

# The Raleigh Student

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## HAIL AND FAREWELL!

With this issue of THE RALEIGH STUDENT we end journalistically the school year of 1928-29. To the graduates we say farewell and good luck always. To the incoming seniors of '30 we say hail! and wish them a successful career. To the school and faculty, the members of our staff who have graduated say farewell. Our staff this year has had an exceptionally successful tenure. Financially we have succeeded. Editorially we have succeeded, in that we won the cup at Lexington, Va. We think we may rightly say that this year has been the best in the history of THE STUDENT. To the staff of 1929-30 we wish all possible success. The senior class as a whole has never had such a successful year. The Annual went over big with about \$400 left over; the basketball tournament at State College was won for the third year; the football and baseball teams acquitted themselves with honor; the largest number of graduates in the history of the school finished, and an original operetta was given. On behalf of the Class of '29, we say "Good-bye." Throughout our college career we will keep our interest in Hugh Morson High, and in life out of college as well. Many of the seniors hate to leave, so they say, and would like to take a post-graduate course at the new high school. We think Asheville knew their garlic when they began a junior college in connection with their high school. It is with many pleasant memories and with many regrets that we at last say, "Vale."

## THE WINDS OF FATE

One ship drives east and another drives west  
With the selfsame winds that blow.  
'Tis the set of the sails  
And not the gales  
That determines the way to go.  
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate  
As we journey along through life.  
'Tis the set of the soul  
That decides the goal  
And not the calm or the strife.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Our commencement speaker had this same thought in mind when he asserted that the future of each member of the graduating class lies entirely with the person himself. The members of the Class of '29 may become noted doctors, successful politicians, eminent educators, learned lawyers or judges, great artists, editors, poets, writers, musicians, dancers, or successes in other less notable lines. Or if their sails are set in some other way they may be the city dog-catcher, ditch-digger, town loafer, head janitor, street cleaner, famous criminal—all depending on the ambition of the individual.

## SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN

We never did care much for the "seven-sentence sermons," but there are some sayings of wise men which should be familiar to every one. We have made a collection this year of particularly good quotations and now print them here:

- Agreeable advice is seldom useful advice.—*Mission.*
- To fear the worst oft cures the worst.—*Shakespeare.*
- There is nothing new except what is forgotten.—*Mlle. Bertin.*
- I am Sir Oracle; when I ope my lips let no dog bark.—*Shakespeare.*
- It is no sin to be tempted; the wickedness lies in being overcome.—*Balzac.*
- To keep your secret is wisdom, but to expect others to keep it is folly.—*Holmes.*
- To everything there is a reason, and a time to every purpose under the heaven.—*Ecc. 3:1.*
- He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.—*Job 39:22.*
- As coals are to burning coals and wood to fire, so is a contentious man to kindle strife.—*Proverbs 26:21.*
- And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.—*I Corinthians 13:13.*
- It is with a word as with an arrow; the arrow once loosed does not return to the bow, nor a word to the lips.—*Abel Kader.*
- And he charged them that they should tell no man; but the more he charged them, so much the more they published it.—*Mark 7:36.*
- He that will not reason is a bigot; he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave.—*Sir Wm. Drummond.*
- There's a brave fellow! There's a man of pluck! A man who's not afraid to have his say, though a whole town's against him.—*Longfellow.*
- We are accustomed to see men deride what they do not understand, and snarl at the good and beautiful because it lies beyond their sympathies.—*Goethe.*

## HINT FOR KNOCKERS

A peasant with a troubled conscience went to a monk for advice. He said he had circulated a vile story about a friend, only to find out the story was not true. "If you want to make peace with your conscience," said the monk, "you must fill a bag with chicken down, go to every dooryard in the village and drop in each one of them one fluffy feather." The peasant did as he was told. Then he came back to the monk and announced he had done penance for his folly. "Not yet," replied the monk. "Take your bag, go the rounds again, and gather up every feather that you have dropped." "But the wind must have blown them all away," said the peasant. "Yes, my son," said the monk, "and so it is with gossip. Words are easily dropped, but no matter how hard you may try, you can never get them back again."—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

We consider this the best illustration we've yet seen of the irreparable harm done by gossip. As soon as two average high school students get together they begin gossiping about every one in general. More friendships have been broken up, more trouble created, more quarrels started, and more nuisance generally caused by gossip than by any other one thing in high school and in the world outside.

