

HIGH LIFE

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the Students of Greensboro
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Greensboro, North Carolina
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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.

What Price Cheating?

Is cheating worth the price one
has to pay? Is making an excel-
lent grade in English or mathe-
matics by dishonest work worth the
loss of self-respect and the respect
of your fellow students — and
eventually that of your teachers?

You ask, "What is real cheat-
ing?" Of course everyone con-
demns open cheating on tests and
class work, but not everyone thinks
of the person who copies your
homework, because he was too
sleepy to do it last night, as being a
cheat. Not everyone condemns the
boy or girl who "borrows" your
notebook the night before it is due
to be handed in and does the work,
in a half hour's copying, that you
have probably worked over for sev-
eral nights.

Nevertheless, the person who
does this is just as much of a cheat
as the one who is openly dishonest
on tests and he loses the esteem of
his fellow classmates just as
quickly.

It is difficult to refuse to "lend"
your work when a friend asks for
it, but if we, the students of
Greensboro Senior High School,
are to live up to the standards set
for us in the past, we must conduct
a campaign against cheating in
every form—we must learn to re-
fuse to uphold the other fellow in
his dishonest work; for that is what
we really are doing when we are
unable to refuse to assist, or to do
a fellow student's work for him.

Now that the Social Standards
conference has so successfully car-
ried out its theme, "Behave Your-
self," let us adopt another motto,
"Down with cheating — and

cheaters!" and save ourselves from
undue criticism, which will surely
be directed upon us if this practice
is continued.

Birds of America

John James Audubon was one of
the greatest naturalists and bird
painters in America. His original
publications of birds are worth
thousands of dollars, but now a
book has been published with a
complete selection of Audubon's
works, and we are fortunate to
have a copy in our library. It is a
marvelous collection for one man
to have made, and it contains a few
misrepresentations.

Have You Read It?

Since National Book Week was cele-
brated this month, *HIGH LIFE* chose
this time to inaugurate a new column—
thumb nail book reviews. The book
sketch this week was selected because
the author, Emil Ludwig, spoke at
Woman's College recently, and, there-
fore, the subject is of current interest.
The Nile, by Emil Ludwig; The Viking
Press, New York, 1937. \$5.

Many legends and stories have grown
up about this mysterious river. As we
follow the course of the Nile, whose
origin is in a land of wild beauty, we
visualize the past and its numerous
historic figures. The story of the primi-
tive tribes living along the river runs
parallel with the tale of rulers of Egypt
and Europe. Therefore, one meets ele-
phants, cannibals, nineteenth century
explorers, and British bridge-builders,
as well as Cleopatra, Napoleon, Caesar,
and Antony in the pages of this fasci-
nating tale.

The life-story of a river that moves
primarily through space, as well as
through time, is begun, not with the
pyramids at the mouth, which is the
usual order of its history, but with the
waterfalls at the source.

However, it is the beautiful language
and easy style, in which all Mr. Lud-
wig's books are written and which is
repeated in this story, that really at-
tract the reader. The book will be re-
membered not as a factual history of a
river, but as a biography of the Nile
and its people through the years.

Poet's Corner

COURTSHIP

I threw a kiss one day to a daisy,
And she smiled back at me!
Cold chills of delight tickled my stalk,
And my hair roots wriggled with glee.

I longed to whisper sweet nothings
In her snowy, white-petaled ear;
So I picked up a tune from the breezes,
And murmured it to my dear.

Oh, that was a happy courtship
On a beautiful day in June,
But the frost soon took her away,
And ended it all too soon.

Nancy O'Brien.

ELAINE

(The following poem was written in
Miss Wall's English 5 class, which re-
cently completed a unit on Tennyson's
"Idylls of the King.")

Poor Elaine—so pure and sweet—
Threw her love at Lancelot's feet;
Lancelot turned it down for fear
Of his wicked love for Guinevere.

Poor Elaine—with broken heart—
Decided death would be her part;
Thus the maid of Astolat
Died, thinking only of Lancelot.

