

HIGH LIFE

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the Students of Greensboro
Senior High School
Greensboro, North Carolina
Founded by Class of 1921



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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.

Five Times!

When a room does it once, that's news; but when it happens five times in a row, that's very unusual. The room under discussion is none other than the senior session room, 4, and it has won the Torchlight scholarship shield every report period this semester. We congratulate these busy seniors who can find time, among other things, for what really counts!

Speaking of Art

North Carolina is becoming art conscious; and, as a result, we are becoming conscious of the talent that has been hidden in our midst until a few weeks ago. G. H. S. is proud of three of its students who captured top honors in the recent state art contest. These winners were as follows: Illustration in any medium, Elizabeth Beall, first; posters, Annis Hines, first; surface pattern designs for rugs, etc., Elizabeth Beall, first and third.

Deadlines

How many of you know what a "deadline" is? I'll bet that 90 per cent of you will say that it's a term used by newspapermen, meaning the time when all articles have to be in the hands of the editor. But you wouldn't be entirely right. There is more than one deadline.

Some of you have recently been required to meet a deadline for term papers and book reports. You must always meet tardy bell deadlines. But do you always meet these deadlines? Are you the kind of student whose paper is ready when called for? Or, do you always beg for "a little more time?" The real students are always ready. Are you?

GABBLE

We'd always wondered how one would go about writing a column, but now we're getting the idea. Take our case, for example. When Yours Truly assumed the responsibility of a column, he had exactly no idea of where to start. But he supposed that he should decide on a name, as a first move. Thus there followed a period of serious concentration.

Fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes, and still no name! Why, even Paul Pearson, the ingenious wit of the class, could give no suggestions. So it was as a last resort that we decided to open the dictionary at random, put our finger on any word, and write that word at the top of our column . . . Here goes! Now let's see . . . Ichabod! . . . Why that would never do. Let's try again . . . Mmm . . . Gabble! That's it! At least until we can think of a better name . . . And now, I suppose, we set foot on the path so many amateur columnists have tried.

Have you heard this one?
I've never seen a purple cow;
I never hope to see one.

But by the purple milk I've seen,
I'm sure that there must be one.

WE SECOND IT!

Lecturer: "I speak the language of wild animals."

Voice in the back of the room: "Next time you see a skunk, ask him what's the big idea."

NEW CAREER FOR MITZI

Another career in the making is that of Mitzi Sewell, who favored a crowd of 12 admirers a while back, with two renditions, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "Josephine." Who said she wasn't appreciated? Why, there was even a contribution fund. And Mitzi, to show how interested we are in your future, here's a tip. We heard that the Sheesley Carnival is on the lookout for a songstress. Why don't you inquire?

Don't you think so department: "Tee" McCormick's eyes look like those of Bette Davis, the screen star.

WE CAN'T BLAME THEM
Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
But all the King's horses and all the
King's men
Stayed to hear Senior's band play again.

PUBLICITY FOR MARION

Marion "Sissy" Palmer has at last made history. Having pestered us all this semester to put her name in the paper (whether it's news or not is immaterial to her), she attracted our attention by making the announcements in the radio the other day. Well, Marion are you satisfied now?

One! Two! Three!

It seems to us a frequent procedure in our library for some illiterate person to call "One!" Then others who think it is cute continue to count. Are we going to let this disturbance go on? You may not realize the fact that there are many juniors and seniors among us who wish to work on term papers. If we can't be considerate of ourselves, let's be considerate of others who are trying to work. After all, we appear to be grammar grade students when we attempt to "show off" in this manner by failing to acknowledge his dis-courtesy.

PRISSY'S PATTER

From the Exchange Desk

Stop! Look! Sniff! was the title of a humorous article which recently appeared in the *Tar Heel Daily*. This dealt with the favorite touches, tastes, smells, and sounds of the students. "Money from a jackpot" was the most pleasant touch; one boy voted the nicest smell to be the "fragrance of cinnamon from the girl who sits behind me"; and someone added that the "peanut-popcorn perfume that floats out of the Carolina theater" was just swell.

Rock-a-bye baby on the tree-top! The boys at High Point High school will need no lullaby when they complete the 18 bedroom suites that they have under construction in the manual arts department.

Endeavoring to find the qualifications of the ideal senior boy was the task of the Menominee, Mich., High school recently. All the girls differed on the subject, of course. Opinions ran something like this: "someone with a winning personality"; "tall, dark, and handsome"; "dancing ability and courtesy rank high"; and "there's no such thing." (I think they've got something there.)

A pair of fine leather shoes was the chief object for sale at an auction held at Hamlet, N. C. Both shoes were available or just one could be bought. One was a size 8 and the other was a 9½. All proceeds were to go to buy a one-way ticket to Morganton for one of the students.

