

Goldsboro Hi News

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Volume XX Number 1

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Welcome, Teachers

Twelve new teachers have been added to the Goldsboro High School faculty. They are: Misses Alexander, Bryan, Davis, Langston, Mills, Mixon, Reade, Rosser, Shine, Spence, and Messrs. Blysack and Russell.

The staff wishes to extend to these new teachers a most hearty welcome. We are all glad to have you, and we know that with full cooperation from all, we can make this a happy and successful school year.

The first few weeks of the school year are usually very trying to both teachers and students. It is hard for the new teachers to learn to know every new face, and to become adjusted to a new school, but we know the students are doing their best to help the teachers become adjusted.

We hope that you new teachers will learn to love GHS as much as we do, and we know the entire student body joins the staff in expressing the hope for a long and lasting friendship between students and teachers.

-M. T.

Annual

Will there be an annual this year? That is a question many Goldsboro High School students are hopefully asking. There are many arguments against an annual as well as many for an annual.

An annual would require a great deal of work on the part of students and teachers. It would also involve much expense.

These seem to be the major arguments against an annual. Although there are many other facts that come under these heads—(1) Scholarship is being built up in Goldsboro High School this year. An annual would sometimes take people out of class. (2) The teachers are already doing a great deal. An annual would add to their work. (3) Not all the students could afford an annual.

Speaking in favor of an annual are many things.

You are only in high school once. Needless to say you are only a senior once. An annual is something that will always keep alive the happy memories of the wonderful times you had, as well as the things that you accomplished during your high school days. In looking through your annual in later years old friends will be smiling out of its pages sharing these many memories with you.

True, this is all sentiment, but then aren't we all sentimentalists at heart, even though some of us try to hide it?

To be more practical, our annual would not be such an expense. The annual staff of '45 left a fund of three hundred and eighty dollars as a start for the class of '47 or '48 to use in publishing an annual. Advertizing would also help lessen the cost. With the large number of students in high school this year there would surely be enough interested in an annual so that the number subscribing to one would allow the price to be low. The more buying an annual, the cheaper the annual.

Also it is a fact, too, that people have more money now than ever before.

The faculty in Goldsboro High School is much larger than in 1945, when the first Goshica (Goldsboro High School Annual) was published.

ed. Surely there are a few teachers who would be willing to help advise an annual staff.

Of course, there is no getting around the fact that someone might miss a class or two. But for an annual there are many people who would be willing to work outside of school. An annual would give them more interest in school because they would be receiving with the compliments of the school the permission to work on something that held a great deal of their interest.

What is your personal opinion of an annual? Do you think the Goshica should be published again?

Think it over!

-L. L. R.

S. A. Objectives

The Student Association is again faced with a new year and a new set of objectives.

The objectives for this year are: (1) to print a telephone book with students' names and addresses, and phone numbers; (2) to have better conduct in council; (3) to have a guest teacher at every council meeting; and (4) to have an executive board meeting before each council meeting with the committee chairman who have business attending.

If you are a committee chairman and have business to come before the council, meet with the executive board. This will enable them to plan the council meeting systematically and there will be less disorder in council. Therefore, be carrying out one of the objectives you carry out.

We want our teachers behind us. Although the guest teacher has no vote in council, she can help us solve our problems and carry out the work of the S. A. Be courteous to her always and respect her judgment.

If we put the meeting to the Student Association before other activities we can still accomplish our objectives easily.

-S. S.

Look to the Future

The date of September 9 will be a memorable date to many of us. Your school year will be exactly as you want it to be. If you want to get through your subjects by the skin of your teeth, O. K. It's up to you.

If you make a flop of your high school career, you will most likely make a big flop of your life.

The way you progress through your first quarter is a pretty good indication of how you will go through the others. By the end of nine weeks you will have formed habits. Either you work or loaf.

To the seniors — a warning — this is your last chance. Next year you will be out on your own at college and if you loaf through this year you'll be sorry next year when it will be too late.

To you juniors and sophomores — Make the most of your time while you have a chance and before it is too late.

And to the freshmen. — This is your first year. Start off with a clean slate. This is the year in which you either make a record, a good record to be proud of, or else you make a bad name for yourself and for the class as a whole. And whatever name you make sticks.

Make the most of your opportunities while you have the chance. When you go to collect you will wish you had taken advantage of your opportunities. And also for you students who are going into various phases of life next year! Then it will be too late! So before it is too late, if your record has only been good, change it and make it excellent, and you freshmen who are starting now, don't loaf. Because your record will be just as you make it. It's all up to you.

-C. J.

Get Wise

At times during the day one can walk in the boys' rest rooms, and almost imagine a tobacco drying factory burning because of the tobacco smoke and odor.

Boys at Goldsboro High School ought to get wise to themselves and prove that they have enough will power to wait until after school hours to smoke — if they feel that they can't live without it.

