

HIGH LIFE

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The Purpose of High Life Is to

Get and Preserve the History of our School.

Hold individuals together under high standards.

Separate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

To the Seniors

The day of graduation from high school is both a happy and a sad occasion—happy, because you have successfully completed the first part of your formal education; sad, because it means that you will be separated from your many friends made as a student. Tonight you will receive your diplomas, and your paths will lead in different directions. It is our hope that many of you will continue your education at the various schools of higher education. For those of you who do not plan further training, it is our hope that you will soon find your place in the business world. Wherever you go or whatever you do, the friends you have made at school will be watching you and will be pleased to see you become a leader in your chosen field. Those of us who have worked with you during the years rejoice with you as you leave behind you when I wish for you an abundance of success and happiness in the years just ahead.

Sincerely yours, A. P. ROUTH, Principal.

A Word of Commendation

Much credit is due Mary Lindsay, president of the graduating class, for the splendid work she has done during the past days of hectic preparation for commencement week. Despite many obstacles, Mary has assisted the faculty advisers in successfully completing all plans. In past years, it was customary for a boy to hold the executive office in semester eight, but Mary has proved that a girl can execute the duties of president just as efficiently as a member of the opposite sex. Congratulations, Mary, on a fine piece of work.

Why College, Senior?

School days will soon be over—what then? Some day, some one is going to ask you—"What can you do?" Upon your answer to that question will depend your future success. In this day of CCC camps, relief stations, and unemployment, it is most necessary to be specialized.

Analyze yourself. For what are you best fitted? High school is just a step in the preparation of young men and young women who really want to contribute something worthwhile to this generation. If you know that you are especially talented, do not waste the gifts which have been entrusted to you. Expand them.

If you are particularly interested in one field, concentrate upon that, even though others in which you are less interested may seem to offer a more lucrative future. The chances for success will be much greater if you put your whole heart in preparation for doing the thing in which your interests are centered. Remember this when you go to college, and you will find your higher education of far more benefit to you than it would otherwise be.

"Are Atque Vale," Seniors

The seniors who graduate this week have passed through three of the most difficult years since 1929. They have weathered the storm of depression that hit the school in recent years, and they have proved their metal. Denied advantages of former students, those who will graduate have nevertheless made noteworthy records. But more than that, they have assumed the great responsibility of bridging the gap made by the depression in our school history and have initiated for those of us who will be back next year a new program of progress that has already largely restored our former prestige and may even inspire us to better previous standards. Accordingly, Seniors, we say to you, "Hail and farewell."

Meditation on Graduation

"School days! School days! Dear old golden rule days!" It seemed at most times as if they were all rule days, and I probably will not realize how many days were golden ones until I've had more time to reflect on my life here. At present, I can think only of graduation, which means leaving dear old G. H. S. for good. I've made many mistakes here, and there have been many things which I should have done that I have not done. But my regrets are overshadowed by my pleasure at having been of service, however great or small, to my school.

As I face graduation, I have many qualms and fears. I cannot know what the future holds for me, and I think now that it would be much nicer to stay here where security and happiness are insured; however, the time has come for me to go, and I must face the future. Never again shall I hoot and jibe at those who have shed tears at graduation, for today I shall probably be found among those weeping; for then, G. H. S., I shall say, "goodbye."

MARY LINDSAY, President Senior Class.

OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor: During the first semester, when our session room periods were longer, programs were given, contests were sponsored, and the students were able to form many friendships by contact with the people in their home room. This semester there has been no time for all this. It is my suggestion that next year we have a 20-minute session room period once a week; with this period more programs could be given, more contests sponsored, new acquaintances made, and the students would soon have a better outlook on school affairs. This would tend to increase student participation in more school activities.

Sincerely, LAURA SPENCE.

PERSONALITY OF THE WEEK

On a hot August day in 1919, August 10 to be exact, an addition was made to the population of Greensboro, N. C.; and the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Malcolm Murray was named William Gray. Little was it dreamed at the time that he would some day become the president of Greensboro High School.

Bill made excellent grades in elementary school. In 1932 he moved to Indianapolis, Ind., where he continued his good work in junior high. At the same time he participated in other school activities. He then entered Shortridge Senior High School and continued his education there through his sophomore year.

In 1935 he transferred to Greensboro High where he was an active member of the football team last season, but was unable to play this year because of a broken collarbone. When the spring elections came, Bill was elected president of the student body, although he had been at G. H. S. only one year. He is a member of Torchlight, and a manager of the basket ball team. He has also taken part in many other school activities.

