

Goldsboro Hi News

Published eight times a year by the journalism class of Goldsboro High School, Goldsboro, N. C. Members of the International Quill and Scroll Society and Columbia Scholastic Press Association.



Volume XVIII

Number 5

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Subscription, 50 cents a year. Advertising rates 50 cents per column inch for a single-issue ad, special rates on ad contracts.
 Entered as second-class matter October 26, 1931, at the postoffice at Goldsboro, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Congratulations

Congratulations! Billy and Liddy Bet. We are the students of GHS—and you are our choice for the “Most Representative” boy and girl in our school.

We feel that this is the highest honor we as a student body can give to you.

You are our leaders. You have rendered service to your school, your class, and your classroom. You support the athletic program. You have made average grades or above during your years in GHS. Your character is beyond reproach. You are GHS.

We feel that in electing you we have made a fair choice, Billy and Liddy Bet, and we are certain that you can and will live up to this honor.

Sophomores Speak

The following editorials were chosen from a group written by Sophomores in Miss Ida Gordner's English-Journalism class:

New Gymnasium

We need a new gymnasium. We have needed a new gymnasium for a number of years. We should get a new gymnasium immediately after the termination of the war.

For quite some time, the students of Goldsboro High School and the students of William Street School have been unnecessarily inconvenienced by the lack of a gymnasium at Goldsboro High School.

Physical education in our schools is important. It is seriously curtailed by the lack of a gymnasium at the high school.

The present gymnasium is insufficient for the needs. It is fine for the grammar school. It should be available for the use of grammar school students at all times.

The gym now used for basketball is not large enough for a regulation-size basketball court and give the players plenty of room; neither is it large enough to house a good turnout for a game. The seating arrangement is very poor. The onlookers who wish to sit in the balcony are unable to see one goal. Those who sit on the side are constantly in the way of the players. The gym is very dirty, and has been for so long

Henry Lee

Born on January 1, 1928, Henry Livingston Lee is a New Year's baby and our honoree this month is the same “Specs” or “Podds” as he is better known. “Specs” is a native Goldsborian and is in his Senior year here at GHS.

Among other things, “Specs” has played football for four years (he asked: “be sure to say Varsity and Junior”), and was on the track team for one year. That tall be-spectacled boy that gives out with such fascinating rhythm on the licorice-stick is again “Podds”, and this talent is the answer to his having been in the band for three years. This year Henry shines as assistant head cheerleader. He is a member of the Varsity Club and was a member of the GHS “Swingsters”.

Give “Specs” Lana Turner and he'll be perfectly happy, although he will concede that Cary Grant is O.K., too. He, too, was voted the most popular boy in his Senior class. His favorite song “All the Things You Are” by Glenn Miller. When it comes to food, he likes steak, Pepsies, barbecue, just “everything, but squash.” Stuck-up people are his pet peeve, with mushy movies running a close second.

Henry's ambition is to go to Wake Forest College when he graduates. All in all, Henry's a very agreeable guy and we wish him the best of everything in anything he undertakes to do. We know he'll be successful.

that it is almost impossible to get it clean. It could be swept twenty times, and dust and dirt would continue to cover the floor.

The need is urgent. We need a new gymnasium for our high school. We must do our utmost to get a new gym after the war.—*Jo Rosenthal.*

War Bonds

Emmet Spicer is dead!

The students of GHS may have killed him! It seems impossible, but it's true. Look at the war bond reports—then say it's impossible. What's wrong, students? From the looks of the report here, pretty soon our boys will be fighting with their bare hands; and the hardest fighting is yet to come.

Think of it! Your high school chums fighting the well-equipped enemy with their hands, or at the least a bayonet but no rifle. Not a very pleasant thought, is it?

Well, if we don't get busy and do something about it, this may very well be the scene on many a battle front.

Bonds are that something. War bonds provide money. Money provides arms and ammunition. The boys badly need these tools and if you pay for them they can have them—so what do you say? Let's buy bonds and stamps and more bonds and stamps.

Let's not kill another boy.—*Oscar Bagley.*

We Honor

Marilyn Handley



That attractive senior with the golden-red hair seen often buried diligently in hard work is none other than Marilyn Handley—our honoree for this issue. Marilyn began her career May 28, 1928, here in Goldsboro.