It's about time the boys got to thinking and doing something about this habit. At the first of the year it was nothing but a few seniors, but now it's Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors.

Are you boys going to get wise and quit smoking at school or are you going to keep it up and ruin the reputation of your school and probably get thrown out of it?

Think it over.

WE HONOR



MARGIE PERRY

FRANCIS W. STANLEY, JR.

That cute five-foot six-inch redhead, better known as "Perry" is our girl honoree for this month.

Marjorie Nan Perry was born in Bailey on May 9, 1929.

In Margie's freshman year she served as class cheerleader, was a member of the athletic committee, and took part in the play "Little Black Sambo."

As a sophomore she played in "Milky Way" and "Out of the Darkness."

In her junior year, Margie served as managing editor of the Hi News, and took part in three plays, "The Lady Who Came to Stay," "Janie", and "Mountain Laurel."

This year she is exchange editor of the Hi News and assistant head cheerleader.

Fried chicken and lemon pie appear to be Margie's favorite foods. She dislikes conceited people, but one of her favorite "likes" is football. June Allyson and Tom Drake rate tops from movieland, and her favorite song is "There Must Be A Way."

Margie's ambition is to be a model, and we all wish her the very best of luck in this field!

Some newspaper should start printing the White House menus daily. Be interesting to know if the Chief Executive and his family are getting any steak, roast beef, and other meat these days. And how much? How are you doing, by the way? We can't get any meat in our neighborhood.

SA President Has Message

Fellow Students of GHS:

Our country has as its greatest heritage the right of self government. In our school we have a group known as the SA Council that helps to prepare us for the responsibilities of self government. Thus the training we receive is very valuable.

Sometimes we seem to forget just how important our Council really is, and we put other things first. We must take it seriously and give it our wholehearted support.

Our Council is as important to GHS as the United Nations is to the world.

Never before in the history of the world have men who know how to govern been needed more than now.

You see, we can't afford to lose sight of how important our Council is. Our Council and others like it are the foundation of democracy and statesmanship.

Let us not forget this. It is our privilege during the coming years to make our Council and world good, or to destroy both to be waste and rubble for eternity.

Herbert Howell, President of the Student Association.

Let's Be Buddies

(by Jane Shaver)

The day opened as dreary as the dreariest and there it was — the ninth of September — the day, which was circled in red (or was it crossed?) on our battered calendar. It was almost unbelievable that our precious vacation had ended. The summer just seemed to slip through our fingers and fade away before we realized it. Well, the fateful day had dawned and there was nothing that we could do other than suppress a wide yawn, reluctantly push ourselves out that good old bed, and, dodging the drenching downpours, truck off to school!

The minute we stepped into that old familiar hall, we could feel that same friendly atmosphere — seeing everyone back again, dishing out good slaps-on-the-back, and idly chatting about "That girl at the beach — ZOWIE!" "Have you seen the good-looking freshman?" "Hope we get in the same room!" "The new teacher looks tops to me." Yes, it gave us a warm feeling inside to just stop for a second and take a gander at these friendly people and to realize what a wonderful student body we do have.

Goldsboro High School has always had a reputation of having

Sincarf Squeals

Dear Sir:

"Here I come full of joy, I got here before KILROY".

It is really good to be back at GHS agin. It's just like I was saying to to Hebert (ya no Hebert, ower presadent), ya no Hebert, it's sure good to be back again and see all the old students. At that point Hebert sez, I also like to look at the new ones ARF, ARF, HOWULLLLL. I guess he ment the new freshmen or at least the freshmen gurls. Hebert sez, F. W. (thet's ma name, ma phone number is 1116, and I live (surprise), I just live), whut are you agoin' to dew when it comes time to put out the colum you wrote so good last year. Hebert, I sez, I think I will just write a lettir and put my news in it. He sez, somethin' on the order of The Science Newslitter? I sez yes. And that is why I am here ritin' today to you.

It twas jest the othur day when I saw thet guy from Wilson. I believe he cawls hisself Joe B. I will omit the last name on tew accounts.

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I wuz talkin' to sumbody out there the other day (wherever I was, it ain't none o' your business, talkin' to (I used that once, didn't I?) and he sed, I guess the Jane S. was rite happy to hear about the new automobile that Jack jest wun. But little do she no thet it wuz some othur little gurl out there at the carnival thet got his number.

Marilyn T. (thet's anuther last name I coodn't spell even effen I tried) seems to have tuk the shock of J. C.'s leavin' as well as cood be expected. Ah saw thet junyer Josephine J. in the hawl the other day and seen' as how I wanted to talk to her I decided to stop her. So when she came by I yelled whoa, just like I did on the farm, to the old horse. It musta been them new fangled hairdos cawled bangs — I think thet is the name by which they are cawled. I saw her agin at the street dance the othur nite and jest did stop frum sayin' haw an' gee. As you probably no, she was with ma good frien' Paul S.

