HIGH LIFE

Except Holidays, by the Studen High School, Greensboro, N. C

Founded by the Class of '21



Editor-in-Chief	Ollute Door of
Editor	Goldie Goss
Business Manager	Wyatt McNalry
Assistant Business Manager	James Doubles

Ballard May
Lynwood Burnette, David Morrah
Grace Hobbs
Frances Kernodle ASSISTANT EDITORS

Frank Abernathy
Madeline Wilhelm

Otts Phillips Henry Bagley TYPISTS Lee Vanstory Katherine Davis

FACULTY ADVISERS Mr. Byron A. Haworth

Miss Katherine Pike Charter Charter Member

We Make Our Lives Sublime

We Make Our Lives Sublime

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Are not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept.
Were toiling upward in the night."

Dr. Thomas Hume, professor of English at the University of North Carolina was probably one of the most outstanding figures in the literary field of North Carolina.
Dr. Hume was born at Portsmooth, Virginia, October 21, 1836.
He attended Virginia Collegiate Institute at Portsmouth and later stadded at Richmond College from which he graduated at the age of nineteen. Later he went to the University of Virginia. While there he organized the first Y, M. C. A. in the world. He wrote its constitution.

He was made official pastor of the Confederate Hospital at Petersburg and pastor of the Baptist church in Norfolk.

He traveled extensively abroad and became acquainted with many countries other than America.

In 1885 Dr. Hume came to North Carolina, and it is for his many contributions to the University and to the state itself that he is renown.

During all his stay at the University he was always unselfish, and cheerful even in the most trying times. He was a friend to all who knew him.

Let us not think that Dr. Hume's success came to him on a bed of roses. He experienced trying hours but never lost his grip on himself and the world. So may we pattern our lives after that of Dr. Hume—have him for our hero.

"Lives of great men all remind as

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Pootsteps on the sands of time."

Have You Any Symptoms

Have You Any Symptoms

Spring, the season of robins, flowers, and spring fever, will soon be here. The birds and flowers are welcome enough. How about the spring fever? Spring fever affects different people in different ways. Some become poetic, others joyful, and still others loose every ounce of energy they ever had. This last symptom is especially noticeable among high school students. Every year about the last of March, the formerly energetic students become limp, like a wet towel in the locker room. They walk with a heavy, listless gait. Work,—well, usually they just don't.

Of course, all students are not victims of the dread malady. Some have enough energy to combat it. Others simply refuse to get it. Yes, it is possible to do that. However, any student will tell you that it takes will power. Work is hard when you would rather play. Nevertheless, every spring there are some students who manage to stay awake and keep up their average. Just remember that you can do it, too! wonder watch.

"Bling, bing, bing,"
"Twelve fifty-five by the Wonder
Watch time."
"Well, Ed's back again. He says his
time is getting short now, and he wants
to tell you a hedtime story."

"Hello everybody. Want atory would
"like he hear? Nobody says any-

An Embarrassing Situation

There is nothing more deading than monotony. Anything repeated becomes less interesting. This year a most embarrassing situation has confronted our librarians. We have a well-equipped library to serve the students who use it each day. Two trained librarians are on hand, supposedly to help students obtain material not obviously necessible. As a matter of fact, they are forced to spend about forty-five minutes of the sixty playing policemen. It must be very monotonous to the students to constantly hear "be quiet," "please do not leave without permission," "put your books back," and other admonitions which, given once, should be remembered. If each student will take stock of himself and be careful in the future we can remedy the situation. The library can once more become a place of concentrated thought, literary reservation, and a source of valuable information hided by willing and incidentally more pleasant librarians. Do you not consider it worth trying?

Opportunity Knocks At Your Door

Opportunity Knocks At Your Door

A centity ago, an education was much more highly prized than it is today. Then, knowledge was hard to get. Only a privileged few were able to go through a college or university. As a result, every opportunity then offered by education was taken advantage of.

Modern students, however, are apt to take the excellent education offered to nearly every boy and girl as a matter of course. They do not appreciate its value. High school and college students often spend far more time and energy having a good time than they do in gaining knowledge.

knowledge.

This attitude has a very destructive effect on the characters of the students, as opportunities for character improvement are ignored in the chase after pleasure.

This unfortunate situation is prevalent in American schools today, and only the efforts of the students themselves can remedy it.

