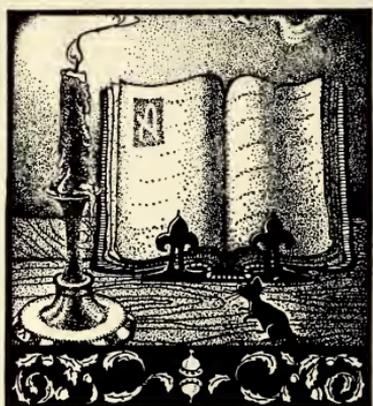
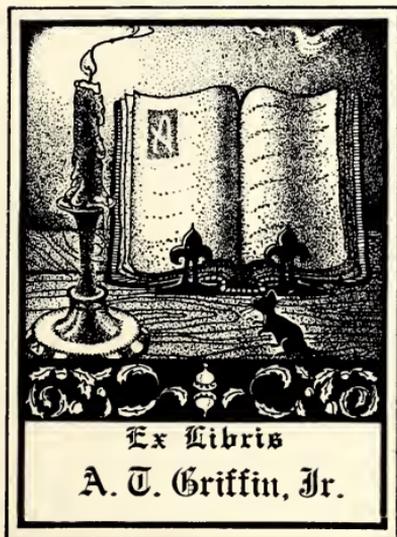
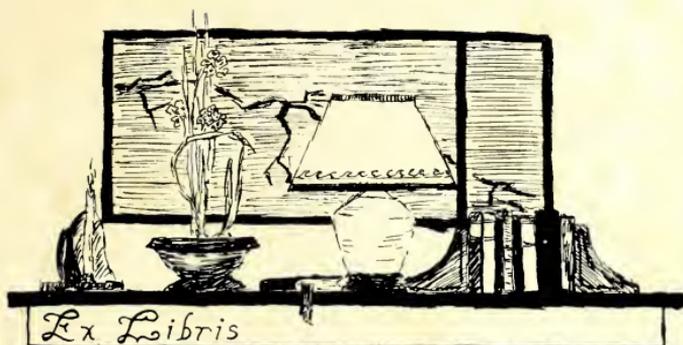


The
TARPITUR
1924



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The TARPITUR

NINETEEN TWENTY-FOUR



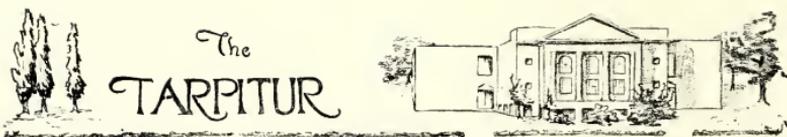
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THE SENIOR CLASS

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GOLDSBORO HIGH SCHOOL

GOLDSBORO, N. C.



CAROLINA PINES



The
TARPITUR



FOREWORD



*“To the sea-shell’s spiral round
’Tis your heart that brings the sound:
The soft sea murmurs that you hear
Within, are captured from your ear.”*

—T. B. ALDRICH.



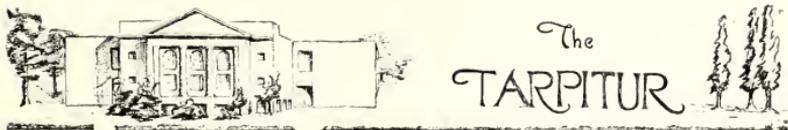
You do the editors a grievous wrong if your own heart does not bring to their 1924 TARPITUR as many loving fancies of our high school and all she means as hover around the making of this book.



The
TARPITUR



MISS BELLE DOUB



DEDICATION



To one who has always been ready to help us over the rough places—to one whose energy, help, and untiring efforts have made this annual possible—

TO

MISS BELLE DOUB

a beloved teacher, we dedicate this
fifth volume of

THE TARPITUR



The TARPITUR



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BUSINESS MGR.



Jack Pyatt
BUSINESS MGR.



Rebecca Petway
EDITOR IN CHIEF



Bruce Yelverton
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SCHOOL EDITOR



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TARPITUR



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Courtesy of Clement

PINE NEEDLES

Soft sunshine on fragrant plumes of shimmering pine needles! Shut your eyes and take a long, deep breath. Warm little tingles start traveling downward on the inside until they tickle one's toes, and then glowing little waves spread over the whole being inside and out. Breathe again; deeper, deeper, deeper. A spicy aroma goes pricking its way to every nerve. The top of one's head seems delightfully hollow now just to be filled with this piquant, racy, pine-shine smell. And faintly one begins to thrill to a sensation of rhythm. The tingling and the tickling, the glowing and the prickling, are softly, surely beating with an emphasis repeating all the shiver of the swaying tops of pine, all the quiver from the earth beneath the feet, 'till the pulsing in the air and from the ground throb together in a vibrant, voiceless sound, "Carolina, Carolina, Carolina."

B. D.



The
TARPITUR



MR. RICHARD SALE LEFTWICH, *Principal*



The TARPITUR



Beasley



Walker



Burton



Leftwich



Mahler



Shepard



Doub



Edmundson



Kornegay

OUR FACULTY



The
TARPITUR



Page



Lawley



Powell



Hamilton



Sheldon



Hazelbaker

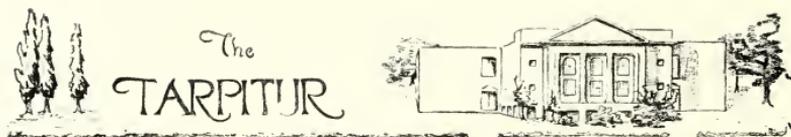


Wagner



Spicer

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FACULTY ROLL

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MR. R. S. LEFTWICH

A. B., Randolph-Macon College

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MISS RUTH BURTON

A. B., Randolph-Macon Woman's College

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Miami University, Ohio

Industrial Arts

MISS LILY WALKER

A. B., Queens College

Mathematics



The TARPITUR



FACULTY STATISTICS

Name	Favorite Expression	Ambition	Idea of Misery
Miss Powell	"Now take down these notes, girls."	To rival Nunnally's	To have everybody know my business
Miss Lawley	"If you do, you better not."	To stop teaching	World without men
Miss Hazelbaker	"Oh dear!"	To sew like Elizabeth Smith	Entertaining Bill and Pulley
Miss Beasley	"We won't argue that in class."	To be the leading lady in The Follies	Losing one's appetite
Miss Kornegay	"Here now, I want this talking stopped!"	To be the star in "Love Me and the World is Mine!"	To be as coy as Miss Beasley
Miss Walker	"There ain't no such animal."	To be a bobbed-hair beauty	To miss dinner
Miss Burton	"Are you chewing gum?"	To adopt Herman Creech	Having to walk
Mr. Shepard	"Hello, Leah!"	To write a pastoral with a shepard-ess as the theme	A world without murder or slaughter
Mr. Mahler	"Explain that this afternoon."	To write a history Edna Weidman can learn	A long lane without a Turner
Mr. Wagner	"That you, Mary?"	To rival Rodolph Valentino	No Ford and no food
Mr. Leftwich	"That also is important."	To make a home run	To fan out
Miss Edmundson	"LeRoy, can't you keep quiet?"	To trip the light fantastic	Not to Mah Jong
Miss Doub	"I'll just tell you what!"	Making Senior poets	Slang
Miss Page	"Just work this over."	To turn out C. P. A's.	To miss that tram to Tem.
Mr. Sheldon	"There will be Orchestra practice tonight."	To have an orchestra	Saxophone



The TARPITUR



A VISIONARY SPECTACLE

It all took place during the extreme cold days of July when the trees were coated with bark and the flowers with early morning snow. I was quietly resting under the gigantic shade of the tomato tree, thinking of the happy meals I had heard devoured by my companions. Suddenly I fell into a fitful spell of slumber and as I dozed these are some of the things that passed in my mind's review. First, I saw seated on a thoroughbred mule with all the pomp and dignity of a teacher, the corpulent form of our dearly beloved and highly respected teacher of Science, Mr. Shepard. Judging from the looks on his benign countenance, he was bound for some desperate mission, probably one of slaughter.

Next, much to my astonishment, I saw Mr. Mahler in a cabaret acting as "Big Bill, General Preserver of Peace." Miss Beasley was gracefully executing the intricate steps of the Highland Fling, on top of one of the small tables.

The scene then shifted and I was quietly viewing a most unusual happening; Miss Walker was seated at the piano. She was playing softly and singing tenderly to Mr. Leftwich. I beheld tears in the eyes of our famous exponent of Euclid as she sang with infinite pathos the familiar strains of "You Know You Belong to Somebody Else So Why Don't You Leave Me Alone?"

Quite quickly my attention was directed to another scene, which was devoid of any tears. Miss Lawley and Miss Hazelbaker were in the midst of a very profound argument as to which was the most appropriate month for marriage. Miss Lawley was arguing very strongly in favor of the month of June, stating that the new husbands could prove the faithfulness of their affections by fanning their wives during the warm months; if their love could stand this test, it would stand any. Miss Hazelbaker stated that in her opinion the best month to set sail on the uncharted seas of matrimony would be some month between December thirty-first and January first, her opinion being based on the assumption that men as a class are useless; and as individuals impossible. She agreed though, that there was an exception that proved the rule. This argument waxed hot and furious, and as Miss Hazelbaker countered with her left and led with a right hook, she barely missed Miss Edmundson's solar plexus, whose approach was unnoticed due to the noise that was made by the loudness of her new spring hat. The argument was forgotten with the sight of the new hat, and soon the "Oh's, ain't it cute?" and the "Ah's, ain't it beautiful?" and the "Didja git it at Farfour's?" and the "Wuz it a bargain?" were floating around so thick that the sun was clouded and the street became dark. And yet they talked. Their attention was suddenly diverted from the hat, for imagine their surprise when they saw the moon rising straight down the street ahead of them. It was the moon. No doubt of that. A bit hazy, it is true, but nevertheless the moon. It approached nearer. It was certainly a most unusual moon-rise. It approached nearer still. It shone with a growing splendor. It appeared to give off great clouds of fumes. And yet it approached. And it continued to approach, until just as the three were on the verge of flight, they heard the familiar voice of their dear fellow comrade, Miss Margaret Kornegay, sing out, "Lo, girls! Whence the gloom?" The three turned and looked again. Miss Lawley screamed. Miss Hazelbaker passed out. Miss Edmundson blinked, but managed to make out the familiar face of Miss Kornegay with a big cigar in her mouth. She gasped, "Why the dissipation, Margie!" Miss Kornegay then explained that due to overwork trying to propound certain problems to Pulley Smith and Bill Bizzell, she had ruined her health, and as her physician had recommended a change of climate she was now "spending fifteen minutes in Havana" (with an **Havana de la Cuba**). Miss Edmundson regretted that she could not take the trip with her, being a poor traveler, but said that she wouldn't mind spending a few minutes in Durham "if she could borrow a match."

Then my mind went perfectly blank—I thought of Mr. Wagner. Along with him I visualized the beautiful form of our dear Miss Burton. They were preparing to enter the Marathon dancing contest to be held at Dudley. Swiftly we were transported thence and the dance of the ages began. Mr. Wagner's physical grace made Venus de Milo look awkward, while Miss Burton danced with the charm of a Mrs. Vernon Castle. The couple gyrated until Miss Burton could support Mr. Wagner no longer; she collapsed, a veritable wreck. Mr. Wagner rallied nobly and left the floor unaided—it was the first time that his feet had touched the floor since the dance had begun. To demonstrate his utter lack of fatigue and his sticking ability, he challenged any male present to a fistic encounter. Master Haywood Lynch, the mosquito-weight champion of Wayne County, immediately accepted and the match began. The fight was furiously pressed, and so hot was the footwork displayed that Miss Powell, who was refereeing the match, was able to cook flap jacks on the floor in between the rest periods. "Knock-Out" Lynch was handicapped by his excess weight, and Mr. Wagner won the fight with a fearful right to the left eye-lash. Thus it was that Battling William retained his title of Champion of all Sections North of the Big Ditch.

I left this debasing section then and came into the realms ruled over by Miss Belle Doub. She was trying to select a question for the next debate and had finally chosen this subject: "Resolved, That Marvin Edgerton has more personality than Leroy Spears," and as an alternate, "Resolved, That Georgia Davis talks more in school than Margaret Lynch." While talking to Miss Doub I chanced to see a book lying on the table bearing the title of "How to Become Beautiful Overnight." I discovered that it had been borrowed from Lossie Simmons. A slip of paper fell from the book as I was glancing through it, and at the top of the paper there was the heading of "Heavenly Thoughts." I read it and here are some of the items:

Silence on the part of Ed. Parker.

A perfect recitation by Herman Creech.

Jessie Norris staying on the school yard for one whole recess.

And Turner keeping quiet while changing classes.

Florence Johnson in a serious mood.

Mr. Wagner singing a solo.

