

Girls' Sports

In the Hi News room we receive school papers from school all over this state and from other states. In practically all these papers something is mentioned concerning the girls' sports activities of that school.

Most schools, regardless of size, have some means of physical training for girls. The development of the body is just as important as the development of the mind, because of the excess energy in the younger generation. The working together of the mind and body promotes character and intelligence.

G. H. S. used to have a Girls' Sports Club. This club was disbanded in 1945. There are many girls that would like to see this club as an organization once again—and soon.

We hope that some of the old members of this club and others who are interested in participating in sports as representatives from Goldsboro High School will work to re-organize the club.

Sports help students to appreciate school—not as an institution of book learning, but as a good environment for living.

—E. D.

For Compulsory Tickets

We believe that it is none too early to begin making plans for a compulsory activity ticket for the year 1947-48. We students voted against having an activity ticket for this year and we feel sure that most of us realize that we made a big mistake.

With an activity ticket a student can attend all home football, basketball, and baseball games, S. A. socials and assemblies, plays, and receive a subscription to the Hi News, for only about \$7.50. A large amount would be saved by every student's buying a ticket. We would give more support to our teams and show a better school spirit if every student owned a ticket.

When it is put to a vote, keep in mind the mistake we made this year and vote for an activity ticket, a ticket to a better G. H. S.

—B. W.

Attend Socials

The S. A. Council selects a social committee each year. The duties of this committee include the planning and executing of socials for the student body.

This year, the committee has conducted socials after all home football games, with the exception of one which was played on a Saturday.

Attendance at these socials has been fairly good. Fairly good, that is, as far as the senior, junior, and sophomore classes are concerned. The freshman attendance has been below par.

Tonight the first big social of the year will be given for the entire student body.

We want one hundred percent attendance at this social. We especially want to urge the freshmen to attend.

Since this social is for all of us, let's all go. —F. S.

Be Safety Conscious

We have recently observed Safety Week. A week in which to observe safety. Only a week! What of the other weeks? Do we forget to get the rest of the time and let safety go its way and we go ours? This isn't the way it should be. Safety should be a year-round proposition. Safety Week can be as dangerous as any other week in the year.

Safety Week should not be just a week of precaution, but also a week to revive interest in safety. Statistics tell the terrible story of traffic accidents are writing in our lives. If we aren't careful our names may be added to the list of accident victims.

Let's everyone do everything possible to prevent accidents. For the sake of mankind it is every driver's duty to be careful not only during Safety week, but also every day of the year.

—H. H.

Back the Teams

Down town citizens are forever griping about the school's teams. In the face of what they have to say, the Earthquakes couldn't score against the midgets.

Backing can make or break a team. In Goldsboro the lack of backing is well on the way toward tearing the teams to pieces.

People are forever saying that they will back a winning team. How are they to know whether or not the team is winning if they stay away from the games?

I don't think they have much to gripe about!

—O. B.

Be Thankful Always

The first Thanksgiving Day was observed in New England in 1621 after the first harvest. However, it was not until the nineteenth century that the custom had spread throughout many states.

During the war, some people wandered what they had to be thankful for. They wondered why they should observe a day of Thanksgiving when their husbands, sons, and friends were fighting overseas, the danger of losing their lives ever present. Yet these people did not appreciate the fact that here in America no bombs were being dropped; no women and children were being mercilessly killed.

Although the world is at peace now, shortages and scarcities cause people to complain and grumble. Again they do not stop to think—to think about the starving homeless people of Europe who give thanks for a crust of old bread. If the people over there can be so grateful for whatever they have, then we in the land of plenty can utter a prayer of thanks that every day over here can be a day of Thanksgiving.

—M. T.

Work for It

You can't learn to swim if you don't go swimming. You'll never be able to ride a horse if you don't go riding. Tennis won't be your game unless you go out and try to play. You really won't be able to do anything unless you work at it and stick to it.

An education is something you have to work for. It can't be given to you, and you aren't born with it. It is one of the many things you have to acquire.

There aren't any easy methods. There is no shortcut. You have to work hard and steadily.

You'll find that you'll enjoy learning if you stick to it. You can't come to school's one day and miss the next, and learn anything. Being late doesn't help your progress one bit.

So check yourself! This is a matter that you can do something about!

So do it!!

—L. L. R.

WE HONOR



Robert Lindsey Andrews, known to us as "Boz," was born on August 5, 1928, in Ruffin, Rockingham County, N. C.

In his first year of high school Boz served as president of the freshman class, was a member of the reception committee, and was an SA council representative. He also played in "Sky Fodder" that year.