Bill, who is taking a science course, plans to go to the University of North Carolina next fall to study medicine. His highest ambition is to become a physician or surgeon. Probably he will be very successful in this, for certainly he possesses the four Torchlight requirements: scholarship, leadership, service, and character, which distinguish him as an all-around High School Senior, and which will be of great value to him in his chosen work.

CAPS AND GOWNS vs. SENIORS

Class day rolls around again, and another school year is all but finished. Everywhere among the more intellectual of the student body one sees heads graced with caps of knowledge and bodies loosely clad in robes of intelligence. But alas! Their unsuspecting dignity is misplaced in more cases than one, when clumsy feet entangle themselves in the graceful folds of those so newly-acquired garments; and heretofore superior heads fall quickly to the level of the juniors and in some cases even as low as our degraded "sophs."

Here and there one stumbles upon a gray-clad figure who has lost an arm in the numerous folds of his attire—ah there! he has found it—and he slowly drifts away, his vanity exceedingly pained that anyone could have thought for a moment that he, as a "Senior," could possibly have become entangled in his own intelligent's equipment.

Another of those superior figures is encountered, by a snooping member of the underclassmen, having a fierce struggle with that hirsute assortment of strings, which dangle innocently from his cap of knowledge, and is forever disturbing the dignified features of the now enraged face of Monsieur le Senior.

"These reporters—" he begins, but I had made my exit while he still could do so gracefully.

HAIL TO OUR HIGH SCHOOL Senior Class Song

Hail to our high school! All hail to thee! Thy praise we honor; thy true sons are we. Long may thy memories linger about us. Hail to our high school! All hail to thee! Hail to our high school, all hail to thee. We pledge allegiance whereso'er we be. We will be faithful, loyal, wholehearted. Hail to our high school, all hail to thee. Hail to our high school, all hail to thee. We sing thy praises, voices glad and free. While life shall hold us, we will remember. Hail to our high school, all hail to thee.

SKIP DAY FOR SENIORS

With the last lines of their class song still lingering in the air, the Senior class of 1937 broke ranks and began capering Tuesday in a most unprecedented fashion, for that was annual skip day. The 250 young aspirants descended first upon the Mayfair Cafeteria for lunch. When the hungry mob had been satisfied, on they went like a horde of beasts. Their next objective was the Carolina theatre where they remained stationary for two hours. Following this, they visited the City Lake as guests of the Greensboro Recreation Commission. After the swim, the seniors disbanded into little groups, and the Skip Day for Seniors of 1937 soon passed away.

LETTERS TO LULU

Dear Lulu: About three or four times a year I have to go shopping with my mother for new outfits, and we never can agree on a thing. I want some good-looking, sophisticated clothes and she wants to dress me up in cute frills that make me look like Shirley Temple. What shall I do?

Tottering, M. M.

Dear M. M.: Why not compromise? Be very sweet and tell your mother that after all you have to wear the clothes, but that if she will let you have a certain dress that you will be oh! so good and get also the one that she likes. It really works. I know. Sincerely, LULU.

Dear Lulu: I am a teacher who is lanning to get married this summer. My students keep asking me if I am one of the ones the papermentations and I blush, stammer, and say, "well," would I tell them, even before my engagement is formally announced?

Dilberating, W. M.

Dear W. M.: Personally I don't see any harm in telling the student, if you are sure the event is definite, unless you are afraid of the kidding they will hand you. Since that will surely come sooner or later, why not get it off a little at a time? Sincerely, LULU.

POET'S CORNER

TO KEATS

When smoke in clouds doth fade in the twilight, When rovers come to home again, When clouds with fluffy form doth hide the light, When thrush on nest and babes has lain; When fires light waxes to court souls and hearts, When babe is tucked in bed so safe, When sleep, with sand in hand his journey starts, When noises cease and all's still;

Above the sleeping rest I climb to your abode, And light the lamp that fits my heart To live, to care, to love, to have a heart as yours, And form a tie that years shall not part.

Oh Keats, thy soul doth live with me in reverie; Thy heated heart doth beat as mine And cast its shadow long and grim on me, And make my years as short as thine.

Immortal soul, whose body's rest is cast away, Whose bones no good the earth doth do, Alive in hearts that love thy words and live their time, A tribute to eternal you, Teddy Mills.