THE D R A M A



Bernice OeHe

Czech

Most Talented

Brown

JANUARY
1924

25 cents
a
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The TARPITUR



DAN HAMILTON, *Mascot*

SENIOR CLASS

- WALTER CREECH.....*President*
 EDWARD DANIELS...*Vice-President*
 JACK PYATT.....*Secretary*
 CATHERINE EDGERTON...*Treasurer*
 EDWARD DANIELS.....*Historian*
 JOHN JENNETT.....*Prophet*
 ANNE TURNER.....*Testator*
 FRANCES HARTSFIELD.....*Poet*

MOTTO: "*It Grows as it Goes.*"

COLORS: *Green and Gold*

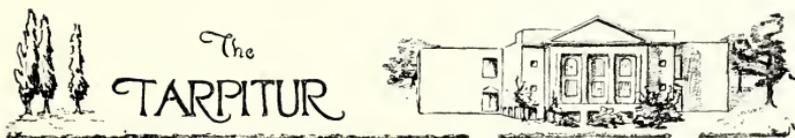
FLOWER: *Coreopsis*

+ + +

SENIOR HISTORY

THE LONG AND NARROW PATH

On that day of days, which will never be forgotten, we came to High School to start upon the long and narrow path which ends on graduation day. That was a memorable day, one that began worries for us and trouble for our teachers. We knew not of the rough and rocky path to Seniordom, for we were as green as a forest of trees in the spring. We were only Freshmen and had to put up with the initiations given us by the educated professors of the Sophomore class and the other members higher up who could hardly wait for recess to come so as to welcome us into high



school with a shower bath, or by causing fainting spells among the students by taking off the shoes of the Freshmen who could be found on the yard. Many of us needed study, and it seemed as if we could study better at recess than at any other time. Those who did not take the Doctors' advice were stricken during the epidemic of examinations and dropped along the wayside, but the rest of the class had to keep going.

We were ushered the next year into the Sophomore class, having grown wiser during the travel of nine months over the road on which many had failed to succeed. Our enrollment of eighty the previous year had diminished to sixty-three, but we returned determined to pester the new members just slipped through the gates of grammar school. We resumed our studies only to find that the path was not growing any wider or any smoother. We had wild dreams that never came true. We soon decided to be good students and never have to stay in more than five afternoons to the week. We were like a kite in a March wind at times, and always told our parents that it was the teachers' fault. We now realize that it was through them that we passed over the path with so small a number of scars and bruises. The epidemic of examinations swooped down upon us again, but the most of us had gained a lesson from the previous pestilence and were prepared.

There were fifty-nine of us to worry our teachers the next year while passing over the hardships and encountering many storms which blocked our progress in the Junior class. Every day in every way we were growing wiser and wiser, but still there were difficulties to overcome which we could not realize were preparing us for paths even rougher. We were beginning to show up on the athletic field; six of the boys were members of the football squad, four were on the basketball team, and two of our girls represented our class on the girls' basketball team. Our class also won the music test put on by Miss Edmundson, the music teacher. "The Charm School," which our class presented to the public, was said to be a success, and I'm sure that any Senior of last year's graduation class will declare it was. The leaves began to bud and many of us caught the spring fever, which lengthened our days on the path, but after diagnosis by the doctor, this was found to be only laziness, and it soon had to be shaken off. The day of the annual Junior-Senior banquet came. This event was enjoyed by all, but not forgotten by many on account of the mistakes made in etiquette even after studying the book for two weeks. The path was getting rougher and steeper, but we were used to it ere this. Although we had a stiff climb during this year, we were not anxious to leave our faithful teachers who had helped us to make our stay in this class a successful one.

We passed on into the Senior class with forty-two to fight our way in the darkest hour of the night, which is said to come just before dawn. The path was very rough, for many hardships were imposed upon us. We nearly lost the seats in the auditorium which it had been customary for the Seniors to occupy. We were helped by our efficient room-teacher and others who forgot the many things that we had done to worry them. We had many things to look forward to and one of them was the banquet given us by the Juniors. We enjoyed it even more than we did last year, as we did not have to chase over town to borrow plates and silver for the occasion. Other things came to pass which made us hate to leave, but there are still objectives ahead in life's journey, and we must move on to make room for those left behind.

—DANIELS, '24



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WALTER DEVEREAUX CREECH

*"Tho' I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."*

When it comes to leading in yells, Walter's the stuff! He may be small, but he carries the crowd. He draws with skill, writes with ease, and debates with fervour; but he's jolly and full of pep all the time.

Triangular Debate '22; Inter-Class Debates '21, '22, '23; Junior Play '23; Vice-President Class '23; President Class '24; Advertising Manager "Tarpit" '24.

+

EDWARD LEE DANIELS

"Slue"

"'Slue,' the Wonderful!" He can flirt, love, break up and forget all about it. He is a veteran actor, taking part in two Junior plays and—well, we're not prophesying now. During football season he always managed to get into the games and came out often with visible results.

Football '21, '22, '23; Secretary O. Henry I '22; Junior Play '23; Vice-President Class '24.

+

ROBERT JACKSON PYATT

Jack, the irrepressible; Jack, the mischief-maker. He's a politician of first rank, continually "sweet-talking" his instructor for better grades. Just what he says nobody knows, but it always seems to have the desired effects. His one ambition is to tack M. D. to the end of his name.

Secretary Class '24; Business Manager "Tarpit" '24.

+

CATHERINE BORDEN EDGERTON

"Cat"

She's just "terribly nice." Sincere, lovable and kind is this gentle "Cat." She's "true blue" all the way to her heart, and is the kind that makes you see the sunny side of life. Here, there, everywhere, she's a fine old sport.

Basketball '21, '22; Junior Play; Treasurer Class '24.



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ELIZABETH BIZZELL

"Dibba"

"Where's the History assignment?" Oh, it sounds as if "Dibba" were thinking seriously about studying. She came from Clinton two short years ago and we frankly admit that we don't see how they're doing without her. You see, "Dibba" has a way that you must admire.

Junior Play '23.

+

LILLIAN ELIZABETH BROWN

"Wilt thou have music? Then seek her."

When we speak of music we speak of Lillian, because she is musical through and through. She's sweet, modest, and sincere. She has wit and humor to make her presence enjoyable.

Pianist '23, '24; Glee Club '22, '24.

+

FREDERICK CRUM

"I love you."

The Rodolph Valentino of the class. Fred seems to be a favorite everywhere—with the girls, the teachers, and even the boys. He is especially popular with the girls. He's an athlete of the best kind, and has won distinction on the gridiron, quint, diamond, and track.

Track '23; Football '22, '23; Basketball '22, '23, '24; Baseball '22, '23, '24; Junior Play '23; President Boys' Glee Club '24; Athletic Editor "Tarpitur" '24.

+

MARTHA RIVES DORTCH

*"To almost all things
she can turn a hand."*

If there's hard work to be done, look for Martha. She always stays on the job until it's finished, and she is one of the few of whom it may be said, "Tis well done." She is enthusiastic, good-natured, and ready for a good time.

Vice-President Class '21; Junior Play '23; Society Editor "Tarpitur" '24.





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MARY EDMUNDSON

*"Her tongue within her lips remains,
For who talks much must talk in vain."*

Mary is one of our modest, lovable, and sincere Seniors. Though quiet and reserved, she has an armful of attractive ways. Just to make a long story short she's a good old pal of a mighty good sort.

+

LAURA ELLEN GARDNER

Ellen has dark brown hair, brown eyes, and five feet, five inches of good nature. She is out for graduation on her own platform. What else she's out for I can't say. The platform consists of History, English, Physics, and French planks, French being the greased board. We have an idea that she will make good in many things.

Censor McNeill III '22; Junior Play '23; Basketball '24.

+

BEULAH ELIZABETH GRADY

"A loving heart is the truest wisdom."

It is time to sing! Where is Beulah? Straightforward and jolly old girl; she's accommodating and always ready to do any typewriting for us less brilliant ones who have not mastered the art.

Glee Club '24.

+

MORRIS JACOB HEILIG

"Heilig"

"Sober, steadfast, and demure." In school he is ever tending to his business. In him Coach Shepard has a faithful standby on the football team. "Heilig" says so little and sits so quiet that we almost forget he's there, until he startles us with some statement showing that he's heard it all and missed nothing.



The TARPITUR



FRANCES KATHRYN HARTSFIELD

"Frankie"

Different—yes, that describes her. Though lost in dreams as all other poets are, she is one of the best politicians in school. She has all the elusive charm of an engaging personality.

Class Poet '24.

+

MARTHA BLONDELL HOBBS

"Smile and the world smiles with you."

Who is that coming down the hall grinning from ear to ear? Oh, it's Marthie, with that far-famed smile. She believes in going about her affairs in a dressed-up fashion. Her hardest job is trying to keep her hair net from getting torn.

+

BANKS SWINDELL JENKINS

Just look! There's Swindell trying to evade a bunch of chattering girls. He's all right with boys and at football, but girls—Oh, my! He just can't stand it. Perhaps he has a weak heart.

+

JOHN ROBERT JENNETT

"You ought to know, you should know, you must know," so says John. He loves to argue and really makes a good job of it. Withal, just the right amount of fun and wit keeps his wisdom from weighing upon us too heavily. A good sort, what say?

Triangular Debate '24.





The TARPITUR



BESSIE LEAH KADIS

*"Tho' modest and shy,
She'd laugh or die."*

Bessie, a most genial soul, moves among us day by day, full of fun and fuller of History. But that's not all. With a jerk of the head and a broad grin she begins reading from memory a passage of French. Along with her other fine qualities, Bessie is ever accommodating.



ANNIE MILDRED KELLY

"Annie Mirrid"

Behold the modest, sincere, unassuming girl, who is always attending to her own affairs. She may seem distant to those who know her not, but to those who truly know her, she's a real friend. She's industrious by habit, pleasant of manner, and cheerful in disposition.



ELEANOR CLYDE KORNEGAY

"El"

"I'm thrilled to a peanut!" By her favorite expression ye shall know her. Anything from Gloria Swanson's latest picture to the reduction on the price of coca-colas will transmute "El" to peanuts. She's willing to try anything once. "Don't laugh, giggle!"

Basketball '21, '22, '23, '24; Dramatic Club '23.



GEORGE COBB KORNEGAY

"Buck"

A boy among boys and a gentleman among girls is "Buck." It is hard to get close to "Buck," but once there you have a friend indeed. No girl has yet been fortunate enough to win his heart, but just wait. He has won distinction on the football team.

Junior Play '23; Football '24; School Editor "Tarpituro" '24.



The TARPITUR



JOHN ALTON LEACH

"Al"

"Al's" letter and star were won in football in '22 and '23. His talent for drawing and painting will make a great architect of him some day. Among strangers he appears bashful, but when you know him he's a regular chatter-box.

Football '22, '23.



FRANK EGAN MATTHEWS

Frank has the job of "chime" ringer. Although he's a star scholar, he claims not to study. Frank is not in the habit of talking much, but he always manages to say the right thing. We are counting on Frank to help win the tennis championship for us this year.

Business Manager "Tarpitur" '24.



NEWTON PETERSON MATHEWS

"Pig"

"Pig's" the best-natured boy in our school. The more you hit him the more he laughs. That winning smile is the catch 'em and hold 'em kind. "Pig" cast his lot with the football squad this year and made his letter.

Secretary O. Henry II '22; Football '24; Orchestra '24.



NETTIE MAYBELLE MITCHELL

"Some folks think that because I wear specs,

*I only care for learning,
Yet all the time my ardent heart
With sentiment is yearning."*

Efficiency is Maybelle's middle name. Her ability and good nature have gained for her a foremost place among her classmates. Now, if you think you can laugh like her on Physics class, just try it. Her motto is, "Laugh and be merry."

Secretary Class '22; Secretary McNeill I '22; President Girls' Glee Club '24; Class Editor "Tarpitur" '24.





The TARPITUR



FRANCES ADELAIDE MORRIS

"Joy rises in me like a summer's morn."

Take some light brown curly locks, a pair of blue eyes, a broad smile, and you have Frances. She's one who never lets the many worries of school trouble her. Frances is full of fun, and you may trust her to laugh regardless of the time or place.

+

REBECCA ELIZABETH NEWSOME

"Squeedunk"

Who is that quoting History? She's a wise creature who believes in the old saying, "A stitch in time saves nine." "Squeedunk" is one of our star pupils. It is rumored that the reason she studies her French so hard is that she is planning to go to France on her honeymoon. *Elle est une bonne fille.*

+

EDWARD VANN PARKER

"Ed"

"Ed" says, "I'm not much in a crowd, but wait 'til I get 'em alone!" He's a "good ole fellow." When he's driving his coupe, or playing golf, he knows his stuff.

Art Editor "Tarpitur" '24.

+

REBECCA BROOKS PETWAY

"Becky"

Oh, yes! "Becky" is the most studious girl in G. H. S. It is said that she wouldn't come to school without knowing every lesson. I guess she thinks that's the most *expedient* thing to do. However, studying is but one of her activities. You ought to see her ride a horse. "Becky" is very sarcastic and as funny as can be.

Junior Play '23; Editor-in-Chief "Tarpitur" '24.



The TARPITUR



ELOISE SASSER

"Bees"

"Bees" is lovable and jolly. With her depth of knowledge of French and Geometry she will be able to go out in the world some day and realize her highest ambition, that of being a school teacher. She once complained of straight hair on rainy days, but now she's in style all the while, all the while.

Secretary Girls' Glee Club '24.



MABEL BYRDELL SHIPP

*"Hark! to that shrill, sudden shout,
For Mabel is surely about."*

Genial and fun-making Mabel aspires to take things easy. Surely she gets what there is for her out of life. She is forever putting pep into the bunch by her absurd expressions. Her greatest ambition is to pass on Geometry.



ANNE ELIZABETH TURNER

"We-l-l, I don't get the point." Nobody expects Anne to, 'cause she—she's just Anne and is bound to have some fun and a little argument. She loves to flirt with Father Time; we all hope that she will be able to keep him well in hand.

Bon voyage through life, Anne!

Critic McNeill 11, '21; Track '23; Junior Play '23; Triangular Debate '24.



LOSSIE BARNES SIMMONS

"Floss"

"Pretty is as pretty does."
Yes, we have no combs today! Well, "Floss" is out of luck again. She is sweet, full of fun, ready to do anything suggested, even to posing for her picture as best-looking girl in high school.