As a sophomore Boz served on the reception committee, and took part in the plays "Lost Horizon," "This Night Shall Pass," and "Sky Fodder," which was given at Chap that year.

In his junior year Boz served as parliamentarian for the SA, was a member of the reception committee, the handbook committee, and was president of the Goldmasquers. He played in "Ramona," and "Mountain Laurel," and took part in the radio shows "The Question," "A Child is Born," and "This Freedom of Ours." He was also elected the "most representative boy" that year.

Now, as a senior, Boz is serving as a member of the reception committee, and as president of the Goldmasquers for the second consecutive year. He participated in a "Community Chest Drive" program, has been on several radio news broadcasts, and is now in the first Goldmasquers' production for the year "Heaven Can Wait."

Boz says he likes to eat asparagus, bananas, pineapples, and chicken, (but we hope not all together.)

Ellen Jewel Orton originally, now just Jewel, has been elected to be our honoree this month. Jewel was born December 2, 1929, in Wayne County.

She has served on the SA Council each year she has been out here. She was vicepresident of her junior class and served on the Handbook Committee the same year. She is now a senior cheerleader, and has also served in the Senior ring committee.

You have probably seen Jewel singing on the stage, but didn't recognize her because of all the black paint on her.

Jewel says, "My favorite eats are fried chicken, omelet salad, and everything that ain't good for my diet." Her favorite actor and actress are Joseph Cotton and Ginger Rogers. She goes wild over songs such as "Buzz Me" and "That's the Stuff You Gotta Watch." She likes everything except conceited people.

When asked about her ambition, she replied, "Haven't decided, would like to be a model—but there ain't no hope for me in that. Still thinking."

Jewel, we know you'll make good in whatever you attempt. Luck to you, gal!

Dana Andrews and Susan Hayward rate tops from movieland, and "You Are My Sunshine" is his favorite song.

Boz hasn't quite decided upon a career, but we know he'll succeed in whatever he attempts!

Green Freshmen Become Seniors

By Leah Lloyd Rigsbee
Entering high school at the tender age of thirteen, I was very definite in my opinion of seniors. Seniors were not in the same class as other people. They had their own special group for they were very special people. With all my poor "lil ole" heart, I yearned to be a senior.

I suffered through Freshman Week and all the horrors that Freshmen are forced to endure due to the malicious nature of the upper classmen; that is, with the exception of Seniors. Seniors didn't have any cruel thoughts. Their thoughts were all lovely and they always smiled at you very friendly and they never worried, worked, or complained. Everything was easy for them.

Recovering from my initiation period I fell into my designated rut and went to work. Hard work

and long lunch lines still did not discourage my strong feeling for seniors. I drolled when they walked by and stepped in front of me in the lunch line. All the girls were my ideals and all the boys my heroes.

This was the frame of mind in which I spent my Freshman year. Returning after a lazy summer I again crawled in my rut. The only difference was a couple of new books. I slaved away at the usual grind but my mind was not on my work for I was thinking of the wonderful day when I would be a Senior.

Time has a strange way of proceeding on its way no matter how fast or slow you wish it to go. So with unflinching regularity it passed and I was a Junior.

Not even Geometry discouraged me, although I did wish that my history book wasn't quite so heavy.

FRANCIS BABBLES

Hi, chums: Well here I am once again, your old faithful news columnist, (and I imagine that you are eager for some news.)

The biggest event of the social circle in a long time was the girl take boy "Sadie Hawkins Dance." Chief hepcat and jitterbug of GHS, Elton Warrick, escorted by Anna Strosnider, winner of the 'Lena the Hyena' contest, outshone all these oldtime hepcats. It's remarkable what a little new blood will do!

Among the local celebrities also present at the dance were: D. C. Rouse escorted by Eleanor Brown; Donald Pike, escorted by Jane Brown, John Thompson, escorted by Kitz Bringers (incidentally, John, why is it that everyone's calling you the 'human hog')? Bill Dameron, escorted by Leah Lloyd Rigsbee; Julian Hill, escorted by Mimi Weil; G. F. Seymour, escorted by Ida Lewis Langston; Ronnie Percise (hubba, hubba) escorted by Cat Robinson; Jimmy Ellis, (Ellis no.?) escorted by Martha Winslow; Ashton Griffin, escorted by Millie Cobb; Leslie Langston, escorted by Erlene Griffin; Metz Bizzell, escorted by Liba Kornegay; Bryan Sutton, escorted by Marilyn Tolochko; and Cotton Klutz, escorted by Dawson Thompson. It'll be tough if the boys follow the girls' example when the Varsity Dance comes along and limit themselves to freshmen. No joke, though, it really was nice to see so many freshmen at the dance. We hope you won't wait to be asked next time, but will come on anyway and join in the fun.