The boys in Montclair High school, N. J., are revolting against the "cannibalistic looking" permanents the girls are sporting. Frizzled ends and tangles seem to be the "thing" this spring. However, it's not only the boys who can fuss! One day he is a brunette and the next day he's a "blond" (or has no hair at all.) This writer seems to think that in time "we shall all be bald (oh! heaven forbid) and the problem will be solved."

CHEMISTS INVENT COMPOUND FOR USE IN DEGRAVITATOR

(Continued from Page One)
able him to overcome the force of gravity.

"On thees small wheel I weel put a negatively charged magnet. On zee lower side of thees machine I weel place a row of positively charged magnets."

"Oh no!" interrupted a voice from another office. At this the small figure of Herr Ludwig Clymer stepped out into the laboratory. Immediately Ludwig began to expostulate on the merits of his theory.

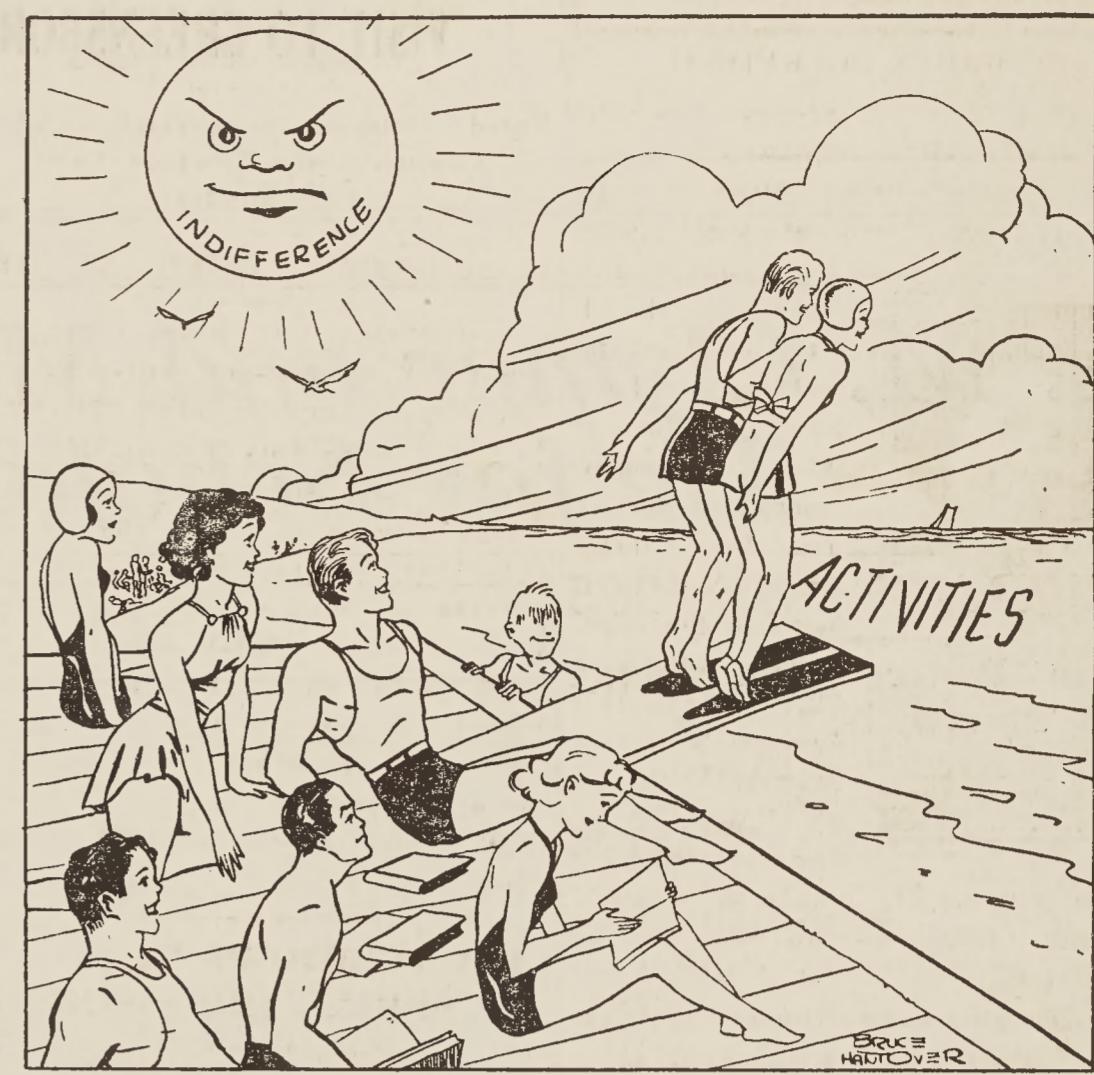
"The magnets on the bottom should be negatively charged, so that the repelling force of like charges will counteract the downward centrifugal force. In this manner . . ."