*"She's graceful, tall and handsome,
And she's worth a rich king's ransom."*

Basketball '21, '22; Junior Play '23.





The TARPITUR



EMMA HARVEY STANTON

"Fight! Fight!" is Emma Harvey's password at football games. At basketball you hear Miss Walker yell, "Hey! stop running with the ball!" and you know Emma has it and is staving head-long toward the goal. These are just two cases to prove that Emma Harvey is always the center of action.

+

MAYME HALL PICKETT

*"A cheerful grin will let you in,
Where the knocker is never known."*

All the Seniors envy Mayme Hall's way of making Mr. Shepard smile at her. She's ever gay about something. In two short years she has won her way into the hearts of the class of '24.

Basketball '23.

+

HOMER WIGGINS

A late addition to our class. His characteristics are similar to those of the fellow he was named for. Homer's a man of ambition. He loves our school so well that he comes five miles back and forth daily to be with us.

+

MARGARET MATTHEWS ROBINSON

*"Happiness is cheaper than wisdom,
Why pay the higher price?"*

"Work and you work alone," is Margaret's motto. She takes things as they come and forever seems bubbling over with love o' life. She always finds something to laugh about, and when there's mischief, Margaret is on hand.

+

WENTWORTH WILLIS PIERCE

"Went"

*"Here's a boy who stands high in his work,
And learns long lines from the front of his Burke."*

He is one of the small number who have managed to reach Virgil. Thanks for the few brilliant ones. Went hates to talk to the other sex, but he's gradually winning his way.



The TARPITUR



HENRY WEIL

"Say more and talk less; study no more than you have to," says Henry. Here's a boy who lacks the gift o' gab, but what he does say is worth listening to. Henry's generous aid to Bruce and Walter in their kodaking and advertising for TARPITUR 1924, made success possible.

Business Manager Junior Play; Wit Editor "Tarpitur" '24.

+

JOHN BRUCE YELVERTON

Good sound common sense, a lack of temper, a good disposition has Bruce. He's one of the most valuable members of '24 in all ways. Though very quiet, you may depend on him for a good time.

Picture Editor "Tarpitur" '24.

+

EDWINA BARNES YELVERTON

"Weena"

"Weena" is an athlete. Without her, girls' basketball would be *non est*. On class, she seems shy; but not so out of school. She's full of fun and out for a good time. As you can see, "Weena" is there with the looks.

Basketball '21, '22, '23, '24; Manager Basketball '23.

+

WALTER PALMER WRENN

"Chick"

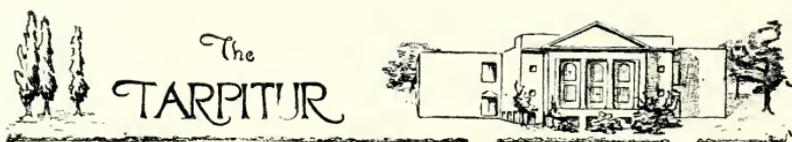
"He can study when he chooses,
And he fights, although he loses."

"Ain't no use in lovin,' nothing gained."

This is Walter's sentiment on the question of love. He loves novelty, or at least, he has a new girl about every week. He'll fall for any new girl that smiles, and most of them do. Goldsboro has had lots of new girls this year. Walter's craze even takes him to the Panama Canal each summer in quest of new hearts to break. His closest friends know him as being mischievous, but to strangers he is just innocent Walter.

Football '22, '23; Junior Play; Basketball '22, '24.





SENIOR PROPHECY

On an extended visit to San Francisco, from which I have recently returned, we had a tremendous casualty, only a few miles from the city, caused by the derailing of the train. Several of the passengers were instantly killed, and a large majority were seriously injured and knocked unconscious. I was no exception, being one of the first carried by auto to the St. Vincent Hospital, where I lay unconscious for several hours. During this time I had a wonderful dream concerning the members of the Senior Class of the Goldsboro High School.

My first vision was that of the gang building in San Francisco. Immediately after stepping from the ferry plank I met George Kornegay, porter for the Kearny Hotel, who ushered me over to Morris Heilig's taxicab.

Morris recognized me immediately and exclaimed, "Hello, John! Are you stopping at Creech's Hotel or Francis Morris's boarding house?"

"Well, financially I prefer the boarding house."

During my short stay there I met several of my school friends as I strolled around the city. Among them was Swindell Jenkins, proprietor of a chop suey orgy down in China Town; Mayme Hall Pickett, Elizabeth Newsome, and Beulah Grady were with a Keith's chorus. Walter Wrenn possessed one of the best saloons of the city, located on the Barbary Coast, specifically Van Ness Avenue. Jack Pyatt, most popular newspaper reporter of *The Chronicle*, was crowding the sport columns of his paper with Crum's sensational hits of the season. Before leaving town I visited the Bijou Theater, where I saw a Wentworth Peirce production, featuring Sheik Parker and Elizabeth Bizzell, in which the leading lady lavished her affections on Sheik Parker, to his evident admiration. Annie Kelly, Martha Dortch, and Catherine Edgerton sold ice cream, peanuts, and pop corn during the intermission. As I passed out of the theater and down the street to Mason docks, I met Eloise Sasser and Mabel Shipp, who were on their way to board the ship *Mauretania* for Hawaii, the land well known for its beauty and volcanic activity, and visited by tourists from every part of the world.

I saw in a vision the ancient City Hilo, which was overwhelmingly ensconced under a tremendous overflow of lava. During the excavation, the first thing discovered was an old record of the Kimaki Dancing School, owned by an old maid named Anne Turner. The orchestra was directed by Newton Mathews, the famous Hawaiian music genius. Miss Bessie Kadis, his assistant, was admitted to be Hawaii's most famous ukelele accompanist. Alton Leach was mentioned as the originator of the tomi-



The TARPITUR



tomi. Maybelle Mitchell was highly praised for being the school's greatest taro player.

Several of the students were also mentioned, including Frankie Hartsfield, Mary Edmundson, Margaret Robinson, and Edwina Yelverton, with Lossie Simmons as the teacher. My heart palpitated with great agitation to think that these girls died before they could use the vamping qualities assimilated from Lossie.

The old printing establishment of *The Honolulu Star Bulletin* was uncovered. There were several old copies of the newspaper lying on the floor. On the front page of one of them was a statement regarding the safe arrival of the ship *Mauretania* in the port of Honolulu. Among the most prominent passengers mentioned were Mabel Shipp and Eloise Sasser.

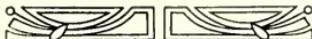
In another article, a large reward was offered by Frank Matthews for the recovery of an old edition of *Palgrave's Golden Treasury*.

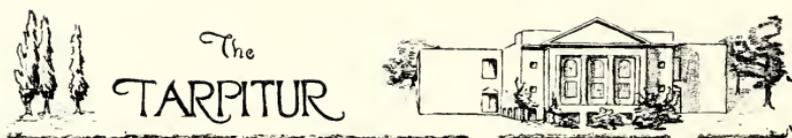
Several of the papers gave the returns from the election of mayor for the City of Honolulu. Bruce Yelverton had been badly defeated by Rebecca Petway. The result evidently showed that the suffragettes ruled. Lillian Brown was mentioned as the greatest political boss of the suffragettes. In another paper she was thanked by Rebecca for her aid in the election.

There were several attractive advertisements. Among these was Ellen Gardner's announcement pertaining to the opening of a beauty parlor, using Eleanor Kornegay's famous toilet articles.

The analysis of the proceedings of the court was published in heavy type. The bench was occupied by my old friend, Henry Weil. Mrs. Ed. Daniels was granted a divorce, because the evidence implied non-support. I could hear Ed's moans and groans as I read the somber article. His non-plussed verbiage became so frantic that, when I regained consciousness in old St. Vincent Hospital, it was almost impossible for me to realize that it was only the yells of an interne in the adjoining ward. The yells continued until I awoke from my dream to find that it was only some grammar school boys fighting in the street.

JENNETT, '24





LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Seniors of the Goldsboro High School, realizing the uncertainties of life and the fact that we may kick off, and go West, or cash in on the morrow, do hereby solemnly mention this, our last will and testament.

First: We will to the Freshman class, our luck (?), our noble efforts, and our class colors.

Second: We leave to the Silly Sophs many fond hopes that they will take life more seriously and get a few gray hairs in the process.

Third: We will to the Juniors the easy (?) job of managing the Junior play, Junior-Senior Banquet, and Geometry.

Fourth: Unto the incoming Seniors we will our dignity, our modesty, and remember, Seniors!—"Silence is Golden!"

Fifth: To the faculty we leave one box of chalk and the contents therein, to be justly and evenly divided, without show of partiality.

Sixth: I, Anne Turner, Testator of this class, appoint the ruling monarch of the school next year to deliver as a Christmas present the following legacies:

Catherine Edgerton leaves her brown and tan lid to Mary Miller Falkener, hoping that Mary Miller will wear it as faithfully as she has.

Frankie Hartsfield wills her Latin books and all knowledge pertaining to Latin to Arnold Borden.

Jack Pyatt wills his various and sundry letters and stars to Stick Britt.

Bruce Yelverton leaves his knowledge of Physics and 1's to Martha Hobbs.

Fred Crum wills his "Sheikish" ways to Marvin Edgerton.

Henry Weil wills his quiet dignity to the loudest Freshman girl in school. (Here it will be left to vote.)

Frank Matthews wills his "baby stare" to Evans Boney. He wills the bell to Lillian Stroud.

Frances Morris wills her musical giggle to Virginia Ipock.

Edwina Yelverton wills her vampish ways to Sadie Lou Southerland.

Eleanor Kornegay wills her "athletic" ability to Cynthia Daughtery.

Walter Wrenn leaves his place on the football team to John Fuller.

Wentworth Peirce leaves his height to Heywood Lynch.

Ed Parker leaves his "right o' way" and general ownership of everything to T. Griffin.



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Ed Daniels wills his shoes to Dusty Miller.

John Jennett leaves his debating ability to Lillian Stroud.

Mayme Hall Pickette wills her "sassy" ways to Wilma Spence.

Maybelle Mitchell wills her studious ways to Charlie Best.

Elizabeth Newsome, Margaret Robinson, and Ellen Gardner leave their ability to answer history questions to Herman Creech.

Rebecca Petway leaves her marcel waves to George Spicer.

Mabel Shipp and Bessie Kadis will their unfailing Geometric knowledge to Bessie Barham.

Lossie Simmons leaves her blondined curls to Claudia Bradford.

Mary Edmundson wills her quiet manner to Florence Johnson.

Alton Leach wills his bronco to Tom Robinson.

"Dibba" Bizzell wills her "Lady Bobby" comb to Lillian Stroud. She leaves her "terrible temper" to Helen Dortch.

Seventh: I, Anne Turner, testator of the Senior Class of the G. H. S., do hereby declare that this will is null and void unless we are remembered by all of the High School.

(Solemnly, secretly, seriously signed)

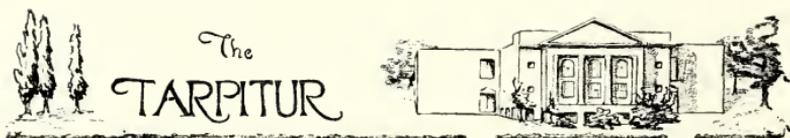
ANNE E. TURNER, '24

Witnesses:

MASTER DAN HAMILTON

COLONEL JOHN D. LANGSTON





MEMORIES

Winter's chilly blasts were fleeing,
Leaving Springtime in her wake;
One could hear the birds a-singing
As they circled o'er the lake.
Strolling down beside the water,
Gazing deep into its depths,
Suddenly my dream was startled—
Surely, I had heard footsteps.

Gaily tripping down the pathway,
Came some youngsters, bright and gay,
Laughing, chatting, never fearing,
They are bold in what they say.
Then I thought, "'Tis surely Freshmen;"
No one else would hardly dare
Tread this pathway with its dangers
With that joyous care-free air.

Hardly had this gay throng passed me
When another came in sight
Marching slowly down the pathway
With a lordly mien and might.
And I gazed in awe-struck wonder
As the Sophomores passed me by;
Dignity in every movement,
Shoulders up and heads held high.

Could it be that I was dreaming?
Hardly dared I think it true;
But look, see them coming
Bearing colors, white and blue.
Juniors, I could not mistake you,
I would know you anywhere;
For none other could be like you
With your independent air.

Now I find myself transported
From this scene in wooded dell,
And I hear someone saying
"Take this, girlie, you've done well."
Then I knew it was a vision
Wrought from memories of the past,
And I thanked the one who gave us
Our diplomas at the last.

HARTSFIELD, '24

January 5, 1924
The Literary Digest
(Title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



Patway - Most Studios



Zealy - Most Studios

HOPE—By George Frederick Watts—National Gallery London

New York **FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY** *London.*

PUBLIC OPINION *New York* combined with *The LITERARY DIGEST*



The
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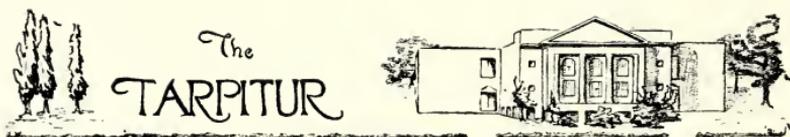




The
TARPITUR



SENIOR CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS

LESLIE BRITT.....	<i>President</i>
JOHN SPICER.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
WILL KALEEL.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
ROBERT YELVERTON.....	<i>Secretary</i>

MOTTO: "To thine own self be true."

