

# Goldsboro Hi News

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# We Honor

ANN DANIELS

ARTHUR BOYKIN

Brown hair — blue eyes — fresh smile — Ann Ruth Daniels. Born on July 27 in Wilmington, this Miss GHS of her Freshman year loves silly hats.



Yum-yum is all she thinks of when confronted with chocolate pie or asparagus. She honestly goes for Glenn Miller, swimming, Ty-

rone Power, "Star-lit Hour," blue, Judy Garland, Woman's College, and the voices of Ray Eberle and Ginny Simms.

Her favorite male is the mailman (cute—huh?) Her hobby (which strangely is no secret to others) is giggling which, we might say, is also her favorite pastime. Once upon a time, this pretty senior lived in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, where (she blushing admits) she met her first love, B. D. Today, she modestly works as assistant make-up editor of the **Hi News**. She served as homeroom president in her Sophomore year, council representative for first term this year, and she also had a role in the Junior play last year.

Ann no likee rain, stubborn people, and liver. Wouldn't you just love to go for an airplane ride one of these fine days and encounter a pretty smiling air hostess whom you once knew as a GHS SA Social committee member?

For a girl whose motto is: "Do tomorrow what you can put off today," Ann is strictly all right—we all say.

Wilmington may claim James Arthur Boykin (better known as Buddy) as its very own, for he was born there on November 19, 1922, and there he first faced love in



L. C. When he was just a Freshman, this kid brother of Willie's arrived upon the hospitality of GHS.

Here he has been Freshman English class president, Sophomore homeroom Hi News representative, Senior English secretary, and he is an assistant council representative this term.

Now just listen to Buddy's likes: Glenn Miller (what! again?), going to the show, baseball, Gary Cooper, dancing, steak, "Bless You," night strolling, Bette Davis, mashed potatoes, driving, the color white. He plays the tuba as a hobby; enjoys driving as a favorite pastime.

And with whom had he rather spend his time???? A certain J. C. (and she couldn't be a popular pianist, could she?). As a GHS senior he wants to attend Wake Forest next year, where he'll carry his motto with him: "Always work; your best work is never done."

His favorite expression, "gorsh," appears unexpectedly in all his conversations. He dislikes green, lectures, and fast drivers.

Expect Buddy one day to be a chemical engineer along with being owner of a chain of grocery stores as a side occupation. He very likely will succeed. He usually does.



## My Heaven

I drifted into a starry night. A few seconds before my death, even, I became conscious of another world. I felt no shock, no surprise, only a peaceful gladness.

The sky was blue-black and star-sprinkled. The lake was a soft light blue making a lovely two-tone with the sky. The lake was still. The night was quiet. A gentle caressing breeze wafted the scent of a host of heavenly flowers as I drifted in a tiny skiff.

Slowly the day crept in as the night slipped away. Wild, sweet music floated to my ears. My favorite songs were sung, sung the way they should be sung, the way I dreamed of hearing them sung. With care I moored my skiff upon a green grassy bank. I passed through fields of golden brush, swayed and rustled by the breezes, into great gardens of bright-eyed flowers blooming there and never dying. On I moved, over blue-purple mountains and technicolor forests. Then huge clouds, hazy, white, and drifting, floated around me in a soft blue mist.

There I was, alone and not lonely, for He was there. His spirit and His love filled the universe; and I was standing face to face with my Maker and my Master. And all was well.

Marina Andrews, '40  
 Mrs. W. T. White, teacher

## Alternation

Winter has gone  
 Just as it came,  
 Bleak, yet sheer loveliness  
 When enwrapped with snow.

Spring gracefully creeps over the earth,  
 Feeling its way —  
 Budding, blossoming  
 Into harmonious perfection.

Helen Boyette, '40  
 Mrs. W. J. White, teacher

## The Light That Didn't Fail

It was the afternoon of Friday, February 23. The scene was Miss Gordner's journalism room. All faces were bright! All smiles were happy! In fact, the world had a sunny glow! And—here's why . . . . .

Only a short day before, the Hi News staff had been in despair. For two long weeks it had urged student co-operation, but two students seemed to think that the staff could overcome its financial difficulty by pushing a button. But we couldn't do it. Then Thursday — SA Council meeting — homeroom period — renewed spirit! You realized that we needed you.

You went to work! In one afternoon you saved us! You far surpassed the quota of 300 subscriptions. Result — brightness the next day . . . . .

Don't you think it was enough for smiles to see those quarters roll in? We wish you had been there to share our victory with us, for it was you who had won it.

We are grateful! To repay you, we pledge our best.

## Keep High Its Flaming Torch

GHS is proud of its National Honor Society, proud of its boys and girls who have been tapped into it because of their scholarship, leadership, service and character!

To keep the standard of the society in our school something to be proud of, two things must be true: members must continue to live up to the society ideals and all students, potential members, must work toward them. Remembering that they have been chosen, members must set examples to the rest of the school.

To keep the quality of the members truly fine, standards of leadership, scholarship, service and character must be high among the underclassmen, for soon they will be eligible for membership. The sooner all students make these ideals their own, the sooner GHS will be an ideal school.

Character, the sum of a person's traits, is the basis of the person's being. If he does not make his habits as good as he possibly can, if he does not strive unceasingly to better them, how can his character be a strong, true one? If his every action and even thought are brave and kind, he is to be admired by all.

