



HIGH LIFE

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the Students of Greensboro
Senior High School
Greensboro, North Carolina
Founded by Class of 1921



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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.

A Magazine, A "High Life," and A Vestment

To those who participated in the recent magazine contest, staged for two worthy high school causes, commendation is due. These people have aided in the achievement of these goals, and may feel justly proud to receive its benefits.

Nevertheless, those who failed to do their part will be provided with a "High Life" and will see the choir vested. We congratulate those who tried and succeeded—we thank those who tried—and to those who failed to try—next time, let your conscience be your guide!

A Bouquet To Teachers

Yes, it's true that they are a little unreasonable about the suggestion of no homework because of the game; about the crack that Johnny just made; or a little unsympathetic about the lack of punctual term papers, but we still need them! They teach, pound, or cram that knowledge, without which we would be lost in the shining future that we see pictured ahead, into our craniums.

They make no fortune for their efforts, have no shorter working hours, no greater privileges, nor any more conveniences than other members of the professions, and they undoubtedly and unmistakably have more "tools" to conquer.

We very seldom show our appreciation, so let's join together at one united time and hand this bouquet to—teachers!

D. E. H.

Does It Pay To Pass That Way?

Are you a crammer? Do you wait until the night before a big test to learn four weeks of class work? Are you one of those persons who depends on stored facts to pass him from one semester to another, from high school to college.

For many years a major problem of colleges and high schools alike has been the crammers. They ply their smarter friends with "likely" questions, sit up all night hunched over text books, drink steaming black coffee, and then go to class red-eyed and sleepy, sometimes they get through; sometimes they don't. Sometimes it takes a compiled list of important facts carefully placed in the pocket handkerchief, or up their coat sleeves to get them through. But the important thing is that the facts don't remain with them. What will they do when they need them? Who will be there to help slide them on? Does it pay to be a crammer?

Cafeteria Murals

Since the art classes have been doing such varied work, HIGH LIFE would like to suggest that some of their murals be transferred to the drab brick walls of the cafeteria. It would make the lunch room a more pleasant place for students and also present a brilliant perspective to visitors. Murals of American civilization are painted on the art room walls. Why not make our lunch room just as attractive?

Concerning Chewing Gum and Gum Chewers

As a regular epidemic of chewing gum seems to have hit Greensboro high, this "choice morsel" was dug out of the files in hopes that it would be of benefit.—The Editor.

Lo! Chewing gum's main ingredient is sap, but it is not as sappy as the saps that chew it.

Observe brethren, on the side streets, the main streets, and back streets; observe brethren, in churches, movies, and classroom; observe the gum chewers and let their chewings be an example unto you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, there are many, many gum chewers; but all the days of thy life thou shalt not behold two chewers who employ the same technique.

There is the chewer who striketh terror into thy very soul with every dislocation of his jaw; there is the chewer who doth "pop" his gum and saith unto himself, "Lo, see the envy in yonder rascal's eye! How he doth wish he might pop his gum—but I shall not tell him"; there is the chewer who doth forget that he chews—yea, and he is the only one who doth forget it. There is the chewer who pulleth his gum and bloweth bubbles which pop his gum over his face; there is the chewer who doth tire of his gum, straightway throwing it upon the dance floor; there is the chewer who chaweth to hear the teacher say, "Sammy, art thou chewing gum?"—and then straightway she requireth him to throw it in the trash can.

The memory expert chewer doth chew his gum and sticks it in secret places, saying to himself, "In truth I shall return on the morrow and retrieve this marvelous gum"; but he doth not return for many morrows. Verily, I say unto you, the latter chewer should be annihilated. His gum sticketh on shoes, it soileth hands, it doth pull the hair; and yet when in use, it faileth to kill the chewer. Likewise there are many other chewers—who just chew.

Let this thy motto be: "Chew unto others as you would have them chew unto you."

Verily, there are many reasons for chewing gum. It keepeth the teeth white, it exerciseth the jaws, it doth give the breath a likeness unto dewy rosebuds, and lastly, it maketh the manufacturers rich.

Verily, however, a true delight is the chewer who doth chew in a quiet and reserved manner. Truly, he hath perfected the art of gum chewing.

