



Milestones Ahead

Today, April 18, is a milestone in the life of every junior. From now on Seniors, who have been the leaders in the school for the past year, and on whom we have depended for leadership, are gradually handing over their responsibilities as their thoughts turn to graduation.

From the present Junior class—the rising Seniors—will come next year's leaders. From today on, we will have to face unthought-of responsibilities that will be ours. And these responsibilities should not be those of just a few people, but of each individual. In this way the criticism that "just a few run this school" won't exist.

Let's challenge ourselves to live up to those high ideals we admire in others, those ideals which will be assets to us as Seniors. Now like never before, we must let whatever we have locked up inside come out and shine!

"Careless"

"Careless in everything you do!" Is this quotation getting to be a description of GHS students? We rage about somebody stealing our pencils and then find them behind our ear. We report stolen textbooks and later find them on desks in one of our classrooms.

It is reported from time to time that various articles are missing from the lockers. At the first of the year it was suggested that we always keep our lockers locked. Remember?

If those who think that there are thieves in GHS would make a careful analysis of the problem, they would discover that a great part of the time the real "thief" is carelessness.

"Careless" is out of date throughout the nation; so let's outdate it in GHS!

Sing 'Em This Way Today

1. "So You" the One" who sold all those tickets to the Junior Play.
2. "I Can't Remember to Forget" that I can't miss the Junior Play.
3. "Accidently on Purpose", I wanta take you to the Junior Play.
4. "Hi There, Mr. Moon!"—and a "Three-Cornered Moon" at that.
5. "It all Comes Back to Me Now"—I bought two tickets to the Junior Play.
6. "Whatcha Know, Joe?" Let's go to the Junior Play.
7. "You've Got Me this Way"—I'm anxious to see the Junior Play.
8. "I Give You My Word" I'll be by at eight for our date to the Junior Play.
9. "I'll Understand" if you'll take me to "Three-Cornered Moon".

A Double-Header

Something new is to be tried in GHS this spring, something the students have discussed and decided upon, something which needs your individual support and enthusiasm. It's double-header spring elections, first the SA officers and then the class officers.

The Board of Elections is calling for volunteer registrars and poll holders. Helping with elections as well as voting in these elections will give us all a satisfied feeling of belonging to a group, of being one of its important members.

One registration will entitle us to vote in both SA and class elections. It will take such a little time to help choose leaders we shall enjoy following. Our interest in these elections, first the SA officers and then for both the SA and the classes in the coming year.

Our Thanks

In appreciation of your fine and patient work as director of our Junior Play, "Three Cornered Moon", we would like to thank you, Miss Spencer. Without your competent leadership and direction, we feel that the presentation of the play tonight would be impossible.

We also want to thank all the committees and their advisers, the prompter and student director, and each individual who helped with the production of the play.—The Junior Class.

Glad You're Back

Miss Collier, the GHS students are so very glad you are improving from your recent illness. It's fine to have you with us again. During your three weeks' absence we have missed you.

We Honor

MARGARET MAGILL

Born May 20, 1925, in Goldsboro—Who? Why, Margaret Mae Magill, called "Two-Ton Tony", or just "Tony".



The color of her eyes she says she doesn't know; they are a general mixture. But she does know her hair is light brown.

Her main interest in life at present is to get on the honor roll. Mighty fine, and good luck, "Tony"!

"I Hear A Rhapsody" does something to our honoree.

As for animals, Margaret likes dogs but is "scared to death of rats."

Likes are: chocolate sodas, black convertibles, frank people, and especially a tall, blond, blue-eyed senior of Charleston, S. C. Favorites are: "You are My Sunshine", and flirty girls.

Margaret has been taking dramatics for two years now, and for the Junior play, "Three Cornered Moon", she is prompter and on the make-up committee.

Her favorite movie stars are Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy.

Tennis and baseball are O. K. but don't talk golf to her.

After studying at E. C. T. C., Margaret plans to teach. Look her up in about ten years; she'll be teaching the teachers.

CHARLES JAMES O'STEEN

Charles James O'Steen, "Goat-Skin" for short was born in Goldsboro on October 1, 1925. He has blond hair, blue eyes, and a



"streamlined figger", which he probably keeps by swimming.

Since he came to high school, our honoree has done outstanding work in class activities. As a freshman, he was secretary in math and English. Last year he was in Sophomore Council and a PTSA representative. This year he is in the SA library committee, and during the first term was in Junior Council. Charles was on the stage committee for the Christmas Play, and is on the program committee for the Junior Play. In the "Hi News" drive this year he sold twelve subscriptions, and last year won a free pass to "Girl of the Limberlost", selling the most tickets.

