

HIGH LIFE

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Greensboro Senior High School
Greensboro, North Carolina
Founded by Class of 1921



Printed by McCulloch and Swain

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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.

Noted Educator Dies

The people of North Carolina were saddened recently by the death of Dr. W. L. Poteat, president emeritus of Wake Forest college. He was one of the greatest educators our state has ever known, and it will feel keenly the loss of such an outstanding advocate of wisdom, truth, and righteousness. His contribution to education in North Carolina will long be remembered.

Peace! Peace! There Is No Peace in This Easter World—1938 A. D.

"Today we rush from one place where we are bored to tears to another place where we are bored to death." As soon as Professor John Ise finished the address in which he uttered these words, he probably rushed somewhere else, leaving his audience free to go to lectures, parties, shows, or any place except the one place most of them secretly desired to be,—in bed. I was not in that audience; yet I feel sure it agreed with Professor Ise, did nothing about it, and resumed the burden of living.

This is a mad century. We yell for faster transportation; yet when we do save precious minutes by fly-

ing from one destination to another, someone gives a party to take those. "Of course we don't have to do everything" is the argument offered. No, we do not; but, although we know we will be bored, we are afraid of missing something,—afraid the other fellow will get ahead of us. We join everything, are never on time, and we wish someone would make a "complete-meal-pill" so we could save the time now necessarily wasted in eating meals.

Now, as the Easter season approaches, crowds hurry from store to store in a frenzied effort to buy new "duds" before Easter Sunday. The majority will be late to church, and all will have to hurry home before they can either see or be seen. "Ah," we say, "Grandfather never had such modern conveniences!"

Ah, but Grandfather had time to think,—time to enjoy life, time to find out what it is really all about.

We Regret

She is leaving. What will we do without her? Yes, it's true, our jack-of-all-trades, Miss Edna Hyams, will no longer be here after April 11. The West Market Street Methodist church will benefit by her services, while G. H. S. will lose its capable secretary. During her four years of service, she has been the person to whom everyone from Mr. Routh on down to the meekest sophomore sought in time of trouble.

We're sorry you are going, Miss Hyams, but we wish you all the luck in the world!

Popularity vs. Scholarship

Does it stunt your personality to be a member of Torchlight? Is it the popular thing at G. H. S. to be a good student? What is wrong with our scholastic standing here at G. H. S.?

In answer to these questions which should be considered seriously, we reply that a good all-round student will not allow his personality to become stunted if he is a good student. There are a picked few who are good students and have no personality and we have taken them as examples of what a scholar is like. However, the fact that they have no personality is not the result of their good grades.

Some of us have gotten the impression that to be a good student and popular student at once is very rare and next to impossible. Some of our half-baked high school quarter-wits have jumped to the erroneous conclusion that if you make much above passing, you are a bookworm, and it is a good sign that you are not popular. The people who are good students but are not popular are in the minority. At a recent high school dance 75 per cent of the most popular girls on the floor were honor roll students and 60 per cent of the seniors of this group were members of Torchlight. In this case let's follow the majority and raise our scholastic standing.

The records of the school show that this report period there were fewer high grades and more failures than there has been for several years. Why should this condition

exist? The attitude of the students has a great deal to do with the scholastic rating. Change the attitude and the grades will change. One person can't bring about this change but a group could. Why not be different and bring about a better scholastic standing in dear old G. H. S.?

Time Saver!

Congratulations, students! Congratulations to you, traffic officers! Much praise is due to everyone for the fine cooperation shown since the traffic rules have been changed. Everyone should be able to get to classes on time. Teachers, and students too, are commenting on the effort saved in changing classes. Again we say, congratulations to you, traffic squad!

The Scrap Bag

Spring is come to G. H. S. and with it a desire in us young bucks to express ourselves. You know the old saying: In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to what the girls have been thinking about all winter. We may be as innocent as lambs in holding hands while walking down the walk; but don't forget that perhaps some older folk are passing, to whom holding hands meant something in their day. It doesn't mean anything to us (well, not much), but let's not give the public the wrong impression of us.

Bagatells—Just in case you're wondering, that tall, good-looking blonde is Carolyn Ballow . . . Personal nomination for the most fascinating nose in G. H. S.: Miss Pike's . . . Looks like Charlie can't make up his mind between "Frankie" and Jane . . .

Pat: Knock, knock!
Jack: Who's there?
Pat: Jimmie.
Jack: Jimmie, who?
Pat: Jimmie—so me much these days?
. . . And they say that the "Bobbie" and "Jeannie" combination is a thing of the past. Too bad! . . . Jack Southerland's latest is Mary Elizabeth Edmundson, (better known as "Ed") and we can't say that we blame him . . . This week's personality is Jean Yates, because she does so much with so little "to do" about it.

Have you ever noticed how many doubles we have for movie stars at G. H. S. Here are a few. Can you see any resemblance?

- Annis Hines—Rosalind Russell.
- George Miles—Clark Gable.
- Carolyn Lassiter—Barbara Stanwyck.
- Dot Ellington—Lupe Velez.
- Bill Brewer—Tyronne Power.
- Catherine Paris—Loretta Young.
- Frances Gwyn—Sonja Henie.
- Helen Ownbey—Dorothy Lamour.

