

HIGH LIFE

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

Founded by the Class of '21

CHARTER MEMBER MARCH 1926

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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!



The Windmill

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. Although he was a very good child, his father and mother were fond of alps.

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 all the places when we are gone. How long it'll be before somebody breaks our high school record.

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."

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.

When students year for freshman days And mope around the campus, And never look at N. C. girls When they attempt to vamp us, And won't give Oak Ridge boys a break,

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. "And if he doesn't, he'll probably turn out to be an after dinner speaker," says us.

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 Miss T. didn't know what to say when Lib B. asked her if Hamlet was Shakespeare's first book and you had to kill Shakespeare or Hamlet, which?

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. On the other hand I think that with many exceptions it is not kept well.

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

Leah Beach, Kathryn Ginsberg, Josephine Lucas, Constance Blackwood, and Joyce Heritage sponsored a dance paying all the expenses and turning over all profits to the publications.

Lollypops, suckers, gum, candy of all sorts, shapes, and varieties, doll babies crying a weak "mama" for their lost mothers, alarm clocks, squealing teddy bears, musical teddy bears, small girls, big girls in rompers and short dresses, fat boys, tall boys, skinny boys, short boys in romper suits overall. Kids all!

The kids made their merry way to school Friday—some led by their loving mamas, others braving the perils of the world by themselves. One darling youngster rode his pony all the way to school!

As the infants waited outside the school early in the morning, one of their number produced a jump rope! An honest-to-goodness jump rope. And there the little children stayed and played until their beloved leader, Mr. Charlie Phillips, ordered them into the school, transformed into a nursery for the occasion.

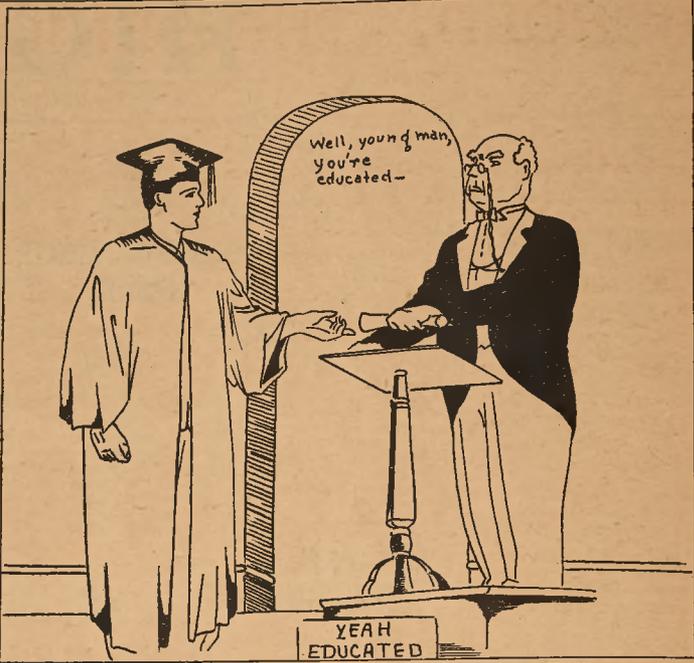
This went "Kid Day," with the dear little things playing everything from marbles to leap-frog; and then ended the day, finishing as it had started, gay and hilarious; but the kids, once more back in their roles of dignified seniors, carried with them one of the happiest memories of their senior experiences.

chance, so we're going to fix you up good while we can. Hoory for Ivy Green and tall. Hoory for Ivy On our wall. We love Ivy— Blow me down— 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. I think I know what it is. It's the general co-operation of our parents and the citizens of Greensboro in an attempt to make G. H. S. the best school in N. C. plus one of the best equipped groups of buildings anywhere that makes us want to come back to this source of inspiration every autumn.

A STUDENT.

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 scowles in the direction of the females and big scratches on their foreheads. (So many of the hats were of horse-hair.)

There are really some sly little inmates 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."



To The Student Body

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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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. I know that in this your day of the recognition of twelve years good work, you have in the hour of your triumph a deep sense of appreciation of the work of the teachers who have faithfully guided you and inspiringly given of themselves to you, of the comradeship of your fellow students who have stimulated you and shared their personalities with you, of your mother and father or an older brother or sister who have sacrificed for you and have "stood aside that you might pass" on to this night of graduation and triumph.

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. To waste time now, to throw away the energies of body and mind is to be untrue to your home and your school; it is to trade in the temple of a people's sacrifice for you.

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. By each one of us doing a bit here and a bit there we will make over the work of our teachers, the prayers of our parents, and our own dreams into the stuff of a commonwealth, old in its traditions but as fresh and as fair in hopes of the children of her people.

FRANK P. GRAHAM.

To those who care to read it:

The emotions that we experience at this time are both joyful and sorrowful; which are the stronger we do not know. It seems hardly possible that four years have elapsed since we began our high school careers. As we attempt to summarize in parting the results of these years, we some how feel that we have received much more from the school than we have contributed to it, more than we can ever repay. The inspirations aroused in our minds during this too brief period here should be paid for, but cannot be. The ideals formed through contact with our schoolmates and teachers deserve reward, but cannot have it. The lessons learned from books and experience also should be paid for. Our debts are innumerable. We shall meet them some day.

We are not experienced enough yet to offer advice to those who follow us, but we may offer a suggestion.

We hope that our successors may profit by any mistakes that we have made and benefit by any achievements that might have been ours. If there is even one idea that we have expressed or one project that we have begun which they consider worthwhile, we hope they will see fit to continue or develop it.

We appreciate more than we can express the understanding, sympathy, and advice so kindly offered us by our teachers. Among them we have found true friends, whose acquaintances we would not exchange for wealth; and if, in the future, we attain success in any of our undertakings, or if we fail, we shall gladly acknowledge their manifold contributions toward making the hopes of our youth the inspiration of our manhood. We know them well enough to believe that they will pardon us of any foolish words or actions.

So as we leave to travel diverse paths whose ends God only knows, we turn the key upon our memory's chest, and part with thoughts joyful and sorrowful, but appreciation above them both. MACK HEATH, President Senior Class.