HIGH LIFE

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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.*

Pepping Up Home Room Programs

A rigid diet of sweets, with no fresh vegetables and no meats, only produces an unhealthy and sickly body. In the same manner, excessive studying with no rest or excessive playing, with no study, tend to become wearing on both the pupils and the teachers. The program portion of the Thursday home room period is designed in part for the purpose of relaxing and forgetting for a moment that math test next period; and it is further designed to add to our store of knowledge. So it is well to consider how the home rooms here at Senior high may plan good and interesting, as well as informative, activities.

Peppy programs, devoted to games, songs, and just plain fun, or those of an instructive type may now be secured from the home room program committee of the Student council. Though many groups already have entertaining, as well as constructive home room activities, many do not; and those who do not would do well to consult the committee through its chairman, Eleanor White, or through any of its members—Gene Thornton, Charlotte Hume, Paul Miller, and Charles Fogleman—for aid in the preparation of their programs.

Capitalizing on Humanity

In its last issue HIGH LIFE published an interview with Mr. Moulton Avery, an alumnus of this school, describing his plan of having the federal government issue Youth Bonds to finance the training of young Americans in useful fields of endeavor.

Briefly, this is his program! Realizing the fact that of all our wealth, only one-fifth comes from material things and four-fifths from human talents and services, and realizing that our monetary system is based entirely on material wealth, Mr. Avery proposes that the federal government, by making loans to selected groups of students to train them to do their jobs, engender a system based on the great potential wealth of human services.

Of course this plan is only in an embryonic state at present; but if sufficient discussion of it develops, it may indeed emerge into something which may be put down in black and white on the Statute Books of the Nation.

Tombstone Tintypes

"Kind friends, beware as you pass by.
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare, therefore, to follow me."

Under this someone had written in black crayon:

"To follow you I am not content,
Because I don't know which way you went!"

This is the kind of humor that Ernest Beasley finds on his tramps through the graveyards of North Carolina he searches for prize morsels to add to his collection of epitaphs.

"I am modeling my hobby after that of Professor A. C. Hall of Woman's college, but the following epitaphs are all ones I have collected myself," declared Ernest.

From Western Virginia, near Roanoke:

"He could not stay, he had to go,
Praise God from Whom all blessings flow."

From near Royston, Georgia:

"Tears cannot restore him; therefore, we weep."

From a negro cemetery in Salisbury, N. C.:

"He fought a good fight, but his razor was dull."

From a lone grave near Banner Elk, N. C.;

"We don't know where he came from.
We don't know where he went.
Amen."

The phrase, "Rest in peace," was many times abridged to "R. I. P." Some funny epitaphs are compounded from this, for example:

From Edenton, N. C.:

"Here lies Susan;
Let her R. I. P."

Parable of the Pedagogues

Veni-Vidi-Vici—By Milton

Once upon a time there were two teachers who plied their trade in establishments directly opposite each other.

Now these two teachers, having spent years in the self-same room, decided, as did the two horses in the old fable, that the grass on the other side of the fence was greener. Therefore, these two teachers, being sore tempted, did take it upon themselves to invade occupied territory, yea, verily.

Now one of these pedagogues, having once been a vendor of those wares which her neighbor peddled, did decide to once more refresh her memory in the neighbor's art. Being sore moved by gentle persuasion, the other teacher did agree to keep her friend's store in good order, while the first named refreshed her memory.

The names of these teachers, as recorded in the royal records, be Miss Sara Mims, headmaster of the English classes, and Miss Gertrude Farlow, custodian of Caesarian exploits.

The situation was that Miss Mims' last period class, being now in the depths of Milton's **Paradise Lost**, did decide to learn more about the mythological names mentioned so frequently. Consequently, Miss Mims did beseech her fellow worker to enlighten her dear proteges while she once more returned to her former duties of teaching the third declension.

Yea, this, for sooth, was her job before she began to acquaint seniors with the poetry of John Milton.

'FAMINE' DEPICTS *Irish Troubles*

Liam O'Flaherty has written many novels and stories about Irish life, but it took his last book, *The Informer*, to draw the public's attention to him and to establish his reputation.

New Novel Is Historical Fiction!

Famine, another one of O'Flaherty's novels, is duplicating the success of *The Informer*. It is a book of historical fiction, written about the 1845 famine that wiped out a large part of Ireland's population and resulted in a great wave of Irish immigration to America.

Plot Centers Around One Family

The story, showing the hardships the Irish people had to endure, centers around one family, the Kilmartins. Brian Kilmartin, the old father, although facing starvation, refused to move from the only home that he had ever known. His son, Martin, was accused by the police of attacking Jocelyn Chadwick, who might be described as the "villain." Because of this, Martin had to run away and leave Mary, his wife, with the burden of supporting the family. He promised Mary that he would soon be back for her and that they would sail to America. In the end, Mary and Martin at last do have a chance to go away to "the land of opportunity."

Extremely Realistic

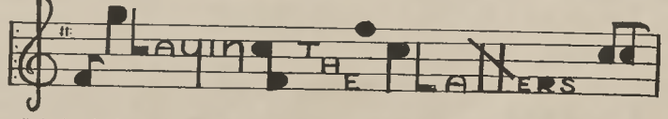
Famine is written in very much the same style as *The Grapes of Wrath*. It is a very forceful and searing story, describing the terrible conditions under which the people had to live during the great famine in Ireland.

