

GOLDSBORO HI NEWS

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EDITORIALS

The Take-off

We are leaving. Our day is done, and our record stands closed. But we, the Seniors, leave a message to you, the underclassmen. We are entering into life's struggle and can never try to receive further foundation of knowledge in old G. H. S. Our plane is set on the runway, the blocks before the wheels, the Commencement Motor whirring with its 16 Unit Power Life Challenger Engine. But, now that everything seems to be in shape, we are not satisfied. It takes us four years to build our Knowledge Plane, but we wonder—is it safe? Is every cog and axle in place? Have we done a good job? Sad to say we have need of repair—but there isn't time! Our ship must take-off June 6th in quest of success.

Now, what about yours? We are interested in you; we want you to succeed. You are our schoolmates.

In high school you have four years of good training for future life. Are you using them to advantage?

Reason it out for yourself. Does high school work bore you? If it does, you must change your attitude, and change it quickly. High school is a runway from which you take-off into life. Here you gain your momentum in knowledge, your fuel in ambition, and your motive power in initiative. The plane without momentum does not take-off—never leaves the ground! Do you want to rise in the world? Then gain your momentum. The plane which gives out of fuel falls. Most people do not realize that nothing could be worse than to know just enough to get by with—not enough to keep from falling into illiteracy. You are really preparing for a trip far more tiresome than the longest endurance flight. You should prepare yourself with all the care a two-dollar Ford can give. Good Buy.

THE CLASS POEM

THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

The past, the past, the irreparable past!

We cannot erase or change it. It is made, it is complete, it is finished and done;

We haven't the power to rearrange it.

There may be mistakes, and errors, and wrongs;

There may be sadness and tears;

Yet it may be full of joyous memories

That will not be forgotten through the years.

But the present is here; we can make it what we wish,

And we have power for that. If we just make the most of our time while we're young,

Not merely sit around and chat;

If we study and listen and reason and learn;

If we open the door for opportunities;

We can make our lives something worthwhile,

Not merely commonplace failures.

The future seems bright and dazzling ahead;

For each it holds infinite pleasures;

To each it shows the rewards of work

Handed out in double measures.

—EMMA HALL BAKER,

Class Poet.

Goodbye "Ole" G.H.S.

The hours we've spent together during our Hi days will long be cherished with memories; the parting brings us sadness, and yet gladness.

We, the Class of '31, have done our best to improve the Hi spirit, and as we go we leave good cheer for those taking our places in '32.

We shall go out into the world with the spirit the faculty has tried to instill in us and we appreciate the interest they have shown us. As we go we feel sure the Class of '32 will carry on.

Leave no stone unturned. How is your motive power? Will your initiative sputter and die out?

We do not advocate the students' being bookworms. That is tuning the motor too highly—in physical terms, the brain—and paying too little attention to the body. Just see to it that your best Fountain Pen is made for One Dollar

THE CLASS SONGS

TO THE FACULTY

(Tune: I Love You So Much)

Teachers, now that we are through

And the skies again are blue, We have something to talk about.

First of all we must confess

You've made us a great success;

Of this there is at all no doubt. Ev'ryone of you, we know, has done your part,

So now you can see why you are in our heart.

First Chorus:

We love Miss Beasley, We won't debate it,

We've had her so much, No wonder that we hate it.

We love Jim Wilson, He cannot know it,

We love him so much but we never did show it.

Of course we love our teachers

Much more than we can state, But not near as much as in the past

Now that we graduate.

We love our teachers, Can you conceive it?

We love our teachers, It's a lie, so don't believe it.

Second Chorus:

We love Miss Kornegay, Parlez en Francais,

We love her so much, You believe it if you may.

We love Miss Gordner, And her ideal way

We love her so much, We might miss her for a day.

(But) We really love our teachers

Lots more than we can say; Yet, when we leave our Alma Mater

That'll be a Perfect Day.

We love our teachers, Can you conceive it?

We love our teachers, And we hope that they believe it.

—JOHN ALLEN STANLEY.

FAREWELL SONG

(Tune: Perfect Day)

We have labored and worked for four long years

And here at last we can see the goal

Yet we look back through a veil of tears

At failures and joys of old

Can you take our hand and bid us a God Speed

As on our way we go?

Our School has planted in us a seed,

Which we hope will thrive and grow.