Service, the use of one's faculties for universal benefit, is one of the chief traits of an unselfish character. Service to church, family and friends as well as to school and class will invariably prove to be of service to one's self.

Leadership is a very great type of service. It is a quality which may be acquired. Leadership in students takes many forms. It is sometimes consistently sincere speech and action. But often it is attained by quietly setting examples.

Scholarship is often looked upon as merely getting good grades, when it is really much more. Scholarship stands for a true desire to learn, backed by effort which does not cease until results are reached. People who live up to these standards are our scholars.

The daily life of all students might well be guided by this code.

## Shakespearean Actors Please A GHS Student

The Avon Players' presentations in the Goldsboro High School auditorium February 27 showed high school students that Shakespeare is really enjoyable. A large enthusiastic audience saw "As You Like It" in the afternoon while that night a smaller group, just as appreciative, enjoyed "Hamlet."

Though Scott Tennyson was mis-cast as Orlando in the afternoon performance, he portrayed the sorrows of the Danish Prince, Hamlet, with sympathy and understanding, displaying perhaps the best piece of acting in the two plays.

Surpassing her role as Rosalind, Carol Hill interpreted Ophelia's insanity with poignant feeling, not over-acting the state of this pitiful girl.

Jack Vinson's portrayal of the grave-digger in "Hamlet" was excellent. This versatile actor completely dominated the only humorous scene in the tragedy.

Charles Trumbo in the small part of William, the country oaf, really made the most of his few lines and wholly captivated his audience.

Harold Selman played Touchstone, the court fool, in an appropriately sardonic manner. Doris Edwards gave Celia a modern interpretation; Robert Rains handled his small parts capably; Whitney Haley played the wicked Claudius realistically. Eugenie Du Bois, Dennis Laverc, Curtis Rowland and Julian Lucky completed the cast.

Backstage each member of the cast did his share cheerfully.

—By Toni Lupton, '40.

## On Our Bookshelf

Let us introduce you to two of the 42 new books in our library.

I WANTED WINGS is the exciting account of the adventures in the air encountered by the author, Beirne Lay, Jr. A penniless Yale graduate, he learned what it takes to make a service pilot, what it is to crash at Randolph and Kelly Fields, Texas.

A stowaway, a fire, an episode with a squid enliven the adventure story, **THE GIRL THAT WAS MARGE**, by Edith Tallant.



## N'awright-Now what Else?

Dear Students:

Though we have been showing fine enthusiasm lately, there are still certain things that a few students do which tend to break down the good GHS spirit. The following are some inconsiderate things that could easily be checked with a little thought on our part.

Number One — Some students still persist in entering the cafeteria through the front door, causing much confusion and not speeding up anybody's chances of getting lunch. We rallied behind the cafeteria committee when they complained about running in the cafeteria, so now let's cut out entering by the front door.

Number Two — The cafeteria committee, which by the way is a mighty fine one, has been giving up about all their lunch period to furnish music for those eating and those who wish to dance. However, a few students could not leave the amplifier alone and so a \$12.50 speaker was burst along with about 7 records. The committee is now trying to furnish music again, but it's only fair to them and those who wish to dance and listen that everybody leave the amplifier alone.

Number Three — Then there's that old terrace problem. Frankly I don't see why we can't walk about three more steps and go down the steps. (This is bad journalism — I ought to have only one "steps" in that last sentence.) But anyway, let's try and save the terraces. Everybody says we keep the auditorium and walls unusually clean and we're proud of that, so let's have a campus we'll be proud of too.

These are just some things some of us do without thought or without consideration, so it shouldn't be so very hard to correct them if everybody does his part.

Sincerely yours,

Ike Manly, '40

## From The Ashes

For we shall meet  
 And I will know  
 Disillusion's  
 Bitter taste.

Again I'll lose  
 My happy hopes,  
 Again must start  
 My dreams anew.

Kala Rosenthal, '40

## Fury

Controlled anger  
 Beats with stormy rage  
 Against the senses.  
 Forcing synthetic calm  
 From distorted brains.

Toni Lupton, '40  
 Mrs. W. J. White, teacher

## Sliding To Germany; Or A Friendly Call On Hitler

One hot day in March, Frances and I decided to go swimming at the lake, so we got out bathing suits and started on the way. After we got there, we put on our bathing suits. As we dived in the water, we started sliding. The water was frozen, so we slid from the lake at Goldsboro to one in Germany. On our way over there, we hit a bridge. There was a car on it, but we knocked the bridge down and wrecked the car. It didn't hurt us at all, except that I lost one of my arms in the rush and Frances one of her legs. When we got over there we went to see Hitler, and he asked us what had become of our leg and arm. We told him, and he said that if we weren't particular, we would hurt ourselves. But we didn't believe him.

So we started sliding our way back, and we met a Polar bear. He came up and got my head and her other leg and carried them away, but I didn't run after him to get it. Frances gave me a push, and when I stopped sliding, I was at the South Pole in a school room, reading a story.

Mable Anderson, '43  
 Miss Fowler Spencer, teacher

## Through Infinity

Oblivion —  
 Wandering wildly in the dark,  
 Grasping, slipping, insecure.  
 Holding twigs  
 That snap and give with every effort;  
 And then a spark!  
 The road is lighted dully —  
 A flame and progress and a fire  
 And speed and war and death —  
 And oblivion.

Harold Montague, '40