Lancelot, knowing, merely mused
O'er the love he had so abused;
And continued with what to him was
dear—
His wicked love for Guinevere.

Paul Wilson.

Mother: "Johnny, why do I find your
hand in the cookie jar?"

Johnny: "I don't know, mother, un-
less it's because you wear rubber heels."



ALONG NATURE TRAILS

Conservation of Christmas Green

Did you know that holly, cedar, and
winter berries will soon be extinct if
we continue to use them for Christ-
mas decorations?

Only the female holly tree produces
berries, and these trees are cut down
in enormous numbers every Christmas.
The cedars are also used every year.
They are slow growers, and are not
very large in number. If we continue
to use them, they will soon be depleted.

Why not use the pine? It makes
just as lovely a Christmas tree. These
trees are more numerous, and grow
very fast.

Feeding the Birds

Oh boy! Did you enjoy your food
on Thanksgiving day? However, did
you think about the birds? They have
a hard time securing their food this
cold weather. Throw out some bread
crumbs or hang up a piece of suet, and
you will have as much fun out of
watching the different species eat as
they will have eating the food. Set
up a feeding station around your home,
and you will soon have a family of
birds.

Red-breasted Nuthatch

Members of the nature study class
observed several Red-breasted Nut-
hatches which are migrating from the
north where they nest. This bird is
rarely seen here; hence, as beginners
in bird study, we consider ourselves
fortunate in having seen them. This
bird is most useful because it controls
the insects that would destroy our
forests.

Open Forum

Dear Editor:

Are we the students of this High
School taking life too easy? Are we
seriously finding fault with the way
our government is handling our present

day situation? Students, we are the
ones who will be chosen to go to war.
Are we going to allow ourselves to be
dragged into something which does not
concern us? Are we not satisfied with
our present homes and schools? Why
should we be blown to bits by gunfire
because some foreign country wants in
its back yard another country's land?
Let's all help in a movement to pro-
mote a peaceful nation.

BROADUS TROXLER.

POETIC ARITHMETIC

The problem work which the student
is asked to do in a business course of
arithmetic should accurately reflect the
sort of calculating that is done in
business today. Since time immemorial,
puzzle problems have furnished news-
paper editorial writers and comic strip
artists with a vast amount of material.
And it is a fact that any number of
problems which appeared in arithmetic
books long ago in the elementary
school are well calculated to create
laughter. But they were no laughing
matter to the children!

The gem found below was found in
one of the chapters of the old book,
"Mercantile Arithmetic":

"When first the marriage knot was tied
Betwixt my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed
As three times three do three;
But after ten and half ten years,
We man and wife had been,
Our ages then appeared to be
As eight is to sixteen.
Now, Tyro, skilled in numbers, say,
What were our ages on the wedding
day?"

The answer, also in rhymed form,
goes like this:

"Sir, forty-five years you had been,
Your bride no more than just fifteen."
—The Rowe Budget.

"Now, in case anything should go
wrong with this experiment," said the
professor of chemistry, "we and the
laboratory will all be blown sky high.
Now, come a little closer, boys in order
that you may follow me."

DON'T CHEAT

EACH TIME YOU CHEAT IN EXAMS IT BECOMES
EASIER TO CHEAT NEXT TIME UNTIL —



Flash! Mr. and Mrs. G.H.S.!

All Students at Large!

Mr. J. Stanley Johnson has been
talking with Habana, Cuba, India and
Joplin, Mo., through his personal ama-
teur radio hookup. He says that he
has been trying to contact an exiled
Indian prince who, he has heard, has
a radio set. As yet he hasn't had much
luck—just talking with the commo-
ners, you know—but here's hoping!

Also, two G. H. S. radio students,
David Abbott and Herbert Clark, have
been contacting the outside world by
means of radio and telephone equip-
ment. David has talked with Iraq,
Asia, over the telephone just as you
and I would talk, except, of course,
we wouldn't be talking with Asia; and
Herbert has contacted Australia—he
didn't say who spoke; maybe it

was Uncle Wiggum?

