

# Goldsboro Hi News

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## For This Year—Our Aims

Whereas, it is desirous that the news of our school be interpreted to the school, to the community, and to the country at large; and whereas, the high standards of journalism should be upheld; therefore, be it resolved that the 1940-41 journalism class of Goldsboro High School:

- (1) Publish at least eight issues of the *Hi News*;
- (2) Continue weekly "Highlights" in *The News-Argus*;
- (3) Continue a picture history of the school;
- (4) Keep its advertising on a high plane;
- (5) And collect and file material for a morgue.

## Let's Face The Issue

The current "problem" of library permits opens the way for a survey of our whole student life. This case of honor, of which in the past ten days the students of GHS have become so acutely conscious, is merely the latest incident in a series of incidents which is leading toward the destruction of our ideal of school life. We, the students of Goldsboro High School, face the looming problem of the weakness of our democracy. As in the larger world of life to which we will soon come we must face the reality of our inner illness.

What's wrong with us? Surely the steady, growing decline in support of and participation in the activities of the school do not justify the good name which our school has had. Certainly the evidences of our increasing carelessness, thoughtless, and plain ordinary "don't care attitude" do not point to progress. We are going in the wrong direction. We are losing something that we do not know what we lose. To define our own weakness we must first define and understand democracy and its weaknesses, for its weaknesses are our weaknesses. Democracy is the way of life which, if truly lived, makes that life itself worthwhile. It is a way of life in which the greatest powers, the rights, privileges, opportunities, liberties and burdens, and they will be big and heavy, are shared equally by the individuals who live it.

Consider this definition. Compare the democratic way of life with our ideal of life in GHS. Are they not the same? We have in our Student Association an organization whose ideals give us the same equalities. But we also have the same faults. The present decline is due to many exhibitions of our weakness. Our SA is as big and strong as we are—at present it is as weak.

What is to be done? We leaders must forget ourselves and our desire for personal glory. We must do away with our bungling inefficiencies, our laziness, and our smug self-satisfaction. We must look ahead and give generously of our energy that we may all go forward.

We followers must forget our petty jealousies. We must not take things for granted. We must learn what our SA means to us. We must cooperate and work for the common good. We must wake up to reality.

We citizens of democracy must each one do his job. We must vigorously exercise our rights, our privileges, our liberties. We must stop! We must think!

## LIBRARY NOTES

Have you noticed the new attraction in the library? It's a special corner, fixed by French students, to broaden students' knowledge of France. This corner includes historical novels, plays, biographies, travel pamphlets, magazines, maps, books on the history of France, and a collection of newspaper articles on France.

Thirty-one new books have been added to the library's growing number. Among these are: *The Fair Adventure*, by Gray, which has proved to be popular with the girls; *Choosing a College*, by Tunis; *Let's Broadcast*, by White; *Medical Magic*, by Dietz; *Story of Textiles*, by Waltore; *On Soap Carving*, by Gaba; *Paris*, by Clarke; *France from Sea to Sea*, by Riggs; *Mark Twain*, by Masters; and *The Post War World*, by Jackson. Mr. Herman Weil has donated *The Standard Cyclopedia of Horticulture* and *The Outline of Science*.



To the 28.5 per cent of us who didn't vote:

Why did you not register? Certainly you knew when and where to register. Certainly you are interested in who the leaders of your class will be. Certainly you know that the success of the class depends upon its leaders. Certainly you know that you are just as much a part of your class as any other of its members, and certainly you realize that you must follow your leaders no matter who they may be.

Or are we taking too many "certainly's" for granted? Are you interested in the leaders and success of your class? Do you realize that you have a definite place in GHS, and do you do your best to fill that place?

Sincerely,  
A STUDENT.

## Wanted: Skilled Workmen - GHS Students, Note

Wanted: Machinists, carpenters, metal workers, tool and dye makers, lens grinder, draftsman, steam-fitters—skilled workers of every type and description—to fill immediate jobs. Clerical workers and unskilled laborers need not apply!

This is the actual call sent out each day to every person in the United States within hearing of a loudspeaker. This is the advertisement of the United States government, which has discovered its vital need, and singular lack, of the essential of a streamlined defense program—skilled labor. And this is what American industries have been demanding for decades.

It is a recognized fact that there now exists in America an acute shortage of skilled workmen and craftsmen, a shortage of workers who stand high in the respect of those among whom they work, yet are at a sad low in the minds of many thousands of American youth not yet acquainted with craftsmanship.

A skilled laborer takes such delight in any article produced that it becomes a work of art, admired and appreciated by those who understand the crafts. It is such craftsmen that America lacks today.

Analysis of the situation by a board of eminent educators puts the blame on our secondary schooling system, where they find no means or encouragement for the training of skilled workers. They find that too many go through school taking an academic course with the sole idea of "getting an education," seeing in it the magic key to a job after graduation. And they record case after case of willing youths who offer to "do anything," yet fail to qualify for any specific craft. As a result, these young men are refused jobs.

The report of this committee has challenged GHS to establish facilities for training skilled workmen. And it is this challenge that we must answer.

