

Goodbye ---

And must we part?

Well, if we must, we must — and in that case The less said the better. —Sheridan, The Critic.

--- and Thank You

Spring-cleaning has just hit our journalism desk! It's got to be a thorough cleaning, too, 'cause we've got to get all our old copy out of the way and leave things spick and span for next year's editor.

It's funny how so much stuff can accumulate in a time as short as these nine months have been. All those old copies of the Hi News, that bulging High-lights scrapbook and the picture history are witnesses to the fact that the staff has tried to report all the news of the school accurately, and to aid all projects that have been undertaken.

Next year's editor may put his feet under the desk with a great many more difficulties facing him than we had. It may be necessary to cut down on the size and appearance of the Hi News. Conditions may even make it impossible to have a Hi News, either because there will be no paper available or because the cost will be too great.

In any case, the staff can still play a big part in the life of the school. It can act as a publicity agent for the SA and its activities by sponsoring assembly programs for drives, by writing bulletin announcements, by publishing small mimeographed papers, and it can act as the school's publicity agent for the News Argus. It can also continue the picture history of the school.

May we wish next year's staff success and prosperity. Working on the Hi News has been a pleasant job for us, full of excitement and opportunity to learn. We hope it will prove the same to staffs that follow us.

To our journalism desk and the things its stood for, to our staff and adviser, and to the student body and faculty, who have been so cooperative, we say, "Goodbye and thank you."

—Carolyn Hollingsworth and Effie Ruth Maxwell, Co-editors.

Our Suggestions for a War-Time Summer!

"Our nation needs the service of each one of us," said Superintendent Ray Armstrong when he talked on May 25 to students who are sixteen and a-half or over.

Many of the older boys and girls will have a chance to work at the new air base this summer. They will be making a real contribution. But there are real contributions that all of us can make. We can get jobs as clerks or delivery boys in local stores. We can mow lawns and tend gardens and other jobs. And we can put what we earn into war stamps!

The girls can use the time to good advantage in that womanly art, sewing. This fall you won't be able to buy the things that you could last year. Make some for yourself or work over some of last year's dresses. Anyone with nimble fingers and a good pattern can do it.

These coming hot days are perfect for reading. The public library has many fine books on current affairs and on many fields of interest. Be well informed—you'll understand what's going on about you far better!

These are our suggestions for a war-time summer. Not all work and no play—Goldsboro has nearby lakes for swimming and sunning, and you can do almost any of the things here that you could anywhere else.

But is there any excuse for anybody to be lazy this summer?

Let's Sacrifice for Victory

I believe that every student in GHS is willing to give up every non-essential thing that he has by rationing for the guarantee of an Allied victory, which can only be gained through sacrifice.

Every student in GHS realizes the need for rationing and knows what the material is used for. I am willing to give up every ounce of sugar if it can be used in the manufacturing of munitions or for some soldier in the field. If that gas that I planned to burn riding around can be used in a tank or in a bomber, I am perfectly willing to give it up.

I believe that every student in GHS feels this way about rationing and that they are willing to sacrifice for victory!

—Linwood Harrell, '42.

We Honor

RICHARD WINSTEAD BORDEN

Richard Winstead Borden, or "Winnie" as he likes to be called, was born on October 25, 1925, here in Goldsboro—it's a wonderful place, isn't it, "Winnie"?



Last year Dick was on the SA Nominating Committee, and because of his good work, was made chairman of the committee this year. And the students his committee nominated for incoming SA officers were certainly representative of our school—in the finest sense of the word. He worked with the decorations for the Junior-Senior in his Junior year, and helped with the ticket sales for "Three-Cornered Moon." During his freshman and sophomore years, Dick was president and treasurer of his Latin class.

He's definitely woman-shy (not even Lana Turner makes his heart do a flip-flop). His two favorite actors are Spencer Tracy and Lewis Stone. He thinks Baby Snooks is "cute;" his favorite food is barbecue; and his special likes are nature, dogs, scouting, and staying at Tuscarora.

The ambition of our Senior honoree is to become a typical country doctor. And we think you'll be more than a credit to your profession, "Winnie!"

VIRGINIA MAE CHRISTENBURY

If you had gone into the typing room any day after school during elections, you would probably have seen our honoree making stencils for the election bulletins and ballots.



Yes, Virginia Christenbury has worked on the Board of Elections for the past year, and she has really worked!

Virginia was born in Columbia, S. C., in 1925, and lived there two or three years. Then she moved to Rocky Mount, where she lived for seven years. From Rocky Mount she moved to Goldsboro and has lived here ever since.

Besides her work on the Board of Elections, Virginia has been president and secretary of many of her classes and is homeroom library representative now.

Virginia has some definite likes, but she doesn't dislike anything particularly. For instance, she loves chocolate cake and banana pudding. But who doesn't?! She also lists among her likes the "Hit Parade", Lana Turner and Gary Cooper, and "Why Doesn't Anything Happen?"

It seems as if plenty has already happened, and if her ambition to be a stenographer is fulfilled, Virginia will have an eventful life.

Here's wishing you the best of luck, Virginia!

These Are Our Choice

The members of the Journalism Class have selected by vote the six assemblies that they think have been most enjoyed this year. They are listed below in the order of their popularity.

