

Goldsboro Hi News

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Our Objectives

It is the function of the newspaper to make individuals understand each other and appreciate each other better so that they will work together more effectively and enjoyably, accomplish more, and bring more honor and glory to the school, more satisfaction to their own work and efficiency to their preparation for adult life.

—Journalism and Life
 by Dwight Emerson Mitchell

Death Takes a Ride

(Editor's Note: 934 people were killed and 7,190 injured on North Carolina roads during 1939. Of the 13,173 cars involved in accidents, 12,485 were in apparently good condition. Therefore, the fault must be with the drivers.)

Have you ever gone for a ride with Death? I dare say that you haven't, but you never know when this silent, sombre gentlemen will creep unnoticed into your car as an unwelcome passenger. For everyday, he joins, let's say, a gay party of motor maids and rides with them, impatiently urging them onward—onward straight into an embankment! The car stops. One figure stirs. It is Death. He rises from the disaster, thoughtfully tapping his brow.

Back to the road he strides, a harmless hitch-hiker. Happy driver, don't pick him up. Be careful! But one driver does pick him up. His drunken mind doesn't care who the passenger is, just so he's a companion. Death silently nudges the driver's arm. Let's see how close you can come to the car approaching. The intoxicated driver is always good for a challenge. He roars head-on into the innocent "other fellow." Again, that mass of tangled steel and bodies! Again, that lone survivor! Again, Death wants a ride!

YOU can keep him from riding with you. Obey the rules of the game, for there is one bright hope when behind the wheel. One very bright hope! Death is afraid to ride with the careful driver. Are you going to let him ride with you?

She Made a Terrific Effort

"I passed, Billy! I passed! Boy, that 4 looked beautiful to me."

Her prayer of thankfulness lingered in my ears. Jean, like many another GHS boy and girl, had worked neither particularly hard nor particularly steadily. Her studying instincts were good, but when friend, radio or movie beckoned, she fell in line. Consequently, when exams came along, she was worried. She didn't want to fail. Who does? It is a terrible feeling. One feels weak, disappointed, and yes, slightly humiliated.

Jean sat down and studied. Dread nailed her mind to her books. She made a terrific effort, and passed.

Jean's struggle was a desperate one. She resolved never again to laze along until the actual test came. She was going to work so hard that she would never again feel that last-minute panic, that dull hope of a "just passing" grade. She set her goal as maximum effort, for always. She made a great many fine resolutions. Well, don't we all? Every student in GHS really wants to succeed in his work and at some time resolves to earn his success. Some students wander from the paths of their resolves. Some do not. How much finer these latter ones are! How much happier!

We Honor

Ed Smith

Born in Goldsboro September 24, 1922, was a boy who has given his best work to GHS activities. Brown-haired, blue-eyed, Edward Thompson Smith has now become one of our outstanding Seniors.



This Tibett of the bathtub, (this candid camera expert, this stamp collecting, swing-loving jitterbug of jitterbugs) began in his sophomore year to enter into things. Ed played on the tennis team, edited an issue of the "Scribblers' Scoop," and was class treasurer. He played basketball in his sophomore and junior years. As a junior he was in the play, "The Great Choice," was a member of the SA council and manager of the football team. This year, Ed has managed the Hi-News Shop, and played the part of Dr. Owen in the Senior play, "Smilin' Through."

Ed's favorite sport is football. His hobby is stamp collecting. His nature is a very happy one; for Ed enjoys Kay Kyser's music, T bone steak, oysters, Nelson Eddy, Bette Davis, "In the Mood", and the company of a certain T. L.

Ed hates okra; his favorite color is green. He says his ambition is a secret one, but I am willing to bet you that such a hard-working boy will succeed at his job, whatever it may be.

Carolyn Collier

She is quite a small bundle, being only about five feet tall. Kay Collier deserves her place among the immortals of GHS. Years from now when she finds one of her ambitions realized and she plays the sousaphone in Phil Spitalny's all girl orchestra, you will say, "Why, I knew her when she won second prize in the Cancer essay contest in Wayne County and played the role of Betty in one of the 1939-40's best dramatizations, "Bread".



Carolyn was born in Lakeland, Florida, on September 2, 1924. Her current favorite song is "Lilacs in the Rain," but her all time favorite is "Harvest Moon." Kay Kyser (that man again) is her favorite wielder of the baton, whereas Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy are foremost at the movies.