## We Honor

### DOT GRANT

Born: July 3, 1924. Place: Goldsboro, North Carolina. That's the way Dorothy Elizabeth Grant's birth certificate reads — you know her as "Dot." Long brown hair, green eyes, are this senior's most outstanding features, and she's five feet two inches tall — her ambition is to grow two more inches. "Danny Boy" is our honoree's perennial favorite, and her current favorite is "Trade Winds," or most anything by T. Dorsey. Other pets are: maroon convertibles, C.Y. and J. K., Spencer Tracy, Barbara Stanwyck, and "college men." Pet hates are: people who get mad easily, early rising, and driving slowly.



Dot always keeps a 1930 nickel in her shoe, and wears a necklace which she never takes off, for luck. Yet she solemnly swears that she's not superstitious!

SA Council representative is another of Dot's outstanding duties. Also she has an avid interest in athletics, for she's served two years on the athletic committee, is a member of the Girls' Athletic Club, and was manager of the girls' tennis team the past spring.

After two years at Anderson and two years at the University of North Carolina, Dot plans to be a physical ed teacher. If she shows the same spunk and willingness to work in the future as in the past, we've no doubt she'll be the model instructor.

### BILLY HAIRE

William Haire—or just plain Billy—is his name. He was born in Goldsboro on August 14, 1925. This year he is a junior, president of his home-room, and a member of the stage and property committee, to which he has belonged all his three years in high school.

His hobbies are tinkering with radios and collecting old radio parts.

Billy hopes to be a radio engineer, and gets a lot of first hand experience by engineering all school broadcasts. Merely to visit R. C. A. Building in Radio City, New York, would make him happy—it's plain to see he's all for radio.

When Billy, who is a curly-haired blond with blue eyes, listens to the radio he likes to hear Tommy Dorsey and "Only Forever"—but don't we all. Hedy Lamarr and Spencer Tracy are his favorite cinema players and a certain dark-haired sophomore cheerleader is the "one and only"—we're glad somebody has one, though he doesn't "hate anybody—yet"—we wonder what he meant by that? He likes football, baseball, and tennis, parties, and he enjoys dancing when he's "in the mood"—which might depend on whom he's dancing with. Biting fingernails is his worst habit. Usually he is happy, but to be near inquisitive or conceited people, to hear boring speeches, or to clean his room makes him most melancholy.

We hope to hear some day in the near future that Billy has attained his ambitions. Good luck, Billy.

When poor Bennett heard how her husband had died She wept, and was dismally blue! To the river she went and softly she cried, "I'll die, love, to be with you."



## Now Why

I looked at the sky  
... a blue one,  
I looked at the trees  
... deep green ones,  
Together they're lovely!

I purchased a dress  
... a blue one,  
I bought hat and shoes  
... deep green ones,  
Together they're awful—

Darn it!

Lessie P. Mallard, '41; Miss Newell, Teacher.

## A Thought

I love to look  
In my scrapbook  
And laugh at things  
I once held dear  
When I was young.

Lillian Jenkins, '41; Miss Newell, Teacher.

## Comparison

Last night the wind was restless—  
In gusts and puffs it blew.  
It shook the blinds and swung the gates,  
It blew down a tree or two.

Then the rain began to fall—  
In large, quick drops it fell.  
Faster, faster, harder, harder,  
It would really wet things, you could tell.

Last night my heart was restless—  
It pounded at the sight of you.  
It broke into bits at what you said,  
"Nothing is left—we're through."

Then the tears began to fall,  
In large, quick drops they fell.  
Faster, faster, harder, harder,  
Heartache and sorrow they spelled.

Today is cold and sad and dreary,  
The wind could tear you apart  
But the weather isn't half as dreary  
As the ploddings of my heart.  
By Dolores West, '41; Mrs. Bradford, Teacher.

## Bennett McGreen

A lovely young maiden was Bennett McGreen;  
She had eyes of the deepest blue;  
She was stately in stature, had the airs of a queen;  
She was kind and gentle, too.

Her hair was like copper, and framed her small head  
Like a halo of sunshine, bright;  
Her skin was white, her lips cherry red;  
She looked like a star in the night.

How many admirers had Bennett McGreen;  
She was dearly beloved by them all;  
But she loved only one it was plain to be seen:  
And that was the courageous Tom Hall.

In the prime of their love, the two planned to wed;  
But scarce were they married, when  
Over the land swept, with fear and dread,  
A war and the killing of men.

So Tom Hall, gallant youth, with his musket in hand,  
Enlisted, as brave men should;  
And when danger came to the man in command,  
He defended him as best he could.

Though he saved his commander by this noble deed,  
Tom Hall himself was drilled;  
And just e'er he died, with his friends he did plead  
That they tell Bennett how he was killed.

When poor Bennett heard how her husband had died  
She wept, and was dismally blue!  
To the river she went and softly she cried,  
"I'll die, love, to be with you."  
Elizabeth Royall, '41; Mrs. White, Teacher.

## At Long Last

For many years, our columns have pled with the students to "please stay off the grass and terraces," to "stop joyriding on the lawn," to "help pave the drive," and finally to "congratulate the building and grounds committee on the completion of the walk." Now, it's been done. We congratulate you! Our grounds look beautiful.