Isn't science wonderful?

I'll be back in a flash with a flash—
next time.

LIKE A GOLDFISH ON A WASHBOARD

"A ship lost at sea" might just as
well describe my feelings three weeks
ago when I entered G. H. S. for the
first time in all my life. I rode to
school, and before I reached my desti-
nation, I found myself wondering if I
were leaving all hints of civilization.
Later, after entering the school, I was
so skittish that if anyone had said
"seat," I would have jumped straight
in the air, and on landing would not
have stopped running until I was three
miles away—if then.

Once in the office, I settled down
to wait for Mr. Routh, whom I did not
see until nearly 11 o'clock. In the
meantime my heart reached out to Miss
Hyams who conversed with me and also
gave me a handbook and the latest edi-
tion of *High Life* which I pretended
to read; but all the while I was really
envying her for her poise.

Mr. Routh, I found, was all the
things I expected a principal to be—
only he was much more pleasant. Ar-
ranging my schedule, he took me
around, introducing me to my teachers.
Before the ordeal was over, I was cer-
tain that I would "get along."

My being from Charlotte must have
interested many students, for I was
swamped with questions about different
people and places there. At lunch I
was ushered into a crowd that was so
sociable that I couldn't imagine the
loneliness I had felt a few hours be-
fore. Yet, every time I changed classes
and found myself being pushed along
with an utterly strange group, I had a
longing to crawl into a hole and pull
the sod over me.

Now, I am perfectly at home. I feel
at ease—as though I belonged here. I
owe my more recent opinion of G. H. S.
to the many students who have made
me one of them.

By a New Student.

Sh-h-h-h!

Now that Thanksgiving and football
season are over, and everyone in
school is settling down for his
long classroom naps until those blessed
Christmas holidays arrive, and the
weatherman is predicting colder winds,
we are wondering who will be the first
to drag out that dowdy-looking coon-
skin cap Ed Langston left to the school
when he graduated last June.

A recent oral pop quiz put to about
50 people in the school reveals that
chocolate ice cream is the favorite food
of most of those questioned. One of the
strongest addicts of this delicacy, Miss
Sara Mims, mentioned incidentally
that she liked hers "smothered under
gobs of whipped cream"—a hint to cer-
tain gentlemen of the faculty.

Just from sheer personal observa-
tion we would imagine that Jane Mur-
ray uses more notebook paper than
anybody in school. And it isn't all for
school work, either. (How in the world
can you think of so many to write to,
Jane?)

Choicest news bit of the week: Miss
Louise Smith, well-known faculty mem-
ber, was secretary of the first G. H. S.
Student Council.

And who should come tripping down
the hall the other day, all garbed in a
certain Guilford collegiate's short coat,
than Mitzi Sewell. It is a sort of
mutual exchange, we learned. He
thinks her green corduroy beer jacket
is just too, too ducky.

Who remembers when Elma Dean
used to sing on the Junior Radio Hour
... Catherine Paris was the best run-
ner in the sixth grade at Aycock
School, except for Ed Gehrke, her arch
rival. ... Edgar Harvey was Judge
of the court at Central Junior High.
... Harold Ginsberg sang tenor in
the Aycock School Glee Club. ... Mr.
Hucks had no mustache?

FOOTBALL BOYS ON HONOR ROLL

Your reporter realizes that there are
exceptions to all rules, but has decided
that the familiar expression "football
players are dumb" will have to be veri-
fied, for G. H. S. football stars (at
least) are not scatter-brained. During
the first six weeks report period, three
football players of this school made an
average of 90 or better. They are
Charles "Hardrock" Hipp, Perrine Bil-
yeu, and James Wolfe. It's up to you,
gridiron boys; are you going to keep
this record up, or are you going to go
back on us?

Professor: "You have now been in
my service twenty-five years, I believe,
Mary."

Faithful Domestic (expectantly): "Yes,
sir."

Professor: "Well, as a reward for
your faithful services, I have decided
to name after you the new species of
beetle I have just discovered."