Charles' preferences in the line of "eats" are chicken and hamburgers. His favorite subject is history, favorite movies, "San Francisco" and "GWTW", and favorite stars, Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

His ambition is to be a typist (he is a great help to the "Hi News" staff in this way) and to go far in the business world. Hope you get there, Charles, and you will if you continue as you have these past fifteen years.

Housekeeping the "Best" Way

Two dainty hands with red finger nails reach gingerly into the dishwater and up comes a rather greasy dishrag. But who is the fair maiden doing the dishwashing? It's none other than our own Miss Sanborn, pardon, Mrs. Marcellus Best.

She turns to the stove, lifts the lid off a pot, and a queer smell suddenly assails the room—could it be onions? O-h-h, the room fills with smoke. Tut, tut, Mrs. Best, and that might have been a good chicken stew. Well, to the garbage now.

Once again the dishes.....slop, slop—crash! Oh dear, only five plates. What..... dishes done? Out goes the dishwater, she squeezes the dishrag, drapes it gracefully over the rack, and walks leisurely into the living room.

The telephone interrupts us and she answers, "Hello.....early lunch? O. K. 'Bye, darlin'." (Um-m-m, look at that gleam in her eyes). Evidently it was hubby. To

Will You Be One?

Marshals have been announced. The fifteen Juniors who are tops scholastically have been rewarded for their hard work. Congratulations to you, learned Juniors. We hope you never stop "digging" for information.

You Sophomores and Freshmen may think that being Juniors and being selected as marshals is ages away. But before you realize it, fifteen students from your classes will be named for this honor. What you are doing right now will help determine whether or not you will be one of the Junior marshals.

JUNIOR JOTS...

The Old Gray Mare

The Old Gray Mare's days are over,
Her great foals watch her proudly;
Now she can only roam the pastures
While the grasses are green,
She'll never be forgotten;
For in her day she was
The pride of her master;
Now she's the happy Old Gray Mare.

—Margaret Handley, '42
Miss Gordner, teacher.

A Study of the Weaker Sex

Girls are a pain in the neck! Now, after careful consideration, I will explain why I have made the above statement.

How many noted figures in Science, Law, Medicine, and many other professions have been driven to suicide all because of one measly little female? Oh, what a wonderful world this would be if there were none of those miserable creatures! Well, maybe I had better take this statement back and say what a wonderful world this would be if girls, instead of trying to become important figures, would be like their grandmothers, who were contented to sit back and let the stronger sex run the country. I believe that a woman's place is in the home. The modern young wife is not even happy to stay at home and cook and keep house. She hires some girl to do that, and while her husband is slaving in an office, off she goes galavanting.

Another funny thing about a woman is that when she sees an Indian in a movie all painted up, she thinks he is barbarous; but after putting on all her rouge and lipstick and other war paint, she would scare a poor Indian to death.

Well, I guess I will have to end this now, as I have to call up Mary and ask her to go to the party with me, and I hope to goodness she has some make-up on for she looks terrible without it.

—Dickie Weatherly, '42
Miss Gatch, teacher.

Disappointment

Mother was dressing me for a ride,
Had powdered my face and scrubbed my hide,
Dressed me in my finest clothes . . .
Ruffles and frills and little bows.

When she finished she looked surprised;
There was a sparkle in her eyes,
She was proud; that I could see,
Proud of her baby . . . and that was me.

Then she had to dress little brother;
Something happened to disgust my mother;
On the edge of the tub I sat
And as you know a tub's not flat!

About that time I lost my grip
And 'lo' and behold, I took a dip.
Mother turned around and said,
"Why, Jinny, you're wet from toe to head!"

My punishment was staying in bed all day;
For once I didn't have my way,
For mother went out to ride alone
And left her little "brat" at home.

—Virginia Mercer, '42
Miss Gordner, teacher.

The Perils of a Permanent

"Oh, Mother, please! I have to roll it up every night and it still droops and strings. Please!" Thus ran my pleadings for a new permanent.

At last came the longed-for words, "Well, all right, but don't let her make it fuzzy!"
So off I went the following day to have a curl put into my flowing locks. As I drew nearer to my destination, all kinds of "supposes" ran through my mind. Suddenly the Beauty Shop loomed in front of me . . . and I went in.

While Mrs. Owens was washing and trimming my hair, I started "supposing" again; "Suppose lightning strikes the building while I'm under this machine. I'll be electrocuted.

Then began the appliance of all the paraphernalia. The last clamp in place the current was turned on.

"Are you all right, dear?" asked the hair dresser. "Yes'm, I'm fine", I replied . . . but to myself, I said: "Feels like the world's sitting on my head!"

After about a century, it seemed, I managed to get out of the "oven". My head was one complete mass of kinks. However it looked a little better when it was set and dried. I left . . . a bit exhausted, but in truth, "none the worse for the wear".

—Margaret Scott, '42
Miss Gatch, teacher.

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