HINTS TO THE GARDENER OR SOMEBODY

So you're going to start a garden? Well, don't let me stop you, you do let my few remarks dissuade you from your plan. My advice is to get some seeds from the grocery store. My own experience is the best teacher. Of course you wouldn't stand a garden—that is not again. But then I might be prejudiced because of what happened the last time; but, dear me, he has not interested in my little story. You must discuss that garden of yours. Let's begin with zinnias.

Zinnias are handy little plants. A species of the Intergrunderskinning family. Some scientists call them Intergrunderskinning, but I agree with the Askosh School of Natural Life that Intergrunderskinning is the proper name.

Well, as I was saying, zinnias (zinnias, remember?) grows very well in garden-variety soil. Therefore, let us start with zinnias. Now I started with zinnias and well ended with—, but it might have been that I didn't water them enough, or maybe it was the hired man pushed the tennis court roller, or by mistake. Yes, that might have been it—the rate they never came up. But we'll start with zinnias. Dear me, we ought to be finished with zinnias now, don't you think—or do you?

Well, after you've planted zinnias, try some marigolds. There are several varieties of this lovely flower, but we'll plant just Japanese or dwarf marigold. That is, you can't get it if you want to. Personally they always give a hayfever. Well something gives it to me, and might just as well be marigolds as goldenrod. It sounds just alike anyway. That reminds me, I just see my dentist about that tooth. Funny how remembered. Hayfever makes me think of colds of doctors, doctors of dentists. Well, bye; hope you have success with your garden.

HAPPY VACATION!

"College is fun, but it is a lot of hard work to pass. We're going to be prepared for it by taking long, lazy vacations this summer." Such are the sentiments of the Senior class. So, north, south, east, and west, hail to all the seniors on vacation.

To the north: Mary Spence Watkins will tour New England; Marjorie Siger and Virginia Schrock will sightsee in New York. The same is true of Mary Katherine Snyder, Helen Dornseif who plan to go to Atlantic City; Harry Holen, Reed is moving to Richmond, Va., will spend the summer there.

To the south: Mayes Egan and Gwen Holler will bask in the Florida sun. Joel Richardson will attend summer school in Florida, while Howard Adair will travel through Florida, Virginia, Wells, Clara Hunter, Gene Morrison, Vincent Schenck, Helen Donovan, Douglas, and Margaret Wrenn Wood will be on the surf at Myrtle Beach, S. C.

To the east: Sue Bishoff probably spend part of her vacation lying on sands of Wrightsville Beach, N. C. Elisabeth will do the same, at Virginia Beach, Va.

To the west: Carolyn will visit relatives in Kentucky. Graham will attend a conference at Black Mountain, N. C. Mary Lindsay and Gladys Smith will spend some time in Charlotte, N. C.

The rest of the seniors according to reports we have gathered, will remain in Greensboro, some of them working, some of them playing, but all of them having a good time. Happy Vacation!

Last Will and Testament

Instead of having the last will and testament of the graduating class read in the usual manner, the seniors who will graduate tonight presented a skit Tuesday in which they bequeathed various and sundry articles and qualities to the members of the student body who were not graduating. With the halls of G. H. S. on the last day of school as a background, the class of June, 1937, presented the following sketch:

SCENE

Row of lockers across stage in front of dream curtain. Curtain rises on crowd going by. At ringing of bell most of underclassmen dash out, while seniors alternately dig in lockers, idle around, pile junk and papers from notebooks in and around waste basket.

Hunter: Come on now, you hams, let's get these dumps cleaned out.

Couch: I've forgotten the combination to mine.

McKenzie: Aw, you dumb cluck, it's 3-36-7. Better hurry up—you'll be late.

Rogers: Aw, I don't have to go to class today—I'm a SENIOR.

Clemmons: Si, si, signor! (Goes out and returns at once with wastebasket.) Langston: Go get a wheelbarrow—I intend to empty my locker once and for all.

Lyon: You goin' to clean out that locker? You'll find anything in there from bears to boll weevils. (Hoyle pulls out fuzzy coat.)

Spotlight: You still carrying that apartment around?

Layton: Yeah, boy, but not for long. Here, lad, (putting it on Koury as he passes) go play in the woods.

Couch: La, here's that quid of chewing gum I lost before the Christmas holidays. (Starts to throw it away.)

Hunter: You ought not to throw away an heirloom like that, gal. Mrs. Hall ought to have it to exhibit in that case in the library.

Couch: Not me. Here, L. E., I leave you this dainty wad. (Randy adds an old hat to trash pile. He finds an ancient comb, cleans it, anoints his hair, and begins to slick it down.)

