

HIGH LIFE

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Founded by the Class of '21

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A Strong Cable

It has been said that habit is a cable, a thread of which we weave each day, till at length we cannot break it if we would. This we admit is true in the case of courtesy. If we have not yet arrayed ourselves with the best possible manners, it is a late time to start, but "better late than never."

Upon being introduced to some one we make an impression—an everlasting one. To one who has been reared in a home of culture, good manners go hand in hand with life. The more unfortunate youth must seek to acquire ease in manners.

By habit our character is made. If we intend to mould our characters into strength and beauty, it is necessary that we make an early beginning. While our characters are still in the moulding, we can endeavor wholeheartedly to attain that which is coveted by many—good manners.

Marching On

In conversing with teachers and in scanning previous records in HIGH LIFE, we find within the past eight years Greensboro High has improved in many ways. There are no outward signs, such as a new building, the promise of 1920, or an athletic field; but in interest and advancement the school has not been lacking.

In 1920 there were no publications at G. H. S. It was in that year that HIGH LIFE was founded, and four years later *Homespun* made its appearance. This semester a creative English class has been offered the students, and from now on will be a regular course. Two journalism classes are now open to those interested in journalistic work. In these we consider invaluable steps have been taken.

For the first time in several years the debaters of this school won the Aycock Memorial cup in 1927. We would attribute this attainment to the constant willingness of the debating coaches and the faithful work of the candidates.

In 1922 a student government was organized with certain power vested in the Student Council. Since then it has grown in organization and in purpose. This year handbooks have been published by the council and have been valuable guides to the new students especially. The council now plans to reorganize, using a preferred method of organization as pointed out at the Charlotte state-wide student government convention.

A mere session room was the only library Greensboro High had in 1925. This could hardly accommodate and satisfy the needs of the students. Today we have a library that ranks among the first in the state.

We can hardly realize the possibilities that lie within one day, much less a year. Yet when we scan records of the past years we can see that much has been attained. There is still more waiting the rising classes. The seniors will have a small part, but a great part is assigned to us. We have records to make.

Ye Faithful

Another year draws to a close. We may look back and see that many plans have failed, while some have been accomplished. Shall we not make next year count for more?

This is our junior year. We should by this time realize the things in life that are worthwhile. "What we are to be we are now becoming." The things we do and what we think are stamping an everlasting impression upon our lives. If we are to serve humanity we must prepare ourselves now. If we're capable, we'll soon find our places in the world, for real worth always finds its true place at length.

MIKADO

Since 1925 the music department of Greensboro High has staged a light opera as a culmination of each year's work. "The Belle of Barcelona" was the first of such performances, and last year "The Pirates of Penzance" proved as entertaining as the previous one. This year the music department, sponsoring the "Purple and Gold Review," proposes to present the "Mikado," a Japanese opera in two acts, by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Through such productions the directors can more definitely discern the talents and abilities of the music-loving students. Greensboro High is not the only school which is attempting such work. Danville High is undertaking a like production in order to secure funds for athletics.

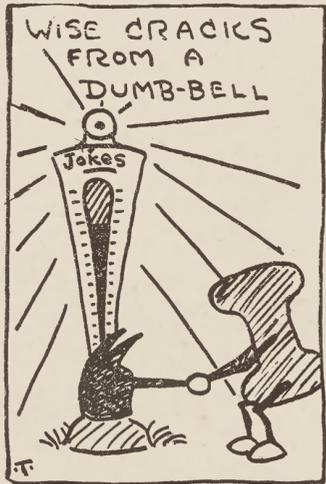
In 1855 eight operas by Gilbert and Sullivan had been produced. Gilbert, who in his earliest days had contended that "it may be funny to sit down in a pork pie, but you don't have to sit down in a pork pie in order to be funny," had abundantly proved his point.

But now, in the early days of 1885 it was rumored that Gilbert and Sullivan had tired of nonsense and were about to produce a serious piece. On the opening night of "The Mikado" the audience was apprehensive, but the first ten minutes reassured them. At the appointment of Ko-Ko as Lord High Executioner because

"Who's next to be decapitated
Cannot cut off another head
Until he's cut his own off,"
the bans settled back contentedly in their seats.

Gilbert says that a Japanese executioner's sword which hung on the wall of his library first gave him the notion of "The Mikado." No doubt, too, his imagination had been fired by the fact that a colony of Japanese had recently settled in Knightsbridge, a section of London, and having retained their picturesque native costumes, had been the observed of all observers.

Shortly before his death in 1911 Gilbert was asked to write a version of "The Mikado" for children. And the delightful retelling of the story proved to be his last literary work.



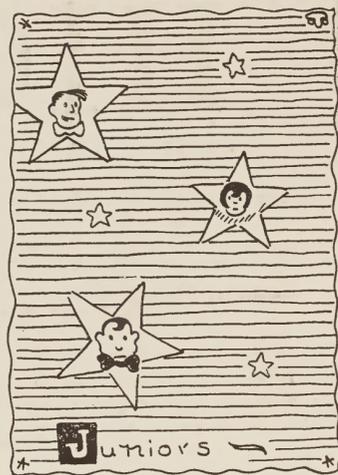
MY APPETITE

When I sit down to eat at the table around home my brothers start running to the kitchen to see if there is any more grub. They are all afraid my erroneous appetite will do away with everything. That's what one of 'em said anyway, and another said I ate superfluously.

