



Shown above are members of the High School Band as they take a brief interval before starting the Patron Club membership drive. Majorettes pictured are from left to right: Colleen Faircloth, Jean Connor, Adaline Vann, Martha Rose, Hilda Westbrook

and Phyliss Banks. From this point on Center street a drive that canvassed the entire business district was launched. While the Majorettes solicited memberships the Band presented several sections. (News-Argus staff photo.)

ALUMNI NEWS

Seems as if everyone under the sun was home during the recent holidays. We even have a few marriages. . . .

From Carolina came: Bryan Sutton, Moon Ennis, Charlie Crone, Archie Hamil, "Tut" Shumate, Mike Pate, Reginald Griffin, William Heeden, Oscar Lovelace, Ira Montague, and a girl, Elizabeth Kornegay.

Donald Pike, Miller Eason, Ray Bryan, and Bill Hawly were from "State".

From Wake Forest there were Joyce Bagly, Peggy Ann West, Dana James Gulley, and Graham Best.

Laura and Sam Lynch, along with Audrey Garris were home from Guilford.

Isaac Braxton from Elon, Katherine Bridgers and LaVerne Tew from Watts Hospital in Durham, Pinky Gainey from Chicago, Lew Langston from Brenau at Gainesville, Ga.

From way down there in South Carolina came Judy Adams and Betty Denmark, Anderson College.

From not so far away Dot Crawford, Eunice Bizzell, La Nelle Edwards, Millie Cobb, Frankie Strosnider, St. Mary's.

Cotton Klutz, Jerry Worrell, May Epstein, Jerry Sanford, Shirley Haynes, Chris Columbus, Carl Casey and Ethel Parks from Eastern Carolina Teachers College in Greenville.

Doris Vann and Zeldia Potter were home, too, from Mercy Hospital at Charlotte.

Mary Bumgarner and Jo Jackson, students at Meredith College in Raleigh were spending the holidays home also.

From the western part of the state came Lib Handy, Jo Ann Crumpler, and Patsy Donnell. They're students at Greensboro Woman's College.

Two other Goldsboro alumni have taken the fatal step in matrimony. "Jello" Hallow '45, married to a South Carolina girl Jan. 15th. Sorry, can't give you her name. And Leah Lloyd Riggsby '47 and Frank Nash were married in St. Paul's Methodist Church Dec. 29th. Congratulations!

Passing of Christmas Brings Reminiscences

Doris Page

Christmas is dead and buried for 1949. May it rest in peace—but here are a few sidelights on the merry holiday.

First of all, there is my pitiful little Christmas tree. Surmounting great obstacles it valiantly stayed upright although weighted down with lights much too large, preyed upon by Butch, who is a curious cat, and given exploratory nudges by equally curious children.

It defied the law of gravity for it was always at an angle. Once or twice it succumbed, though, and with a cry of "Timber!" I hastened to stand it up again and sweep up the snow that had fallen off of it.

I hope I'm not letting anything out when I say there is no you-know-who. My younger sister is either very dumb or very bright. Dumb, if at her age she actually still believes there is a Santa Claus, and bright if she is only pretending to, which I believe is the case.

At any rate, we still have to go through the motion of having Santa Claus visit our house each year. This year it was quite a little problem because she wouldn't go to sleep and we were anxious to go ahead and get it

over with. She went to bed and we sat in the living room listening to the radio and waiting for her to go to sleep.

After awhile, Mama asked me to tip-toe in and see if she was asleep. I bent down over the bed and looked at her. Her eyes were closed tightly but every now and then they would give a sort of nervous twitch. She had a cold and her breathing was loud and uneven, but it seemed awfully put-on to me. I wasn't positive she was not asleep but I had a stinking suspicion that she wasn't.

I told Mama to have a look for herself and she confirmed my opinion. There was nothing to do but wait awhile longer. Finally, we decided to go ahead and set up the toys near the tree anyway. If she heard, she would just have to hear. We figured she would probably be asleep by now because, despite the temptation to stay awake, she has a passion for sleeping. I frankly couldn't see why she hadn't gone to sleep sooner myself, because the bed looked pretty inviting to me.

I was surprised to see that there was anyone left to shop uptown during the Christmas rush. It seemed to me that almost everyone was behind the counters.

A lot of high school girls were working for the first time. I hadn't seen about getting a job in time and I felt left out. Some of the girls I saw were Barbara Hinnant, Madeline Epps, Ruth Davis, Pearline Ennis, and Mavis Page at Woolworth's; Elma Worrell, Faye Parnell, Betty Barbee, Joyce Gurley, Polly Hilbourne, and Merle Rosser at Kress'; Sara Cobb at McClellan's (there were lots more working there but I just ran in and out

and didn't see them); Peggy Malpass at Charles Store; Sara Thompson and Gracie Batten were working at the Glamour Shop.

Of course, that is only a slight portion of the number of girls that were working last year. Seems funny to say last year, doesn't, it because it was such a short time ago?

To avoid a lot of confusion and save some money on the side, I and three of my girl friends drew names to give each other presents. This way we buy only one instead of three presents. The drawback is that we get only one present, too. We call it being economical.

We have fun keeping the name we drew a secret and each of us forms her own opinion of who has whose name. Then we proceed to set a definite price for the presents and tell each other exactly what we want. Maybe this isn't ethical but it gets good results.

You know, I believe the reason Christmas has lived through all these years is because of parents and not children. Honestly, in lots of cases the parents get a much bigger kick out of playing Santa Claus than the kids do in seeing what the old gent has left them Christmas morning. They're always sorry when the children get too big for Santa Claus because then there is nothing left but giving presents and no matter how good a present, it can't bring the look on a person's face that seeing what Santa has brought them can do to a child. That look is more than ample reward for what, in many cases, the parents have gone without for themselves.

Well, that's all for this year—I mean, last year, but there'll be plenty more Christmases. The more, the merrier, I say.

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