FLOWER: *Pansy*

COLORS: *Purple and Gold*

+ + +

WILLIAM BIZZELL
 MURRAY BORDEN
 JOHN BRIDGERS
 HILDA BRIDGERS
 LESLIE BRITT
 ANNIE BROCK
 BLANCHE LILES BROOKS
 WILLIAM BROOKS
 FLOSSIE COGDELL
 HYMAN COHEN
 NORWOOD CROW
 LOREN DERR
 HELEN DORTCH
 OPHELIA EDGERTON
 MARY MILLER FALKENER
 LOUISE FARRIOR
 JOHN FULLER
 MARGARET GIDDENS
 RUTH GRANTHAM
 ELIZABETH GRADY
 THOMAS GRIFFIN
 LILLIAN GWALTNEY
 ISABELLE HAIRE
 CORA HILL
 MARGARET HINSON
 CARRIE HINSON
 FANNIE HOWELL
 VIRGINIA IPOCK
 MARVIN JONES

WILL KALEEL
 JACK LANGSTON
 LILLIE LEE
 DAVID LILES
 MARGARET LYNCH
 KITTY METZ
 ESTHER NEWSOME
 WILLIE PARKER
 EMMA PATE
 RUSSELL PATE
 BEULAH PETWAY
 TOM ROBINSON
 GEORGE ROMANUS
 MILDRED SASSER
 MANNAH SHRAGO
 ELLA SMITH
 LEONARD SMITH
 JOHN SPICER
 LILLIAN STROUD
 MARY TALTON
 WESLEY TALTON
 WALTER TUDOR
 REBEKAH WADDELL
 EDNA WEIDMAN
 NAOMI WILSON
 JOHN WILLIAMS
 JULIA WOOD
 ROBERT YELVERTON



The TARPITUR



“DADDY LONG-LEGS” UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS

STUDENTS SHOW EFFECT OF SPLENDID TRAINING

“Daddy Long-Legs,” presented last night at the Opera House by the Junior class of the Goldsboro High School, was an unqualified success, and measured up to the excellent standard set in previous Junior plays. There was no outstanding star, but all the young people fitted perfectly into their parts and showed the effects of the splendid training they had received from Miss Margaret Kornegay and Miss Lucy Lawley of the faculty.

The leading roles were splendidly played by Mary Miller Falkener, as Judy Abbott, and Leslie Britt as Jervis Pendleton. Both gave extremely finished performances, were well poised and at ease even in the love scenes, usually so difficult for the amateur.

The opening scene was laid in the dining room of the John Grier Orphans’ Home and showed four gingham-clad orphans, Gladiola, Sadie Kate, Mamie, and Loretta busily engaged in polishing silver in preparation for a visit from the trustees. These parts, laughable and pathetic in turn, were played in a very appealing way by Margaret Lynch, Fannie Howell, Flossie Cogdell, and Helen Dortch. Tom Robinson, as Freddie Perkins, was a real snaggle-toothed boy, who led the orphans in their cry of “Corn Meal Mush! Corn Meal Mush! Slush! Slush! Slush!”

Blanche Brooks, the stern, tight-lipped Mrs. Lippett, exactly typified the old idea of the matron of an orphans’ home.

Thomas Griffin gave a remarkably clever piece of character acting as Cyrus Wyckoff, the whiny, crotchety old trustee who became so infuriated on finding his picture sketched by Judy Abbott. Abner Parsons, another of the trustees, was well played by William Daniels. Both were admirably made up for their parts. Lillian Stroud gave a very smooth and dignified interpretation of Mrs. Pritchard, the really human trustee. She interested Jervis Pendleton

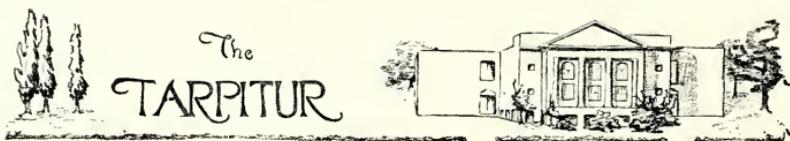
in Judy Abbott so much that he consented to send her to college on the condition that his identity remain unknown.

When told of her good fortune, Judy requested the name of her benefactor, but was refused. It was then she decided to call him “Daddy Long-Legs.”

Fortunately for Jervis, he was able to place Judy in a school with his niece, Julia Pendleton, and her friend Sallie McBride, as roommate. It was in their suite that the scene of Act II was laid, the occasion being a visit from Julia’s family. Eather Newsome as the arrogant Mrs. Pendleton was fine. Margaret Giddens and Beulah Petway vivaciously and effectively played the parts of Sallie and Julia. Robert Yelverton as Jimmie McBride, Sallie’s brother from Yale, was the typical college youth. He was particularly good in the last act where he donned sporting clothes and a moustache.

Fannie Howell gave a really fine characterization of Mrs. Semple, Jervis’ old nurse, at whose farm Judy spent her summers. She delighted the audience with her interest in her neighbors’ telephone conversations, and her motherliness toward Jervis. Helen Dortch carried a double role and as Carrie, Mrs. Semple’s maid, was good.

Jervis Pendleton’s living room was the scene of the last act. Jervis, wan and pale, was recovering from an illness and had the usual grouch of the convalescent. However, he was well cared for by his efficient secretary, Mannah Shrago, and his faithful butler, John Spicer. The butler had the characteristic “side burns” and solemn, menial air. Jervis is miraculously cured when he finds that Judy loves him and not Jimmy McBride. Judy appears in search of her “Daddy Long-Legs,” and finds that he and Jervis are one, and so the play ends satisfactorily for everyone.



THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The 1924 Junior-Senior banquet measured up in every respect to the high standard set by the previous ones. Each committee did its utmost towards making it the glorious success that it was.

Anyone happening in during the feast might well have thought that he had suddenly been transferred to fairyland. The large auditorium banked with pines, the gold shields bearing the Junior and Senior numerals, and the soft, mellow glow of the many yellow-shaded floor lamps made a picture which will long linger in the memory of all those present. The table with its flickering candles and baskets of flowers, and the many colored evening dresses of the girls, all added beauty to the scene. Then, last but not least, there were the little French maids who certainly added to the occasion, and who served with such skill and dexterity that they might have been taken for the real thing!

The dry, clever wit of the toastmistress, Fanny Howell, ably seconded by such well-known characters as Anne Turner and Jack Pyatt, kept the diners in an uproar of laughter. During the latter part of the evening, Dr. John Spicer was called upon to decide whether or not Mr. Hamilton was to be given a fourth saucer of ice cream. Upon his deciding that the results would most likely be disastrous, the saucer was turned over to Mr. Wagner who declared he had no fear for his personal safety and that he would absolve the Junior Class from all responsibility in case of accident.

Everyone was thoroughly mystified when Georgia Margaret Lynch suddenly began to cry. Lillian Stroud sympathetically inquired what the trouble was. She answered between sobs, that Bill Bizzell was holding her hand, her right hand, under the table, and since she had never learned to use her left, she didn't know how she was going to eat that grand-looking salad. A move was then made that Bill release Georgia Margaret's hand until after the salad at least.

During the early part of the evening, Kitty Metz openly accused Miss Walker of selfishness. It wasn't fair, she said, for Miss Walker to be sitting between Fred Crum and John Bridgers and just across from Leslie Britt, while all she could see was the Sta-Comb on Johnnie's hair shining in the candle light. The guests immediately began siding with Kitty or Miss Walker. One side declared that since age came before beauty Miss Walker was in her own rights. The other faction maintained, however, that as Miss Walker always sat with Johnnie and Leslie every day in chapel it would be only the sporting thing for Miss Walker to give up to Kitty. After much arguing *pro* and *con* it was finally decided that Miss Walker should keep Johnnie and Leslie, but should give up Fred and at the same time promise not to give Kitty less than 4+ on Geometry. This satisfied everyone except Johnnie Bridgers, who seemed decidedly "put out" over the decision. No notice was taken of him, however, and the banquet progressed peacefully enough.

After the dinner the guests were entertained by the Stunt Committee. Even the Seniors admitted that for originality, cleverness, and fun the stunts "put it all over" those of last year.

FALKENER, '25



The TARPITUR



Q. E. D., OR FOUR TO ONE IN FAVOR OF THE AFFIRMATIVE

No longer can the sedate Junior Class be accused of lacking loquacity—for the cat is out of the bag. The exposure came with a suddenness that was bewildering and with an intensity that uprooted many of the hallowed traditions of the Goldsboro High School. Even the docile Annie Brock overstepped the bounds of Junior etiquette and vociferated many unheard of statements. The discovery of all this came accidentally. The Juniors had called a meeting to be held at the home of Helen Dortch to discuss a matter of tremendous import; namely whether or not the class should go on record as sanctioning the use of cosmetics among the members of the class. The minutes of the meeting of this august body came into the possession of the writer and with all due regard to truthfulness it is now presented to the view of the general public.

It seems as though the meeting was delayed for some time because of the lateness of the arrival of a number of the members. Mary Miller Falkener came in ten minutes after the roll call and offered as an excuse for her tardiness that her younger sister had used all of the vanishing cream. Miller could not apply rouge to her bare face she was delayed until another jar could be secured. Robinson was missing and his co-partner Robert Yelverton reported that Tom was seriously ill at home—in fact that he had been in bed for several days, suffering from a complicated attack of fever and painter's colic. Robert stated that the generally accepted theory as to how the latter disease was contracted was that Tom had ridden one or two of the young Cleopatras of Goldsboro in a car and that upon arriving at their destination had demanded as his fare, a kiss. Hence his illness.

Finally a quorum was reached and the meeting was called to order by Leslie Britt. The fireworks began at once. Lillian Streud opened up and shot a veritable barrage into the camp of those arguing against her paint and powder. With the knowledge of a savant and the skill of a Portia, she traced the history and the advancement of cosmetics. She cited as examples of those who in their lifetimes were given to the use of cosmetics; Eve, Eugenia, Mary Stuart, Delilah, Queen Elizabeth, Mable Norman, and Edwina Yelverton. If these famous characters of history, both profane and modern, had favored their use, why not the Junior Class? The applause was tumultuous and it appeared as though the banner of victory was to fly from the staff of the "Rougiers."

Then with all the stateliness and pomposity of an ex-Senator, there rose from his seat the one and only John Spicer. His voice was vibrating with emotion and in husky tones he pleaded for the disuse of cosmetics. His words were few and simple and in bringing to a close his heart-rending appeal he stated that he was a good example of a person who not only refused to use powder and paint but he also put soap in the same category and dispensed with it. Not a sound was audible when he sat down—he evidently created a sensation by his confession.

Ella Smith then spoke at some length—her face beamed and shone with her subject. John Bridgers remarked in a most casual manner that "Ella was full of her subject" and as a reward for this unfortunate remark received a slap from the hand of Beulah Petway, who is extremely biased in her opinions. Murray Borden arose to speak but he was hooted down by a trio of his fellow members, William Bizzell, Walter Tudor, and John Fuller. Bizzell finally gained recognition from the chair and in a most depreciative tirade denounced Murray as a "traitor." He claimed that Murray was addicted to the use of belladonna as well as rose water and glycerine. He moved to have Murray ejected from the meeting but Margaret Giddens made a most tearful plea and the motion was lost.

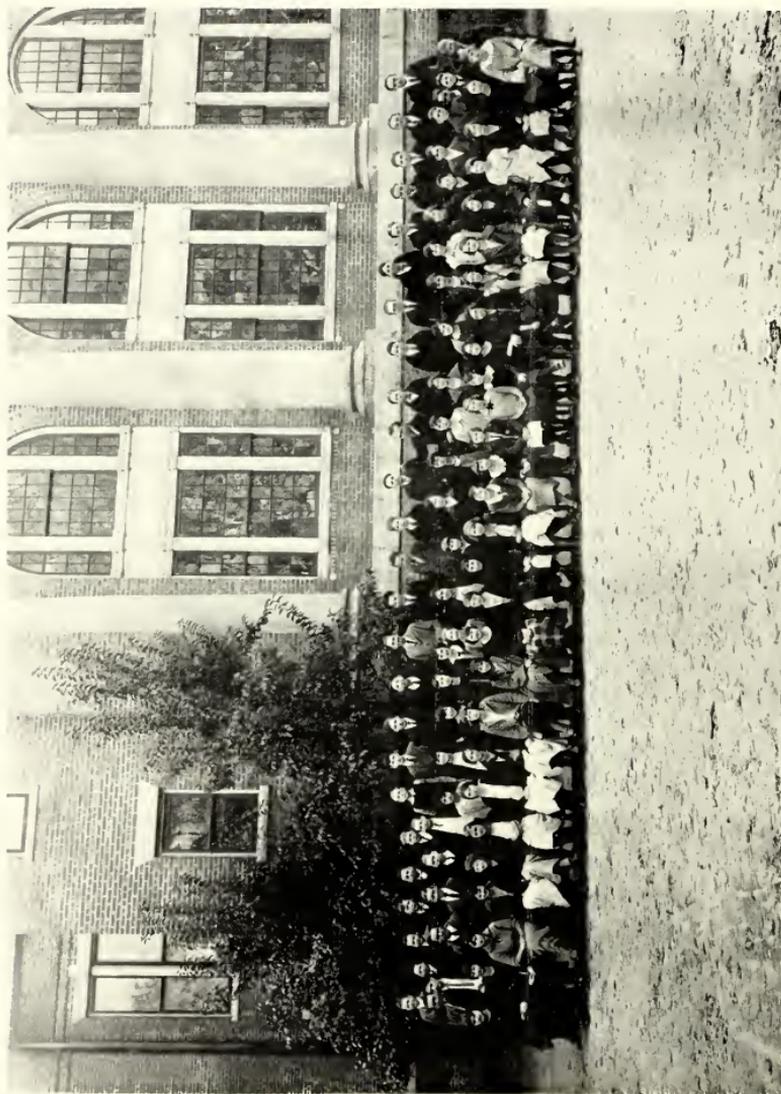
Then Edna Weidman rushed into the limelight and delivered a most scathing attack against all of those who entertained any thought that cosmetics were harmful. She became so enthused and wrought up over her subject that tears of joy ran down her cheeks, and as they coursed their way down in keeping with the law of gravity, a remarkable transformation and transition took place. An uproar of laughter ensued. After quiet had been restored, Leonard Smith, Mannah Shrago, and Norwood Crow, all three, made the motion that Edna should be made to continue to use cosmetics regardless of any action taken on the part of the class.