It is a deeply moving novel, dramatically told, and is by far the best book that Liam O'Flaherty has written. He will not find it easy to surpass this work.

In the course of two years that the present senior class has been at high school its officers each year have worked on some special program. In its sophomore year the anti-cheating drive was conducted, while in its junior year it was the study drive. It is understood that to keep up this precedent, Dianne Page and the other officers will shortly meet and discuss problems pertaining to semester seven. It has also been rumored that a useful program will be the out growth of this conference.

Home Room Study Constitution

Lacy Sellars, as chairman of the constitution committee, has undertaken an extensive campaign to acquaint the student body with its constitution. To accomplish this purpose his committee has placed in the hands of each home room president a constitution and list of questions upon it. This effort is a very praise-worthy work and should receive the cooperation of all.



Swinging back to the Hit Parade are a few tunes well-known to you platter-fiends. Out of the picture for a white, they are coming back with a bang. *Poor Ballerina*, an old last summer disc, is making an effort to climb back up the rungs of success, with Bob Eberly and Jimmy Dorsey doing the honors.

Larry Clinton's *Study in Modernism* has come back for one last fling, along with the newest Dottie Lamour blues song, *Moon Over Burma*, from the moving picture of the same name.

Best sellers on the market are Ray Noble's *Rhythm On the River*, styling his particular brand of dove-tailed rhythm; Bob Chester's *Practice Makes Perfect*; and Ivy Anderson's *Five o'Clock Whistle*, vocalized for Duke Ellington.

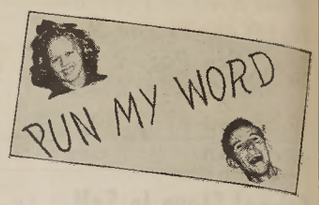
Classicals

Die Winterreise (The Winter Road) by Schubert, sung by Lottie Lehmann, soprano, with Paul Ulanowsky at the piano, is one of Victor's latest and most popular recordings.

A special album to Igor Stravinsky fans is *Le Sacre Du Printemps*, (The Rite of Spring) with Stravinsky conducting the Philharmonic Symphony of New York to give it added articulation and passion.

George Enesco's *Roumanian Rhapsody*, hitherto recorded on two separate discs, is now available on one record, expertly played by the Detroit Symphony orchestra, under Victor Kolar's direction.

A new symphony has recently been completed by John Alden Carpenter of Chicago, a business man and musician combined. He used to be in the twine and awning business, but left it to go into the more glamourous composing field. The Chicago Symphony orchestra played his symphony last week for the first time. Since critics praised its tuneful themes, it will probably be made into a platter at an early date.



Berry Reid is reported worried about President Roosevelt's health as a result of all the "capsules" he took last week.

Have You Heard the Latest?

"Panky" Winslow and Lynda Jane Sewell have been christened the official pointless joke tellers. P. S. They won their laurels at a **Sunday** school meeting.

Modern Verse

Rain—by Gene Thornton.

Drip,
Drip,
Drip,
Drip,
Drip,
Drip,
Drip,
Drip,
Splash.

Editor's Note: Isn't that "drippy"?

Back to Nature

Marion Morris, Elaine Miller, Ann Southerland, and **Clarice Crutchfield** still contend that the only reason they walked home barefooted last week was because Ann had a sore toe.

Little Johnny, cute l'il tyke,
Had so much fun on Hallowe'en night;
He soaped car windows, near and far—
And by mistake—HIS very own car!
—R. W.

Theme Songs

Dedicated to a Unit Test: "I Get Along Without You Very Well."

Hitch-Hiker: "Cross Town."

Moping around: "In the 'Glooming.'"

Attention Webster

Ostracize—A new sea food.
Asinine—A baby donkey.
Propaganda—The oldest member of the goose family.

Are You Contributing?

Mr. Johnson has to get 10,000 chockow covers by next spring if son Owen is to win a bicycle. Miss Harvell reveals that it has helped the ice cream business because now more chockows are sold than anything in the cafeteria.

Worth Quoting

"Success consists not so much of staying up at night as of being awake in the daytime."

Look Alikes

Doug Cecil—Jimmy Kontulas.

Daffynition

Those not eligible for Torchlight — "The Lights That Failed."

Poet's Corner

TO LIVE AGAIN

The hazy, lambent moon casts down its limpid light
Upon its sister earth. And I—alone, alone,
Am left to walk a lonely road. The dull lodestone
Of sadness weights my soul with care. And all my right
To live and be and love seems lost. A hand grasps tight
My heart and wrenches it. A low inchoate moan
Escapes my strictured tortured throat. Had I too sown
My life on bouldered earth? Was I to die—or fight?
But suddenly the moon became a glowing fire
Of brilliancy. The sun itself was by that fierce,
Indomitable Force put out; and Destiny
Cried out my name! I struggled, sinking, in the mire
I called my life. But Love's supernal strength, to pierce
The chaos of my soul, stretched forth—He heard my cry.

—Douglass Hunt.