Realizing that the argument in progress would probably last the rest of the day, your reporter beat a hurried retreat and hastened to phone Morganton for reservations.

NO HOBBY?

Hobbies! What? You don't have one? If you take just one look at the new books in the library, you'll be convinced before night falls that you must have a hobby.

There are numerous types of hobbies. Take your choice! Go to the library and ask Mrs. Hall for a book on this subject. For instance, if your hobby is photography, some of the best books on this are *You and Your Camera*, *New Ways in Photography*, *Elementary Photography*, and *Photography Today*. If you're interested in railroads, you'll be interested in *Building a Model Railroad*. If you like boats, read *Small Boat Building*. These books are all on reserve; don't rush! You'll get to see them.

But Don't Go Near the Water**What Do You Think?**

To the question, "Why do you think we need *Homespun*?" the following replied:

Christine Allen: We need *Homespun* to publish the really good efforts of some of the students in high school in the field of creative writing.

Ruth Heffner: A school with as high standards as G. H. S. should not lack this vital means of expressing student creations. We MUST have *Homespun*.

Willa Jean Hayes: The creative classes in this school harbor excellent and enthusiastic talent. The revival of *Homespun* would give our student body an insight into this talent.

Catherine Paris: Our school has only recently begun to climb out of the hole in which the depression put it. We have recovered our band and newspaper, but if we could again have *Homespun*, I think G. H. S. would again be the well rounded school it was in 1930.

Perrine Bilyeu: *Homespun* will furnish a needed means of expression.

Ruth O'Connor: Until the year of 1931, G. H. S. always took first place in all international literary contests with the magazine, *Homespun*. We still have excellent creative efforts in our school, and we could publish it again. Come on, let's give it a try!

Nancy O'Brien: Our high school has good material for a magazine in its writing classes. They should be given a chance to revive *Homespun* for G. H. S.

Mr. Hucks: Literary talent may lie dormant if unexpressed. *Homespun* will be the medium of expression for many G. H. S. students.

Jean Berbert: *Homespun* was formerly rated foremost among literary publications of its kind in the country. Surely, the efforts of ambitious G. H. S. students to revive *Homespun* this semester should not be neglected.

Marie Pearce: There are a great many students in the creative writing classes who have talent of which *Homespun* would take care.

Mrs. Le Gwin: I remember *Homespun*. It rivaled our college magazines. Who knows but what we may have a Margaret Mitchell or an Edna St. Vincent Millay in our midst? *Homespun* would discover these people. Let's revive it. It has hibernated long enough.

BOOKS! AND MORE BOOKS!

When the new 160 books were added to the library, the faculty was honored by the library staff. The teachers were invited to come in and see the new books. And, after they had seen the novels, biographies, or what have you, they were served punch and cakes by Mrs. Hall and her assistants. Incidentally, about \$200 worth of books are yet to be added.

Invitations and Senior Pictures
The June graduating class has ordered 5,031 invitations. Flynt is taking the pictures for the senior issue of HIGH LIFE.

Letters to Lulu

Dear Lulu:

I'm in an awful predicament. I was invited to a dance by a boy whom I admire very much. Three days later, he became very ill with influenza and I, thinking he wouldn't be able to go, accepted an invitation from another young man with whom I am very much in love. Now, the first boy is well. What shall I do? I'd rather go with the second one.

X Y Z

Dear X Y Z:

Merely tell the second boy that you can't go with him. You shouldn't have accepted his invitation in the beginning until you were sure the first one couldn't go.

Sincerely,
LULU.

WHAT PRICE GOOD ATTENDANCE?

What are we going to do about it? By what means can we improve this situation? Something has to be done!

Many of us do not realize that due to our poor attendance this year, we are likely to lose some of our present teachers. It is unfortunate that those of us who are eager to learn have to be hindered by the "skippers" and those few who frequent the clinic everytime they have a hard test or a toothache. But maybe it's outside interference. Why should there be more absences on Monday than any other day of the week? Is it a "hang-over" from our week-end pleasures?

Come on fellows — summer is just around the corner and with all of this pretty weather there is no reason to skip. Our goal is to increase and not decrease our teaching force.

Won't you help us out?

COME OUT, GIRLS

It seems that girls in the vogue have long ago outgrown the old adage, "Keep it under your hat." They are still doing a perfectly swellelegant job of keeping it under cover," but in a new way. "It" is not a secret. "It" is merely hair. At least that's all we've been able to notice under these fashionable kerchiefs.

We can't help but wonder if our models really have something to conceal, or if they wear those coverings to distract our attention from the fact that they have nothing underneath them.

At any rate, several of our teachers seem to feel that they might be able to do their jobs a little more creditably if our "models" would cooperate in class by coming out of their "shells." Somehow, we are inclined to agree with them.

♦♦♦