David Lile closed the argument by suggesting that two persons should be placed on exhibit as living argument for the respective sides and that a committee should be appointed to select the one with the fairer complexion and then for the class to abide by the decision of the judges. After this masterly dissertation the members agreed, and the following were appointed judges: Thomas Griffin, Wesley Talton, Emma Pate, Fannie Howell, and Carrie Hinson. Hilda Bridgers was chosen as the best illustration as to the value of cosmetics while the anti-cosmetic group chose as its representative no other personage than Bob Pate.

After a most minute and careful inspection on the part of the judges of the facial complexions and general physiognomy of the human exhibits, the judges went on record by a vote of four to one in favor of Pate. Wesley Talton cast the dissenting vote in favor of Hilda because someone said that there was a resemblance in their complexions.

When the vote was announced Virginia Ipoek fainted out of pure joy and Loren Derr burst into uncontrollable tears of mental anguish. The meeting was thus brought to a most abrupt close.

W. A. M.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



The TARPITUR



SOPHOMORE CLASS

ROBERT ISLER *President*
 GEORGE THOMPSON *Vice-President*
 EVANS BONEY *Secretary and Treasurer*

MOTTO: "To be rather than to seem to be."

FLOWER: *Sweet Pea*

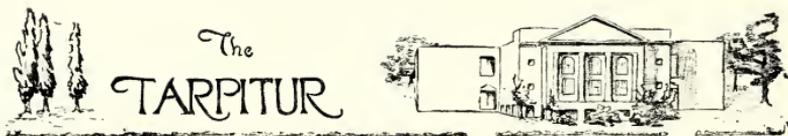
COLORS: *Red and White*

✦ ✦ ✦

SALLIE BAKER
 PESSIE BARHAM
 BEULAH BEALE
 CHARLES BEST
 WILLIAM BEST
 PAUL BIZZELL
 ALBERT BONEY
 EVANS BONEY
 CLAUDIA BRADFORD
 ARNOLD BORDEN
 GEORGE CASTEEN
 ROBERT COBB
 EDWIN CROW
 FRED CROWSON
 ELEANOR DANIELS
 GEORGIA DAVIS
 CYNTHIA DAUGHTERY
 VIVIAN DAWSON
 ELIZABETH DEWEY
 MARVIN DODSON
 MARVIN EDGERTON
 PAULINE EDWARDS
 SARAH FALKENER
 DAVID FOREHAND
 MAUDE FORTSON
 GLADYS GIDDINGS
 PAUL GILLIKIN
 CHARLES GILLIKIN
 ALICE GRANTHAM

DAVID GRANTHAM
 GRAINGER HAYNES
 GEORGE HEEDEN
 JAMES HINSON
 LELA MAE HOBBS
 LOLA HOLLINGSWORTH
 LULA HOOD
 CLARISSA HOWARD
 CLAUDIA IRWIN
 ROBERT ISLER
 FLORENCE JOHNSON
 MARY LOUISE JOHNSON
 LOIS JONES
 ADDIE KANNAN
 MARGARET KORNEGAY
 VIRGINIA KORNEGAY
 BERTHA LANCASTER
 DORTCH LANGSTON
 LOUISE LATHAM
 ROSEMOND LATTA
 HAYWOOD LYNCH
 IDA MARGOLIS
 MARY McDONALD
 ELIZABETH MCORE
 SARAH HILL MOORE
 ALICE MUSGRAVE
 ESTHER NORRIS
 JESSIE NORRIS

EVA PATE
 RUTH PATE
 ALLEN LEE PIKE
 LAURICE RIEYES
 BEULAH SADLER
 MARVIN SHERARD
 EDGAR SIMPKINS
 ANNIE SIMMONS
 HOWARD SIMMONS
 ALICE GRACE SLAUGHTER
 ELIZABETH SMITH
 WILLIAM SMITH
 SADIE LOU SOUTHERLAND
 ELIZABETH SPEARS
 LEROY SPEARS
 MARY SPENCE
 FRED STALLINGS
 LULA STALLINGS
 TURNER STANLEY
 GERTRUDE STITH
 ROBERT SUMMERLIN
 ZELDA SWINSON
 CARRIE THOMPSON
 ELIZABETH THOMPSON
 GEORGE THOMPSON
 LOUISE THOMPSON
 WILLIAM TOLER
 EDWARD WATERS
 ROBERT ZEALY



POOR MARY!*

CHARACTERS

MARY.....	<i>The Girl Who Couldn't Speak Correctly</i>
MOLLY	<i>Mary's Sister</i>
JACK	<i>Mary's Date</i>
BILL	<i>Jack's Best Friend</i>

(The scene is in Mary's sitting room. Molly is darning stockings by the fire. Mary bursts into the room.)

MARY: My! Molly, he's the most wonderful looking man I ever seen! I met him at a dance last week and I got a date with him tonight. Oh! Glory, glory, glory! (pulling Molly by the sleeve). Come on, Molly, and help me dress. I want to look my best tonight. *(Molly and Mary leave the room together.)*

(The date has left and the two girls meet in Molly's room.)

MARY: Oh! Molly, ain't he marvelous? I do hope he'll come back soon 'cause I've fell hard for him. He didn't ask me for another date, though, when he left tonight. Well, I speck I'd better be trotting along to bed. *(Exit Mary)*

(The scene is in Bill's sitting room. Jack comes in.)

BILL: Why the long face, old man?

JACK: I've been stung hard.

BILL: What?

JACK: I've been stung. I met a beautiful girl at the dance the other night and asked her for a date. We didn't talk any when we danced. She was so pretty I was content just to look at her. Tonight I went to see her and—whew!—her speech just knocked me cold. I had to sit there tonight and listen to her slaying all our good old English verbs and—well, it got under my skin. The other night I started to invite her to the country club barbecue, but I'm glad I didn't now, because I would be ashamed to introduce her to any of my friends. *(Picking up his hat)* Come on, boy, let's go to a movie so I'll forget that girl with the awful English. *(Exit Bill and Jack.)*

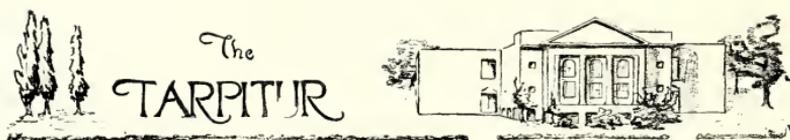
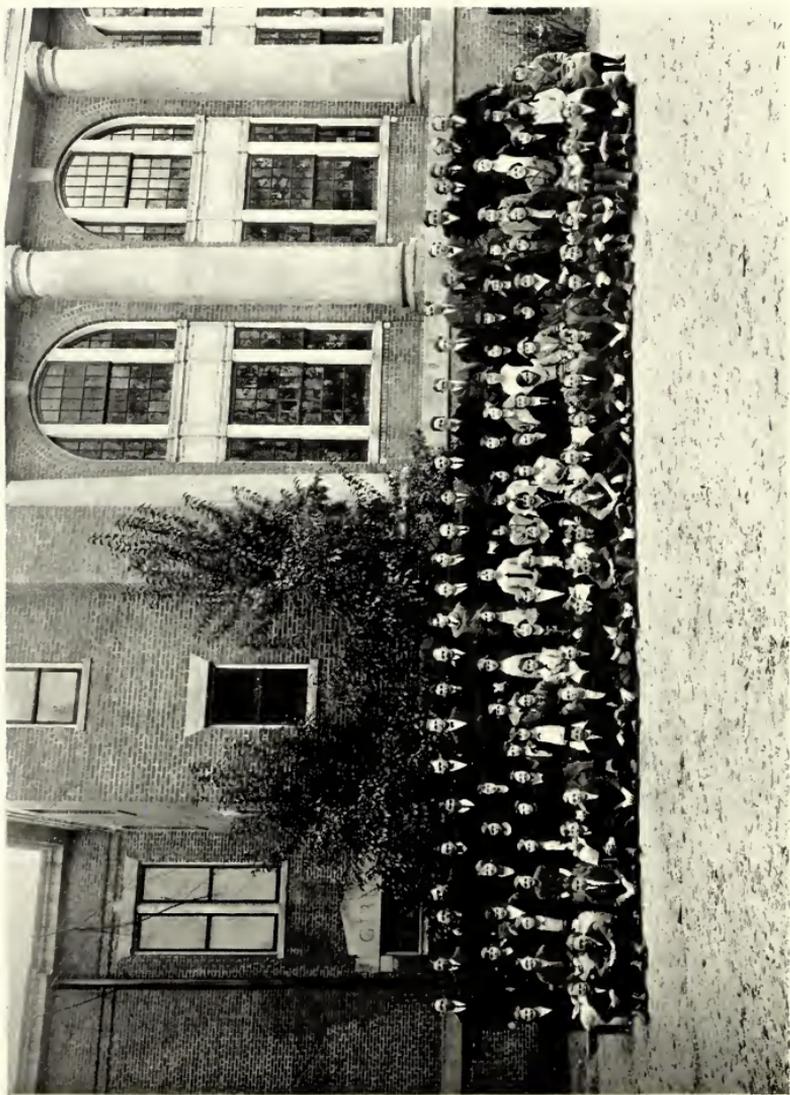
FLORENCE JOHNSON, '26

*This play won a prize in the Better Speech Week contest.





The
TARPITUR

A decorative header featuring the title 'The TARPITUR' in a stylized, gothic-style font. To the left of the title are two tall, thin evergreen trees. To the right is a sketch of a classical building with a portico and columns, flanked by a large tree on the right and smaller plants on the left.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS



The TARPITUR



FRESHMAN CLASS

CLARENCE DANIELS	<i>President</i>
HUBERT ROSE	<i>Vice-President</i>
LOWELL MILLER	<i>Secretary</i>
EDWIN STROUD	<i>Treasurer</i>

FLOWER: *White Rose*

COLORS: *White and Green*

MOTTO: *"Green but Growing"*



GLADYS ADKINS	GRACE GARDNER	MARGARET MORRIS
HAZEL ALDRED	IRENE GIDDENS	RACHEL MOYE
LEE BARNES	LAURENCE GRANTHAM	HUBERT NICKENS
MONROE BEST	RUFUS HADLEY	CLARA NORRIS
ANNIE LAURIE BIZZELL	ETHEL HAIRE	EUCLED O'BRIEN
BETTIE BONEY	MILDRED HALL	MARGARET PEACOCK
GEORGIA BOWDEN	LEWIS HEEDEN	BRONNIE PEARCE
MARGARET BOWDEN	LEAH HEILIG	HERMAN PEARCE
MILTON BOYETTE	INEZ HILL	ELEANOR PIERCE
ELIZABETH BROADHURST	ANNIE HINES	OSCAR PIPKIN
RACHEL BROCK	EUGENE HINES	MARGARET PORCH
BLANCHE BROWN	GLENN HINNANT	EMMA POLLOCK
PAUL BRYAN	COBB HINSON	ROY POLLOCK
JULIA CARTER	LUCILLE HINSON	GLENN PYATT
MARY CASEY	MORTIMER HOBBS	SADIE RHODES
JOHN CHARLTON	BERTIE HOBSON	ORIS ROBINSON
ALBERT CLARK	THOMAS HOLLINGSWORTH	JOSEPH ROMANUS
DELMAS COLE	GEORGE HOOD	BERTHA LEE ROSE
VIRGINIA CRAWFORD	MARY ANNA HOWARD	HUBERT ROSE
HERMAN CREECH	MARGARET JOHNSON	CHARLIE SALEEBY
PAULINE CREECH	LOUISE JOHNSTON	ROBERT SAULS
DOROTHY CUTHRELL	CHARLIE JONES	LILLIE SOUTHERLAND
OWEN DAIL	SARA LANGSTON	WILLIE SPENCE
CLARENCE DANIELS	WILLIAM LANGSTON	WILMA SPENCE
MILDRED H. DAUGHTERY	ELSIE LEE	GEORGE SPICER
WILLIAM DAVIS	KATHERLEEN LENDER	RANDOLPH STANTON
EDWARD DAWSON	ARTHUR McCARY	EDWIN STROUD
MARY EMMA DERR	CARL MALPASS	LEON SUMMERLIN
GEORGE DEWEY	NELLIE MALPASS	NELL TALTON
ELIZABETH EDGERTON	JULIA MANLEY	VENNIE TAYLOR
PERRY EDGERTON	CELESTINE MELAIN	AMELIA THOMPSON
ROBERT EDMUNDSON	HENRY MERRITT	PAULINE THORNTON
RUTH EDWARDS	LOWELL MILLER	RUTH WEIDMAN
SADIE FARMER	EARL MITCHELL	LIONEL WEIL
INEZ FARRIOR	THEODORE MONTAGUE	MARY WHEELERS
EDNA FAUST	LYNWOOD MOORE	MARGARET WILHELM
KENNETH FINLAY	PLUNK MOORING	LOUISE WILLIAMS
GARLIE FOREHAND		GUY WINSTEAD



The TARPITUR



“GREEN BUT GROWING”

We marched into the Goldsboro High School with our heads high. We knew nothing of “high life,” and things were unfamiliar. We were assigned to our rooms and introduced to our teachers. Suddenly a bell rang, the echo sounded, and a severe punch in the back happened all at once. “What’s that for?” somebody whispered. How did I know what it was? To hide my ignorance I nodded my head disdainfully. Our room teacher soon told us where to go, and in perfect line we marched down the hall.

