

HIGH LIFE

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November—Armistice and Thanksgiving

November brings thoughts of Peace and Gratitude to all true Americans; thoughts of peace from the Armistice signed on November 11, 1918, when peace was made among nations.

November is the month of harvests, the month in which our forefathers, the Pilgrims gave thanks to God for bringing them safely to the new land and giving them a bountiful harvest.

Today we have much to be thankful for. Many people do not have so much as they have had, but however small may be one's supply of this world's goods, some one else's supply is still smaller.

November is the month of shooting stars, scientifically speaking. November is a month of Community Drives for helpfulness, encouragement, co-operation, and a month of historical events for America.

Make November the month of shooting stars for G. H. S. Are we trying to co-operate with the faculty, with our classmates, and our friends? Are we going to help and encourage the less fortunate?

Begin Planning a Career Now

No one expects us to read the future. We can, however, get some idea of what our future is going to be like by analyzing our likes and dislikes, abilities and inabilities, so that we can find out what it is that suits us best in the line of work. First of all, do not get the idea that you are not especially suited to one type of vocation. Practically everyone has the ability to do something especially well, and there are probably no exceptions to this rule in G. H. S.

After one has found out what type of career to follow, the thing to do is to prepare to meet the problems and situations, good or bad, which are likely to arise in one's work.

In Commemoration of Peace

On the eleventh of November, 1918, fourteen years ago millions of soldiers and home folks were relieved of the nervous strain caused by the horrors of war. Soldiers in the trenches thought of coming home to friends and loved ones. People at home were hoping and praying that their own loved ones were among the fortunate ones to come back alive. Millions of men were crippled and injured for life; towns, cities, and even nations were almost entirely demolished.

Think of it; men were fighting like wild animals in the jungle, white men, each struggling for the other's life, men supposed to be civilized but who were far removed from civilized ideas. Now, these men who were engaged in war send a prayer heavenward to God thanking Him for the peace which was restored by the signing of the Armistice.

Here's a Good Investment

Although the student's activity fee has some faults, it also has many virtues. In the first place an activity card is a good investment. There are very few students who wouldn't spend two dollars and a half for high school activities in the course of a year.

If the student would only invest his two dollars and half in an activity card, he could go to all of the activities at the same cost. Some students find it hard to get two dollars and a half at one time, but if they wish to receive the publications and attend the activities it will save them money in the long run.

Stay Until the End

Life is like a game. It must be played hard in order to win. Some people are easily discouraged, others are determined to stick it out. Determination is necessary for success in school work. A C or a D on a report card will not discourage a person with the grit and pluck of a winner. It will make him try the harder the next month.

One of the wisest sayings of all time is, "A winner never quits, and a quitter never wins."

Create Interest—It's Stimulating

Generally speaking, a person who is enthusiastic over a certain project can accomplish that project twice as well and in a much shorter time than a person who has no personal interest in it.

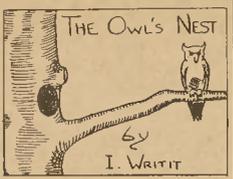
True, it is difficult to become enthusiastic over something which does not interest one. The remedy for this is to create interest. Analyze whatever you are about to undertake, and find out what there is in it which you can use to advantage. We are always interested in things which we believe will help us.

To excel in any field, one must be enthusiastic about one's work. Almost invariably, the students who are enthusiastic over any one or all branches of school work are the ones who make the best records and are the most popular.

Support Your Football Team

Give our team support, Greensboro needs more support. The boys and girls who come out to cheer and see the games should not only come out to see the games but also bring their parents with them. Now that we have the business men of Greensboro helping the boys, it looks as if they are taking more interest in the game.

All the boys at present are taking a great interest in football. Let's keep up the spirit and back the team.



I do not have much space this time, so I am forced to write a whole lot. He, eh. The column shall be different. It shall be very serious. It shall be very quaint. It shall be very extraordinary. But while I am waiting for the future I shall do as those students who are always futrefalsifying tales to their teachers about what they are going to do next month.

Please take care of those milk bottles—we want our free sand witches and bananas and apples.

Here's a nice letter which came in this morning:

Dear U. Writit: I am pleased with all that goes on around me. I love the school, its students and its faculty. How can you write the silly things that you do?

