

We Give You Prescriptions from Dr. Hi News

To continue as a vital fact, the Student Association must be real and attractive to more of its students. Last year registration for SA voting was 545; this year, 502. Last year's SA voters in the first primary numbered 448; this year, 441. Think of these figures, remembering meanwhile that enrollment has decreased slightly this year.

As is the usual case, one remedy applies to many ills. In our SA the ills are due mainly to lack of participation. Therefore we can attain an increased participation in SA elections as well as in other school events by putting a little new life blood in the old SA. To do this we might recommend several things: (1) lively use of originality on the part of the leadership, that is, acts which catch the imagination of all; (2) awards to students who have contributed most to SA; (3) installation of some regulatory system which will distribute jobs among more students, spreading interest with jobs, and unburden those who accumulate too much responsibility; (4) free activities such as movies and socials, to let the assembly know whom the SA works for; (5) intra-mural games; and (6) community sings.

Our District Meeting Was A Success-- It Killed Two Birds in One Convention

"Conventions promote student relationship and are of great social benefit to boys and girls," says Miss Evelyn Buchanan, adviser to the Greenville delegates of the NCSCC district meeting. The district meeting held here was a prime example of both these accomplishments.

The meeting was small enough to permit the delegates from the seven attending schools to meet and dance and work with students from other schools, varied in views and principles of student organization.

It was a congenial group which freely expressed its opinions, and although many Goldsboro High council members were present, students from other schools were active in discussions.

Jack Edwards of Greenville, president of the state organization stated that it was a compliment to Goldsboro that such a successful meeting could be planned in little more than two weeks. We agree. Not only the steering committee but the faculty and all the others of the two hundred students in our school who worked to make the meeting a success deserve praise.

Make Your Handbook Handy

You do have a handbook. Remember? If you were to use it as a handbook you would undoubtedly find it a very useful possession. Instead of arguing about the duties of the vice president, you could just turn to the part of the handbook that contains the constitution and find the right answer. Would you know what to do if you heard the bell ring three times? The handbook will tell you. In fact, this little booklet is the encyclopedia of our school.

Here is a plan which one of the homerooms used when its members were studying our handbook. The class was divided into two sides, and immediately became lifelong rivals. Questions concerning school were asked, and, if no hands went up, the handbook was referred to by the class. At the end of the study, each side's score was accounted.

When the handbooks were printed it was thought by some that the cost was perhaps too high. If, however, they are used to the best advantage, the expense will be justified.

REMEMBER US

When teacher says, "Come to class prepared for work," and you're so smart that all you need is notebook paper and pencils, don't forget the HI NEWS SHOP

Something To Be Happy About

We're glad that Miss Helen Player is able to be back with us after having had an appendectomy. Miss Player expected to rejoin the faculty in the latter part of this week.

Best wishes to Miss Fowler Spencer of our faculty whose engagement to Mr. George Smith Griffith of Seattle, Washington, has been announced. The wedding will take place on June 28, in a formal ceremony in the Methodist Church of Carthage, Miss Spencer's home town.

For the GHS Library we thank Misses Fowler Spencer, Lucy LeRoy, Leila Cobb, and Mrs. White's Senior English classes for the material given by them to the Materials Bureau.

Thanks go also to Marvin Cowell, junior, who has given these books to the library: *Red Iron*, by Courtney Brown; *Flying to the Rescue*, by Franklin Dixon; *X Bar X Boys at Copper Head Gulch*, by James Ferris; *Information Please*, by Dan Golenpaul; *Book of Airplanes*, by J. W. Isleman; *Stories for Boys*, by Rudyard Kipling; *Masterpieces of Mystery*, by Edgar Allen Poe; *Sky Travel*, by A. R. Romer; *Interference*, by Harold Sherman; *Robin Hood*; and *Gridiron Glory*, by William Heyliger.



Dear Readers,
We would like to thank A. T. Griffin Manufacturing Company, Borden Brick and Tile Company, Builders' Supplies Company, Mr. T. A. Loving, Dr. D. J. Rose, Mr. J. H. Askins, and Mr. R. M. D. Freeman for helping to make our biology museum possible. We greatly appreciate their cooperation.
Miss Lena Taylor's
Biology Classes.

Is It Worth It All, or-- The Puzzling Convoy Case

All America is agog over the question of conveying supplies to Britain. So we might as well get in the mess, too, and take a chance as to what will happen between press and publication time.

Senate Foreign Relations Committee has taken what seems remarkably destructive action. Upon "recommendation" of Secretary of State Hull, they defeated in committee two anti-convoy bills. On prohibiting convoys altogether; the other provided for convoys only with Congress's approval.

Senator Charles Tobey, New Hampshire, furnishes one exciting morsel. He charges Mr. Roosevelt has assigned certain ships to convoy duty and "proves" his statement with two letters, which relate to sailors who say they're on convoy duty.

Some say forty per cent of the lend-lease supplies for Britain are sunk.

The summing up: If we send convoys, we will be committing suicide, so Wheeler says. If we don't, we'll be committing homicide, so Roosevelt says. So which is better, suicide or homicide? Both are sins. Seems to us we're in between the devil and the deep, blue sea.

Marriages Show Increase

Mrs. Bradford is unhappy. For months she has said to her sociology students, "Rule 11 for a happy marriage: Don't get married before you're 25." And then, one day, all unwary, she comes to school. She finds that her students are getting married right and left. (Yes'm, we know that's a sweeping statement.)