“Hello, freshies,” shouted a dignified Senior.

Someone in our line answered, “I’d rather be fresh than stale.”

“Don’t act cute,” sang out our tormentor.

Yes, this our first day in High School, we were told not to act cute by those dignified persons. This statement made us wiser and sadder freshies.

But things have changed now. We are no longer strangers, and the teachers think we have enough pep.

MARY EMMA DERR, '28

OCTOBER
25 CENTS

Are Operations Ever Necessary? See page 49

Physical Culture



Kornegay - Most Athletic



Britt - Most Athletic

**Five Minutes
Of Exercise For
The Busy Man**



The
TARPITUR



THE SQUAD



The TARPITUR



BOLL-WEEVILS

(Apologies to "Three Little Toes")

*Signals called for Freddie to take it 'round the end,
Miller went through center and he made it first in ten.
John went through his tackle; Britt followed along.
The ends ran interference with the guards and centers strong,
A forward pass to Daniels for twenty yards was fine;
A plunge right over center and they crossed Tarboro's line.
Signals called for Israel to take it 'round the end;
Then Fred went through the center and made it first in ten.*

LEACH, '24

+ + +

The line-up was as follows:

R. E.—E. DANIELS

L. E.—KORNEGAY

R. T.—WRENN

L. T.—BRITT (*Captain*)

R. G.—HEILIG

L. G.—W. DANIELS

Center—SPICER

R. H.—MILLER

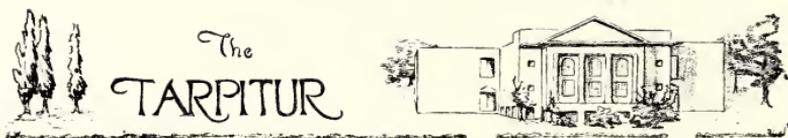
L. H.—SIMMONS

F. B.—ISLER

Q. B.—CRUM

Substitutes: ZEALY, LEACH, BEST, ROBINSON, ROSE, D. LANGSTON, WEIL, MATHEWS,
BONEY, O'BRIEN, FULLER, JENKINS, CROWSON, B. LANGSTON.

Coach, SHEPARD; *Manager,* TOM GRIFFIN; *Assistant,* LOREN DERR.



FOOTBALL

"Signals! 3-2-1! 4-5-6! Haec!" September twenty-eighth, saw Goldsboro battling with Greenville on the home field. This was our first game of the season, and due to the loss of all but two letter-men, we were defeated 18 to 7. Although green, the team showed up fairly well.

The next week we journeyed to Kinston, our old rival, who turned the tide, beating us by the same score that we defeated them by last year, 7 to 0.

Smithfield was our next opponent. They outweighed us, and in fact, had a far superior team to ours. We went down in another glorious defeat, 24 to 0.

Our next game was at home with Wilmington, who eliminated us from the championship series last year. The Wilmington team expected to snow us completely under, but beat us only 18 to 0, getting two of their touchdowns on fumbles and a blocked kick. This defeat was a disappointment to the school, but just the same we stuck to it and played hard.

The game with Tarboro was spiced with school spirit. The whole student body turned out to see us win our first game, 31 to 0. Tarboro, hearing that everyone was walking over us, thought she would take a promenade. But Goldsboro seemed to have a team made up of star players on this occasion, for everyone played a stellar game.





The TARPITUR



We arrived at Greenville with the same spirit that was displayed against Tarboro. We returned home with as good a spirit as could be expected of a team which had been beaten 23 to 0. This game dashed our hopes again into the depths of disappointment.

But we were not to lose always, for Kinston was our second victim. Nothing seemed to be able to stop that "human battering ram," Robert Isler, who played through the Kinston line at will. The game was an enjoyable one throughout. We turned over a new leaf and resolved to take the following games with a good spirit, whether we should win or lose.

Dunn, our next rival, defeated us by the score of 6 to 0.

Football this year seemed to be a failure, but those who know the circumstances consider it good that we won any games at all. There were only four letter-men to build the team around. Around these four men a bunch of husky Sophomores and Freshmen were knocked into shape to play their first year of football. Although the team did not show up so well, there was always a feeling of good spirit among them. We leave the hope that next year's team will hold on to our spirit, and combine with it a powerful driving force that will carry them to the state championship. Nuff said.

FRED CRUM, '24





The TARPITUR



							
Charlie	"Fitz"	"Bear Cat"	Fred	"Stick"	"Doc"	"Dusty"	"Piggie"
							
"Sleu"	"Buck"	"Bill"	"Blount"	Rose	"Heelig"	Leach	"WP"

"TEAM"



BASKETBALL

Basketball season is here! What sort of team will we have? A good one, fair one, or a bad one? This year's team turned out to be in the fair class, neither good nor bad.

We started off in the good class, winning our first game from 'Nahunta, 9 to 8. It was the first game of most of the players, and lead us to think highly of them.

We still stood our ground by defeating Rosewood by the score of 22 to 17. Will they keep up the winning streak?

No; it was knocked in the head when we let up and lost to Princeton, 13 to 9. Hard luck, boys, try again!

Wilmington handed us the small end of the score, and piled up 42 to our 14 points. This was only one of the steps Wilmington took to the Eastern Championship.

We put Belfast on our list of victories after an exciting game, which resulted in a 36 to 24 score.

Belfast came back in our next game with her and handed us a defeat merely as a revenge. The score was 27 to 15.

Her feeling of revenge not as strong as before, Belfast bowed down to us again by the score of 36 to 24. This game gave us a two out of three victory.

Pikeville brought her strong quint to Goldsboro, and piled up a score of 54 points to our 13.

We had hopes to win our next game but failed to find the basket in our game with Mt. Olive. The court was entirely strange to us. They won 34 to 20.

Our last game was played here with Mt. Olive. They simply gave us the cold shoulder, defeating us by the score of 27 to 13.

So ended our basketball season and most of the players' high school careers. We did not contest for state honors, but simply played for the athletic training and for the love of the game.

After the school season was over a schedule was arranged for a High School Championship contest. Each class was to have a team. The Seniors proved their superiority by defeating every team that was so unfortunate as to go up against them. This created much interest and it is hoped that more interest will be taken next year in securing recognition in the State Championship series.

The girls' first game was with Nahunta. They were able to drop the ball in the basket for 23 points to Nahunta's 13.

Their next game was played at Kinston with Kinston High. It was a thriller and we lost by only one point, 13 to 12.

We then journeyed to Mt. Olive to show them what a pair of good forwards was really like. Edwina won her nickname, "Never Miss," and Kitty showed the Mt. Olive girls some fast floor work. This turned out to be a glorious victory for us. The score was 47 to 9.

Next came a trip to Smithfield. The Goldsboro girls seemed to be off that night, going down in defeat to the tune of 22 to 10.

This ended the season, and the games scheduled with Smithfield, Wilson, and Wilmington were cancelled. The team was one of the best in years. The whole school was some disappointed when the girls broke up, with four good games on schedule not yet played. We had a chance at state honors but lost them by closing the season, so soon. The nucleus of the team graduates this year, leaving a new team to spring up and make a record for themselves and our dear old high school.

CRUM, '24



The TARPITUR



LESLIE BRITT

Britt naturally looks like an athlete. He's right there when the fireworks start.

+

JOHN FULLER

"Long" is exactly what his nick name suggests; long, tall, with hands that pluck the ball from the air when least expected. "Long" was a sub this year.

+

PAUL GILLIKIN

Paul came out late, but made good in the short time left. He puts pep in the game and does good floor work.

+

FRANK MATTHEWS

Did you say form? Yes, he has it. Frank's favorite style of playing is to shoot all the goals.



The TARPITUR



FRED CRUM

Fred is the ball-bearing in the wheel. He excels in any part and plays the game to a finish.

+

LOWELL MILLER

"Dusty" is little but that doesn't keep the ball out of the basket. He's a good shot, an asset to the team.

+

WALTER WRENN

Walter is our center. When it comes to jumping, he's the stuff. He's an all-round good player.

+

JOHN SPICER

John is a second Carmichael. He had rather have the form of Cart than to eat, and you know that's going some.

+

HOWARD SIMMONS

Howard is always anxious to play basketball. He proved this by his record this year.





The TARPITUR



EDWINA YELVERTON

Edwina has been our mainstay at forward for four years. Some say she never misses. "Weenie" is a good player and a good sport.

+

ELIZABETH DEWEY

Elizabeth is little but loud. She is a born athlete and is a coming star of old G. H. S.

+

ELEANOR KORNEGAY

Eleanor is the airship of our team. She pulls the balls down out of the air, and sends them up again into the basket. She's a wicked player.

+

MAYME HALL PICKETT

Mayme Hall is one of the lucky three who play guard. She's a real player and fills her job well.



KITTY METZ

Kitty arrived here from Charleston, S. C., bringing her basketball ability with her. She is a good forward. Fast? My goodness! boy, there she goes!

+

MILDRED HALL

This is Mildred's first year in high school. She proved to be a good player, and we are depending on her next year.

+

ELLEN GARDNER

Ellen is another one of our forwards. She doesn't miss playing when she's in the game. She goes into it with all her heart.

+

VIRGINIA KORNEGAY

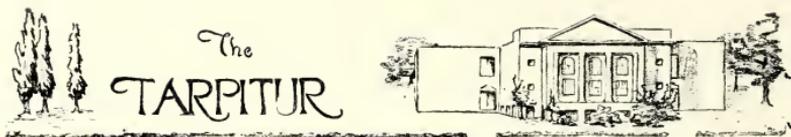
Virginia is a running mate for her sister Eleanor. They make an invincible pair.

+

FLORENCE JOHNSON

Florence is the life of the team. She always has a word of cheer. Everybody feels like winning when she's in the game.





TENNIS, TRACK, AND BASEBALL.

"N. C. TENNIS SINGLES

DUNCAN ELGIN

1923

G. H. S.

U. N. C."

Our high school is the proud possessor of a silver cup bearing the above inscription, presented to us by our smiling champion. He will not be with us to contest this time as he is at Chapel Hill. We still hope, however, to send a championship team to the finals. There are no brilliant outstanding players at school this year, but the tournament for the school championship will serve as a fishing pole to catch the successful players by the nape of the neck and hold them up before the state as contestants from Goldsboro.

Track was first introduced to G. H. S. last year. We won a beautiful loving cup by winning the relay race in the meet held here for high schools of Eastern Carolina. We also won places in various other races. This is a new branch of athletics in Goldsboro High School and supporters are eager to see what Wagner and Shepard will do with the material discovered last year.

Baseball is the most favored of American sports. The boys of G. H. S. are always filled with joy at the thought of beginning practice. Practice started this year about March 17th. Our team hasn't any bright prospects, but you never can tell! Of Captain Boney's men only three are letter men of last year. There are a group of prospects though that pop up every season. Coach Leftwich has secured lovely new uniforms, thereby inspiring great interest among the members of the team who cherish the applause of the grand stand. Notwithstanding the deficit of men, a fairly good team is being drawn into shape.

CRUM, '24

The February

25 Cents

American

Magazine



Spicer - Best-all-'round



Turner - Best-all-'round

Why I Never Hire
Brilliant Men

The experiences of a
Business Executive 



The
TARPITUR



Virginia Ipock



Anne Turner

Affirmative



Thomas Griffin



John Jennett

Negative



RESOLVED, *That the Inter-Allied War Debts Should Be Cancelled*

Goldsboro High School is in the 1924 Triangular Debates with Kinston and Wilson as the other two corners. In the preliminaries held in February, Anne Turner, Virginia Ipock, John Jennett, and Thomas Griffin were chosen as principals, with Mannah Shrago and George Romanus as alternates. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Kornegay, and Mr. Stroud were the judges.

It was arranged that on the date appointed, March the 28th, our affirmative team, Anne Turner and Virginia Ipock, should debate Kinston's negative at Wilson; and that our negative team, John Jennett and Thomas Griffin, should meet Wilson's affirmative at Kinston. As we have been defeated for the last two years, we are trusting to these debaters to retrieve our enviable record of former years. With the experience of some of the debaters and the enthusiasm of all, we hope for no less than a trip to "The Hill" for them. *Allons Enfants!*

The traditions of past years were adhered to in the practice of debating in all English classes prior to the Triangle Debates. The inter-class contests following this study were conducted differently from the plan followed in 1923, however. Two instead of four representatives from each grade were chosen. These teams were assigned in advance definite issues for study, and they investigated the question from both the affirmative and the negative points of view. At the beginning of each debate lots were drawn to decide which one of the two opposing sides each team should uphold. This plan was an experiment, but it added not only spice and excitement to the contests but genuine impromptu thinking as well.

Freshmen Mary Anna Howard and Hazel Allred debated the affirmative against Juniors Robert Yelverton and Thomas Griffin for the negative. The Juniors won. Seniors John Jennett and Beulah Grady took the negative against the affirmative of Sophomores Gertrude Stith and Robert Zealy. The Seniors won. The winning Juniors debated the negative against the winning Seniors for the affirmative. With the victory acceded to the Juniors, the 1924 Inter-Class Debates closed.