Dees: What's that awful stuff you put on your hair, Randy? Lard?

Spotlight: Awful stuff, my eye, this is high-class Tuxedo oil. Now I'm graduating, I'm going to give this away (Hands to Yates Crabtree.)

(Hunter brings out angel robe and holds it up with ache-woey expression.)

Clemmons: You better keep these angel clothes; it's the nearest to Heaven you'll ever get.

Bartlett, B.: Well, if all you tight-wads are giving away everything, I'll leave my foliage to Mr. Hucks. (Rubs foliage away.)

Oakes: Aw, I leave my shapely finger to Jean Stafford.

Dornseif: I'm going to present my peroxide (brings out big bottle) to next fall's football team, care of Connie Winbush.

Clemmons: Don't use it all yourself, mug.

Behrman: (Extracts loud shirt from locker. Groans and dazed eyes from bystanders.) Page Charlie Bennett.

Lyon: (Adding milk bottles and cafeteria silver to pile) I had planned to save these until I started housekeeping, but probably I can get better ones at Davidson.

(Reddick and Ozment pass by.)

Hunter: Say, you mad chemists, what are you leaving?

Davis, J.: Fats, (to Melvin Trull) this collar is just a shade too small for me; maybe you can use it. (Tries to put it on.)

Couch: Echols going to be giving her quiet voice to Tecny Mehane and Dot Ellington.

Brandt: It's better to be seen than heard.

Rogers: Emil (Schlosser), my friend, as a token of our appreciation of your exquisite taste in haberdashery, I wish to present to you on behalf of the senior class this conservative little number. (Loudst of ties.)

Wells: Any of you folks got any extra credits?

Group: Yeah, I got four. One over, who wants it? I got three.

Wells: Well, let's take up a collection of all the extra ones in the senior class and present 'em to the Ginsbergs. (Ed removes stick from locker and throbs on pile.)

Clemmons: What's that for—to defend yourself from these wild "winemen"—or just to have to beat them off with a stick?

Lyon: Look at me: A. A., A., A., how'm I doing?

Dees: Who'd you borrow 'em from? You never made those yourself.

Couch: Better leave your recipe to Jo Bert—he could certainly use it.

Brandt: Who's going to get Ronald Bolton's hat in the cafeteria at second lunch period?

Hunter: It'll take a better man than you, big boy. (Davis sits wearily with feet in the gutter.)

Dees: What's the matter with you? Jimmie Davis: Oh, oh, am I tired! Some of us have just worn ourselves out this spring STUDYING. First period, shop; second period, physical ed.; third period, study; fourth period, lunch; fifth, study; sixth, chorus; seventh, study! Whoose!

Dees: You poor thing. You better get some rest for your brain! Sounds like Mary Jane Goodwin's schedule: first period, Johnson; second period,

Johnson; third period, Johnson; sixth period, Johnson.

(Lyon gets out packs of popsicle sticks.)

McKenzie: Oh, boy, do you believe in preparedness. Give those to Charlie Hipp.

Lyon: Can't—aren't mine; this is John Davis' emergency supply.

Kemp: Cecil Frazier ought to leave his Easter haircut to Mr. Breit.

McKenzie: (Pulling out pajama coat) What the well-dressed gent will wear to school.

Lyon: Oh, baby, here's a slam book.

Group: Am I in it? What does it say about me? Let's see. "Teggy Douglas, that harmful little armful." Here's Doris Shaffer—"the 'eyes' have it." "Moose Campbell's Joy gives him plenty to worry about."

Couch: La, here's that library book—and I swore to Mrs. Hall I'd brought it back. She'll skin me.

Rogers: How's this for hot wall-paper? Man, wouldn't that make you perspire? (Strips pictures from inside of door and adds them with movie magazines and wild west to the pile.) (Bartlett adds ancient socks, muffler, old raincoat.)

Kemp: Hey, you must have been going to rummage sales.

Dees: You silly nuts had better stop your gabbing and get going. You dummies'll never get your waxes dry in time to get to the rehearsal this afternoon.

Hunter: Oh, lord-ee, I forgot—where's my invitation? Boy, isn't it romantic! Just like in a dime novel.

Mr. A. Paul Routh requests the honor of your presence at the marriage of The Senior Class to

The Spirit of Greensboro High Wednesday afternoon, June second, at five o'clock Senior High School Auditorium

Kemp: Aw, for goodness sake. Just look at my heart. I bet we have fun this afternoon at that rehearsal.