Have you ever tried a Cuban sandwich? Take her word for it. It is de-luscious! Carolyn dislikes greens (cabbage and collards—ugh) impolite people and Center Street when she wants to cross. She likes—reading, C.C., skating, GHS (don't we all), people in general, and singing. Carolyn "very definitely" cannot sing.

She plays the baritone (a HORN to you). She is typist of her dramatics class. This is Carolyn's junior year in high school, her first year in GHS—she came here from Charlotte.

Carolyn would like tremendously to go to Southern College in Florida. Let's hope she gets her wish. An energetic achiever deserves the best.

Grandpa's Courtship

Whirling, twirling all around,
 The white snow falls on freezing ground.
 And grandpa winks with his big glass eye,
 And laughs his laugh that squeaks on high.
 And says, "It'll be a big snow storm,
 Like we had'em down on the farm;
 It happened one day when my hair was slick,
 And the snow was oh so nice and thick.
 (Grandma in the corner is laughing away,
 For she knows what grandpa is going to say.)
 Grandpa continues, "Well, I got Old Jill
 And hitched her to the sleigh and rode over
 the hill.

Grandma (her name was Mary Dow,
 Although you call her Grandma now.)
 Was in her house by the fire
 With her best bonnet on (I wonder why?)
 Said I, 'Come for a ride; don't sit by the fire;
 And grandma said, 'All right, Jeremiah.'
 So we started out and pulled up the fur,
 And Grandma started blushing as I got close
 to her.

We were having fun when the horse gave a
 hitch
 And threw Mary and me straight into the
 ditch.

The horse ran away an' down the road he went
 flyin',
 Grandma's hat was ruined and she started
 cryin'.

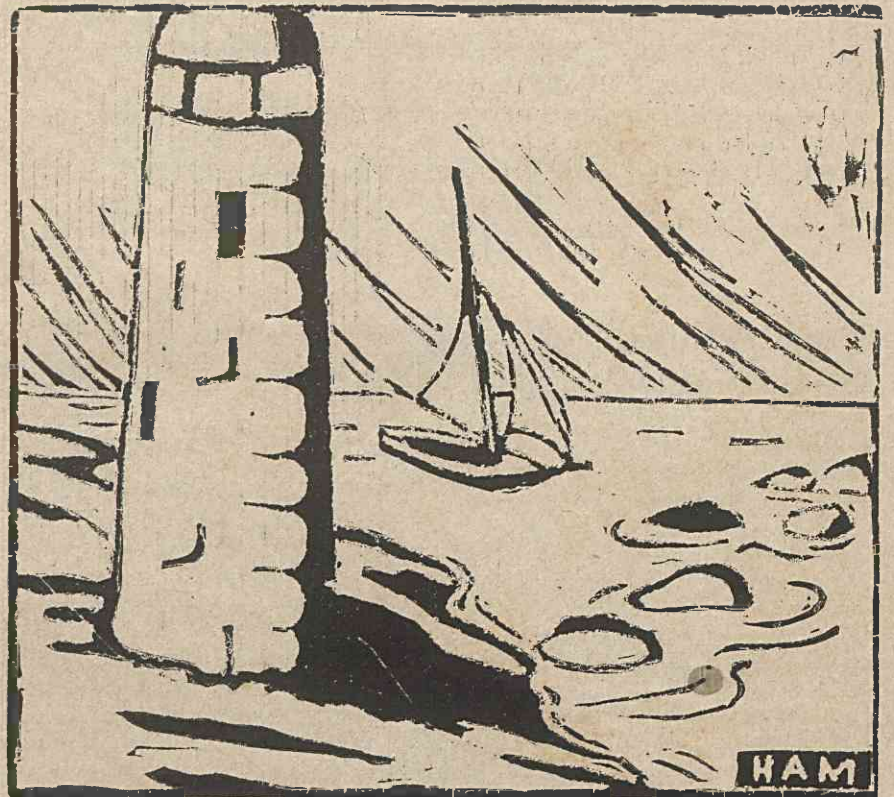
With my feet in the air the question I
 popped,
 And grandma she blushed and her crying
 stopped."

