



America is now engaged in war—Total War. Victory will come, but it will not come easily. The months ahead are months of trial, of sacrifice, of hardships. Every loyal American must do his part by doing a better job, and by giving an extra measure of service.

That the schools will do their part I have no doubt. They are a part and parcel of all that is American—a concrete expression of her freedom, her democracy, her opportunity.

Clyde A. Erwin

State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

We're In It Now—

and what are GHS students doing about it? A great many of us are just wondering what we can do. By looking through your *Hi News* you can find the answers, all you spectators. Briefly, here are a few of the opportunities you can take:

Answer the calls for volunteers to collect waste paper or scrap iron; contribute magazines and books for the soldiers; learn to knit or sew for the Red Cross, or take a defense course.

You can help in other ways, too, by learning to conserve time, energy, and materials. America has no idea of what conservation and economy mean. Why, the garbage from our homes would feed Chinese families bountifully!

Education is an important article of defense. It is one of the few lasting things in this unstable world. Get it while you have the chance!

Find your place—get to work! War is not a game that can be won by watching!

There Smiles—

that make you happy, there are smiles that make you blue . . . We all know the song, but is smiling a habit with you or an effort? Do you travel the halls in a brown study all the time, concentrating on yourself and your worries, or do you take an interest in the fellow you're meeting? Do you get an enormous amount of work done—but at the sacrifice of temper and grin?

Too seldom we think of the people with whom—and for whom—we do that work. Perhaps they'd rather we took it a little easier; got a little less done—and did it with an even temper and a smile. A favor ungraciously done is worse than none at all.

Maybe you don't know that person coming towards you in the hall. Maybe you're worried about a test next period. Maybe you have any number of reasons not to smile; but, then, maybe that other fellow is in a lower mood than you. A good grin would make you both feel better.

Stick out your chin and smile! In Washington they call that morale!

If You Looked—

how many old car license plates do you think you could find around home? What about those pipes in the back yard—and isn't that a grate from an old stove in the woodshed? They're not doing you any good, are they? So why not call up your district captain and let him send someone for them so they will do some good?

By doing that you'll be "killing three birds with one stone." First, you can help Uncle Sam; he needs every bit of metal he can get to build ships and planes.

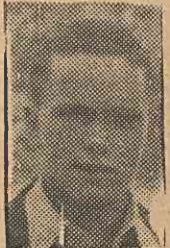
Then there's the Senior Class. The money they get will help them close their high school career in the way every Senior Class wants to.

Last but not least, the money will help the photography department of the *Hi News* in its project of keeping a picture record of activities in GHS.

Collect your scrap metal and let's aid the Seniors, the photography department, and help "Scrap the Japs—Right Off the Map"!

We Honor

KENNETH OWEN JOHNSON
Kenneth Johnson, with "Owen" in the middle to keep all of us from mixing him with the other Kenneth in high school, born here in Goldsboro on November 17, 1924, has certainly been a big addition to GHS this year.



BILL KING
Bill King, just plain Bill, and Kenneth's other half, was born in Laurinburg on April 6, 1923; otherwise he and Kenneth could easily be twins—so alike are they in practically every item we covered in our interview.



Two of a Kind

To begin with, they're both Juniors, and they both go side-by-side in all matters where printing is concerned. You've seen a great many of the "finished products"—that is, we hope you saw all those Senior Play tickets, and later, the programs for the Play, which really were perfect! They did, too, all those "list what you can do for defense" cards, the printed heads for our high school stationery, and those handbills for the scrap metal drive which are scattered all over the town.

Last year, Kenneth and Bill, who were both members of the high school swimming team (Kenneth's on the Goldsboro Swimming Team, too), participated in the Duke Invitational Swimming Meet. While Kenneth won the North Carolina State High School Diving Championship, Bill swam in the free-style, and even though "I didn't come in first, I didn't come in sixth"—by the way there were six competing.

Our Junior honorees both agree that "Chattanooga Choo-choo" is O.K.—but definitely, and both love food—any kind.

But we knew they were bound to disagree somewhere—at least we've never seen two people who didn't—while Kenneth likes to collect the various printing "jobs" the two do, Bill's hobby is photography.

And speaking of photography, Bill says he wants to make that his life hobby—he can't think of anything he'd rather do—and if we ever need a photographer for the HI NEWS, we'll call on you, Bill. Kenneth says he's going to stick to printing, and we'll be glad to recommend you to anybody, Kenneth!

Bouquets to you both from the student body and the faculty for such swell work in printing!

A Note from a Senior

"Hooray! that's the first good thing I've heard today—assembly at third period. That means we won't correct all that homework I didn't get!"

Have you ever heard anyone say this? Of course you have! We hear it every day about activities at school. But whom is this attitude really hindering? No, it is surely not your ever-striving teachers, although they sincerely want and even beg you to take advantage of the beneficial training you could receive—if you would!

The Seniors are seriously wondering if their nonchalant get-out-of-all-you-can ways will work later—perhaps in college, in making a living, and in adult life itself. We're afraid they won't. How are our grades going to look on college application blanks? Can our teachers recommend us for responsible jobs?

