

Vandalism Is Regretted

The result of more school property's destruction was to be seen last Wednesday morning. This vandalistic act was done by one of our own students.

The baseball diamond to the rear of the school was nearly ruined when someone decided to show off his driving ability.

This is not the first time school property has been destroyed. It is, perhaps, the first time the guilty party was caught. Something should be done.

We feel that the party concerned is indebted at least to the extent of an apology to the citizens of Goldsboro and Wayne County. Ever since the high school has been erected there have been facilities for ball playing in the rear of the institution. Anyone is entitled to play on the property of the school, provided that the activity is conducted in a sportsmanlike manner.

The act committed the other night was not sportsmanlike. It was very unfair. Each Sunday some team of the County league plays on the field. Softball games are held there nearly every afternoon, besides the games that are played by the high school team.

This act of vandalism has hurt the school, the city, and the county, not to speak of the fact that the guilty one could face a court charge for his deed.

It is very shocking to believe that we have in our own school someone or ones who would actually go so far as to destroy property provided by the state for everyone's recreation.

We hope that will be the last time that any of our students, or anyone else, attempts to be so destructive. —F.W.S.

New Method To Make Amendments Suggested

Now that we have just gone through the process of amending our SA Constitution it might be well to consider a change in the method of making amendments.

The present method of changing the Constitution is to have two-thirds of the student body vote in favor of the amendment in an assembly.

We believe a more effective way would be to circulate mimeographed copies of the proposed amendments among the students. After a reasonable study of the amendments the students could vote by ballot just as they do in general student elections.

We believe the above method would give the students more time to study the proposed amendments and would eliminate the confusion which accompanies voting in large groups. —A.R.C.

Why Do Teachers Get Tough?

Why do teachers wait until the last of the school year to start giving you a lot of work to do?

Why do they take up a month at the first of school to cover something that isn't so important and at the end of school make you cover in a week something that is important?

I think that if a teacher is going to be hard, she should start off that way and not start bearing down on the students about a month before school is out. It goes pretty bad on us because in the spring everyone gets lazy, but if we are used to it, it isn't so bad.

So, as a student, I think that a teacher should be the same all during the school year. —M.P.

Paging Diogenes

An Iowan went to California and made a fortune in raisins. Returning to his native State, he started a search for "Agnes," the old woman who had been his family's cook in his boyhood. Locating her, he placed her in a fine home for aged women where she spent the rest of her days in comfort. This is why he did it: In his early boyhood it was his chore to get the cows each evening. The task frightened him, but when he confessed his fears to his parents, they ridiculed him. Old Agnes, however, understood. Night after night, she'd push the dinner back on the stove, slip unnoticed from the house, and hurry out to the pasture with the timid lad.—Exchange.

A Boy Remembered

When I reached for my wallet to pay for supper in a town in central Missouri, my pocket was empty. I must have lost the wallet back there in the town of Marshall, I reasoned. It was the only community in which I'd been out of my car during the day's long drive. Thus I

Editor Expresses Appreciation

As the school year draws to a close, and we start bidding our teachers goodbye, I want to take this means of expressing my appreciation to Mr. E. L. Roberts, adviser, members of the journalism class, and to all those who helped make the Hi News a success this year.

It was with a great deal of pride that we received the news from the National Scholastic Press Association that our school paper had received a First Class—Excellent rating, a step higher than the award last year, and next to the All-American, the highest award possible. We are fully cognizant of this honor and know that future journalism classes in GHS will do their utmost to maintain this high standard.

I would like to say that it has been a pleasure to work with the staff this year, and I shall be looking forward to next year when we will again "go to press". —M.T.

Elections Were Lively

This article is more or less a letter praising the various classes and their lively elections.

The elections in all the classes have been full of competition for all the offices.

The board of elections seems to have promoted more interest among the students in getting out petitions than in previous elections.

The last SA election was not as lively as possible, and we believe that the next will be better.

We hope that all of the elections will be the best in the future. —D.B.

Wish You Had Studied?

Exams have a funny way of making you wish that you had studied a little bit more all year along. There really isn't much you can do about it this year because exams are already here. There is one thing you can do, however, for next year, and that is to do a little more work and not just slide by. If you've studied (I don't mean turned into a bookworm) all year long, you won't have anything to fear when exams come. So chalk this up, and rack up a resolution for next year so that you'll be sure of yourself when final examinations are given. —L.L.R.

