

Goldsboro Hi News

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*Come, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest home.*

—HENRY ALFORD.

We Want It Again

"Character, Service, Leadership and Scholarship" are four characteristics any student in Goldsboro High School would be proud to be recognized for.

In the past, GHS students have been able to be recognized for these traits through the National Honor Society, but this year there is no NHS. Why? Because the faculty has thought it best to discontinue this organization as it doubted whether the honor one achieves is worth the disappointment many receive.

National Honor Society tappings were an inspiration to all—the participants and the onlookers. As a member came from the candle-light stage into the grayed aisles, holding a candle that revealed his eyes scanning face after face, up one row and down the next, didn't the tranquility and sincerity of the atmosphere make your heart beat tom-toms? Didn't something within you make you think, wish, and plan. These moments of near-sacredness made you look back and look ahead.

The National Honor Society is needed in GHS this year to honor the minority and stimulate the majority.

So You Think You're Friendly!

SCENE: The upper hall in GHS.

TIME: Between periods.

CHARACTERS: Two students of GHS.

A: Hello!

B: (to Yehudi) Well, who is that saying 'hello' to me? I don't know him. He probably thinks I'm someone else, so I won't speak back. (B sails on with his head high in the air.)

A: Wonder why he didn't speak. He's in my English class; surely he knows me. . . .

Yes, this is a main problem in our school—that of "he won't speak to me." Members of last year's Junior Class voted to speak to everyone they met in the halls after a discussion led by Dr. Sims. If we fathomed many of our dilemmas, we would find that not knowing and appreciating our associates is the real corrupting factor.

So we're asking each of our readers to be "on speaking terms" with at least five new people during the next week. We hope it'll be a useful and used suggestion.

What Conventions Are For

Delegates come and go to conventions with only a casual half-thought from most people. We are vaguely aware that some "political big shot" is going some place or other as "our" representative. We hear his reports, and perhaps we're momentarily inspired.

But there is something bigger that is ours for the taking. We leaders and we followers all need to remember that conventions are places where new ideas can be gained and old problems solved, and where the best of many schools discuss and work for the good of all schools.

We, leaders and followers, should realize the benefits that can be received from the two conventions attended by our delegates this fall.

What Every Young Couple Should Know For Tonight

Now's the time we should dig a bit of etiquette out of the moth balls and tell you students what's what. We believe that since the social is tonight, we might tell you about the dancing rules as set down by Emily.

Never, boys, under any circumstances leave your girl standing on the floor. If you have to leave, get someone else to dance with her or wait for someone to break.

Just because you happen to be a good dancer, never criticize your partner's dancing. You don't have to dance with her unless you want to, remember.

If you can, try to bring a date. Just because you boys don't have a car, don't be bashful. Haven't you ever heard of feet? Well, they come in very handy if you ever try to use them. Double-dating is a solution, too.

Don't talk about the person you just danced with to your present partner. All tales usually get back and the results may not be so good.

Well, so long, folks. We'll see you at the dance tonight. (We hope) and don't forget your polished manners.

Again A Good Deed Is Done

The oldest custom of the high school—that of giving Thanksgiving baskets to families who are not able to provide lavish dinners that other more fortunate families so often take for granted—will again be carried out this year. Mr. Gaddy has announced that over two hundred names of families that would welcome such baskets have been handed in by students in the city schools. This year the students will have complete charge of filling and delivering the baskets.

As is the usual custom, the displaying of the gaily decorated containers will be part of the Thanksgiving program.

REVIEWING THE FILES

We reviewed 1931-36 files of the *Hi News* and found that:

Ezra Griffin helped win the Aycock Memorial Cup in Chapel Hill in the spring of 1931.

Henry Liles was captain of the 1930 football team.

Janet Sanborn made the term honor roll in February, 1932.

Mildred Rawlings had the lead in the Junior Play, 1932.

Willis Denmark played center on the 1934 football team.

Powell Bland was editor of the *Hi News* in 1936.

C. W. Twiford volunteered to teach the pugilists of GHS in 1936.

Ozello Woodward was "most representative" in 1936.

James Davis won the 880 in the Civitan Track and Field Meet in Greensboro in 1936.



The circus is growing stale. The clowns are no longer amusing. We are wearied of having all assembly programs, class discussions, and study periods ruined by some who insist upon forcing corny jokes in their classrooms.

We don't want a school where nobody laughs when someone says something clever, but we feel that many of the things that have happened in our school lately, such as the disturbance in the devotional, the bursting of stench bombs, and the placing of tacks in chairs are regrettable and uncalled for.

Let's ignore these clowns. Let's make them realize that no one admires them for such activities.

Sincerely,

An Onlooker.

We Honor

LOIS SMITH

Her hobbies are laughing and singing—as you can tell by looking at her—and twirling a baton. Mary Lois Smith certainly does her stuff with that baton as head majorette for our band.



This jolly junior's ambition is to be either a newspaper reporter or a fashion designer. Judging from her fine work as assistant feature editor of the *Hi News*, she will be a reporter, but, on the other hand, have you noticed that handsome red reversible she wears? She is secretary of her journalism and band classes.