'I d-don't know,' and her face turned red;
 'You'd better say yes, or, no', I said
 I'll tell you one thing she didn't say,
 'no',

Or else I'd always hate the snow,
 And that's the story of our courtship."

Elizabeth Thomson, '43

Keep The Hi News Off The Rocks



The boat in the cartoon above represents the "Hi-News", which is dangerously riding the waves towards the rocks of financial difficulty. If the beam from the lighthouse of Student Support shines brighter, the boat may be safely guided past the treacherous shoals.

GHS Cutie Takes Exam

J'ai faim—j'ai peur—oh, what's that next? —J'ai- j'ai—so Lizzie Lee thinks she's gonna look on my paper, huh—well, I'll just show her—j'ai—I hope Mother remembered to send my green dress to the cleaners—if I have to go to that dance tonight in that same ole' blue one—I'll just die—j'ai—j'ai—oh! I've got to answer that letter to Hector—poor boy, at college all by himself—J'ai—bet he's already invited some campus co-ed to the midwinter dances—if he has—Oh! I got it—j'ai soif—Uh-ooo—what's next—j'ai soif—j'ai—ai—gosh, I can't wait 'til tonight! My first date with Tip an' he's so tall and handsome—My goodness! What if I get stuck with him???—j'ai—oh! but I can't get stuck with him—he'd never invite me again—Ol' Lizzie Lee thinks she's got him on a string—j'ai—ai—but just wait 'til she sees me walk in with Tip—'til all the things you are, are mine—but Miss Snobble, I wasn't singing—j'ai—that old—goody-to-night—green dress—midwinter dances—j'ai—Lizzie Lee—j'ai—ahhhh! Tip—j'ai—aw! fer heven's sake! j'ai—NUTS!

GHS's New Spring Outfit

Dear Students:

No—not crazy! Just concerned over GHS's new spring outfit. Of course, there are those of you who say it is crazy to talk about grass right in the middle of winter, but you won't think it's silly if GHS doesn't get her bright new green appearance for Easter. Now is the time to begin preparing to give our school one of the most beautiful campuses of her career. However if you go planting your size twelve boot on territory to be claimed by tender little blades of grass in the near future, you won't be helping one bit. You will be packing soil almost to cement through which no grass can push itself. For the all time present, stroll on the sidewalks. They were made for that, whereas narrow sheathing leaves of green herbage are being made to climb through our soft—if you've kept off it—school earth and to help us to be able to display to others a beautiful building set on a beautiful green carpet all proudly labeled . . . "GOLDSBORO HIGH SCHOOL."

Pleadingly,
 Any one of You

The Hi News Is At Stake You Can Save It

Uninteresting . . . dull . . . solid mass of type broken only by headlines . . . pictureless . . . only four pages . . . can you imagine your Hi-News like that?

Due to its present financial condition, the Hi-News is headed straight in that direction, for at present, only 300 members of the student body subscribe to the Hi-News, 200 less than that necessary for it to continue with its high standards of publication. Those who have not subscribed are losing the benefits of a project that describes the work of the whole school. They will miss the Junior issue, filled with news and features of the Junior class, and the Senior edition and supplement with the pictures, History, Prophecy and the Last Will and Testament of the Senior class. These two publications alone are worth the 25 cents subscription price for the last four issues.

The Hi-News is such a great credit to our school that we just can't let it down. The Hi-News, highly rated by the National Scholastic Press Association, the Southern Interscholastic Press Association, and the Quill and Scroll, has taken thirteen years to grow from a small leaflet. We must not retrogress now. But unless 300 half-year subscriptions are sold in the campaign beginning February 12, our Hi-News, the students' best way of keeping posted on school affairs, will go backward. The Hi-News is at stake; your sympathy is of course appreciated, but what we need is action—and more subscriptions!

We Would Be Greater

It's the spirit that counts! We would be part of a great land; we would live our own lives unharmed by the wrongs of misrule and the cruelty of dictatorship; even more, we would be a powerful force in our own government—someday.

But what for now? We're a pretty good bunch when it comes to talents and abilities. What's more we're provided with excellent chances for developing and training our capabilities. What, then, stands in the way of great accomplishment? Though we may have everything individually, there is one thing without which no organization or group can survive. Only an intense interest, only the will to do, and only the deep satisfaction from the realization of a genuine and worthwhile accomplishment can knit a group into a unit. It's the spirit that counts!