Since she has been in GHS, she has shown her initiative in all the activities about her. Marilyn has been president and secretary in each of her homerooms for the past four years, besides holding other classroom offices. During her Junior year, she served as secretary of her class, and was on the SA movie committee. She was selected as an SA marshal because of her high scholastic record, and was tapped into the National Honor Society, because of possessing the qualities which it requires: Leadership, Scholarship, Service, and Character. She now holds the office of corresponding secretary of the SA—a very responsible job.

Our honoree readily confessed that ice cream was her weak point, and that “You Were Never Lovelier” was her favorite song. Greer Garson and Ronald Reagan rank “tops” with her as far as the movies are concerned. Swimming and horse-back riding are her favorite pastime.

Marilyn's ambition is to be a private stenographer. She plans to go to Woman's College in Greensboro upon graduation. We wish you the best of luck, Marilyn, and we are certain that you will succeed!

Introducing . . .

Mr. M. E. Alone has either an inferiority or superiority complex. He's either an introvert or an extrovert. Someone else is either better or worse than Mr. M. E. Alone.

All thoughts are centered on the super Mr. M. E. Alone . . . so he thinks. His name heads the list on walls, woodwork and desks; “Fools' names like fools' faces, always seen in public places.” He's the big P. C. who roams the halls every hour on the hour for some reason or another. No one has a chin but Mr. M. E. Alone. He has no boundaries; everyone's ground is his and his is no one's. “Taking it easy is the best way to take it” is his motto. The perfect man is what he professes to be. The perfect man with sense in the wrong end describes him better. And what a high-hatter Mr. M. E. Alone is! His second thought is to ignore people; ignoramus is a name for that.

The inferior Mr. M. E. Alone moans, “Nobody likes me” and feels sorry for himself. Everything goes wrong for him; there's never a sunny day in his life. Poor little thing!

This is time of war; this is not the time for thoughts of one's self. Concentrate on cooperation; don't be too proud to work, and for goodness sake don't pity yourself!

Music?

Daughter: “Did you ever hear anything so wonderful?” (as the radio ground out the latest in swing.)

Father: “Can't say that I have, although I once heard a collision between a truckload of milk cans and a car filled with ducks.”

- LITERARY LIGHTS -

Editor's Note:

In order to provide more variety in Literary Lights the editor decided to devote this month's column to the poetic efforts of the staff. This issue's work is the result of begging the staff to please write some poems. You may be a potential poetess or poet. If you find that you do have poetical genius you may get your poems printed in this column next issue.

To a Gorgeous Girl

Two big dimples in a heart-shaped face,
 Soft footsteps with quickening pace,
 Velvet-like, brown eyes that sparkle as
 she chatters,

'Bout the most important matters.
 “Listen”, she says, in a tinkling voice,
 And she proceeds to recite her choice,
 Of Mother Goose rhymes.

Chubby, little hands that make mud
 pies,
 She blows soap bubbles that get in her
 eyes,

Drowsy little face ready for bed,
 Kneeling by the bedside with tousled,
 bowed head.

Slipping into slumber, dreaming of no
 sorrow

She's dreaming, “Just think, I'll be five
 tomorrow.”

—Jean Powell

Vanished Pet

Her kitten died last night.
 The spark of life went away on tiptoe,
 Softly, swiftly so as not to wake the tiny
 child,

Who loved the animate being so.
 The cloudy, grey eyes are closed today,
 The small, still body cold.

The minutes pass slowly, the day is
 long,

For there is no more, the purring song.
 No more the caressing paws and face,
 No more the saucy nose, no, no more
 when this dear animal goes,

To its fate and final resting place.

—Jean Powell

Music in Spring

Heav'nly music fills our hearts,
 Music helps spring Cupid's darts.
 Spring comes only once a year;
 Then sweet notes ring in the ear.

Notes of beauty from above
 Coming from the birds in love
 Bring to life a world of gloom
 And harmonize with flow'rs in bloom.

—Gatsey Butler

LID LIFTERS

We lift our lids to:

Miss Emma Lou Garner's and Miss Isabelle Williams' homerooms, the Varsity Club, and the Goldmasquers for their untiring efforts and artistic arrangement in the re-decoration of the Recreation Room.

Jo Rosenthal for diligently operating the *Hi News* shop.

The cast and the backstage crew of *The Milky Way*, as well as to the director, Mr. Britton, for the outstanding performance of this play.

The Library Committee for the splendid work it has been doing throughout the year.

All the students who willingly help clean the light globes in the halls.

We make our best bow!