Margie Perry and Sam Lynch are making headlines in Cupid's newspaper. Lillian O. (for Overman) and Chubby B. (for Kitz's brother) seem to be enjoying each other's company too.

The freshman class vice-presi-

dent was *Again* seen strolling the halls prior to the ringing of the nine o'clock bell with Sarah D. Hunt, so if you know what I mean, you had best keep your eyes on Paul Pittman because a 'horrible' case is brewing among the freshmen.

It seems as if Jane Shaver finally decided on football and walking, rather than on a trumpet and riding. Don't feel too bad, Jack. We'll be glad to keep you company any time.

It appears that Billy T. has developed a habit of welcoming the freshmen each year.

Speaking of freshmen, Marie S. seems to have her eye on a certain senior. How about it, Got, or are you too busy with Julia. Leah Lloyd's still beaming from that weekend visit from John Alexander.

Billy Ray was home last weekend. Sure was nice to see him, wasn't it Martha?

Ruth S. doesn't have to wait for letters from Hillsboro, now that Jack has moved to town.

Herbert is no longer referred to as 'lovey-dovey' by Mary Grey. She's transferred her affections to Smirts. But don't worry, Herbert, you've still got all those freshmen girls.

Who was that girl you were with at the Pink Elephant, Howard C? Don't do anything to make Libby Lou jealous.

We hear that Paul Savage spends the entire third period Spanish I reading one of those three page essays that Jo J. spends all second period Spanish I writing to him.

And now I will close with a little poetic note about the recent 'gifts' from our teachers.

Onesy, twosy, I love yousy, Threesy, foursy, don't want any morsy, Fivesy, sixsy,—I CAN NOT ! ! !

ALUMNI NEWS

By Edna Davis

It seems the class of '44 is well represented at Carolina. Recently discharged from branches of the service and attending are Louis Maxwell, Oscar Lovelace, James Renn, Eugene Russell, Jack Cobb. Also attending is Sidney Gardner. Billy Daly, '45, and Neal Raegan, '45, were recently home on leave from the Army. They are both going to California and then expect to go overseas. We sure do wish you both luck and maybe it won't be too long before "you all" receive a ruptured duck. We are mighty glad to see so many of these past grads receiving their discharges but we hear that

Mickey Heyward, '44, has signed with the navy for three more years.

Two of the ex G. I.'s chose to come back to high school. How about it, Brucie and Chubby? Both boys graduated in '44. Donald Malpass, '45, is also back.

As usual cupid has been playing his part. The ones that have had their name changed or were the cause of someone else changing theirs were; Joe Jackson, '46, Gerty Lewis, '45, and Gloria Gurganus, '44.

Some of the G. I.'s attending the Goldsboro G. I. College are Willson Griffin '43, Tubby Jones '44, Guy MacFarland, '44, Pete Rivenbark, '44, and Bill Slocumb, '44.

JOY DATES

By Connie Johnson and Martha Winslow

This is a new column in your paper. We hope you like it and will make suggestions as to the contents. Our purpose is to show in a small way the appreciation of the whole school to certain individuals and organizations for outstanding work and contributions which make our daily lives more joyful.

1. SA officers and advisors for a good beginning of this year's work.

2. Mr. Russell and the entire band for their untiring work to give GHS a band to be proud of.

3. Varsity and Junior football teams for their splendid sportsmanship and fine showing.

4. Coaches for their endless interest and enthusiasm.

5. Cheerleaders for the constant support they have given the team the whole season.

6. Social Committee for the dances after the games that we all enjoy so much.

I was a very happy child for only one more year and I would be a Senior. I, too, would never have to work, worry, or complain. Everything would be done with the utmost ease. And so the time windeth its way and at last I was a Senior. I swelled with pride on that first day of school. It's a good thing I did, too, because haven't had time to since. "The wee small hours of the morn" as someone so aptly phrased it, are too small for me. In fact, I just don't seem to be able to find any hour big enough, not even when I add them all together. Chemistry, trig, and that special English course (you'll have to see Miss Grant about that) as well as

all my other subjects keep me on the run. I had looked forward to this and now—Oh! Brother! What happened to all those Seniors who sailed through everything? Was it all my imagination or what? Maybe I'm just dumb, or maybe they were just smart, what do you think?

Perhaps you have never studied the many schemes politicians use to get votes, but did you know that perhaps thousands who voted during the war, had died weeks before? Yet it's true. Many of our citizens were on the battle fields of Europe when voting time approached during 1940-44. They mailed their votes weeks if not months before November

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