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Before I leevie this time . . . yes, thet's about all the news I got room for . . . I wood like to leave this little pome which is so characteristic of a lot of our masculine boys.

Here it goes:  
The moon was yellow,  
The lane was bright,  
As we sat there together  
In the car that night.  
My every look, my every glance,  
Should have hinted  
That I craved romance.  
I stuttered and stammered  
As time went by.  
The moon was yellow,  
And so was I.

Account Two: It is my polisy nevir to use last names, owly er-nishals. Account Tew: I don't no how to spell it. (His last name, that is, not it. Any old fool kin spell it. I-T.) Well, this shere feller was a standin' out in the hall talkin' to thet little junyer Barbara H. (No last name agin). An' since then I bin secin' them together a hole lot.  
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Marilyn T. (thet's anuther last name I coodn't spell even effen I tried) seems to have tuk the shock of J. C.'s leavin' as well as cood be expected. Ah saw thet junyer Josephine J. in the hawl the other day and seen' as how I wanted to talk to her I decided to stop her. So when she came by I yelled whoa, just like I did on the farm, to the old horse. It musta been them new fangled hairdos cawled bangs — I think thet is the name by which they are cawled. I saw her agin at the street dance the othur nite and jest did stop frum sayin' haw an' gee. As you probably no, she was with ma good frien' Paul S.  
Ever since Billy R.'s bin gon', Martha W. and Connie J. and a hole bunch uv uppur classmen gurls neerly go batty when they see Ronnie and Donnie. Herbert (remember) sez thet Leonard F. has bin daytin' Lew (thet's Ider Loois) a lot lately. You no I persunlly don't see why they call it daytin' when anybody nos it's did at nite, mostly, neerly always. But thet is only one of many strange things in this wurd today. Speakin' of strange things, I was, when Billy W. came up to the typewritur an' wouted to no if anybody had been cawlin' him.  
Sumbody (name is a very confidential secret) tol' me thet Bruce and Dot C. (a hint: the "C" is fer cheerleader) have been seen togethur a lot recently. Alas, poor Ruth. As you will unnerstan' when you find out about this: (jest as if you didn't no it) Donald P. and Barbara R. is now in the hevvy stage of their new romance. Anuther somwun wuz askin' me if I new that Sally H. and Ervin S. (thet ain't fer STANLEY) are sendin' out heart beets which are in perfect unison, thet is rite with Cupid's recipe fer real live romance.  
Before I leevie this time . . . yes, thet's about all the news I got room for . . . I wood like to leave this little pome which is so characteristic of a lot of our masculine boys.  
Here it goes:  
The moon was yellow,  
The lane was bright,  
As we sat there together  
In the car that night.  
My every look, my every glance,  
Should have hinted  
That I craved romance.  
I stuttered and stammered  
As time went by.  
The moon was yellow,  
And so was I.  
—Copied.  
I wuz jest in the process of closin' up the colum when my conversee sez to me, You don't have to put thet you copied thet pome. I cood tell thet you coodn't rite thet good. Lovey Dovey, I mean Herbert, I sez, I didn't ame to tri to steel thet pome; awl I did wuz thought it wuz good. Then I sez, I wanted to ask thet little Mary Mary G. (Ramony) H. if she new about how long she wud live, cause Lovey Dovey, (doggonit, I mean Herbert) seems to have got hisself a life-long friend, or mebbe I shud say thet he has a permanent acquaintanse.  
You no thet now thet I have got started agin it seems thet I can't stop. Cause I happened to remimbr about thet trip thet the senyurs tuk to Chapul Hill 'tuther Satyday mawnin'. Wall, it wuz on thet trip that Charlie Casonovy E. enjoyed his ride up with thet car full of wimmen, namely, Edwiny H., Pauly D., Sary Jane P., and sew on. I am sure he enjoyed the trip. Wudn't choo?  
Seems as if litul Leah L. has got a feller in ev'ry port, fer it's John Alexander (doan't worry, Miss Shaver, I don't mean John Alexander Hauser) in Ashoky, an' 'pears to be "Gut" here. It mus' be sumthin'.  
Sum un jest sed thet cadit J. C. Horn has ben purty buzy whin he ain't marchin' writin' lettirs to sum of the local girls, includede: Marthy (mentioned previous to this occasyun), Mary Ann and Irene J. (yep, both of 'em), Ider Lew (also prevyus menshuned), and Leah L. (menschuned in the precedin' chaptur). (Pardin me, I mean paragraf). Also his friend Miss Willus.  
Well, it seems lak I have exhausted my brain and papur, so it's (speakin in Spanish) a tasty banana to you.  
Yore friend,  
Sincarf.