The judges for these three debates were: Miss Burton, Mr. Leftwich, and Mr. Mahler.

+ + +

DEBATE

*Resolved, That if debates were banished it would be a great relief;
Issue I of my contention's clearly stated in the brief.
After all the brief is given, introduction follows close,
If my mark endures reduction, this will be the usual dose.
Surely, logical conclusion is the next thing that I see.
Oh!—I knew it—'course I'd do it!—What? Commit a fallacy!
For before the peroration I should introduce the proof.
Credit not this testimony; call me not a simple goof!*

ELEANOR KORNEGAY, '24



The TARPITUR



GIRLS' AND BOYS' GLEE CLUBS AND THE ORCHESTRA



The TARPITUR



GOLDSBORO HIGH SCHOOL MUSIC CLUBS

MR. D. L. SHELDON, *Director*

The Orchestra and Glee Clubs have had a short but successful career. Mr. Sheldon organized the Orchestra in October, and since then it has played twice in chapel and for the Junior play. The Boys' Glee Club was organized in November and has been equally as successful as the Orchestra. They have sung twice in chapel, at the Parent-Teacher Association, and for the Woman's Club. In October, Mr. Sheldon organized the Girls' Glee Club. They have given two lovely programs in chapel. This is the first year that we have had an orchestra and glee clubs, and judging from the progress that they have made so far, they will soon be able to carry off the prizes in Greensboro.



ORCHESTRA
CORAHILL, *Chairman*
WILLIE PARKER, *Secretary*
LILLIAN BROWN, *Librarian*
LILLIAN BROWN, *Pianist*
THOMAS GRIFFIN, *Bass Drum*
CORAHILL, *Violin*
ROBERT ISLER, *First Cornet*
MARVIN JONES, *Cornet*
NEWTON MATHEWS, *Trom'ne*
WILLIE PARKER, *Snare Drum*
ALEN LEE PIKE, *Violin*
TURNER STANLEY, *Clarinet*
WILLIAM TOLER, *Violin*
EDNA, WEIDMAN, *Violin*
LOUISE WEIDMAN, *'Cello*

BOYS' GLEE CLUB
FRED CRUM, *President*
THOMAS GRIFFIN, *Secretary*
GUY WINSTEAD, *Treasurer*
MARVIN EDGERTON
GEORGE HEEDEN
WILLIE PARKER
BRONNIE PEARCE
HERMAN PEARCE
HOWARD SIMMONS
LEROY SPEARS
GEORGE SPICER
WALTER TUDOR

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
MAYBELLE MITCHELL, *Pres.*
MILDRED SASSER, *Vice-Pres.*
ELOISE SASSER, *Secretary*
LOLA HOLLINGSWORTH, *Treas.*
LILLIAN BROWN
CYNTHIA DAUGHTERY
IRENE GIDDENS
BEULAH GRADY
CORAHILL
ANNIE HINES
MARGARET JOHNSON
LOUISE JOHNSON
ADDIE KANNAN
LILLIE LEE
JULIA MANLY
EMMAM POLLOCK
SADIE RHODES
BEULAH SADLER
ELLA SMITH



The TARPITUR



BETTER SPEECH EXTRA

FLORENCE JOHNSON'S PLAY AND VINNIE LEE TAYLOR'S STORY TIE FOR FIRST PLACE

Frank Matthews and Maybelle Mitchelle Given Honorable Mention

"Good, better, best,
Never let it rest,
Until the good is better,
And the better best."

I know a little maiden
Who is very, very fair,
But she has never learned to tell
The pronoun *their* from *there*.
FANNIE HOWELL, '25

"By their speech ye shall know them."
"The ain no mo lef."
"Yaas, we haf no bannan' today."
"No Cheeke, no laundlee."
"Be them yourn?"
HENRY WEIL, '24

There was a young fellow named Beech
Who didn't use very good speech;
The English he spoke
Such scorn did provoke
That nobody noticed young Beech.
ANNE TURNER, '24

Always say that it is he,
Never say that it is me.
Always when speaking please try
To think and to say, "It is I,"
You never should say, "It is him,"
And certainly not, "It was them."
"It is he," you should say,
And also, "These are they."
T. GRIFFIN, '25

Who went out to get some fresh air?
It was she.
Who was it that followed her there?
It was he.
GLENN PYATT, '25

Ric! Rac! Tic-tac-too!
Slang! Slang! Boo! Hoo! Hoo!
Ric! Rac! Tic-tac-tah!
Better speech; Better Speech!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
MILDRED SASSER, '25

Round (Scotland's Burning)
Speak good English! Speak good
English!
Strive hard! Strive hard!
Always watching! Always watching!
Be on guard! Be on guard!
ELIZABETH THOMPSON, '27

There was a young girl with good
looks
Who had little use for her books;
Whenever she'd speak, her grammar
was weak,
So they laughed at this girl with
good looks.
WALTER CREECH, '24

Sing to "Reuben," etc.
Children, children, I've been thinking,
What a great thing it would be,
If we all would use good English
From the A class to the C.
MARGARET HINSON, '25

Sing to "Good Night Ladies"
Farewell slang, farewell slang, fare-
well slang,
We're going to leave you now.
Clearly we will sound our words,
Sound our words, sound our words,
Clearly we will sound our words,
All the live-long year.
MARY TALTON, '25

There was a young man of ambition
Who once started out on a mission,
But the fault of poor speech
Put his dreams out of reach,
That unfortunate young man of
ambition.
WENTWORTH PEIRCE

PRIZE IN POSTER MAKING
GOES TO ELIZABETH DEWEY

January

Cosmopolitan



Simmons - Prettiest



Talton - Handsomest

Beginning
Winston
Churchill's
romantic story



The TARPITUR



SENIOR MIRROR

JUNE FIRST

1924

SOCIAL ITEMS

Editor Martha Dortch

Hours: 9 A. M.—3 P. M.

'Phone: 99 or 185

+ + +

The first entertainment of the school year was an informal dance at the Country Club in honor of the Wilmington and Goldsboro High School Football teams. About fifty people were present and all reported a grand time.

The Rotarians gave a delightful four-course dinner at the Country Club in honor of the Goldsboro Public School Teachers. Rotarian Longest gave an impersonation of Mr. Sheldon, assisted by several Rotarians as teachers. The Club House was elaborately decorated with fall flowers and ferns.

An informal dance was given at the Country Club in honor of the Tarboro Football Team.

Kitty Metz delightfully entertained a number of her friends the evening following the Goldsboro-Kinston Football game. Dancing and other amusements were enjoyed. Punch, cake, candies, and nuts were served throughout the evening.

The teachers were guests of honor at a social evening at the Elks' Club. The rooms were beautifully decorated with cut flowers and ferns. After registering, the guests were directed to the back yard, where an old-fashioned barbecue was served. During the remainder of the evening dancing, bridge, and mah jongg were enjoyed.

Miss Powell's 8A cooking class entertained the Faculty at a Thanksgiving luncheon on Wednesday before the holidays. An attractive menu was planned and served. The Faculty declared the "Freshies" the best cooks ever.



The TARPITUR



The Goldsboro High School Football team were the honor guests at a supper party given at the Cafeteria in Greenville by the Football Team. The boys enjoyed the evening very much and appreciated the opposing team's hospitality.

A delightful informal dance was given in honor of the Greenville Football Team at the Country Club. Quite a large number of guests were present and danced until a late hour.

A large number of the young people of Goldsboro enjoyed an informal dance at Edwina Yelverton's following the Goldsboro-Wilmington Basketball game. Both teams were there and everybody had a good time.

After the Junior play, "Daddy Long-legs," Mrs. John Spicer entertained the entire cast at her home on South William Street. Besides the Juniors, the other guests were Miss Margaret Kornegay and Miss Lucy Lawley, who trained the play; Mr. Leftwich and Misses Walker and Beasley of the High School; Martha Dortch, prompter; and Mr. Talbot Parker, "make-up" man. Mrs. Spicer was assisted by her sister, Mrs. C. E. Wilkins, in serving a delicious two-course repast.

The Kiwanians were model hosts at a dinner party given in honor of the Goldsboro teachers. The room was attractively decorated with suggestions of "Washington's Birthday." President H. M. Humphrey welcomed the guests and turned the program over to Mr. George Freeman. A lively spelling bee was held between the Kiwanians and teachers, the Kiwanians being the winners. In the hotly-contested debate between single men and married men, the married men won and were presented with rattles. Each lady drew a number, the lucky one to receive a corsage. Old-fashioned boutonnieres were given the others as consolation prizes.

Friday night, February 22nd, the Girls' Glee Club delightfully entertained at the High School in honor of the Boys' Glee Club, Orchestra, and the Faculty. The auditorium was beautiful with its decorations suggestive of Washington's birthday. After an interesting series of games, refreshments were served to those enjoying the occasion.



The TARPITUR



TENSE MOMENTS

Life



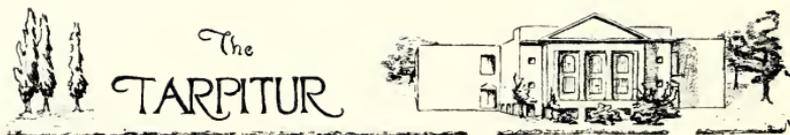
Turner - Wittiest



Creech - Wittiest



Snow Man's Land



PINE SPLINTERS

MAHLER: Who was the strongest man?

HENRY: Cæsar.

MAHLER: How's that?

HENRY: He pitched his camp across a river.

+ + +

SHEPARD: What is a magnet?

BILLY BEST: A piece of iron which has been magnified.

+ + +

HERMAN (coming down the hall singing): "You Got to See Mama Every Night."

MR. SHEPARD: You got to see papa after school.

+ + +

MR. SHELDON: We will have no orchestra practice tonight.

VOICE: At what time?

+ + +

WALTER: Miss Doub, don't you think this is too hard for us. It takes somebody with sense to do this.

+ + +

MABEL (repeating an article): "America's Stake in the Respirations" (reparations)

+ + +

MISS DOUB: What line of exposition does he follow?

LOSSIE: Argument.

+ + +

LEFTWICH: Newton, when was the Revolutionary War fought?

NEWTON: Don't know, sir.

LEFTWICH: When was the Civil War fought?

NEWTON: Don't know, sir.

LEFTWICH: Well, when was the War of 1812 fought?

NEWTON: Don't know, sir.

+ + +

MISS KORNEGAY: Somebody please give the name of a "trust."

ANNE: The People's Bank and Trust Co.

+ + +

SHEPARD: What did Magellan discover before he came to the Pacific?

TURNER: The Panama Canal.

+ + +

MISS KORNEGAY (on History class): Archie Butts was killed and then he died.

+ + +

MISS BEASLEY: Now everybody write a letter applying for a job.

JOHN SPENCER: Dear Sir: I wish to apply for the job of secretary. I have been a typewriter for two years.



The TARPITUR



AND LIGHT'OOD KNOTS

“TO DO OR NOT TO DO IN G. H. S.”

Is a penetrating thesis on the psychoanalysis of the high school pupil-mind as it reacts to the high school teacher-mind. This master treatise is by Professor B. ve Dee, A. W. O. L., S. O. S., Assistant Alienist at The University of Hardnoc and a graduate of The Goldsboro School of Experience. The syllabus is presented below.

I. SENIOR ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

1. When a teacher smiles always smile brightly back regardless of the pain the unusual exercise causes the facial muscles. It will be worth while. It may mean the difference between a 2 and a 4.

2. Rise, salute, and give a ringing cheer whenever a football is borne past.

3. The first day you are in high school, look around in dumb awe and be sure to ask what every bell means.

4. If any doubt whatever arises as to whether you should throw shot or chalk in study hall, the best thing to do is to write a letter to your principal, asking his advice.

5. Always ask your teacher some intellectual question such as, “What good does this do us?” It amuses the class and makes the period pass more quickly.

II. SENIOR ADVICE TO SOPHOMORES

1. Laugh at all faculty jokes even if they are stale, antiquated, pointless.

2. Ye procrastinators, who have dribbled away your time during the year, burn the midnight oil during exam week.

3. Run over to some senior and start a long narrative about how silly and ignorant all freshmen are, especially the ones this year. This will hold the senior spell-bound with excitement.

4. Send in a petition every day; or still better, go individually and collectively to your teacher and give him some good hints on how to improve the school.

III. SENIOR ADVICE TO JUNIORS

1. Don't dare to let a teacher know that you think her subject easy. Additional work would be the result.

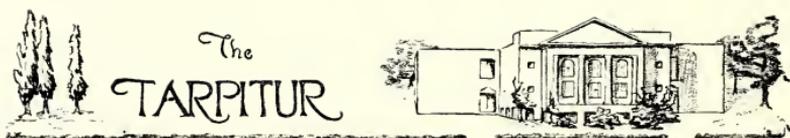
2. When you entertain the Seniors at the Junior-Senior banquet, be sure to remind them that yours is so much better than theirs was.

3. Go around boasting about what a great class 10A is; of course, everybody will agree with you, especially the Seniors.

IV. SENIOR 'ADVICE TO INCOMING SENIORS

1. To the incoming Seniors there is but one word to say, and that is, “Watch your step, your conduct, and your dignity!”

TO DO OR NÓT TO DO IN G. H. S., Prof. B. ve Dee, A. W. O. L., S. O. S.
Published by EARLE MITCHELL, INC.; Local Sales Managers, Pyatt and Yelverton.
Price \$2.00 per copy.



VERSE—

"I do not work in verse or prose,
I merely lay out words in rows;
The household words that Webster
penned—

I merely lay them end to end."