Dear Little Girl: Have you a curl in the middle of your four heads—when you are good are you very, very good or are you horrid? You are right in all that you say. But I have a sore thought and am inclined to say so things. I consider it quite a compliment that you read my column. You are so very simple (y) accommodating. I am very sorry that I do not see you—that seems to be my fault. Your letter is the first student letter that I have really received, all of the others have been written by the Sophomores. However, do not take it that I do not appreciate this noble institution and all that is in it. Yet if a thing is not worth criticizing it is not worth any one's while. Thanks for the letter. I. W. Writit.

(I wish to apologize to you, M. W., for the play.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the famous Hu Nan code has suddenly become infamous. Thus we start a new one now as the Lulu Alan code for the feeble-minded. Figure it out—'Mad eh a oohlahl behz yehd era naan.

A Keirtaptoons. I like cartoons. Of Keirtaptoons. But I hate to sniz. Like a drafted Heliz.

by a Ballyhoo Zilch.

Students: The school is possessed with a new mania—known as Zilich (Zilch) fever. The teachers have it, the students have it, everybody has it. It spreads on at a rapid rate, taking possession of the minds of our most famous. Eddie Cone is a charter member. Hilliard Clain is a Zilich, but he has not been allowed to be a real Bona Zilch. He is one of those Ballyhoo Zilches. I. I. Writit, am a Plotz. What shall we do—how shall we stop it? Why, some of the members of the famous old family of Plotz are becoming Zilches. What SHALL we do? All of the Benbows are Zilches. But students! I beg of you to become a Plotz—yes, my students, won't you be one of those good old Plotzes? We have a family background. If you must be a high hat at least be a stylish one.

The Zilch family split up ages ago into two branches. One is that of the Bona Zilches who publish the famous but horrid book called Bona's. The other branch aids in the publishing of that elegant Magazine—Ballyhoo. Thus they get their name Ballyhoo.

WAR ON THE ZILCHES! EXTERMINATE THE ZILCHES! ZILCH IS THE LOWEST FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE.

And if you don't know what a Zilch is, ask anyone. The Zilch society must be utterly mopped out. They are the deadly enemies of all society. Why some of them even have the audacity to get on the honor roll. Ask the man who owns one.

SIX MONTHS ON A WASTE BASKET OR— LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT By LILY SMITH

I was a tiny child With ways wild A-takin' Latin two.

I talked a lot And would often plot While takin' Latin two.

When I was bad A paddle was had By Lily of Latin two.

The year was '29 But I wasn't divine An' uh funk'd Latin two.

It got to the place Where a smack in the face No good would do This Lily of Latin two.

So the teacher says Whenever she prays Lord Bless Lily of Latin two.

Alas, no blessing came And Lily was a shame To the students of Latin two.

(A question) The teacher'd ask it (No answer) Well sit on the basket Thus sat Lily of Latin two.

TALES OF THE KOHINUR

Introduction Under the cool green leaves, Under the sweet-scented flowers, In the balmy breezes, In the luscious fruity odors, In the white marble palace, By the rippling waters, By the warm, blue waters, Of northern India, India—India— The magic, magic land, The land where the red, red rubies glow, Lived the mighty ruler, The handsome, brown-skinned ruler, The good Sultan Baber, A tall majestic man.

Story One In the kingdom of this good Sultan, there lived many brown-skinned men, wandering lazily in the idle influencing sunshine, sleeping peacefully under the calm, cool, stirring tropical winds of night. 'Twas a happy land, this heavenly resting-place. And the subjects enjoyed their little kingdom, hidden and covered under the cool greenness of northern India.

One tepid, tranquilizing day, while the lotus blossoms lent their sweet richness to the winds, Sultan Baber lay in the laziness of the sun, counting his colorful, sparkling gems as they dazzled in the rays of brilliance, lay on the spreading kosara tree, lay listening to the gossip of the bees as they buzzed among the budding lilies, and the water girls came bringing him that fresh, crystalline liquid, and the fruit maidens fetched him ripe, yellow bananas, which he munched with all the signs of enjoyment; and the boys came bearing large porcelain platters, sweet dates that one tasted, then smiled happily at the satisfaction of his taste organs.

In the midst of all this splendor there came a messenger from afar, from the rich shores of Bengal, bearing a gift for Baber from his wealthy brother of the city country. He knelt at the feet of the Sultan, and with arms outstretched he gave unto Baber a small casket covered in the soft, silky whiteness of Cashmere goat fur. The king opened the box, and all around beheld therein a precious jewel, so magnificent, so unusual, and shining with such brilliance that all shut their eyes for fear of blindness. It so radiated and sparkled with light that everyone marveled at its brilliancy.

