

HIGH LIFE

Published Weekly, Except Holidays, by the Students of the Greensboro High School, Greensboro, N. C.

Founded by the Class of '21



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The Need for Specialists

Another semester at G. H. S. is coming to a close. Another graduating class is leaving high school, some to go to college, others to secure positions in the world of business.

In the last few years, the importance of a college education has changed. Formerly, any one from a university with a degree gave the owner an advantage over the non-college graduate.

Obviously, those who want to climb the ladder of fame and stand on the pinnacle of success must have a college education.

Your high school career does two things for you. It gives you a foundation for your education, and it helps you to decide what kind of position you are best suited for.

If possible, and if the student is suited for higher education, it is wise for the student to attend some college or university.

Decide on your future plans in the world of business, and then you will know what course to pursue in further equipping yourself to fill happily and excellently your niche in the world.

Homespun Achieves Recognition

Again our school has achieved recognition. Homespun, our literary magazine, has brought home fresh laurels. For the fourth consecutive year Homespun has won all-American honor rating among the literary magazines of high schools and secondary schools throughout the United States and its possessions.

We Want Quill and Scroll

For the past three semesters there has been a discussion on whether or not G. H. S. should apply for membership in the National Journalistic Society, "The Quill."

G. H. S. has two highly-rated publications. Both should be members of the Quill and Scroll. The Quill and Scroll, by publishing exceptionally well written pieces from high school publications, encourages individual effort.

High Life and Homespun, if they are to keep their present position in the world of student journalism, must belong to some organization which will bind them more closely to other school publications.

Membership in the Quill and Scroll would do all this, and more. In every way, it would be an aid and advantage to G. H. S. if she joined this organization.

Spotlight Centers on Musicians

G. H. S. band and orchestra have done outstanding work for several years. They have won high honors in various contests. Do we appreciate all that the musical students and teachers of G. H. S. have done for our school? As spectators, we enjoy hearing our band and orchestra. We enjoy the excitement which pervades the school when our musicians win some honor.

We should appreciate all our band and orchestra have done and are doing for G. H. S. Also, we should appreciate the tremendous amount of work required before a band and orchestra like G. H. S. can be perfected.

The music students have spent many long hours of hard work in order to make our band and orchestra what they are; they are ambitious for G. H. S. Let's see if we all can't be that way!



We were just trying to think of a way to improve "High Life," when one of our readers asked us if we couldn't possibly find something to run in place of the Windmill.

We don't get another chance to torture you, dear readers, so we're going to lay it on thick this time! Hide your eyes and count ten.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN

Fennstein Coopermore was born at a very early age in a little town off the coast of Switzerland. He grew up in an unusually short time, as most youngsters do.

ODE TO A HORSE

I hope that I shall never see a horse sitting on my knee. A horse, whose noble brow is wet with morning dew, or maybe sweat.

WE WONDER: If we'll pass everything and graduate. Who'll fill our places when we are gone.

Why we can't wait till we have time to write this stuff.

We're going to force some more poetry on you. Everybody hold on tight. I'd hate to be a Ph. D.

Well, we pulled through that one without anything but a few bruises and a couple of irate readers. That's not bad, considering the commotion we caused last time we tried something like that.

"Four out of five have it," says a toothpaste advertisement. And statisticians tell us that every fifth person in the world is a Chinaman. Now, ain't that tough!

Miss McNairy informs us that tearing up little bits of paper is a sign of insanity. Well, one has to express one's self, doesn't one?

We just can't help feeling silly in this darn cap and gown. (Wise-crackers please skip this one.)

We'd like to have our two iron men back. And also that math IV answer book some one relieved us of.

After all, though, we have a lot to be thankful for. No more report cards to get cussed out about.

Goodbye, oh, Alma Mater Fair. Oh, how I hate to leave thee when I'm gone, you'll still be there. I'll think of you, believe me.

I hate for you to grieve for me. Please don't, for I'll be near. And I'll come back and visit you one day in every year.

So, Dear Old School, please carry on without me, if you can. For six more years in High School is just more than I can stand.

Hi Bell suggests this for a farewell song: Tune: "When G. H. S. Puts On Her Fighting Gear."

"When G.H.S. puts on her caps and gowns. We all will feel just like a bunch of clowns.

But after all, we'll then have finished school. Which will make our fathers glad. Now that the ivy's planted on the wall.

We hope to find it blooming in the fall. May our successors do as well as we. Fare ye well, G.H.S., we are gone."

Honest, we hate to inflict any more of this stuff on you, but this is our last

The Last Word

THE SENIOR

The senior is a funny thing. On graduation day. He's dimmed and solemn then. In all he has to say.

He sings the school a farewell song. Plants ivy on the wall. Fond memories of freshman days. He'll tearfully recall.

During the pegasus when we were trying to get a wagon wheel, some senior piped us, "Merritt Sullivan lives in the country but he rides a bicycle."

Frank Tye says that if Holt Knight quits his bluff and learns something, he might be a teacher some day.

Gladys Betts wants to know what's the good of being good if you don't know what you're missing.

Found in a senior's notebook: (I didn't find it.)

A kiss is a pronoun because it always stands for something. It is of masculine and feminine gender, therefore a common noun.

In discussion of "Virtue of Books" by Milton where he says that it is better to destroy man than a good book.

Oh, how I love Hamlet—Oh, how I love Hamlet!

Speech on Care of School. I think this school is kept very well except for a few exceptions.

Then the senior class sponsored two pictures at the Carolina theatre and turned over the entire profits to the cause.