Poet's Corner

SYMPHONIES

A Sonnet
A tree is all the beauty to me
Of life's song at its very best
Her strength and height are the test
Of music—wild, sought-after carefree.
She directs the humming of the bee,
And welcomes musicians as her guests;
For robins, joys, and all the rest
Help form her symphony.
The winds deep cello fills the air
In harmony with a whip-o-will—
The leaves soft rustle inserted there
The drummer's part to fill.
You see, life's sweetest symphonies
Are all embodied in the trees.
—Edna Caveness.

Teachers to Hear Convention Reports
A general meeting of the teachers of the city schools will be held Monday, April 11, at 4 o'clock at the Central Junior High school. The teachers will hear the reports of their representatives who attended recent conventions.

The Only Light



in a war-torn world.

**OPEN LETTER
To the Student Body**

Members of the Student Body:

I wish I could think of something to say to you that would really make you know just how I feel about being here in the Greensboro Senior High school. I'm going to try to give you the impression I received before I came, and then follow that up with what I think of you now, after having spent seven months in your midst. However, let's go back until this time last year when I heard that I had the opportunity to become a part of your splendid organization.

There are many times in life when one is excited, you know, and there are also many times when one is very thrilled, but I shall never forget the afternoon last spring when I received a letter saying I had the opportunity to teach in the Greensboro Senior High school during the coming school year. I was so impatient that I couldn't wait until September to find out what it was like.

I don't believe there's a boy or girl in this entire school who does not know what I'm talking about when I mention school spirit. I had it then, and I have it now, and I don't believe I'm by myself, either. Am I, boys and girls? I'm sure I'm not. However, after being with you for seven months, I'm just so much more interested in your welfare, as a student body, than I've ever been before, that I can't sit back and be quiet when I hear some one say something about you. I find myself sitting on the edge of the chair, and then ready to get "on my toes" if every remark that concerns you is not just the very best compliment possible. And, because I'm so interested in you being the very "tops" in everything you undertake, and because I know you can be, I'm writing this letter to tell you how very glad it makes me to be able to work with you. There's nothing I'd rather do than to go away from Greensboro in June with the feeling that the Senior High school was beyond reproach, from the standpoint of both scholarship and conduct. I believe we can attain this goal, too, if we work together, and work hard enough.

The suggestions which have been handed in by the scholarship and conduct committees are for you to think about and to discuss. You see, we (the faculty) are so interested in you measuring up to perfection itself, that you are being given a "say-so" in your policies. You will be asked to vote and express yourself concerning certain questions pertaining to your life here in the high school. I want you to understand the questions asked, and then, I want you to answer them as sincerely and as honestly as you would have me answer a question of yours. Furthermore, I want you to hand in suggestions con-

cerning the things you want to express an opinion about.

I could just write on and on, but I know it really isn't fair to take up the space that belongs to some one else. So, I hope you will come over to my room (24) and let us continue this talk together. There are just one or two more things, however, that I want to remind you of before I stop. When a stranger (as I was this time last year) first hears about the Greensboro Senior High school, he judges it, to a great extent, by the record you make in your scholarship grades, and by the way you conduct yourself at all times in all ways, whether you happen to be in the class room, on the school grounds, or representing the school as a member of some club, organization, or athletic team. Now, as I said before, I'm for you, and I'm here to help you. Will you cooperate? Let's pull together and make Greensboro Senior High school, not only the finest in the two Carolinas, but let's make our school the best in the entire South!

Sincerely,
ANN C. HARBISON,
Chmn. Conduct Committee.

BEHIND THE SCENES

"Have you heard from Agnes Scott yet, Willa?" Sue Wimbish anxiously queried.

"Yes, we got a letter this morning," replied Willa Jean, rather hurriedly. "They're coming," he continued.

And so, for the past two months, the College Day committee has been quietly functioning and has made today the success that it is. We are really giving credit where credit is due, for everyone realizes what a tremendous task it is to make contacts with some thirty-odd college representatives and provide luncheon for them.

So, thanks to you, Willa Jean, and the other members of your committee: Sue Wimbish, Dick Fritz, James Dodson, Mark Altwater, Shirley Weaver, and Miss Lily Walker, faculty adviser, for making College Day possible this year!

WHAT NEXT?

Wallpaper, shirt, ties, hats, dogs, college pennants, birds, posters, and fish. What a combination! It's true, though! As one enters Miss Lee's room, number nine, the walls are decorated realistically with these. One moment you are in an interior decorator's studio, the next you are fishing. Then you are in the great outdoors, now in a shirt shop, and finally in one of Carolinas' colleges.

True, the atmosphere is varied, but maybe some of G. H. S.'s art students, such as Frances Noah, will be a wallpaper designer or perhaps Fred Williams will sell shirts. (He should know which ones to sell; that blue one he designed with the red stripes even fools Miss Lee occasionally). We might even find Marion Morrison sketching birds for a nature magazine!