But when they use these big words on me I think they mean my appetite is getting poor. So I light in and get some more to eat. The other half dozen or two dozen and a half brothers don't say anything because they're looking out for a great futurity. Even if they don't get indigestion from over-eating.

But I get mine when it comes to sleeping, because I'll have to stand up in a corner all night. I do this to grow tall, although I haven't ever started on account of my indigestion. Then the next day I'll have to sleep in school, as all my teachers can testify.

"If you don't see the joke, laugh the first time anyway. Then you won't have to read it over again and yet see there isn't any joke at all."



There are always class officers. Every one, though, cannot be selected to fill offices of importance and responsibility. The president alone cannot accomplish much but with co-operative classmates his every goal can be attained.

We have not chosen those with the highest honors and best known among us, but we desire to mention those who always are dependable and co-operative in every step we take.

"The keen spirit seizes the prompt occasion," we consider characteristic of Elizabeth Bray. In her high school career Elizabeth has taken part in the varied activities of school life. This is true not only in athletics, but in class work, too. Before the semester ends she will wear a monogram for attainment in athletics. At present she wears a star, significant of honorary class work.

"As constant as the stars," seems significant of Margaret Murchison. We've found this true every since Margaret entered G. H. S. In every task assigned she has not been wanting, but always her fidelity is like the "rays of heaven shining through."

Of Nancee Hay we would say with Lowell, "You have a wise sincerity." Through her three years of high school Nancee has proven her true worth. In every phase of work she lends her hearty support and loyal co-operation.

JUNIORS WIN AGAIN

HIGH LIFE is indebted to Thelma Floyd, junior in 1920, for its name. When it was decided to have the paper, the editorial staff offered a year's subscription to the person submitting the best name. As the staff felt that HIGH LIFE was such an appropriate one, it decided to give the winner a subscription for two years.

We found this fact in the first issue of HIGH LIFE. If time had permitted, we could doubtless have found more juniors of renown.

TRIALS OF AN EDITOR

Typographical errors and mistakes often seem extraordinarily funny to the great reading public, but in the office where they occur they seem more like tragedies. An editor, in an elaborate report of a Jewish wedding, once said that the happy pair were followed closely down the aisle by the officiating rabbit. That seemed very funny to the light-minded, but it did not seem funny to him, especially when the bride's father came to see him about it.

Errors are seemingly unavoidable. At least we find it true in gathering material for print. When a name is misspelled or omitted we consider it a similar tragedy, even if the slighted one does not seek vengeance. So we ask that in reading HIGH LIFE you may not think lightly of the errors but know that we have attempted to give the correct facts.

The eleventh hour of the average high school student is spent in many different ways, but it is a matter of speculation whether it is always spent all work and no play makes Johnny a in the most profitable way. Of course dull boy, but the opposite is also true. Why not give some of our teachers a surprise and change some of our bad habits by cultivating worthwhile ones? —The Dormont Hi-Life, Pittsburgh, Pa.

JUNIOR JINGLES

As this is the "alpha" of our editorial attempts, we feel that we should first make a confession and then express our hope. Our confession, frankly, is this: We really don't know what it's all about.

Not knowing the ropes, we must prate along for a while expressing our opinions as best we can. Perhaps we'll please you; perhaps we will not; but we hope we'll give you something to think about until we get used to this sort of thing. Now we only have time enough to express our hopes for the future.

It's our earnest desire that, when we reach the "omega," we shall have added something, however small, to the good work done by our predecessors. The example they have set has been a most excellent one and, realizing this to be true, we are aware that our goal is a high one. The attainment of our goal will be a distinction we shall always treasure.

From "hello" to "good-bye," "alpha" to "omega," we ask that all you who may read this page will criticize, sympathize, and compliment us as you feel we deserve.

JOLLY JUNIORS

Oh, we are Jolly Juniors
Of dear old G. H. S.,
And we study, study, study,
Along with all the rest.

Oh, the Seniors recite with dignity,
And the Freshmen recite so shy,
And the Sophs recite with timidity,
But when we recite, the praises fly.

The Seniors think they are the stuff,
Us Juniors know it, more or less,
The Sophs get by with great big bluff,
And the Freshies think about their dress.

We knew we'd pass our English,
But oh, how sad to state,
We didn't quite get by with it,
We just made sixty-eight.

HAIL! HAIL!

Juniors, Juniors,
That's our name.
Join our line
And "play the game."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

What?—Junior-Senior.
When?—Can't tell.
Where?—A secret.
The seniors, our acknowledged superiors, are supposed to know a little about everything. We seriously doubt the truth of this statement. We'll admit they know something, but not everything. They are lacking in knowledge of the Junior-Senior and we refuse to divulge any of the facts. Don't think, though, that it's an April fool. We're working, so "it won't be long now."

EASTER

"The air is like a butterfly
With frail, blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings."
The world awaits the first touch of spring, whether it be the bluebird or flower. With the new birth of Mother Nature's children we are confident that spring has come. Much more are we assured of this fact when the heart is thrilled and vibrating with the knowledge that the sleeping earth awakes. More evident is the fact when the earth looks happy and seems to sing "Happy Easter Time."
His name was Willie Wood,
Her name was Susie Glue,
He pressed her to his heart and said,
"My dear, I'm stuck on you."

There's Work to Be Done

When the final test has been written,
And there's no more home work assigned,
When the last reports have been given,
And school has been left behind,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it;
Just sleep for a month or two,
Till the coming of September
Shall put us to work anew.
—The Orange and White, Orlando, Fla.