Couch: You're mighty right we'll have fun. Can you imagine Delilah Siler's pinch hitting for the bride, Gee.

Group: I have to go. I've got to roll my hair up. Who's got a car. Any-one going up the hill? Want to ride? Come on. I'll take you as far as the Y. Curtain on the confusion.

Class Prophecy

One of the cleverest prophecies that has ever been read on Class Day was presented Tuesday when the Senior class of June, 1937, gave its farewell program in chapel.

Stewart Rogers—a patent medicine salesman.

Sue Reynolds—a veterinarian.

Jimmy Davis—Fred Astaire, II.

Doris Shaffer—an author.

George Brandt—Imperial Theatre stooge.

Paul King—a statesman.

Louise Oliver—still a flirt.

Marjorie Silbiger—Superior court justice.

Mary Lindsay—Zasu Pitts' double.

Randy Speight—Blumenthal stylist.

Carter Reaves—inventor of tail lights for sleep walkers.

Annie Lee Cable—a secretary.

Joy Cann—Coney Island Barker.

Ed Sullivan—head of a deaf and dumb school.

Daphne Teague—a house wife.

Carolyn Walker—a cartoonist.

Bob Garrett—a traffic cop.

Georgia Dees—secretary of agriculture.

Janice Dickson—director of reducing class.

Charles Wilkins—champion sit-down striker.

Kenneth:

At the Imperial he's a stooge, And his face is bright with rouge; He's sorta shy and bashful now, But come out George Brandt and take a bow.

Rigdon Harris: He is using his wrestling training to get a five-letter word in a three-letter space.

Virginia Schrock: Who gets up on a box, And gives this country awful knocks; Who thus makes his voice ring, An easy guess—it's our Paul King.

Vincent Schenck: He got that way from debating.

Ed: Who's that strutting down the street, She winks her eye and smiles so sweet; And when she meets a handsome boy, Her eyes light up with expectant joy, She smiles so sweetly and sighs a bit, For Louise Oliver wants to make a hit.

Mildred: Still a flirt!

Charles W.: Now she's in the court—Supreme, To be judge was her dream; No woman on the bench but her, You guessed it—Marjorie Silbiger.

Beryle: Marjorie always was interested in history.

Shirley: Who is it that talks so slow, Now her name you should know; For she's the Zasu Pitts of the screen, It's Mary Lindsay that I mean.

Gilmer C.: And I thought she was going to be a lawyer.

Leroy S.: He has the grandest job of all, For he's the stylist for Blumenthal; He shows the boys how to dress, It's Randy Speight, how did you guess?

Carolyn W.: I wonder if he still reads Esquire.

Jack T.: Now Mr. Carter (Inventor) Reaves, Always has something up his sleeves; Now he's invented tail lights for sleep-walkers, And muzzles for careless sleep talkers.

Virginia C.: Still inventing!

Gilmer C.: Annie Lee Cable is a secretary, She knows her bust, Suppose she'll make a hit, If she doesn't.

James P.: death.

Kitty B.: In the future you will see, A Barker at a Coney Island Jam-boree; The face is familiar I've seen it before, It's Joy Cann that let's out that roar.

Ed: Looks like she would have run down by now.

Beryle: Head of a deaf and dumb school you say? I knew Ed Sullivan would be that some day.

Mildred: Well, dumb anyhow. She cleans her house all day long, And over her dishes she sings a song; Yes, Daphne Teague has become a wife, I think she's got the job for life.

Louise O.: If she is as good a housekeeper as she was a student, she is better than good.

Bill S.: Her pictures are in the papers now, And boy, are they a wow! Her cartoons cover one whole page, It's Carolyn Walker that is now the rage.

Kenneth M.: Not exactly the front page but she made the newspapers anyway.

George R.: Bob Garrett, you good old top, Don't worry about your French flop; We all know that it won't stop, Your ambition to be a traffic cop.

Leroy: Looks good to see old Bob waving his arms at the Square.

Sue B.: Since we must secure The first woman Secretary of Agriculture, We chose with the greatest of ease None other than Miss Georgin Dees.

Chas. W.: That truck gave her Ideas, Vincent: Janice Dickson, a very fine lass, And has started, so I am told, Her own reducing class.

Helen D.: I hope she doesn't reduce her good nature.

Rigdon: Charles Wilkins as a measure of defense, Keeps his employer in suspense; Just for spite, And remains to sit after a sit-down strike.

Sue B.: Sitting is what Charles does best.