

Goldsboro Hi News

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Hi News Objectives

The staff of the *Goldsboro Hi News* wishes to express its sincere appreciation to every student and teacher in GHS for backing the *Hi News* circulation drive, supporting your newspaper drive and buying activity tickets.

In doing so we want to promise you the very best *Hi News* possible. In order to do this, we have set up the following goals for the year:

- (1) To support all school and community projects.
- (2) To serve the Student Association to the best of our ability.
- (3) To continue a picture history of all school activities.

Jean Pyatt
 Editor-in-chief

SA President Speaks

To the students of GHS:

As every student knows, cooperation is the key to the success of any organization. In our Student Association we must all strive together in order to make our school go forward. There should be no such thing in our school as saying, "Let the other fellow do it" . . . everyone must do his share, and in this way, we shall accomplish and overcome all obstacles that we might meet this year.

In the past years our Student Association has been one of which we may be proud; it is now our task to carry on where the others, who have gone before us, left off. We must not fail now! And with the cooperation of both students and faculty, *we will not fail!* Here's to a successful year!

Elizabeth Myatt,
 SA President, '44-'45

Teen-age Club

Do you remember that swell Teen-age dance last Friday night? Pepsis, doughnuts, candy, popcorn, etc.! That whizzer of a band was really a novelty in our Teen-age Club . . . we'll be asking for more of it, boys!

About three weeks ago, members of the executive board met to discuss the seriousness of the lack of interest in the club. They presented their problem to the students of Miss Garner's and Miss Gordner's sociology classes, hoping that some way could be found to revive the Teen-age Club. Through discussions by the Teen-agers themselves, interest was aroused, and work began, slowly at first, but the results were fine. For

We Honor


 PEGGY BLALOCK

That cute l'l redheaded girl with a welcoming smile always on her face and an ever-helping hand, is Peggy Blalock, born in Asheville on March 7, 1929, and moved to Goldsboro at the age of three.

That blue-eyed senior was vice-president of the Junior Class and, as one of the few Juniors who were chairmen of SA committees, she headed the Library Committee. She takes part in various classroom activities and almost inevitably volunteers for practically anything that comes her way. Along with this is her competence and willingness to work.

One of those many Tommy Dorsey fans, she could listen to "Always"—just about always. (Who couldn't?) Ingrid Bergman and Gary Cooper rank tops in the movies with Peggy and she simply LOVES chocolate—in the form of cakes, candies, etc. (Wonder if she can find any these days?)

As yet, Peggy hasn't announced her life's ambition, but we know that hard work plus unusual abilities will take a person a great distance—so go to it, Peggy! We know you'll succeed!

Any morning you will find Peggy in the office, going cheerfully about her work—a perfect example of her sweet disposition.

several afternoons when anyone passed the club, he probably saw teen-agers hard at work, raking out the dust that had accumulated during the long vacancy. The, appearance proved that *somebody* did some work!

All the fun hasn't ended yet . . . that is, if you are willing to keep the club going. It might even be possible to have a larger building, where there will be more types of recreation . . . if we stand together and build a greater club than we have now, since it is full of vast opportunities. Friday night was only a beginning . . . the things that we might do are left up to every teen-ager . . . and you can do them if you will!

As you probably know by now, the Teen-age Club is open this week-end for your pleasure and enjoyment. It is open to all of you teen-agers who "don't have anything to do" . . . you may dance, listen to records, or, to catch up on the latest "gossip", jabber with your friends, whom you'll more likely see there than anywhere in town.

The Teen-age Club is open for *you!* Let's keep it built up so that the whole town can say, "We're proud of our teen-agers."

LID LIFTERS

We lift our lids to:

The cast of "Out of the Darkness". Their splendid performance at the teacher's meeting on October 12 has merited them an invitation to present it at the state teacher's meeting in Raleigh next April.

Miss Gordner's sociology class for their swell leadership in the drive to have every GHS student and citizen of Wayne county x-rayed for TB.

The Recreation Committee for providing a room for use during lunch periods, and for providing dance music.

The Cheering Squad for their consistent loyalty to the team and school. Those yells are swell!


 PRESTON O'NEIL RAGAN

Preston O'Neil Ragan, alias Neil, another of the sixteen year-olds born in Goldsboro in 1928 (June 19, to be exact), bears the nickname of "Rooster."