Good Baber was pleased unto delight; his very bones were thrilled, for nothing so filled him with happiness as an addition to his brilliant mass of gems. So great was his gratitude that in return he sent riches—oh, such riches; there were bananas, mellow with ripeness, bo-bos, rivaling the sun with their yellowness, palm fans, ivorys equal to the snow in whiteness, turbans equal with a silky redness—all he sent lavishly back to Bengal, back to his brother.

The unusualness of this gem spread afar, and people came in massive hordes, came from the jungle's depths, came to gaze upon the "rival of the sun," came with gifts of admittance to see the great shimmering diamond. So fine was this glittering beauty that thousands turned homeward, their mouths gaped in awe. There came rich merchants bearing wares that almost tempted the Sultan into a trade; he saw the marvelous shining silks of China, and smelled the tasty coffees from Java; all were luring indeed, but none could equal the possession of so rare an oddity as his recently-obtained gift.

Upon the four and twentieth night after the arrival of this present from the city country, while the moonbeams sifted themselves through the spray of tree foliage, there came into the chamber of the good Sultan, crosely crawling over the silken damask, a snake of immense length, and with a head so big and flat that one might have thought that the sun had of the good Baber's divan was being suspended in the darkness on the end of a black, flexible stick; but such was not the case, for quickly this evil reptile coiled itself about the ruler and plunged its deadly fangs into his head. Baber awoke and tried to free himself, but it was to no avail; and slowly his body was enveloped with a painful numbness that placed him in the hands of death.

As dawn lent itself to the support of a new day, it found the entire palace in a subdued hush; women wept, throwing themselves into emotional spasms; men looked grim. All were huddled with sadness; their Sultan, the good Baber, was gone unto death. LANE BARKSDALE.

For a year and a day She reclined that way— Poor Lily of Latin two.

Then came the Exam of Latin two And Lily Funked as bad Lilies do— Poor Lily of Latin two.

She wept and she sobbed, She had her hair bobbed— Little Lily of Latin two.

And she took Latin over In a field of clover, This Lily of Latin two.

When punished for a bona She was sent to the corner— This Lily of Latin two.

(Notice we leave the reader standing in the air. To be continued in the next issue.) The columnist thinks that a more humorous slant on "this depression" should be published. Here's what Judge thinks about it: "Things would be better if employers would try to hard to eliminate the slicing of wages as they do the slicing of golf balls."

POETRY



Experienced, you say? Well, rather— And, like all youth, I fancy myself cynical and bitter— And rather pride myself on my cynicism.

You laugh! Then laugh! I say to myself— "They are but laughing at hidden talent!" And so, in my ignorance, Knowing only what I have heard or read, I give my views upon The war, the great war— The World War—

And fancy them of some importance. Silly, you say? Perhaps it is—to you— But of much importance to me— And what have I to say? Only this—I wonder if all The tales of glory And romances that we hear about are true? If it was to be a brave sacrifice? If they were the fighting for an ideal? But did they know it? I think not. From what an old soldier told me, They hated it, loathed it, despised it— Their very souls revolted at the mud, and the blood, and the grime—

They didn't know that it was all about: They only knew that they marched— just endlessly marched— Until they despised the very thought of it.

To them war was the embodiment of everything they hated— Making them cynical and bitter, They wished to God they would be killed—

Why? To escape the scream of the shells, the gas, and the sight of the mangled bodies, and the twisted souls of their comrades.

Inexperienced, do you say? Surely, else why should I seek to learn? —Phyllis Morrah.

WAR'S PURPOSE We fight for fame— To spread our name Throughout the world so wide.

We fight for lands— To keep our hands From honest toil and deed.

We fight for right— The shining light In all our world affairs.

But "Peace" is not A worldly lot, And dies from want of thought. —Beverly Burgess.

THEIR SIDE OF IT They fought—and died, And never thought of dying, They gave their all, And asked for nothing in return. They went through hell, That life they didn't know Might live—and prosper. Brave lads!