"Pug"—as most people call her—was born in Fayetteville on July 13, 1925, but has spent all but two of her fifteen years in Goldsboro. She is a blue-eyed blond, five feet one inch tall—and she'd truly like to grow four inches. "Pug" has a pug nose and freckles, both of which she despises along with washing dishes.

She likes chocolate cake, State College—or one of its students—coco-colas and is happy when listening to "Only Forever," "Our Love Affair," and Fred Waring. She'll take her movies with Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, or Jackie Cooper. "Pug" is very superstitious, and, being especially fond of red, white, and blue, is very patriotic.

Such a hard working, energetic girl as Lois is certainly an asset to our school and we're glad she'll be here another whole year!

BOB MOORING

Robert "Bob" Mooring is a simple monicker, but when applied to a boy such as we honor this issue—well. He's a senior, 17 years of age, and his eyes are gray, his hair blond and curly. He is a native of Goldsboro.

Food dislikes of Bob's are nil—he says he'll eat anything, and particularly pickles and fried chicken.

Also he likes any kind of music—except symphonic. As a "pet like" Bob lists reading magazines, especially serials—we must say he has more patience than we have. Another favorite is the combination yellow and brown—nice for Thanksgiving.

Good sportsmanship is the characteristic he most admires in people, and braggarts are one of his "pet dislikes," along with people who won't take the trouble to speak.

Last year Bob was a very active member of Council, elected for two terms. In the spring he became a candidate for the presidency of the SA, and was one of the official delegates to the district meeting of the SSCC at Greenville. The active student was in charge of ticket sales for last year's Junior Play, and is a marshal—smart boy, huh?

This year he's on the first string Junior team, playing right guard. Bob plans in the future to go into something connected with higher mathematics, preferably in the Civil Service. It's certainly an ambitious ambition, but we think he can do it.

INK SPOTS

Disturbing Peace

The sun sent forth a golden ray
 To end the night, to bring the day.

Up into the sky it crept
 To wake the world which quietly slept.
 But with the dawn comes war's sad cry.
 The cannons roar; the bullets fly.

If only wars like this would cease
 To wreck the beauty of silent peace . . .
 An earth of joy. . . . A place of bliss. . . .
 How can we treat God's world like this!

—FRANCES ALEXANDER, '44; MR. HOLT, Teacher.

Jakay

"Dogs are smelly," says my Dad.
 Jakay, our dog, certainly smells bad.

He can't come in our house anymore;
 He can't even put his foot in the door.

So until he smells far better than that,
 He'll have to sleep on our doormat.
 —K. BORDEN, '44; MR. HOLT, Teacher.

The Lovely Lady

The moonlight gleams through her soft brown hair;
 It brings out her features so lovely and rare
 As though she were a princess so debonair.
 She is innocent and pure as a lily fair.
 At the altar she kneels and worships there.
 Her voice like music rings everywhere.

—AGNES HENDRIX, '44; MR. HOLT, Teacher.

If I Were The Sea

If I were the sea, the beautiful sea,
 Oh! What a monster I would be.
 I'd dash and roar,
 And carry my waves upon the shore.
 I'd feel very strong and proud,
 And my waves would roar very rough and loud.
 The sea gulls over me would fly
 Like fleecy clouds up in the sky.
 I can't be, so there's no reason to try.
 I'll stay on land where it's dusty and dry.

—NANCY SASSER, '44; MISS SPENCER, Teacher.

Thoughts Of Old

As I sit and dream
 Of the days that have gone by
 When we were so lonely,
 My first mate and I.
 I dream of my old gray ship
 That has many a voyage run,
 And the old brass rudder
 That many a time has spun.
 Then I think of the day
 When it ran upon the rocks,
 And how I swam to shore
 Never to return to sea any more.
 My first mate was drowned
 But I do know
 That's the way he wanted to go.
 —JOHN JAMES, '44 MISS SPENCER, Teacher.

Procrastination

'Tis true that when you've things to do,
 Be important as they may,
 You'll get that done some other time;
 Tomorrow's another day.

Maybe the house needs cleaning
 Like the most of all our homes.
 You'll get that done tomorrow;
 But tomorrow never comes.

If a movie comes to town
 Or a party, dance, or play;
 It won't be here tomorrow;
 You need the money today.

When you put off your chores,
 They're work, not fun, nor play;
 I guess you'll all agree with me . . .
 Tomorrow's another day.
 —BARBARA EDWARDS, '42; MISS GLAZENER, Teacher

Clouds

Clouds! Clouds the the prolific beauty of the Great Artist on which play the many hues of fading sunlight. Oh! the thrill of seeing a glorious sunset of purple clouds with red and golden lining against a flaming sky is more inspiring—much more inspiring—than all the artistic efforts of man. No sunset or sunrise could be beautiful without the light from the sun. In mid-day, the graceful overflowing soft masses glide slowly in the breeze along their desultory path of pulchritude displaying their many tints and shadows from silver and gray to a glowing white.

—ERNEST CRONE, '41; MISS NEWELL, Teacher.