DON MARQUIS

CLOUD SHEEP

I was floating on the bay
In a little red canoe,
On the water, clear and bright,
Under skies of white and blue.
There I counted fifty sheep
In the clouds that drifted by;
And I longed to play with them
In their pretty field, the sky.

MARY EDMUNDSON, '24

A DREAM

There's a house beside the sea
Where my wedding is to be;
There the waves forever pour
On this nameless, sounding shore;
That is where we hope to die,
My darling little wife, and I.

FRED CRUM, '24

WHO IS SHE?

Piercing eye, and firm of speech,
Wide-spread knowledge within her
reach—
She talks—we listen with wondering
awe—
Of the things she knows and how
she saw
Things we would like to, but cannot
see.
How, like that woman we would love
to be!
(I just can't write a poem, and you
ought to know it;
I just can't describe people, and I
think I show it!)

ANNE TURNER, '24



The TARPITUR



AND WERSE

+

IF

If our feet were where our heads are,
And our noses on our toes,
What a funny creature man would be.
Goodness only knows.

JUST BEFORE EXAMS

No chance on exemption,
Conduct below par;
Howling against
The fates what are!
Falling hopes,
Blank despair;
Look at that
Report there!

ANNE TURNER, '24

I PLANNED TO STUDY

I planned to study my lessons one day,
But I passed the Acme and said,
"Oh hey!
I'll bet this is a dandy show,
I guess I'll let my lessons go."
(It may interest the readers of this
WERSE to know that the very next
day, Henry made a zero.)

HENRY WEIL, '24

'TIS SNOWING

Littul flakelets white 'n cold, (A.)
Drifting down from Heaven's hold—(C.)
Ain't you ever gonna stop? (A.)
Ain't you got no traffic cop? (C.)
Don't you know which way to go? (A.)
Littul flakelets of the snow! (C.)

CATHERINE AND ANNE



The TARPITUR



FOUR PICTURES

+

THE JONQUILS

They were a mass, a single unit of
color,
The jonquils, stretching in a long
line down the ditch bank,
Each nodding its yellow head to the
others,
Blown about by the wind in its pranks.

The old ditch was empty;
The water no longer flowed there,
But the jonquils transformed it
Into a place of simple beauty.

ELIZABETH NEWSOME, '24

BLUE FLAMES

Blue flames, with greenish-yellow
tips,
From beneath the coals, now red and
white,
Softly, smoothly, swiftly slip;
Ever disappearing, never out of
sight;
They brim the darkness with warming
light
In cheery solitude.

WALTER CREECH, '24

THE FOREST FIRE

The night was dark,
But in the distance the sky was red;
And as we drew nearer
The flames swept higher
Until the whole sky was lighted.
The smell of burnt wood was borne
to us on the wind,
And the smoke from the forest fire.
As a fog, enveloped us as we passed

ELLEN GARDNER, '24

MOON SHINE

It is on the house top;
It is down on the lawn;
It will go with the coming of day.
But now I see the shadows
Lying on the ground;
The old elm tree darkens
The faintly shining walk-way.
Sometimes in the sky
A black cloud passes over
And curtains off the moon-light;
The shadows that I saw
Are now one spreading shadow.

FRANCES MORRIS, '24



The
TARPITUR



FAITH

We sway back and forth in the cradle of life,
Swayed this way or that by joy or by strife;
And often we pause to wonder why
God lets us live and lets us die.
A Wonder Mind has planned it all,
But we struggle on; we rise—we fall,
Blind to the reason, and blind to the way,
Hoping—hoping—for light some day,
Sure that the hand which leads us on
Will banish the darkness and bring the dawn;
Yet pausing often to wonder why
He lets us live and lets us die.

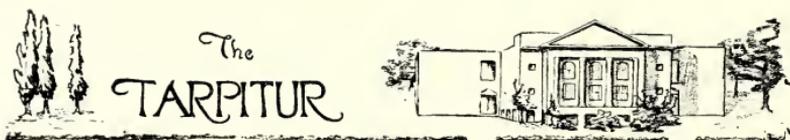
FRANKIE HARTSFIELD, '21

+ + +

THE POET'S LAMENT

I've got to write a poem,
But don't know what to write,
There's such a lot of things to choose,
But nothing suits me quite.
I could write something on the moon,
But that's been done before
And ladies' eyes and lips and ears,
Have had their share galore.
The love nest theme is worked to death,
And boys do not inspire me,
Bananas make me deadly sick,
And Barney Googles tire me.
I might compose an ode to Spring,
Which, as you know, is here.
But there is nothing new to say,
That I can find—Oh, dear!
And now my pencil point is broke,
Which means I'll stop this time;
But though I cannot write a poem,
At least I've made a rhyme.

EDWINA YELVERTON, '24



THE MIGHTY OAK

Within the wood are many trees,
And some are big and tall
With branches swaying in the breeze,
But one looks down on all.
I climbed this tree to look around,
To see what I could see,
And in the distance was the town,
And near the town, the sea.
I wish that I were such a tree
With branches great and strong,
Then I could always watch the sea,
With surf-lines white and long.

NEWTON MATHEWS, '24

+ + +

HALF-MOON LAKE

I was drifting on the water one late summer day;
My thoughts were drifting, too, in a lazy kind of way.
The fir-tree tops were pointing like spires of stately churches;
The water oaks, and pines, and the white-limbed birches
Closed me all around, while above them rose Monadnock,
Majestically staring at the wide and lonely dock;
And the calm and glassy mirror face of Half-Moon Lake
Was looking upward quietly, dreamily awake.

CATHERINE EDGERTON, '24

+ + +

THE TRAIN PASSES

Just the white and boiling smoke
In the distance over there,
Crawling, clawing, turning, twisting,
Forming dragons in the air.
Very soon I hear the thunder
Of the great, on-rushing wheels,
Grating, grinding, grilling, groaning;
Then the whistle-warning squeals.
Now the smoke and train have vanished,
But there's music on the track,
Singing words that seem to tell me,
"Coming back! I'm coming back!"

MAYME HALL PICKETT, '24



The TARPITUR



“F. S.”

“F. S. Garrett, did you say? Just F. S.? Well, that don't pass in this office. Come on and tell me what that F. S. stands for or it may go bad with you. Just F. S., that sounds fishy.”

The Wayne County Register of Deeds, a man of almost immovable convictions, devout servant of the public, turned his suspicious countenance in the direction of an extremely uneasy young gentleman. His searching eyes scanned every inch of F. S. Garrett from his uneasy hands to his intelligent face, in which the most casual observer could read evidences of indignation and surprise, a two-fold surprise; first, that anyone should question him, and second, that he himself had never before asked anyone for what the F. S. stood. Since his early youth he had spent most of his time in boarding schools, here and there. His mother had died in his infancy, and his relations with his father had not been as intimate as they might have been. He had always been known as just plain F. S. This he had always accepted without question as his *bona fide* name, and now to have this cold, unsympathetic, and rather crabbed representative of the law delay the securing of his marriage license on so insignificant a technicality, seemed to him an open insult.

With a challenge in his voice the registrar said, “Well, young man, what are you going to do about it?”

Hardly able to control his temper, F. S. turned to leave the room. “I'm not going to do anything about it except go over to Kinston or Smithfield and get a license where they're not so derved persnickety.”

“Wait a minute, not so fast,” the registrar was almost shouting. “I'm going to put you where all such criminals ought to be. Maybe—”

“But—but—”

“Go butt some other billy goat! You can't but an experienced man of affairs like me. Maybe you don't know that I've received notice to look out for you. You're Ferdinand Saler Garrett, wanted in St. Louis for polygamy. Now you want to add another wife to your Bluebeard list, do you? You won't get far then; Josiah Whitcomb is a man of action.”

F. S. was too amazed for words. So dumfounded was he by this outrageous accusation that he stood and mutely listened to this Mr. Whitcomb send the office boy for the police. He attempted further explanation but it was utterly ineffective. The police came, and in spite of his vehement protestations of innocence, took him into custody.

He was entirely at sea as to what course to take. The possibility of the delay of his marriage and perhaps even the breaking of his engagement on account of this serious charge, made him almost frantic. He soon decided that the best thing to do was to telegraph for his father to come from Raleigh. You may be sure that Mr. Garrett came promptly. He arrived on the 5:30 bus and was met by one of F. S.'s best friends.



The TARPITUR



Exactly five minutes later the two found themselves in the sheriff's office.

"We are very sorry, indeed, I assure you," the sheriff was saying, "to have to tell you of this grave trouble into which your son has gotten himself. But it is only right that you should know."

"Where is my son?" burst out Mr. Garrett. "You can tell me that later."

"He's in the private office. You may go in."

Mr. Garrett opened the ground glass door. He found his son gazing dejectedly out of the window. When the door opened, he turned.

"Dad! I'm so glad you've come."

"Yes, my boy, but what's all this grave trouble I hear about?"

F. S. told his father of the events of the morning. Mr. Garrett was highly indignant, but also slightly amused.

"Well, well, that's a grave charge, but I guess I can make it all right."

He opened the door and told the sheriff to come in.

"There has been a serious mistake somewhere," he began. "But I can plainly see how my son could be mistaken for this criminal. It is true that F. S. didn't know his name. This may seem strange to you naturally, but I am going to tell you how it came about. My wife's family had a fondness for queer names. The aunt for whom she was named and whose estate she inherited was called Iowa. Two great uncles were named for the states of Vermont and Wisconsin; Uncle Vernie and Uncle Wis we fondly called them. Uncle Wis was particularly eccentric.

"Although he established a girls' school in a day when the higher education for women was not so popular and provided for a liberal endowment, he never married.

"He lived to be quite old, dying only a few months before F. S. was born. His will was as eccentric as himself, truly characteristic. His entire estate was to go to the first relative to be given a name which he set down in his will. Of course, no one expected such a turn and as there were already several little "Wisconsin" named in honor of the old fellow, it was no hard matter to select a name for our baby. In view of the fact that he would receive Uncle Wis's fortune, we named F. S. according to the provision in the will. Now I guess everything is settled, isn't it?"

"But the name, you didn't tell us the name," said both the listeners together. They leaned forward, the sheriff out of pure curiosity and F. S. because he was eager to learn his own name which he had never known.

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" Mr. Garrett laughed at his absent-mindedness. "Your name, my son, is Female Seminary Garrett."*

WALTER CREECH, '24

*Author's Note: It will be interesting to know that, however ridiculous it may seem, there really is a young man in Georgia who bears this remarkable name.—W. C.

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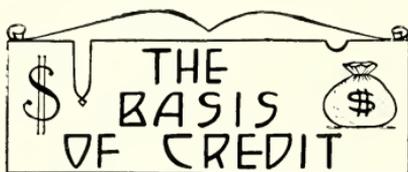
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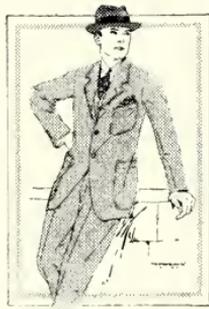
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The TARPITUR



SHEPARD: What is velocity?

ANNE: Velocity is what a person lets go of a bee with.

Florence Johnson had a hard hit in basketball. She went running to Miss Walker holding her nose and crying; Oh, Miss Walker! My equilibrium is broken! My equilibrium is broken! Just feel it!

EVANS BONEY: Do you like the new lunch order, Miss Kornegay?

MISS KORNEGAY: Yes.

EVANS: Well I don't. When you march me around to the door if I have any money, I just have to go in and eat.

Miss Beasley expatiated at length on the Inter-Allied War debt question, after which David Forehand raised his hand: "Miss Beasley, after we get through debating, will what we decide settle the question?"

MISS LAWLEY: What is rhythm?

PAUL GILLIKEN: Rhythm is a tune that you play on the typewriter.

ALTON LEACH (As the fire-bell rang): Lemme go! I belong to the Fire Department.

MISS LAWLEY: I notice that you never do overheat that typewriter.

RAYMOND WARRICK: Do you know how the rats get in here?

RANDOLPH STANTON: Naw!

RAYMOND: Uh-huh!

JACK: Have you change for a dollar bill?

FRED: Surely.

JACK: Fine; lend me a quarter.

LESLIE: I know where you can get a chicken dinner for 15 cents.

JACK: Where?

LESLIE: At the feed store.

TEACHER: Who was that laughing out loud?

WILLIE SPENCE: I was, ma'am. I was laughing up my sleeve and didn't know there was a hole in it.

Miss Lawley was riding in a Charlotte car marked "Auto Show."

MISS BEASLEY (riding by): Auto Show—Well, I should say—ought to show.

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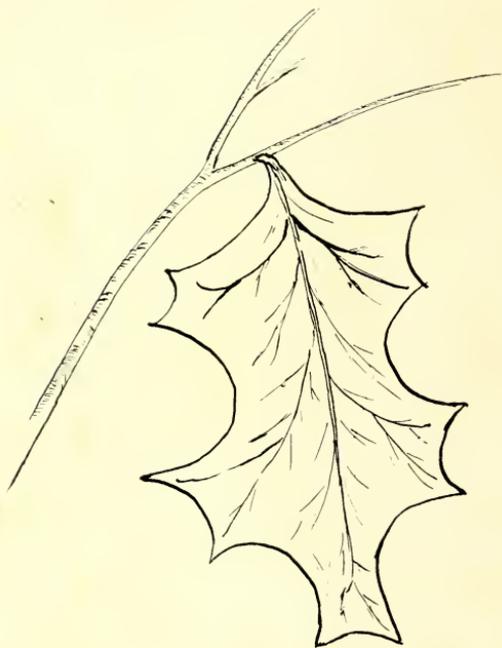


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