His high school activities have included serving as co-chairman of the Athletic Committee last year and the chairman of Uptown Publicity Committee for the Junior Play, and to prove his ability, he continues as chairman of the Athletic Committee this year. He has been approved recently as the new Business Manager of the Goldmasquers, another job requiring outstanding qualities. "Rooster" has been an officer in several of his homerooms and classrooms.

Neil's favorite sport happens to be football, and Italian spaghetti along with banana pudding (what a combination!) rate tops with him. Marilyn Maxwell and Tyrone Power make movies interesting for him while Tommy Dorsey and "Til Then" come first along the musical line.

Although his likes are numerous, Neil's dislikes are few. They include prissy girls (Be on the alert, gals) and homework(!)

Neil plans to study medicine at Carolina if Uncle Sam doesn't knock at his door first. Good luck, Neil.

Our Challenge

Students of GHS, we face a greater challenge this year than ever before in buying war bonds and stamps. Possibly you think that the war will soon be over and you need not buy as many as you used to buy . . . but after careful consideration, don't you think you're wrong? The more we buy, the more guns, tanks, ammunition, and planes we can send against the enemy; the force will be greater and the fight will be over sooner.

We are not giving our money away, but we are only lending to our government at a fair rate of interest. Why should we mind buying war bonds and stamps if we get more than double for our money?

Let's remember that more than two-hundred and fifty graduates of GHS are now in the armed forces. What a grand feeling they would have if they knew GHS were backing them up 100 per cent while they are fighting.

In the past years through our selling of war bonds, we have had the privilege of flying the war bond flag, presented to us by the U. S. Treasury Department. If we want to keep this flag flying beneath "Old Glory", we must have at least ninety per cent student participation each month. Come on students, let's raise our flag and keep it raised the whole year long!

Borrowed Bits

We open this month's little bundle of joy with a poem by the great master, Shortguy. To wit.

A danca
 A data
 Perchanca
 Out lata
 A classa
 A quizza
 No passa
 Gee whizza!

"Sooner Sprirt",
 Central High,
 Oklahoma City, Okla.

LITERARY LIGHTS

James Hilton, British author of *Lost Horizon* now living in Hollywood, is considered one of the most outstanding contemporary authors in the world. He has been described by critics as a sensitive and imaginative writer and the public at large likes his work because it is so warm and human.

Lost Horizon, first printed in 1933, is one of Mr. Hilton's first successes. Among his more well-known books are *Lost Horizon*, *Goodbye Mr. Chips*, *Without Armor*, and *Random Harvest*, all of which have been filmed.

Born at Leigh in Lancashire, England, Mr. Hilton is forty-four years old. He received a degree in English and history from Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1921.

Mr. Hilton is married and has been living in this country since 1940 where he writes short stories between novels.

—Jean Powell

Shangri-la, monastery of longevity, where there is no pressure of time, the thin air of the mountain summit has a "dream-like texture" to match the "porcelain blue" of the sky. Beyond are the snow slopes of Karakal, highest mountain in the world. Air with clean, priceless quality of "rarefied" silver makes the temple of Shangri-la more mythlike.

The monastery is reached by a steep ascent up the side of a nearly perpendicular mountain pass. Up into the clear sunshine lovely and exquisite in the golden sunlight, is the lamasery "a half incredible sight."

Beyond is the valley of the Blue Moon and everywhere is the spirit of happiness and contentment, a feeling as if time were unimportant; things can be done in the next decade as well as now. No hurry, no rush, no worry, just unending *Time* in the mountains of Shangri-la . . . —Jean Powell.

The clash of opposing forces in the novel, *Lost Horizon*, is very evident. Conway is the type of man who is perfectly happy at Shangri-la, for it is to him everything that is happiness and contentment. He is the only type of man that could appreciate such perfection, for he was a man who loved peace and serenity.

Having suffered much mental and physical strain during World War I, Conway was glad to have rest at Shangri-la. Mr. Barnard and Miss Brinklow were more than willing to stay, but only partly because of the enchantment of Shangri-la; for it was a perfect hideout for Mr. Barnard, alias Chalmers Bryant, the great stock market swindler, and an excellent place for a missionary like Miss Brinklow to convert people, as she felt she was sent there by Providence.

The opposition to all this preference for the lamasery was, of course, Mallison. There is always one who can't conceive perfection and cannot quite see through to the underlying meaning and purpose and therefore complains blindly. This was Mallison. He was young, nervous, impatient, impetuous, and entirely cynical on the whole set-up at Shangri-la. He had loved ones in England and was completely happy in the outside world. His blindness to its beauty was the disruption of the whole beauty and perfection of Shangri-la.

—Pete McDowell