We have come to the end of a Perfect Day

And the start of a life anew; Yet how much we owe—we can't repay

To the school of the White and Blue.

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CLASS HISTORY

What is that I see in the distance? It is a little red and white Ford loaded down with the members of the class of '31. And, what a wonderful bunch it has been! Little did they mind the first blow outs and flat tires in the algebra, science and Latin classes that were so strange to them, and were taught by strange teachers.

The first year in high school was spent in exploring, and in learning the routine. The only outside interest that we excelled in was baseball. The girls organized the first and only girls' baseball team, which won the honors in inter-class baseball. We were represented by Ezra Griffin at Chapel Hill in the Triangular Debates.

As we stopped to get gas at the beginning of our sophomore year, we had no idea of the many new thrills and adventures that lay ahead. First of all our debating team, composed of Ezra Griffin and Etta Mae Perkins, won the Gidden's Debating Cup in the inter-class debates. The boys won the football championship in inter-class football. Another event of which we were proud was the original play Aaron Epstein and John Allen Stanley wrote and directed with the help of Ed McDowell, Billy Brown, Linwood Blackburn, and Ernest Eutsler. However, there was one flat tire on the road when we were deserted by Mr. T. T. Hamilton, Jr., but Mr. Wilson came along and helped patch it, and from then on it has been his job to patch all the tires.

Gas again! Out rushed the juniors, dragging a full year of exciting adventures and honors. What fun it was to have many outside activities to accompany the hard work. Again we were represented at Chapel Hill by Ezra Griffin, and that year the debaters won the Ayeck Memorial Cup. And again we won the inter-class football championship. While all attention was turned toward school work, Miss Kornegay yelled out "Stop Thief," and we immediately became interested in the Junior Play, but we did not allow the "Thief" to disclose the secret plans of our banquet. And what a grand banquet it was! Always we shall have it to look back upon.

As we stopped at what we knew to be the last station to oil our engine, we were proud to see that our Ford was loaded with the largest senior class that G. H. S. has graduated and the first class to have four complete years in the new high school. The girls distinguished themselves by winning the inter-class basketball championship. For the third time Ezra Griffin, the president of the class, was en-

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CLASS PROPHECY

Mr. John Lee Best, Jr. has been notified that he is the successful candidate for the next competition at Wimbledon Tennis Courts, England, provided he does not turn professional and accept compensation as an auto racer.

Mr. Raymond Best, the well-known scientist, was interviewed today. When asked whether he thought it would rain, he refused to make a statement until he had done some research work in Dr. Miles' Almanac.

Everyone should tune in his television set on Station WORK tonight at 9:15 when that ace of Radio announcers, the successor to the late Graham McNamee, Mr. Edward Denmark, will be master of ceremonies for a de Luxe program put on by The Leslie Farfour Reducing Salts Co. The well-known Crooning tenor, Mr. Cleveland Gardner, will give a number of selections with Mr. John Allen Stanley, the radio-taught success, at the Baldwin. That talented Shakesperian team, Miss Elizabeth Smith and Mr. Aaron Meyers Epstein will render "The Murder Scene" from MacBeth. The program will close with an interpretation of the First Robin of Spring by the aesthetic dancer Mr. Henry Liles. Be sure and tune in as the program will be a treat for the eyes and ears.

Mr. Ezra Ennis Griffin, Jr., Senior President of the Great Progressive Loyal Order of Unemployed Debaters, is spending his vacation fishing—fishing for words to convince the Great Progressive Loyal Order of Unemployed Debaters that he needs a raise in salary.

Mr. Ernest Eutsler, Jr., and Mr. Collins Denning Grove have returned to our fair city after an excursion of 20 years into the wilds of Africa. They report a most successful trip as they returned with one of the two five dollar bills still unbroken.

The approaching marriage of Miss Helen Ellinwood and Mr. Carl McBride, which the bride has been expecting for the last twenty years, is causing quite a stir in scientific circles as Prof. Linwood Earle Blackburn successfully carries out his experiment and made Miss Ellinwood 6 feet 3 inches in height.

Highway Engineer Vernon Glisson announces the completion of the paving of the road to Saulston. He also announces that those who want him after office hours will find him at the Teacherage at Saulston.

Miss Ruby Hare has been elected principal of the Saulston High School.

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