



A JINGLE-BELL

Eenie, meenie, minie, mo—
Over the housetop we will go.
Santa merrily rings his bell,
While we are mentally raising (nice weather we're having, isn't it?)

Down the chimney, Santa goes
Lighting the gloom with his little red nose.
If the chimney's too small
He'll be in a jam
Though I personally don't give a (the weather's getting hotter and hotter, isn't it?)

Sliding, sledding out of sight,
At last he has gone—and so has the night.
. . . Merry Christmas!

Ernest Glisson, '39.
Mrs. White, teacher.

Merry Christmas

THE TOWER CLOCK

There's a clock in the old church tower
Across the street from home
That nobly strikes each hour,
And I often list to her tone.
The clock rests high in the steeple
With the statues of the saints;
And as I look up at her
Many pictures my memory paints.
She struck when big sister got married;
Bright orange blossoms filled the air.
She strikes cold November evenings
When mice are chilled on the tower stair.
She struck when dear little brother
Departed from us amid pain,
And her notes are quite melancholy
When the streets are frying with rain.
I think the clock is the river's sweetheart
For they both run ceaselessly on,
And the river gurgles his pleasure
As he flows by back of home.
On romantic moonlit evenings
He holds a mirror to her face
And high on her tower in the night-time
She poses with dignified grace;
He serenades gently with ripples
And she answers with her chimes.
I've heard them thus in courtship
Oh, many-many times.
And now I have told you her story
And hark! She strikes once again
She always does regardless
Whether men's lives are joy or bane.

FREDERICK WOODARD.
Former GHS Student.

Merry Christmas

"AW HECK! IT'S A GIRL!"

Down the empty hallway,
He was slowly creeping,
From behind his golden curls,
His big blue eyes were peeping.
Into the room he crept,
Careful to make no noise,
'Cause the hospital is no place
For noisy little boys.
He eased up to the bed,
And pushed back a curl,
But then he slowly turned away,
"Aw heck! It's a girl!"
He looked up at his mother,
And wondered at her joy;
"Gee, Mom, can't you see?
You've made a mistake! It's not a boy!
It's gonna wear old dresses
And make a lot of noise,
Please, take it back and get one
Where they sell only boys!
You can take it back
And change it for another.
Please do this for me;
Swap it for a brother!
Gosh! Listen! Mom!
She can't play with my toys,
Please take it back
And change it for a boy!
Its eyes aren't even open
Where is all its hair?
Do its teeth come with it?
How much was the fare?
I'll take it out'a my bank,
I know I can get some more,
I'll gladly pay the fare back,
Only change it for a boy!
She'll never even know,
So how can she regret it?
Please change it for a boy,
I'll go with you to get it.
I'd be oh so happy!
My life would be a joy,
If you'd take this darn thing back
And change it for a boy!"

Margie Wooten, '39.

Written last year in Miss Bell's junior English class.

Seniors Cut Capers; Miss Spence Raves And Play Is a Wow

"Now, my precious infants, please get the stage set. After all, we do have a rehearsal this afternoon. Or did you think we came here to have a party?" Miss Spencer is beginning to get riled up, as John Hornby would say it, and when she does the sparks begin to fly.
"Okay, now, get your places and start things off."

Padre Fernando Ballard, we have just decided, would make a good hog-caller. His rendition of "O-O-O-O-O-O-O Mateo" nearly brought the house down. At least we'll get one laugh and where it's supposed to be most serious, too. (Phooey.)

Hampton and Yelverton, what a team! WHAT A TEAM!
Y.: I ain't gonna kiss him, Miss Spencer!

H.: Yes you are, too.
M.S.: Jimmy, kiss her on the cheek, and let it go at that, today.

H.: I wouldn't kiss her if she was the last girl on earth.

Y.: Well! Do you think I'd look at you if I was the last girl on earth?

M.S.: Stop that arguing, you two, and go on with those lines.

"Lolita—I, Lolita,"—well, you dope, why doncha run? Miss Spencer, this gal's crazy. She's supposed to run when I try to put my arms around her, and she just stands there. Force of habit, that's what it is—force of habit, and the cast is in stitches again.

"Married! My daughter married!" gasps Mama (Ruth Hinson) and sinks, stunned but gracefully into a chair that just ain't there, her skirt over her head and her feet fanning the breeze.

I'm not the only one that these rehearsals are getting down—take Forrest Simmons, for instance. Reading seven parts at one time isn't an easy task and Lt. Paxton looked like a track star running from one side of the stage to the other. On stage right he's Jack and on stage left he's Mateo. Then he scoots behind the curtain to become an off-stage voice. Very remarkable, this triple personality.

It seems that Feebe Daughtry is trying to start a new type of introduction in GHS. In introducing his wife to Senora Dolores, he jerks his hand over his shoulder in the Lambeth Walk manner and yells, "This is my wife, Lois," instead of "Oi."

Willie should lend his voice to some car manufacturer to use as a pattern for a horn. He calls Pepe (short for Jose) and Miss Spencer starts out front to see if anyone is blowing for her.

If we had Senior Play rehearsals all year 'round, the whole school would be a madhouse. And, my friends (I hope) don't ever let anybody tell you the rehearsals aren't three times as good as the play.
F. Y., '39.