And we must not forget Miss Player's third year home economics students. It seems that they like the tune of "Here Comes the Bride" as much as Mrs. Bradford's classes do.

We have decided that the only way to keep the enrollment of GHS up is to omit sociology and third year home economics next year.

Well, to you newly-weds, "Loads of happiness," and please cross your fingers for us.

Cokes, Cones Bring Worry

"My first day on this job and I've enough of it already. My feet hurt and my hands—I'll offer them to Casbury as an example of what dishwater (without Casbury) does.

No, Clum, Vann isn't here. I never thought I'd be nursemaid for spring-struck boys. — Shirley and Gray want cokes. Who's the invading army? Oh, Shirley broke a glass. Here comes the boss! If they keep up this nervous pitch, I'll take a breakdown, please — What'll you have, Ruth? and you, Helen? Two waters. On a diet or broke?

Two more minutes of this and I'll be ready to quit. One coke, one cone, one coke, another cone. I give up. I'll sit down in this booth and pretend I'm just a customer. — Hey, you, one water with orange, and it better be good — My feet hurt, and—"

—A weary soda jerker.

We Honor

Junior Bowles



Rising at 7:30 in the morning, Ollie Hamilton Bowles, Junior dresses, and, after consuming breakfast about eight o'clock pedals the four blocks

to school—always the same way (past Her house). He starts the day off right by presiding over his sophomore homeroom, manual training. At second period he takes general business and at third period, North Carolina History. After refilling his supply of energy at first lunch, Junior—as you know him—takes over as English class president. Fifth period finds him in biology.

After school Junior usually has a committee meeting to attend—he always volunteers to work on any task. At present he is doing his best on the SA flag committee. He served for a time on the reception committee and in Council last term. With a helper, he supervised the Sophomore Class's Christmas opportunity.

Junior is interested in murder—in books and movies—and is sports-minded, playing football and baseball often. Hiking is another hobby. Born in Winston-Salem on August 14, 1925, Junior moved here two years ago. He likes Goldsboro "pretty well."

Though he hasn't decided what college he wishes to attend yet, Junior is positive that he wants to be an insurance agent. Well, old boy, you've got the persistence!

Jean Branch



There is a young girl named Jean. Who, though she is rather lean, is so sweet and clean, and so bright and keen,

That everyone likes the young girl named Jean.

We now arrive at a most interesting topic, dear readers. It's Ava Jean Branch, a sophomore and newly elected SA corresponding secretary who was born March 22, 1925 in Selma.

From Selma Jean moved to Dunn where she lived until landing here in '38. She's a red-haired, blue-eyed miss.

Last year Jean was an SA assembly committee member and class devotionals chairman, also science secretary and Latin-English president and vice president. This year we find her as president of the art council and her art class, English president, and biology president and vice president. In two years, our honoree has stocked up a notable list of activities.

Though we were kept busy jotting down her favorites, Jean told us of only one dislike—cream of wheat. Literally her pets are cats—particularly a certain Persian named Billy; and, not so literally, they're Henry Aldrich, algebra, Richard Halliburton, and the tune "Music Makers." She also states there is no "b.f.," but—

Jean has many directions in which to branch—though she hasn't chosen which—and we hope she'll find the suited path.



Nightmare

Night. It was night. I slept. I dreamed. I awoke. I was sleepy. I wanted some cold water. Any water. Water. I was thirsty. Really thirsty. It was a long way downstairs to the faucet. Or to the refrigerator's cold water. Nice water; cold water, refreshing water.

I hated to go downstairs. I wanted water. Finally, slowly, majestically, softly, I rose, glided down the hall, turned at the steps and felt myself cautiously descend them. Long stairs rolled past as I finally reached their foot. Triumphant turning on the kitchen light, I approached the sink. I turned on the water, and it trickled, flowed, then burst forth. Cool, gurgling, sparkling water. I grasped a glass and placed it under the stream of life. It filled. I cut off the water and lifted the full glass to my lips. I tipped the glass up.

I awoke again! Disdain! I had dreamed of the whole trip downstairs. I was still sleepy. I was still thirsty.

—Buddy Crone, '41.

The Coming of Night

Shadows fall across the lawn
Bringing hushed twilight.
Then into the silent world
Slowly creeps the night.
Black comes to all the earth,
And then it falls asleep.
The moon smiles down as if well pleased
Upon a day complete.

—Frances Alexander, '44; Mr. Holt, teacher.

Tear It Down-See If I Care

In about three more weeks, I'll be leaving Goldsboro High School—leaving it to the mercy of you Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors, many of whom are among those now "uglifying" our school. But until then I am vitally concerned about what happens to that building because for three more weeks I have to work, idle, and play there. But just as soon as three weeks are over and I'm graduated, it will be your privilege to tear down the place as far as I'm concerned.

Of course, you Juniors and underclassmen will have to live there for quite a while—even if it is disfigured. But as I said before, it won't affect me. So, if that's the way you want it, go ahead—write on the walls, break the lockers, scratch the desks, walk on the grass, break the windows. I won't have to look at those walls, nor use those lockers, nor write on those desks. All that will be your privilege.

No, I won't care, at least not much—why should I care—that building only stands for four wonderful years of my life.

—Hope Pate, '41; Mrs. White, teacher.

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