Sub-Deb Lights

Well, gals and galleries, it looks like we are in for it now. No, we aren't bothered with wooden shoes. That isn't our troubles. But we do sound as if we needed a few mouse-traps. Pollock's started the whole thing with the sale of Mexican leather shoes to the high school crowd. We would like to suggest that they include a can of oil with each purchase. It's only fair. Even with the noise, (which we hope soon goes away), the sandals are very attractive, and seem to have replaced the moccasins of a former year.

Although it's still a little early, (and a great deal too cold), to be thinking about summer clothes as yet, you can't help noticing that the strapless mode seems to be taking over everything, even beach clothes. Another new feature that cropped up in this season's resort clothes is the use of feminine, old-fashioned touches on beach wear. The can—can play—suits, for example. Here's hoping that we keep up the feminine trend, anyway. Even though they profess admiration of sophistication and glamour, men really like little women over whom they feel possessive and protective. (The last was to make us feel better about Hedy LaMarr).

And so to our parting shot of the day—although sometimes false, eye-lashes usually take you a long way in some things. So long!

These Everchanging Styles



BAGATAILS

A day at school is like a blind date—contains unknown possibilities.

HOPES ROSE; HOPES BLASTED; HOPES RECOVER

(A Drama in Three Acts)

Miss (?): "Girls, (address used by one feminine-faculty member to another) have you seen him? He's single, too. Ah! At last, perhaps my old-maiden days are over. A prospect looms on the horizon."

Despair takes the center of the stage.

Mrs. (?): "Of course, since I have your interest at heart (talking to her feminine audience), I hate to tell you this, but Mr. (?) is married. You must all give up. I know of plenty things that are worse than being an old maid."

Miss (?): "You do, what?"
Elapse of 10 minutes in time. Light dawns (on someone).

Mrs. (?): "Listen, girls, I've at last found out the truth. I got the news straight from 'Prospect Hill,' himself. He's single, but rather mathematically inclined."

Girls exit, applying "Old Faithful," the makeup.

BE KIND TO ALL DUMB ANIMALS AND GIVE SMALL BIRDS A CRUMB:

BE KIND TO HUMAN BEINGS, TOO—

THEY'RE SOMETIMES PRETTY DUMB.

Douglass Hunt loves a good, hot argument,

He'll talk for hours anywhere; But just one rule must be observed,—To use statistics isn't fair.

One of G. H. S.'s best dressers gets a kick out of her new shoes—but—there are complaints that they squeak!

Harold Ginsberg's book on "How to Win Success" has left his problems all unsolved. It seems inspiring, but he finds there's always too much work involved.

With the Colleges

Sixty-nine colleges and universities in 24 states and five foreign countries are represented by the University of New Hampshire faculty members.

Research at the University of Illinois is proving that air-conditioning materially aids a patient's chances of recovery.

The University of Utah biological museum has just received an extra-special gift of 2,000 birds' eggs.

Black Mountain college, in North Carolina, spent a grand total of \$12.80 on athletics during 1938.



LETTERS TO LULU

Dear Lulu:

My boy-friend doesn't wear garters, and I can't stand to see his socks bagging around his ankles. How can I tell him about it?

MABEL.

Just show him this column, Mabel, and if he can't take the hint, then he's too dumb to date.

LULU.

Do You Remember?

Can you rack your fourth dimension and search your gray matter and think where you've heard this before:

1. "Sassy"—the flying squirrel who lived up to his name. No, he wasn't sassy, he flew away.

2. Beer jackets—they're "hanging over."

3. Bows, beaux, and "Bozo"—quite a variation, but by the return of the first ones mentioned, we still remember.

4. The coming of Mr. Aycock—everybody's "darling."

5. The first magazine campaign—quite a difference, "eh what"?

6. When you were a sophomore—wow! will that take reminiscence!

7. The mimeographed "Spotlight," succeeded by "High Life"?

Co-Ediquette Problem No. 1

BE A PROMPT CORRESPONDENT!

Be prompt in answering letters! Make everyone sound like an interesting conversation being carried on between you and the person to whom you are writing. Delay won't help your friendship. Why not write that bread-and-butter letter or social "epistle" that's been due since Christmas?

Bread-and-butter notes should be written within two days after one returns from a visit. Thank-you-notes should be mailed on the day after a gift is received, and letters which are absolutely friendly ought to be answered before a week has passed.

Once one gets used to the idea, letters are not hard to write. Form your letter-writing habits now!