- 1. Hellzapoppin' . . . the assembly where everybody went crazy. Of course, the journalism class stays that way, so maybe that's one reason they liked it so much.
2. Junior Play publicity . . . the whole series of assemblies was included in this . . . Miss Ipock's geometry class, the preview scenes from the play, the Black-Face Darlings, an' all!
3. General Hershey's speech . . . not just because he's so prominent in the news of today, but because of his attractive personality and his optimistic outlook for youth.
4. Campaign speeches . . . everybody likes good-humored rivalry. We had some true showmen among our candidates, all right!
5. The Sing . . . when we all sang the songs flashed on the screen and jumped to the rhythm of P. Stanley's drumming.
6. Freshman Orientation . . . a long time ago, but still full of funny memories! We'll bet some of the Freshmen will never forget it!

Well, there they are. We've had many other fine programs this year but these are our choice. What d'you think?

Our Heartfelt Sympathies

Not only the Senior Class, but the whole student body truly regrets that two of the senior boys will have to miss the excitement of these last few days. To D. B. Burns, injured here in the school building, and Warren Wiggins, hurt while working, we want to say, "We miss you, fellas, and hope you'll be up and around soon!"



Wulp, hyar Oi yam—huh, huh, huh! I don't have many more buttons left to bust this issue; in fact, I've got so many safety pins in my clothes now that the government is starting investigation on me in regard to the hoarding of vital steel supplies! However, even my last buttons are not too precious to sacrifice for the sake of Dear Ol' GHS in this, the last column of the year.

WE'RE BUSTIN' OUR BUTTONS FOR—

—a grand year with lots done. Almost all of us have been unusually energetic since September, and there're plenty of good things to remember.

—two especially appreciated courtesies made by the Juniors to the Seniors . . . a Junior-Senior which showed a lot of thoughtful planning and good, hard work, and the song a group of them sang at Class Day. From the Seniors to the Juniors . . . thanks a lot!

—Career Week . . . an innovation in GHS, Career Week was certainly a success! Many students profited from the work put into it by the library staff and Miss Bayne's D. E. group. Here's hoping it becomes a regular feature of the school year!

A More Cheerful Note

The staff, the faculty, and the whole student body, are glad to have Miss Taylor back with us again after her long illness. Maybe absence does make the heart grow even fonder—it sure is nice to see her around school these days.

Sleepy River

Sleepy river, slowly moving, slowly disappearing Into far-off lands, Carry your passengers of floating logs and leaves, Deposit them on far-off shores.

Oh, sleepy river, slowly moving, slowly disappearing; Like life, Yours is a one-way voyage.

—Robert Roundtree, '41; Mrs. W. J. White, teacher.

Death

Death to me Is like logs floating out of sight— Flowers in vases with tired, drooping faces— Autumn leaves falling . . .

Snow falls, lingers, and then melts away.

Then it seems An eternity of tears— A broken windowpane letting in cold rain . . .

Fire gleams and simmers, Then burns out like burnt souls. —Marian Hinkle, '42; Mrs. W. J. White, teacher.

Afternoon Reverie

In the stillness of late afternoon, While the cheerful sun still shines The meadow is a place of reverence, With its lovely trees and vines.

The gentle whistle of a "Bob White" Calling to his mate from on high Is answered by a returning call. The approach of dusk is nigh.

—Martha Zealy, '42; Mrs. W. J. White, teacher.

The Spring-Child

The spring-child is wild and lovely. She dances through the thin, sweet mist Singing an eerie, haunting, tuneless little song, And leaves a trail Of bright, weird laughter As she vanishes down the hill.

—Martha Rosenthal, '43; Mrs. C. H. Bradford, teacher.

The Clock on Center Street

The clock still stands there, Aged, Faithful. Its new face shines lustroously Covering the wrinkles of a full life. It binds yesterday with today; today with tomorrow. Its hours are long; its wages naught. It sees everything; keeps its silence Eloquenty.

—Edwin Lee, '42; Mrs. W. J. White, teacher.

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EDITORIAL STAFF table with names and years: Co-Editors Carolyn Hollingsworth, '42, and Effie Ruth Maxwell, '42; Make-up Editor Helen Denning, '42; Assistant Make-up Editor Margaret Holt, '43; Editorial Editors Betsy Cade, '42, and Ruth Minton, '42; Literary Editor Frances Alexander, '44; Feature Editors Dot Perkins, '42, and Lois Smith, '42; Sports Editor Herbert Barbour, '42; Sports Reporters Linwood Harrell, '42, and David Hinson, '42; Picture Editor Bob Powell, '42; Assistant Picture Editor Louis Maxwell, '44; Alumni Editor Lyda Winslow, '43; Exchange Editors Elizabeth Stanley, '43, and Nellie Burns, '43; Staff Reporters Helen Roberts, '44, Charles Britt, '46, Edwin Sabin, '46; Staff Typists Martha Zealy, Billy Haire, Virginia Christenbury, Lizzie Mae Adams, Helen Bisette, Agnes Hallow, Marjorie Stafford, Elizabeth Hardison and Mary Louise Wells.

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