G. H. S. BECOMES NURSERY. Lollypops, suckers, gum, candy of all sorts, shapes, and varieties.

The kids made their merry way to school Friday—some led by their loving mamas, others braving the perils of the world by themselves.

As the infants waited outside the school early in the morning, one of their number produced a jump rope!

This went "Kid Day," with the dear little things playing everything from marbles to leap-frog.

chance, so we're going to fix you up good while we can.

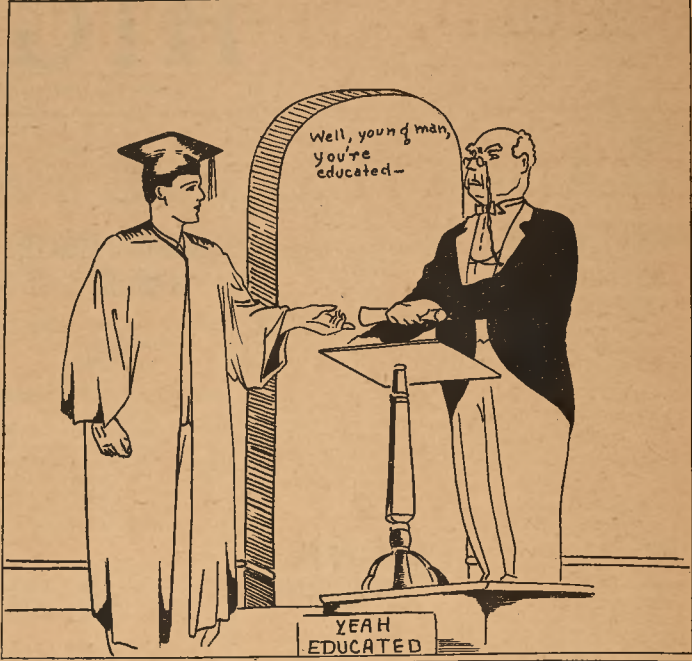
Hooray for Ivy Green and tall. Hooray for Ivy On our wall.

Let's all join hands And dance around.

One of our contemporaries, Octavus Roy Cohen, says that one of the hardest jobs he ever had to tackle is: Looking in a dark room for a nigger that wasn't there.

Reminds us of trying to think of a sensible answer to one of the questions on history exam.

Goodbye, dear friends and neighbors. There is no use in getting sore. By the time you read this we hope to be far away. We hate to play a mean trick like that on you, but self-preservation is the first law of nature, you know.



Hear Ye!

Dear Editor: Well, vacation will soon be here. At least, that's what we're told. Seems like I've been waiting about ten years for May 29.

Every spring I just about die waiting for vacation and in the fall I nearly have a fit waiting for school to open, so there must be something about old G. H. S. that just sorta appeals to us students.

Dear Editor: Say editor, don't you think the clubs who have lately made it possible for "High Life" and "Homespun" to get out of debt and back on their feet deserve more credit than they have been given?

I noticed on the Junior-Senior tea that: Some fastly eyes were cast in the direction of certain Juniors. I guess that they had been—"unavoidably detained" in paying their \$1.00's.

Many fair damsels had bedecked themselves in apparel befitting milkmaids with big poke-bonnets and billowy skirts.

Several males made their departure with scowls in the direction of the females and big scratches on their foreheads. (So many of the hats were of horse-hair.)

Many had quilms when going down the receiving line.

There are really some sly little linnens left in G. H. S. It took much coaxing to get them to give the boys a "break". (Incidentally that was a play on words.)

In one of the exchanges we read that several notices had been given the Juniors of a certain school to please pay their \$1.50's or admittance would not be allowed them at the Junior-Senior. (There is always something to be thankful for fellow sufferers, we only had to hatch out a dollar.)

You can't tell me all seniors are sunnier than "us pore benighted Juniors."

Pansy Fitzgerald thinks that the North Carolina Public Service company pays a "pole tax."

Some of the to-be alumni want to take desks with them so they can sleep at home.

Ye whole student body is fast becoming tired of the many moving pictures we have had this semester.

Why is it we see a big pegasus of seniors bonded for the high school with a lunch basket every night.

Someone suggested that the 1931 Senior class song be: "Fee, fie, fo, fumyun I smell a wild onion!"

This bunch of seniors seems to have sown wild onions instead of the traditional "wild oats."

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Dear Editor: The old saying, that you don't appreciate anything until it's gone, can be applied to school days. Now that the seniors are about to leave the place where we spent the most pleasant days of our lives, we can readily look back over those memories that will always be cherished.

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Well, dear readers—I hope you are a reader or else my sad attempts have been in vain! This is the week next to the week that will be the perfect ending to our laborious (on the part of a few) weeks of school.

We have noticed that some of ye dignified seniors are not so grieved looking as is customary for seniors to appear on the eve of their departure from their dear old "Almy Mammy."

From the looks of the rip-roaring send off they are getting it seems to be a big celebration of Thanksgiving on the part of the Juniors.

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To The Student Body

The Class of 1931, Greensboro High School, Greensboro, N. C.

I appreciate deeply the honor and courtesy of the request of your president, Mr. Mack Heath, and accordingly, in turn, send my very best wishes to all of you on the occasion of your graduation from the Greensboro high school. You are only a small fraction of the legion who started out with you in the first grade twelve years ago.

Your graduation platform will be the jumping-off place for one of the greatest drives in history. The youth of America must meet the war drained world's deficit of youth.

North Carolina, in the midst of a great depression needs you. The spiritual worth of your personalities, your training, and your youth, serve to give us all hope in these times.

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