## BILL JONES

Every school day during the past year some pithy saying, with its bright-colored illustration, has greeted the students of H. M. H. S. from the windowsill outside the office. Bill Jones, the originator of these epigrams, is a familiar object in high schools all over the country. Some of his best sayings we quote:

Temper always costs more than it's worth.  
Here comes Alibi Ike. Results need no alibis.  
Most failures result from looking for "soft snaps."  
Self-management comes first—then management of others.  
Punctuality removes the necessity of thinking up excuses.  
Dreams without action produce no results. Action makes dreams come true.

Squandering time, money, or material is a handicap that can be overcome. Save!  
Profanity may be all right in its place, but it has no place in business (or in school).

If you were bossing the job, would the way you do the job merit your stamp of approval?

Do it now. The pessimist says, "I can't"; the optimist says, "I can"; the peptimist says, "I did." Be a peptimist.

Beginners are dependent upon old-timers. Give them a hand. (Remember this next fall in your treatment of the freshies.)

From the Greensboro *High Life* we clip this as appropriate to H. M. H. S. in some respects:

## SOLILOQUY OF G. H. S., 1930

"There's nothing left for me  
Of things that used to be—"

Alas! alas! the good old days will soon be gone forever. My old friends are leaving me for a bigger and better school. It makes me feel so sad to think that they leave me just because I have grown old and dilapidated. They seem to forget that they themselves have marred my beauty. It was their pencils that left ugly marks on my walls, their knives that cut my desks, and their feet trod upon my grass and prevented its growth. I have been the cause of much of their good times, yet they seem to be ashamed to point me out to other high school boys and girls.

Yes, they are looking forward to leaving me with great pleasure. Ah! how it hurts this old wooden heart of mine.

But let them go, and may luck go with them. There are other boys and girls who will be glad to come to me, and I extend to them a hearty welcome. Hark! I hear their footsteps in the distance.

Good-bye, old friends.  
Hello, new.

## WHO'S WHO

The Who's Who column has not appeared this year in many issues, but it is only right, we think, to conclude the year with an account of the editor-in-chief of THE RALEIGH STUDENT. She was one of the most notorious people in school in her position of newshound for THE STUDENT. When she was not hard at work on the paper she would probably be working at the "Y" to help with some Girl Reserves affair. She was secretary of the G. R. Club and one of its most enthusiastic members. She belonged to the Morson Literary Society, and was always to be seen taking notes at the meetings for a write-up in THE STUDENT. As a member of the Science Club, Dramatic Club, and Handbook Committee (of the Student Council), which she called the Conversation Committee, her varied interests in all the school activities were shown. When any organization wanted publicity they sent for her. She was in charge of the special commencement issue of *The Raleigh Times*, and was for the entire year a regular contributor to this paper with stories of school affairs. She was elected to membership in the Quill and Scroll, national honor society for high school journalists, last year and served as its president this year. She was elected as the best arguer among the girls in the senior class when the superlatives were voted on. Her general scholarship average was several times the highest in school. In spite of her work in these various lines she always found time to loaf some. It was said of her that she could accomplish more and seem to do less than any one else in school. She is noted for her sarcastic remarks, her humorous feature stories and humorous essays.

## Ten Ways to Abolish the Blues

1. Drive an automobile fast and furiously on a lonely road.
2. Go downtown and look at people and things.
3. Remember that tomorrow is another day.
4. Play them out on the victrola.
5. Get a cut in the study hall.
6. Play hokey for half a day and forget your studies.
7. Sleep them away.
8. Reason it out in solitude.
9. Read something funny and laugh over it.
10. (Not listed in image)

## WHY NOT?

- If a female duke is a duchess, would a female spook be a spuchess?
- And if a male goose is a gander, then would a male moose be a mander?
- If water you freeze is frozen, is the maiden you squeeze then squozen?
- If a thing you break is broken, would a thing you take be token?
- If the plural of child is children, would the plural of wild be wildren?
- If a number of cows are cattle, would a number of bows be battle?
- If a man who makes plays is a playwright, would a man who makes hay be a haywright?
- If a person who fails is a failure, would a person who quails be a quallure?
- If the apple you bite is bitten, would the battle you fight be bitten?
- And if a young cat is a kitten, then would a young rat be a ritten?
- If a person who spends is a spend-thrift, would a person who lends be a lend-thrift?
- If drinking too much makes a drunkard, would thinking too much make a thinkard?
- But why pile on the confusion? Still, I'd like to ask in conclusion: If a chap from New York is a New Yorker, would a fellow from Cork be a Corker?