Yes, the Seniors see the dawn now, but it has taken three and a half years for dawn to break for some of them. Get out of the fog, you Freshmen, Sophomores, and Juniors! Wake up, evaluate your time, and put forth willing effort to learn! We regret our laziness; that's why we are telling you. Profit by our experience!—A Senior.



—for the Junior Defense Committee. That bunch of girls is giving its all for the U. S. A.—no, the U. S. O.—oh, well, the boys in the army. So far, it hasn't been any picnic either! You should see the stacks of magazines they have collected and sorted. Nice work, girls! —for Jane Parks and her Lost and Found committee. By the way, have you thought to ask them if they have your lost book, pen, kerchief, purse, or what-haven't-you? For your information, Babes-in-the-Woods, the Lost and Found has a cubbyhole under the west stairs chock full of such lost oddities. Ask the committee! They're efficient, hard-working, and bored with being ignored!

An Afterthought

We really hadn't intended to have a Disc Drivel this issue, boys and girls, but the "Blues in the Night" craze got us too, and we just had to tell you all about the new recordings of it.

There are seven that we know of: Dinah Shore's, Cab Calloway's, Artie Shaw's, Benny Goodman's, Jimmy Lunceford's, Bing Crosby's and Lionel Hampton's. We recommend Dinah Shore's recording; it has that certain tug-at-the-heartstrings appeal that makes her so popular.

Well, there they are . . . take your choice. But don't hurt anyone in the rush!

We Assembled On:

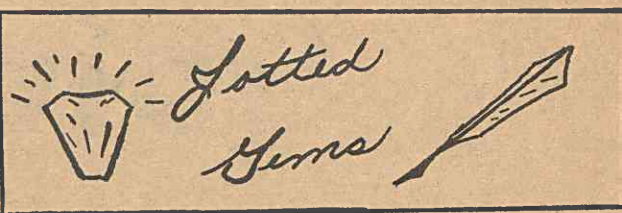
January 9 in pep-eration for the Greenville game and sang songs and yelled and all such stuff for the team. Mr. Gaddy talked to us about good sportsmanship among spectators and conduct during a game. The yells must have worked . . . we won the game, didn't we? We behaved better too.

January 12 for a blackout! Air-planes and everything! In a re-enactment of the court-house drama, a group of students showed us what is being done in Goldsboro for defense. Shades of Hitler! We're being protected!

January 23 for what was planned to be a sing. It turned out to be a hot drum session with Paul Stanley as star performer. As for the singing, we heard people say that they'd never heard "The Star Spangled Banner" sung so well in GHS before.

January 29 to hear Mr. Dees and Mr. Gaddy speak. (See front page story.)

January 30 to be informed about further defense doin's in GHS. All the chairmen made their reports, the slide machine showed some upside-down charts, we sang "The Star Spangled Banner" only slightly off-key, and we left the auditorium with the feeling that maybe we can all help after all! Maybe we can!



Evenings At Home

Father reading in a chair,
Cogitating tranquilly,
While the lamp luminously
Forms a nimbus on his hair.

Mother sitting, pen in hand,
At the desk, with thoughtful gaze,
Hunting for that word or phrase
To make Miss Smithson understand.

The children sprawled at chair or table
With furrowed brow or peaceful calm;
A scene replete with quiet charm,
Securely comfortable.

—Martha Rosenthal, '43;
Mrs. C. H. Bradford, teacher.

Whims

Many of my likes and dislikes are inclined to change from day to day, but certain ones have stayed with me for quite a number of years.

The things which I find pleasing are: "sparklers" such as I used to get at Christmas with fireworks; strolling with one or two friends, because then I get a chance to see all the beauty that surrounds me; sitting by an open fire and discussing at length very serious and abstract topics; predictions of any sort, but particularly those made about the future; the ocean, because it is one of the few things that is beautiful at all times in its every mood. sunset in the mountains; books, old ones for their memories, and new ones because those closed covers are so enticing; walking in a summer rain, because of the cool, fresh smell of things; football games, for their color and excitement; history, when it deals with persons; most movies; starting an argument to get someone's real opinion, because otherwise "I don't know" is usually the answer; the color blue in anything, because of its association with the ocean; pockets that are big enough for my hands; little girls in "pig-tails"; and English voices.

Disagreeable things to me are: basketball games; long telephone calls in which everything is repeated at least three times; girls with long pearls knotted in the middle; all forms of mathematics, possibly because it still remains a mystery to me why X equals so-and-so; being told to do something after I have already begun it; a lot of fussy jewelry; frilly clothes, because they are so confusing to look at; hats that blow off at the slightest breeze, even with elastic to hold them on; being talked to in a very "now this is our secret" manner when I know every other person has been approached in the same way; McClelland Barclay illustrations, because they are so long and out of proportion with a normal human; and Charles Boyer, who is repulsive to me instead of a heart-throb.

These are the things that, by some quirk of nature, have become my likes and dislikes.

Nancy Paige Swift, '42;
Mrs. C. H. Bradford, teacher.

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