Make 1946-47 Good Year

Students and teachers, let's all work for the best year of Goldsboro High School for the term of '46 and '47. We have the officers and the conditions that need and call for co-operation. Let's give them our entire and best support for the year, and make GHS the best school in the state, the South, and strive to be one of the best in the country. —M.L.F.

FASHIONABLE FADS

(by Margie Perry)

Well, I'll settle down and write fashionable fads for the last time this year. So here goes!

These little things that the girls are wearing on their feet are just out of this world. They are called ballerets or ballernas, and you know what! You can get them in almost any color. Now wouldn't it be sharp to have a color in them for every dress you have? By the way, I think Ida Lewis has. I know she's got red, black, white, and green pairs. Wonder what other colors she has —

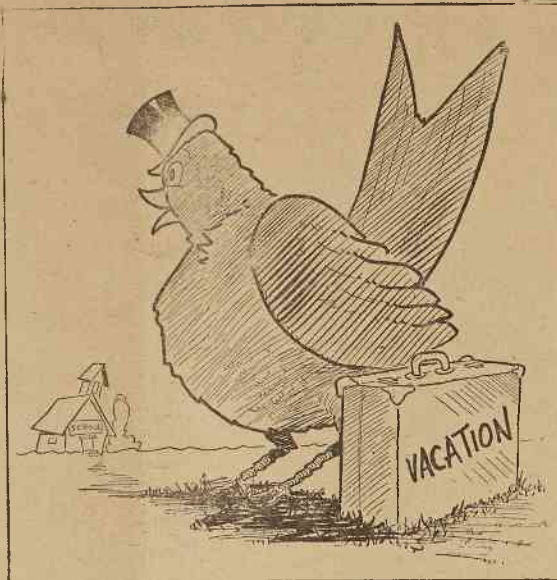
The way you girls are plaiting your hair is simply darling! Looks mighty cool, too. It's a good idea in this rainy weather.

The cottons that are being sported around now are really cute. Don't know where they are all coming from, but sure wish I did.

I mustn't forget to mention the gathered skirts and low-neck blouses that are being worn so much, 'cause they are really in the groove.

Well, guess I'll stop now. This is all till next year!!

decided to advertise in Marshall's leading paper, offering a \$10 reward for the return of my pocketbook and contents. In reply to my letter submitting the ad, the editor wrote: "Herewith enclosed is your pocketbook. A small boy found it and brought it to me. You see, my name is the same as yours. I did not have to publish the ad."—Exchange.



Pioneering Spirit Hits School Lads

—by J. C. Horne—
Among all boys lingers the pioneer spirit of their forefathers. So answering the call of the wild, a number of boys, including myself, fled home from school one Friday and hastily gathered camping equipment and made preparations for a weekend at Camp "Tuscarora."

I, being the one supplying the transportation, cranked up the "old bus" and began making the rounds picking up the other boys. After gathering the necessary supplies we struck out for camp. Arriving at camp about five o'clock, we prepared our beds and began cutting wood for our campfire. (Continued on Page 3)

WE HONOR



Donald (Red Top) Barnes, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Barnes has been named our "We Honor" boy for this issue.

He was born in Wilson, December 29, 1930. Now, at the age of sixteen, he is one of the outstanding boys of the rising senior class, and will serve as treasurer of the class next year.

He has done outstanding work in many of his subjects and sports the title of marshal. He is also doing a good job in the Hi-News shop.

Donald lives on a farm, but his anger is quickly aroused when he is referred to as a "country yokel." On the farm "Red" does all sorts of work, such as plowing, milking cows, and feeding the pigs and chickens, but he still finds time to take part in his favorite sports, baseball and horseshoes.

Helen Adams Keller, the most notable blind-deaf mute in the history of education, was born a normal child at Tuscumbia, Alabama on June 27, 1889.

That hard working girl, Susan Jenkins, is our honoree for this issue.

Susan arrived in Goldsboro on October 22, 1929, and has been here ever since.

She has worked hard in high school. This year she is chairman of the reception committee and assistant chief marshal. Recently she received the honor of being tapped into the National Honor Society. She has been selected as a marshal for next year also. Susan is a National Thespian, an honorary dramatic society, and also manager of the ballet.

Food, music, and the beach are things Susan definitely loves. She likes practically everyone and everything.

Joseph Cotten and Ingrid Bergman are tops with her as far as actors and actresses are concerned. Susan is planning to attend Saint Mary's School in Raleigh next year. Her ambition is to run a kindergarten with loads and loads of little children attending it. She loves them!