I wonder what their thoughts were as they went down— broken, twisted, crushed, distorted, and writhing—

Did they—at the end regret? O, God—surely not. They who had lived, thought, and fought—like Americans— I can't believe that when they faced eternity—they broke faith— You alone were there to judge— But in my heart I know that the end—like life to them was just an adventure, and that their death was but their doom—

And when they stood upon the threshold of life eternal— Their faces were still smiling— their heads still high— and their heart still courageous, O, youth of America—we bow in silent reverence to your valor, your bravery, and now in the silence of the peace, for which you died we can finally say— Sleep ye well upon the ground, your final resting place— For God is with you, And on earth at last all is well— All is well. —Phyllis Morrah.

A DOLLAR One day my dollar said to me, "Here, take this dollar and beware 'Lest you go spend it carelessly.' So I built castles in the air Of all the lovely things I'd buy With it, for surely I could spend It all on candy or some high Priced article, or maybe lend It to a friend for cent a day. Oh, yes—and ice cream would be fine; All others spent theirs in their way, But not quite half, as well as mine. I thought of it both day and night, And planned it all, of course—and then It went to town and spend it right Away—I lost it in the end. HOPE BURCHELL.

HEAR YE

Dear Editor: Why can't we have more music at the football games? There is no admission for the band, so it seems to me they wouldn't mind playing more. Can't something be done about this? A PLAYER

Dear Editor: I never thought that a dime could do so much until I bought a volume of poetry and literature composed by the school children of Greensboro, entitled, "New Wings." When I bought the book, I had no idea of the fine articles that it contained. Personally I think that each student in the Greensboro schools should not let this wonderful opportunity pass them up.

The poetry and literature are contributions from school children from the first grade up to the students in high school. "New Wings" is not composed of childish stuff as most people would think, but it has a dash of modern ideas through the entire book and I am sure that any student with any school spirit at all could afford to do without two packs of chewing gum and buy this wonderful little book. It will be a dime well spent.

A STUDENT. Dear Editor: Why can't the study hall pupils go to the library at the beginning of the period instead of waiting five or ten minutes after the bell has rung? It is necessary for the pupils who haven't reference books at home to prepare their assignments during study, and ten minutes taken off the time means one lesson incomplete. Can't a step be put to this? AN EARNEST STUDENT.

Dear Editor: Why is it that students can't bring their family car to school without it being "messed" up by some of the black sheep of our flock. During lunch period they write upon some of the cars with chalk and pencil. The chalk makes a mess and it is impossible to erase the pencil marks. They should realize that it is no fun to drive a car with objectional words and phrases written upon it. (Signed) PERPLEXED.

The president of the student body and the "Good Will Student Council" wish to express their appreciation to David Finke, Bob Anderson, Miss Troubridge and her home economics class, and Bob England and his high school orchestra for contributing their part toward the success of the North Carolina Student Council Congress held in Greensboro October 23 and 24.

"Fix Bayonets" by Captain Thomas, son of the United States Marine, gives an excellent and accurate picture of the various battles of the World War. The book consists of a series of stories, each taking up different characters and a different battle. The main characters are all marines, who were considered among the hardest fighters on the side of the allies. They received very heavy losses.

The Senegalese, negro soldiers in the French army, were also famous for the fierceness of their fighting. They often fought side by side with the marines, and both types of soldiers had great respect for each other's ability. The fighting, as described by Captain Thomas, consisted mainly of shelling, machine-gunning, and hand to hand fighting with bayonets. The latter type was most feared by the Germans, and they could stand for only a short time against a bayonet attack.

"Buds" a book of short stories and poems by the Creative English II class of last spring, has already gained recognition and applause. This book is filled with clever and amusing stories and poems. It can be highly recommended.

"St. Joan," by George Bernard Shaw, is a famous play concerning the life of the Maid d'Orleans as a soldier. This play gives a strong and entirely different conception of Joan d'Arc. The prologue and epilogue do much to add to the realism of the play. Many critics agree that this is the best work of Shaw. It is well worth reading.

"The Wanderer of Liverpool" is the latest book by John Massfield, poet laureate of England. "The Wanderer of Liverpool" contains all the strength and beauty of description that is usually found in the works of Massfield as well as a slight difference in meter and rhythm. Most people will enjoy this book.

A SALUTE TO THE EDITOR An editorial is certainly a criticism, for it reeks of the editor, and editors are critics—cold-blooded, hard-boiled manuscripts that they are very apt to slam doors. And yet, we must admit that editors receive their daily punishment. That's not hard to guess. Just imagine an editor trying to read this and you'll get my point.