—Walter G. Doyt.

## The Boy With the Note

Bowed by the weight of books, he leans  
Back in his seat and gazes on the floor:  
The emptiness of dreaming in his face  
And on his lap the history book, forgotten!  
Who made him dead to the raving of the teacher,  
A thing that commonly would have frightened him stiff?  
Smitten and stunned, a brother to none,  
Who loosened and let down this brittle jaw?  
Whose was the hand that put the scowl upon his brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within his heart?  
Don't get excited, it was only that his girl turned down a date.  
Painful, but not serious.



From the Mount Airy *High Spots*:

## Desire of Youth

A burning searching in my soul,  
A fierce upsurge of questioning,  
That frets and flings itself into  
Rebellion, crying out against  
What men call fate.

Why, why must youth be lost to us?  
Illusion, beauty, love, desire—  
All have their day.

And after them, what then?  
Age that like a false-turned friend  
Creeps in and robs us of our heritage  
of life

And leaves us suddenly aware  
Of nothingness.  
We are gone.  
The red flame of life that was in us  
dies out.

No. If that bright flame must die,  
Let mine, still burning, brighter grow,  
And, reaching toward the sky,  
Leap up in one great tongue of fire  
And die.

Mine be a life that, flaming, was put  
out.

—Sue May Hendren.

We congratulate the senior class of this high school on their achievement in publishing an annual. Other classes have tried and failed, "The Graniteer" being their first annual.

The *Tar Heel*, U. N. C. tri-weekly, distributed 6,000 copies to high school seniors throughout the state as an introduction to the University.

And now we receive *The Grapuchat* from State Teachers College at East Radford, Va., bearing the address of *The Technician*. We acknowledge the double compliment, and deeply appreciate being honored by being classed with our good friend, the mighty *Technician*.

There has ever been much talk and complaint in Hugh Morson High about the freedom of the student press. Every one has always claimed that there was no such thing. We offer this as an explanation of why there is none.

From *The Raleigh Times*:

## There's Really No Such Thing As Freedom of Student Press

We hope there will be no talk about the freedom of the student press in connection with the movement at the University to use a measure of force to suppress or convert to the usages of good taste a literary fraternity publication.

Freedom of the press is as dear to us as to most people, but it can be exercised only in connection with accepted responsibilities, criminal and civil.

When the press undertakes to be operated by minors and students who have accepted the relationship of wards of an institution that stands to them somewhat in the nature of guardian, the ultimate responsibility is with the faculty and management, and not the students themselves.

In case of libels, slanders, and so forth, the moral if not the actual liability for consequences rests on those who permit rather than on those who produce the offensive matter.

## BOOK LIST FOR STUDENTS

- Les Miserables—Failure students.
- Great Stone Face—Mr. Wessinger.
- The Importance of Being Earnest—R. Berryman.
- Story of a Bad Boy—S. Robertson.
- To Have and to Hold—When we get our diplomas.
- The Other Wise Man—Mr. Cheek.
- A Perfect Tribute—Decisions at music tryouts.
- The Princess—Annie Jo.
- Emancipation—Diplomas.
- The Man of the Ages—The Janitor.
- The Glorious Adventure—Four years in H. M. H. S.
- The Tempest—Just before exams.
- Call of the Wild—Lunch bell.
- Royal Road to Romance—Up the front steps.
- Innocence Abroad—Sophomores in front of H. M. H. S.
- Seventeen—Helen Schley.
- Black Sheep—Tardies.
- Great Possessions—Honor roll report cards.
- Wild Animals at Home—Miss Coffey's home room.
- Training Wild Animals—The teachers' job.
- The Silver Spoon—Domestic science utensils.
- Beau Brummel—Earl Williams.
- What Every Woman Knows—Who her chum has a date with.
- As You Like It—When HE asks for a date.
- The Crisis—Exams.
- The Promised Land—College.

## Printer Philosopher

From *The News and Observer*:  
There is a printer in this office who leads a double life. Ostensibly his business is putting copy into type, but privately and primarily he is a philosopher. Here's some of his secret stuff:

It's the fellow who kicks most who has the sorest toes.  
It is hard to convince the gully party that "The truth will make him free."

If a hog didn't want everything for himself he'd not be so likely to get his throat cut.

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