That Guy Hitler

Chancellor Adolph Hitler
Is such a pleasant man.
He's always playing games
With Italy and Japan.
His favorite game is Czechers,
He plays against the red.
No matter if you're expert,
He's just one step ahead.
War games are Adolph's specialty.
He has the biggest gun,
And the cutest bombs and planes,
Gee, he has a lot of fun.
He keeps France from being lazy,
And England on her toes,
He spreads a wakeful atmosphere
'Most everywhere he goes.
—The Owl.

Hudson High School, Hudson, N. Y.



Merry Christmas to all alumni! And a happy New Year also! The students, faculty, and staff of GHS extend a special invitation to you, the alumni, to visit GHS and see us. Any staff alumnus will be especially welcome in room 19 to meet the present staff and refresh their memory of "Hi News days!"

Dot Crawford, '35, was recently voted the most popular girl in the Senior Class at Meredith, and believe me—that's something!

Norwood Middleton, '35, son of our Latin teacher, is making a splendid record at Roanoke College in Salem, Virginia. He has been editor-in-chief of the college paper, is associate editor at present, editor of the Y-handbook for the year 1937-'38, and has served as Secretary of the YMCA. However the crowning glory to top Norwood's list of achievements is that he has been given an application blank for a Rhodes Scholarship, one of the highest honors a student can get while in college. Requirements for this application are scholarship, character and leadership.

Annie Elizabeth Coward, '35, has been chosen by the faculty at Meredith to appear in "Who's Who Among American Colleges and Universities," a directory compiled annually by the University of Alabama. Annie Elizabeth is president of the Little Theatre and has the leading role in Ibsen's "A Doll's House" to be presented today. She is also a member of the Silver Shield, honorary leadership society.

Norene Johnson, '38, has been installed as a member of the Junior Cabinet at BCTC.

Sarah Cox, '38, was recently elected Freshman Class treasurer at Greensboro College.

James Harris, '38, visited GHS a few days ago. He is in the navy.

Merry Christmas



First in this month's review comes "The Cowboy and The Lady" starring Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon with Patsy Kelly and Walter Brennan handling the comedy. For the first time in his movie career Cooper woos the lady with song. Brennan turns from stealing the picture to stealing hearts (Patsy Kelly's in particular). This promises to be a hit, full of romance, excitement, and fun.

Bringing up second come the Dead End kids in "Little Tough Guys in Society" with Mary Boland and Mischa Auer supporting. The title itself suggesting the plot, it is easily imagined what a picture the tough monkeys from "Dead End," "Crime School," "Angels With Dirty Faces" would make breaking the icy doors of high society.

Running a close third comes "The Garden of The Moon" featuring Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay. Pat O'Brien always swinging, whether it be fists or a Bible, fits into a swing music comedy without a hitch. The plot centers around a feud between a hotel-supper-dance-room manager. The band, having played for flop joints and cheap dance halls, is hilarious over a job secured in a swank hotel. When they are fired before a note is played the feud begins. Don't miss this four star feature.

M. B., '39.

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Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!"

Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise, join the triumph of the skies; With angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King!"

GIVE—

As the Christmas season approaches one's thought naturally turns to giving. The firemen are repairing broken toys, the newspaper is running an empty stocking fund plea, and the churches and welfare organizations are trying to provide for needy families. This is splendid evidence of public interest and kindness.

But what have you as an individual done toward giving? Have you taken a broken toy to the firemen? Have you answered the empty stocking plea? Are you participating in a group that will provide for a needy family? If you have not "given" please do so. Don't wait and think, "well, someone else will give to them, why should I?" For after all, it is the individual that counts. If everyone felt that someone else would give, where would we be? Little ones would wake on Christmas morn to the bitter realization that there is no Santa. Don't disappoint them; any little amount will help their Christmas. After all it isn't so much the amount you give; it's the feeling you put behind it. As the saying goes, "If you care enough, you will give enough."

DO WE NEED A TWELFTH GRADE?

Yes, and here's why:
The students who go straight to college with only eleven years' preparation are not prepared to keep up with the students from other states or the more progressive North Carolina cities that have the twelfth year. He has just enough time for the courses necessary for college entrance and hardly any time for the optionals which lay the foundation for so many college courses that he takes from choice, the courses that teach him more about his future occupation. The better foundation he has, the less likely he is to go on the unemployed list in years to come.

Now let us take the student who hopes to go to college, but wants to make sure he is prepared for work if he can't go. He has practically the same trouble. In trying to get the required subjects, he has to neglect most of the vocational courses which are really more valuable to him than the college preparatory courses, since they train him for a job he has a chance of getting, instead of training him to be a banker or a lawyer. If the twelfth year is added, more vocational courses will be added, and more time will be available to study them. This will be just as beneficial to the student who graduates with the intention of going right to work. He is being taken care of now, but think how much better prepared he would be if he had one more year of actual experience and advanced studying in his field, and he would be one year older and more mature when he went out to face the world. We surely don't want our graduating class's motto to be like that of a northern class of last year's crop: "WPA, here we come!"