To come back to our subject, the editorial is the editor's twin brother. The editor is bound to let off steam every once in awhile, and don't expect me to present a little allegory alongside of

MEPHISTOPHELIAN MACARONI

By THE AUTHOR Have done with parenthetical passages. To arms! To arms!—I'm surprised at you all. Not one chuckle did I hear. The trouble is, you lazy things don't know how hard it is to be humorous with a toothache. Yes, that's my favorite ache. Isn't this cute? "Nothing is impossible," quacked Napoleon sternly as he waddled away.

To Marshall Ney To get some hay To feed the day.

Now to discuss the title, "Mephistophelian Macaroni." "Mephistophelias" as denoting cynicism. Macaroni is macaroni. But how, you say, can macaroni be cynical? That confounded Professor Hoodlum had to put his mouth into this and I tried to stop him, but he will have his say or bust, so:

"salutations, my dear associates, we shall perpetrate our treatise inanimate, upon that most estimable of subjects, namely, macaroni. (I think that the Author, *** the inexcusable naïf, compoed, tried to expostulate and expounded upon this subject, which is, by all rights and regulations, inherently my own). I am pleased to note that the editor has displayed such excellent critical judgment as to discard the Author's attempt and bestow laurels upon my own creation.

"Now, macaroni is, in the last analysis, a highly spiritual and effervescent type of phenomena which can exist only when surrounded with the most efficacious and inexhaustibly inordinate, hypothetical hypotheses; and consequently its ethereal inundations fluctuate in such an extraordinarily scintillating, idiosyncratic, anemic position, that four out of five have phytorena. This condition inevitably takes heavy effect upon the price of bananas in Australia; and, since the banana is an avowed cousin of the macaroni family, it degeneration simply establishes a monopoly of prohibitive, historic—ooh—ooh—ooh—oh—oh!"

The Author was fortunate in securing an interview with Sir Hay, who has charge of the cats at Camelot. The following is just what he said to me, says he:

"Porsooth, and wist ye that when ye clocks suite two, the whole bloomin' rounde table wants their victuals, and so God me help, Hay is the boy to let them have it. Whilst Arthur's sweet knights dress their arms, forsooth, Sir Hay dresseth a passing fair chicken. Methinks my liege lord, Arthur, was passing glad of ye soups Hay made himself yesterday. An' I wist not what we would do an' Lancelot had not been such an noble knight. He sendeth all the best parts of his enemies here for soups. Ye, but of late the old dean hath sent some tough meat, the which must be because he is getting into Irish land.

"Wist ye ye bloomin' Irishmen are toughie birds and passing hard to chew. It grieveth me sore to think that our lord, Arthur, must have more of such sore indignation. Ye, it grieveth me passing sore, but Lancelot simply had to go to Ireland to say a family of those red-headed—well, an' but he must go, for an Irishman of that family stepped on his toe. You know, a knave might Lulu, stepped on Lancelot's toe of yore. Ah! My! but that was good soups. But I must depart, fair sir. Methinks my nag neigheth, and 'tis well nigh two smites of the clock."

Doctor Doolittle has recently made a startling and radical discovery which he has confided only to myself. *** I here make it public: The discovery is concerned with a spineless space robot. Biologists think it to be related to the goofus, crab, but one thing is certain—it wouldn't take five minutes to eat all the words of a whole newspaper, as it is I bet the creature merely nips at this column.

See how effective it is! Say, that's only a sample. I could get it to do away with this whole column in no time—Goodbye!

Excuse me, please, I'm not through yet. Someone handed in this elegant ode, so here I print it.

TO A GARBAGE-MAN I am a worker. I am a cog in this great Blind machine Of civilization. All day long I drive my steaming horses Over the burning pavement. All day long I work and sweat, And wrestle with odors, rotten foods, Potato peelings, and cruel tin cans. And at night I coo my weary horses Up the long, bumpy road, Into the wild glories of the sunset, To the dumps.

Note: At this point the professor's bugs gave out and an attack of dyspepsia ensued. Note: Not me, of course. Note: Professor Hoodlum is fairly green with envy.

TO AN ADVENTURER Until spring He lives content amid his friends, And then off, Conquering worlds again. J. I. J.

the twin-brother stuff. You see, I'm somewhat of an editor myself. If I express myself, it's an essay; but the poor editor's child is branded with a scarlet "Editorial." Have a heart—editors are human. Think before you hand in a painful effort. It's a hard life. So, Mr. Editor, I salute you!