

Senior Is Joyous That End Is Near

(By Doris Page)

Maybe it's the mid-year slump, or maybe it's the fact that I've been going to school for eleven and one-half years that's getting me down, but sometimes I feel if I had to go to school another year—even another week besides what is required—I would just have to call it quits and not ever get that wonderful little slip of paper they call a diploma.

I think I get lazier with each year—and I have reliable witnesses who will vouch for that—I spend in school. This is through no fault of my teachers. I will give them an "A" for effort. You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. I am mentally deteriorating and if I went to school for a few more years, I could soon enter the first grade without even having to pass an entrance examination.

It's funny how, when we are in the lower grades, we only think about a few grades ahead of us. I think that if we thought seriously then of the twelve long years that are ahead of us, there would be an alarming number of suicides between the ages of six

and nine.

First Grade Problems

For instance, when we are in the first, second, and third grades, our one ambition in life is to reach William Street School (we sigh when we think of it) and be in the fourth grade. How we envy those people over at William Street School. They're so big! And we've heard that they even use real notebooks and carry home a big orange book that's called Geography or something. Gosh, it must be wonderful being that old and worldly-wise.

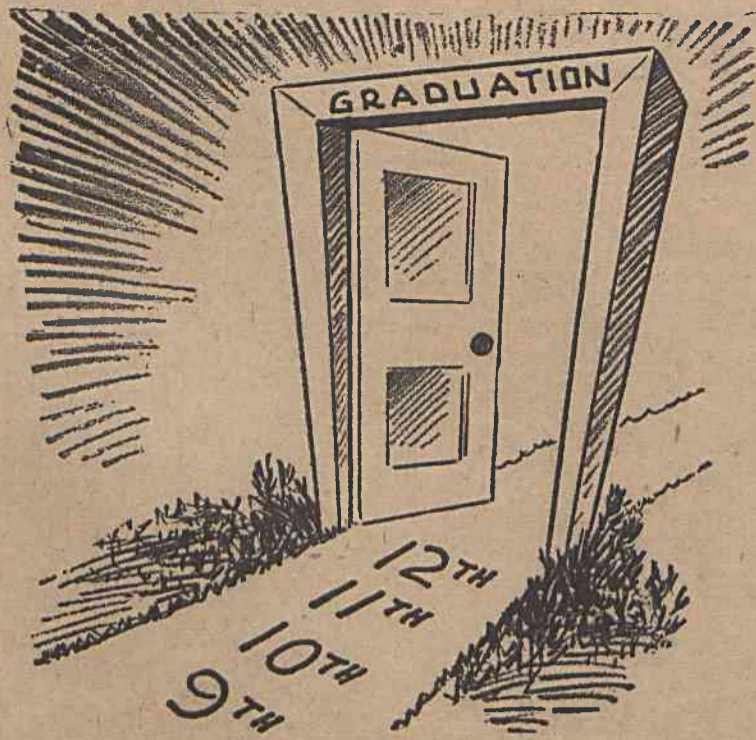
Well, we get to the fourth grade and we learn all we care to know about Geography. We get pretty tired of taking a notebook around and we begin to look toward brighter things.

The eighth-graders, the seniors of grammar school, become our knights in shining armor. Just think, in only a few more years we, too, will be eighth-graders. This thought sustains us through the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh grades.

Have you ever noticed how each grade worships the grade ahead of it and holds only contempt for those behind it?

When we get to be eighth-graders, we think we are really IT. We're about ready to leave William Street School and when school starts again next year, we won't stop there but we'll keep on walking to high school. We'll walk right on past our

KEEP THE DOORWAY CLEAR



friends who are just in the seventh or sixth grade now and boy, how they'll envy us!

High School's Here

Now, high school! That's really something! Why, gosh, anybody can tell you you're practically grown when you go to high school. Haven't you seen those people passing by William Street School going to high school? Well, they're pretty old, aren't they? Some of 'em are even seventeen and eighteen! Boy, it sure must be nice being grown-up like they are!

We get to high school and our ego suffers a severe blow. Here, we, as Freshmen, find that nobody looks up to us. As a matter of fact, nobody gives us a second glance, except maybe to comment on how little the freshmen are this year. We are looked on as something to be tolerated and an object of pity and scorn.

But never, never, do we let our friends back at William Street school know of our plight. As far as they know, we run high school.

We gaze at the seniors with open admiration and think how much larger and more sophisticated they are. But our day will come. We, too, will be seniors.

Our ego is somewhat inflated when we become sophomores and can exercise our authority over the freshmen during Freshmen Week. It gives us back some of our old self-confidence that we possessed in the eighth-grade. Freshman Week is something that is all ours, we plan it and the rest of the school watches us. Everyone participates in it, but no one can deny that it is basically OUR week of revenge.

It makes the freshmen feel a little better, too, for, though they are being persecuted, they are

at least not being ignored.

Still Envy Seniors

Then we become juniors and we begin to really feel our oats. We are upper-classmen and we make sure everyone knows it. We pretend not to envy the seniors but we still would prefer being a senior to being a junior—but no lower classman is supposed to know that.

Then, as a climax for eleven long years, we at last reach the pinnacle of our career—or so we think—and everything is just wonderful for maybe two months. And then we begin to realize that this is not the finish, it is only the beginning.

We think of what is ahead of us, college and eventually a job or marriage, or starting right off into the business world; and we realize that what has passed is nothing compared to what is to come.

Like I said in the beginning, in spite of the fact that this is my last year, it still gets mighty tiresome. Nearly everyone makes the comment, "I wish I were back," after he gets out of school. I don't think I will ever be guilty of saying that, will you?

Bud Ellis Named Cardinal Batboy For 1950 Season

Acting on the wishes of the townspeople who are fans of the local entry in the professional Coastal Plain League, Nick Geer, business manager for the Cardinals, has announced that Bud Ellis will be the batboy for the coming season.



Bud, a freshman, was elected in a poll conducted by the Cards through the News - Argus and radio station WGBR, and won out over Billy West, Dukes Parnell, and Ferrell Dawson, all grammar school

students.

The eighth of the Ellis boys to enter the high school, Bud has taken an active part in the sports life of the school besides serving as president of the freshman class. He was a member of the Junior Varsity football squad, the Jay-Vee basketball team and at the present time, he is a manager of the Varsity baseball team. In the programs that have been conducted by the Wayne County Boys' Club, Bud has taken an active part in every phase of Boys' Club work and is a member of the Shawnee honor tribe.

Bud is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ellis of 106 South Slocumb Street, and has served as a batboy for the Goldsboro team in the CPL for the past two seasons.

As far as I'm concerned, I'd just as soon I had already graduated. How about you?

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