No matter how expensively an education is lavished upon our heads, it is nothing if we have not the character to absorb it and profit by it.

Today and the New Tomorrow

The WINDHILL

Ed Note

75

Here's one from Pete Jones, "Will you please stop that _____ singling, and go play mumble peg?" We gather from this that Mr. Jones' coffee was cold this morning when he came down to beneficial.

1

JINGLING IN THE WIND

JANE FRANKLIN

SILVER CLOTHES
By ANGELA MORGAN
Clothes, by Angela
its a rather new type i "You might whate, 'In the Evenine By the Monthight?"

"Well, you know there's a time and place for everything. Why not wait?"

"We will now interrupt the program for station announcements. You may turn your dial back to our station. Ed Not? won't be back for a few minutes. We just sent him wore to Holland's for a box of radio frequency."

The local weather forecast for yesterday: "Fair and warmer today, with recute showers in the evening. Temperature: High 48, Low 40." We are sorry, but today's forcest has not been aent in yet.

THE WAT

By Mary Roberts Rhinehart

The Bat, that sinister, earle, stor
I hist season, is considered the best Mary Roberts Rhinehart's myster



O TEACHERS

REMINISCING

passion go free.

And now, the last of the race has gone
Save me, and I must carry it on.

--M. E. Haynes.

Not ancient halls and ivy-mantled towers, Where dull traditions rule with heavy hand youth's lightly springing

Hear Ye!

metado of transportation, walking.

STIDENT:

HIGH SCHOOL BOY RESCUES
BROTHER—Hear ye! Ye bonorable
A. C. Holt looked all over the building
for Clary last week and had just abou
given up hopes of finding him when he
passed the library and heard some
rather vigorous pounding being done or
the door, and there stood said gentle
man, on the wrong side of the door
of course, and securely locked in. A. C.
says that the junitor released the cap
tive in time to give him a "penk" of
Homespus meeting. What we wonder
Is why Clary didn't tell us about it
IIa! IIa!

e I was standing. "How glo-loust be to float like a little Angry he grew and murdered his wife. "Dut if I had gone with Dick to Africa, my yellow wings to been lying in the cold andw

humon, body wild! There goes a True are long win the provided and the prov



ne-legged man with a glass eye:
OR SALE: Cheap 1929 Ford by a man
i good running condition.
And this advertisement so folks would
ot be restrangant. Salt is what makes
ofatoes taste so bad if there is none
is them.

For all progressive typists: Use for a hacking sheet.

Artists: Get Miss Lee to show yon how to make a lampshade. A real collegiate one, out of it.

Faniacs: Cut is up in geometrical slices under the auspices of Miss Grogan or Miss Walker. It will make a beautiful pazel for the kiddles.

Study hall dudes: Crease it down the middle, fold each front corner over the center and then a second time, then double it together, fold back each wing. Ah! In! A glider.

Travelers: (Hopeful ones) Get some of your guides to autograph it for you. Musicians: Write the words for '(Cheerful Little Earful' and what not on the back, drop it on the foor where some offe can find it.

Or jist plain frame the thing!

Somebody is raising a crop of hair n a rather slick head (noticed it?). to wants to know what color it? I bet eray by the way it's growing now!

And then there was the guy who matted to know the chief causes of ivorce! Marriages! Or the guy who fed the cow peanuts then he wanted peanut butter.

Here's what they think of my colum

maybe),
Fruit Dealer; "Peachy,"
Frisherman: "Whale of a col."
Printer: "Just the type I like,"
Dentist: "It's a wow."
Animal Trainer: "Howling good enertainment."
School Bus Conductor: "Fair."
Mechanic: (Ford) A rattling good

ANCESTORS

he wife of the son of Sir Arnold Drew,"

When but a child at a noble school
As he racked his brains for a well-known
rule,
He was known as the son of the man
who knew
The wife of the son of Sir Arnold
Drew.

At twenty-seven he took a bride.
Her mother gazed 'round with looks of pride.
She had wed the son of the man who

where the son of the man who knew wife of the son of Sir Arnold Drew.

When in the court as he was tried His mother pleaded as she cried, "Oh, judge, he's the son of the man who knew

The wife of the son of Sir Arnold
Drew."

But her tears and pleads availed him

And condemned to a prison there to