazy blue.

Maybe he's on the muddy ground,
Crawling to safety and trembling at every sound.
Possibly he's covered with blood and lying
On those foreign shores, slowly dying.
She looks up to God and tries to understand,
Why, He took her boy from her guiding hands.

—EDITH JONES, '39.

Fallen With the Bravest

On the dawning of the great day
When the mighty war whoop sounded,
I wondered how my warrior,
My straight and sturdy warrior,
Would go out and fight his battle.

All the day until the sundown
Did I see my son returning,
Mid the praises of the warriors,
Of the very bravest warriors,
For a great deed well enacted.

So with the rising moon they came,
Resplendent in their triumph.
Each warrior with some token,
Some token of his good deeds,
To show and tell of to his comrades.

But High Water was not with them.
He had fallen with the bravest
In the glory of the battle,
With the praises of the warriors.
He had died in mighty battle.

—SCOTTIE DAMERON, '38.
Miss Beasley, teacher.

HELP BY KEEPING YOUR PLEDGE—

"Did you pledge anything for the free lunch fund?"

You'll probably answer, "Sure, I pledged a dime a week, but I can't remember to bring it. It isn't important, anyway."

Oh, isn't it important? It may not be important to you, but try to realize how essential and helpful it is to the students who can't afford lunch money.

Probably the underprivileged students have to come to school in the mornings without breakfast. And if they didn't derive the benefit of the free lunch fund they might have to wait until supper for the only food they would have all day.

Can you imagine it? Not having but one meal a day, and that meal probably unbalanced.

If they come to school without any food, how would it affect their school work? They won't have the strength to do it as it should be done because no one can keep going without proper food.

But, unless we remember to give our dime a week, around fifteen of our students will go hungry and won't be able to do their school work properly.

Last year the Grammar School raised over twelve hundred dollars for their free lunch fund and surely we are going to accomplish as much as they did.



Through the Ages

Louise Waters, '28, is now married and living in Raleigh. In April 1928 she made the high score in a typing contest.

It didn't seem to do much good; Louise showed us she preferred marriage to a career.

Billy Simmons, '29, was at one time the business manager of the Hi News. Today he has a wife, a baby, a job, and is still using his business ability in selling insurance.

Ed Outlaw, '30, Annapolis graduate, now posted at Norfolk, Virginia, was on the team in High School that won the Aycock Cup Debate.

Ed McDowell, '31, intended to start a college and be the president, but he stopped by the side of the road to take a job with the Branch Bank because he needed a little capital.

It seems that Susan Rawlings, '32, was supposed to have been a model in an exclusive dress shop. She is a model—wife!

John Dortch Lewis, '33, is taking a two months' insurance course in Richmond. He will start work in Goldsboro soon.

"Hobo" Bynum, '34, made his debut in GHS as a star singer. Now he uses his "peeking" in Borden Brick and Tile office.

Dan Aycock, '35, went to a business school in Richmond, Virginia. Now he is working with an insurance company. Dan was the chief marshal when in high school. He also won the Weil Scholarship Award.

"A smile is the same in all languages." That's what they said about Claro Brown, '36, when she went to GHS. At last her sweet smile has captured her heart's desire — her husband!

Everyone that goes to GHS loves it so much. "Babe" Baddour, '37, is one of the many that loved it so much she just had to come back this year.



Are you at a loss as to what book to read next? If so, try some of these reviewed by students. Those indicated by the asterisk are in the school library.

The Exile, by Pearl Buck, is a gripping biography of an American woman in a strange land. The hardships, trials and joys of this woman, who is the author's mother, make up a book worth anyone's time to read. —Lessie Pratte Mallard, '41.

*I do not believe many have read the book, *The Romance of Dollard* by Catherwood, but I feel there is not a better book of that type. It has romantic love affairs, adventurous happenings and many times keeps you in suspense as to what will take place next.—Frances O'Steen, '39.

Private Duty, by Faith Baldwin, is a most amusing novel of the present time dealing with the common experiences and romances of three young nurses who share an apartment in a big city.—Berta Parks, '39.

**Janice Meredith*, by P. L. Ford, is a novel dealing with the Revolution, telling of many great battles and historical events. The historic background of the book is delightfully relieved by the story of Janice, a shy minx of a girl, who is the toast of both the British and American forces.—Frances Yelverton '39.

The Iron Woman, by Margaret Deland, is a story of significance which deals with a widow, who tries by various means to bring her only son up to be a man, giving him everything he wants or needs. Still he seems to be afraid of life, so finally she allows him to work for all he gets. This gains the desired results of making him a man.—"Cassie" Langston, '39.

**Jo Ann, Tomboy*, by Ellis Parker, reveals the adventures of a girl, who is determined to get revenge on the boy next door. Her fighting spirit is shown all through this interesting book, which contains accounts of many mischievous doings. —Sarah Thompson, '39.

Clippings

How's this for unusual? The students of Benjamin Bois High School of Evansville, Indiana, held a rabbit hunt. To be eligible those interested had to kill one rabbit from Saturday night until Tuesday.

The instructor of mechanical drawing at Peoria High School in Illinois, Joseph Yuhaese, has constructed a new type of T-square which simplifies ruling by doing away with having to hold the square in place. He intends to have it patented.

Ziegfeld doesn't have a chance when competing with the Peoria, Illinois football squads, "The Football Follies of 1938," which will soon be presented.

Speaking of a representative school, William Penn Chapter, the National Honor Society recently formally installed 32 new members.

"Girls' faults are many
Boys have only two.
Everything they say,
And everything they do."
Piedmont Highlander,
California.