

The Crowds In Locker Rooms Here

All my life I have heard how crowded the streets of New York are. The steady push and shove, clanging street car bells, shrill police sirens, and the sound of shuffling people moving to and fro.

New York has nothing on Goldsboro High School. No Sir! Read on and find out what I mean. The other day, I was seated at my desk in Miss Grant's room waiting as usual for the 10:30 bell ending class. Springing from my seat at the ringing of the bell I moved toward the door to travel on to my good ole locker 209.

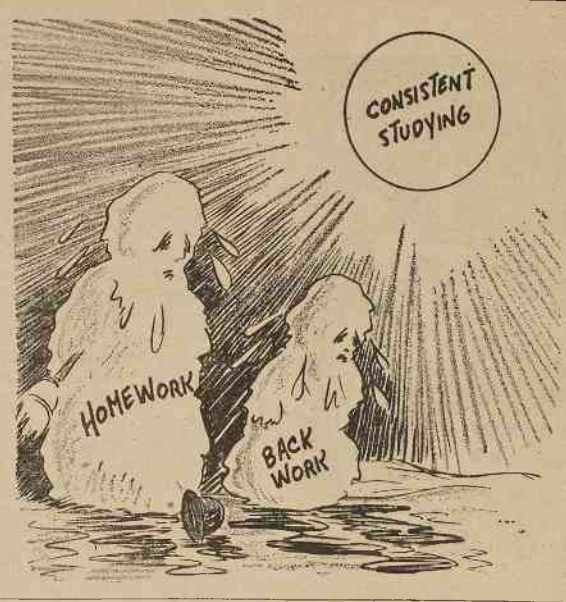
While chatting with my pals I proceeded to open the classroom door. Before I had hardly cracked the door it surged backward with a force so fierce it almost loosed my arms from their socket. The tide of freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors moved toward their lockers. Being unable to recover completely from my first encounter I allowed myself to be swept toward the lockers. On reaching the spot where it was my custom to turn to reach my locker, I realized suddenly the majority planned on turning on up further. Struggling to turn, I exhibited more strength than I knew was in my possession. Amid the shouts, cries, grunts, and thudding I squirmed and wiggled to a spot behind a football player whom I knew turned to reach his locker at the same place I did. Claspng both my hands about his suspenders I held on for dear life.

As the football player gallantly fought on toward the lockers I realized I wasn't moving with him. His suspenders were stretching. What could I do??? The tide of students was sweeping me away from my books. I couldn't be late to class because the girl who had office at that period wasn't very generous with tardy slips. If I went to class without my books I'd get a five for the class period. Suddenly what do you think happened? An idea popped in my mind. Here's what I said: "Oh my gosh, almost time for tardy bell."

The tide stopped — reeled silently for a moment, others plunged backward in the opposite directions toward their classes. My plan was working!!!

A few more feet and I would be where my turning point to reach lockers was. Being close to outside of the stream of students I made the turn without much difficulty. Only to run into my pal the football player, who was timidly holding up his pants. Glancing at my hand I saw a pair of nice suspenders. Being fearful of the results if I told him I jerked them off, I gave them to him saying I found them. He eyed me curiously.

On obtaining my books I tried to move more vigorously toward



First Day Of School

(by Connie Johnson)

The day, the great day had arrived at last. The day of September 9 was a day to which I had looked forward to all summer (with apprehension).

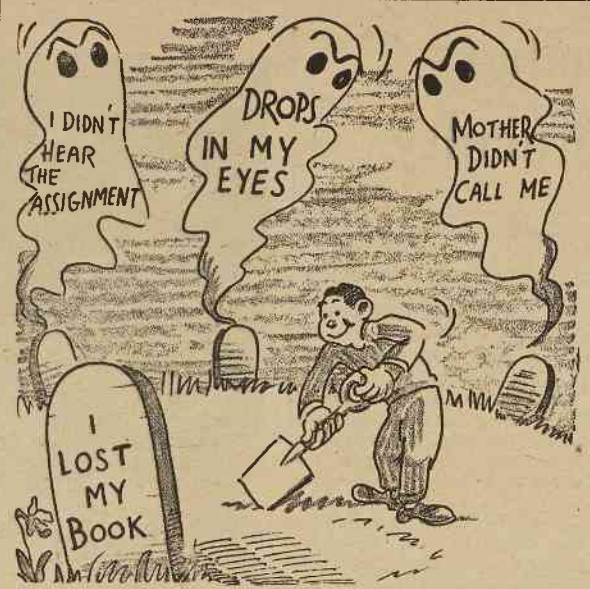
At the early hour of 8:00 I finally rose from bed with great reluctance and began a mad rush to school at 9:00. Because of course I couldn't be late the first day. After all, you are supposed to begin the new year with a clean slate.

When I arrived at school after digging my way through gobs of people and forests of weeds, the school wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. Of course things had changed. For instance a new window in one of the front doors. Many was the day that I pushed my hand through that blank space.

Prior to our last year's instructions to meet in the homerooms we met in the auditorium. You know how things change.

People! People! People! And dogs. In all my high school career I had never seen so many students crammed into the auditorium. And so many strange faces! Of course all the students made a dash for the center section with the result that some folks got mashed. It was okay for the football boys after rigorous training but the rest of us poor folks nearly got mangled.

After some introductory speeches which were very interesting, all old students reported to their



Style Wiles

— By Margie Perry —

Well, here I am back again talking about styles. So here goes!!!

All the gals surely are sporting around their sweaters and skirts since it turned cold but before it did some mighty cute cotton dresses were seen. Especially those low cut ones that Jo J. and Barbara H. were sporting around.

Getting back to sweaters and skirts — Looks as though the gals really go in for boys' sweaters this year. Those yellow ones that Peggy L. and La-Vern T. are

wearing are very good looking. Carlotta seems to love to wear hers tucked in her skirt with a belt. Looks good, too!!!

Guess you noticed the new blue skirts that the girl cheerleaders have. They are mighty pretty. Hand-sewn loafers look sporty on the feet this year and looks like all the gals really go for them... but some of us still like moccasins and saddle shoes.

On the subject of hair — I've noticed some of the girls like to use peroxide on theirs... You know, to change the hair in spots. See you next time!!!

room 20. Finding this utterly impossible I moved along with the tide.

As I reached the door of room 20 the tardy bell began to ring. Flash! Zip! Zoom! Crunch! I was inside room 20 tangled up almost hopelessly with three or four of my fellow students as the bell ceased its ringing.

I was utterly exhausted from my ordeal. I was glad to rest up working in trig.

This is only what happens between classes. Now at lunch period when the lunch bell rings — well, I won't go into that. You know what I mean!!!

In conclusion I have a suggestion for our coach. Coach, to give our football team a good workout,

let 'em try a few plays between classes and see how many yards they make. (Only trouble is, there's a possibility of injuring boys bucking the line).

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home rooms while the freshmen remained in the auditorium to be assigned to theirs.

As the bell announced the end of homeroom period I fought my way out into the hall and to my new homeroom. As I change to my various classes it was a continuous battle to get through to my destination.

When it was all over I decided it hadn't been so-o-o-o bad (but bad enough). After a day at

school with 4 whole classes out there and so many people, when you at last make your slow, painful way to Ash Street, you may consider yourself a veteran. And so ended the first day back in the old rut.

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