Runaway Cloud Is Pictured

Once many years ago, probably just after the world began, the earth was rotating just as it is now and as it slowly rotated, it pulled the dark veil of night around it and flew through the heavens like its brother planets.

Around the earth circled a convoy of fluffy clouds. The smallest of the clouds said to himself, "If the earth can scamper through the skies like this, then why can't I drift closer to it and have some fun?"

The idea seemed to appeal to him as he glided lower and lower toward the earth until he could dip his face in the mist surrounding the earth and smell the sweet odors of plants and to comb his hair with the slender brown fingers of the trees.

He had fun sliding down mountain slopes and kissing the upturned faces of the green stretches of vast plains. But he soon grew weary of this pastime and he realized he was lost from his mother and dad. Then, he began to cry.

Now this was the first time that it ever rained on earth and the water started gathering in scattering puddles making tiny rivers and lakes. The more the little cloud cried, the bigger the puddles got until the biggest of them, which were in number, five, covered nearly three-fourths of the earth's surface.

When God saw this He made the sun and asked it to dry the tears of any run-away clouds he saw, so that the tears of the clouds shouldn't cover God's handiwork. And until this day, the sun is always leading little run-away clouds back to their parents and slowly drying their tears. —Susan Coward.

Fictitious Fire Hits Hi School

(by John Renn)

Goldsboro, N. C., May 31.—The Goldsboro High School came to a dramatic end last night about midnight by one of the biggest fires ever known in the history of Goldsboro.

The fire was reported by I. M. Eggheade to have started in the boiler room. He immediately called the fire and the police departments respectively. About fifteen minutes later he got busy and called all the students so that they might witness the terrible (?) disaster.

Mr. C. W. Twiford, principal, in a report to the news reporters stated that there was approximately \$50,000 worth of damage done. There is no insurance on the building, he also told reporters.

Among the injured were: U. R. Nuts, fireman; I. Argue, fireman;

Frances Babbles

Well, dear friends, this being the last time I will be here this year I would like to bid you a fond farewell, au revoir, adios, aloha and (sob) goodbye!

It is my purpose in this closing issue to discuss all the people that space will permit. . . .

Seniors: Frank Dail and La Verne have informed yours truly that they are back in the endurance race. (See last issue Hi News.) Joe Jackson and Ava have announced the confirmation of any rumors about them (almost). Bill Watkins, we would like to know where you picked up that sharp looking Chevrolet coupe.

Juniors: The just fines: Martha and Billy Ray; Susan G. and Boz (again); Norwood and Carlotta; Sam Lynch (soph) and Kitz B.; Carlton and Peggy; Paul Edmondson and Dana James Gully; Leonard Collins and Louise Odom; John Duke and Dorothy Crawford; (the following person desires to get back in the groove with Margie Perry) Herbert Howell; Charles Westbrook and Tommy Crocker; William Smith and Ida Lewis.

Excuse me just a moment. The reason for such brief items about the people is due to the fact that space will not allow a three page essay on all named herein—f.b.;

We were very sorry to hear about Jackie and Oscar's romance hitting the rocks. Mickey Mitchell (senior) and Betty B. still seem to be doing o.k.; Otis Pate and Virginia Mae; J. C. and Va. Mc; Otis Pate and Mary Ann J.; (goes in circles, doesn't it?) Well, that takes care of a bunch of Juniors.

Sophomores: Josephine Jackson and Paul Savage still make, in the words of anyone seeing them together, "the cutest couple"; Marilyn T. still can't remember the date, but guess who suggested a certain boy for eyes in the ideal student column (see wherever it is.)

Leslie Britt and Carolyn Lancaster still play 'hands' during third period English; John Hart and Barbara H. are really getting hep together; Noticed Henry Cobb; Charles Brown and Eloise were together there as they always are wherever they may be; Geraldine Collins and 'Babe' from Rosewood are on the outs, so says a report from a reliable source; Gerald Massengill and Doreen seem to be on the ball, too; Saw Ned and Ruth 'other evening in Vinson's.

At this point I stop to pay honor to my good friend, 'Slur' Ward. Thank you for your time.

It seems to me as I look back over the list of sophs that I have reported on a good many of them so I shall now bow down to get (Continued on Page 5)

and R. U. Abel, policeman. This story is purely fictitious and any similarity to any real news story is wonderful.

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