

HIGH LIFE

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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.

Team Mates

"Block those men so that our backs can go through the line!" That is the principle thought of the tackles in any football game. That is their job. They are on the field to clear the opposition in order for the backs to score. Without the line, a team can not succeed. Without the cooperation of team mates, the game could not be played.

If members of a football squad can cooperate to this extent, why can't members of the student body apply cooperation in class work? Not everyone can be a good leader, but everyone can be a good follower. A leader can not go far without someone backing him. A follower can not go far without someone leading him. So why not do good supporting instead of poor commanding? Why doesn't every boy and girl get out and do his or her share towards better cooperation among the students? Students, this is a challenge. Prove your worth by accepting this challenge to be better team mates in working for the right atmosphere in the class.

It's For You!

It's new, it's different, and it's just for you and you and you! A Guidance period offered by Miss Harbison to help the students at Greensboro high school with their problems.

Guidance means exactly what it says—to guide to the right. Many of you are seniors, wondering what to do when the "huge green doors" are closed behind you; if so, it's Guidance for you. Others of us have our scholastic, every-day, social, and domestic problem to be

solved—so it seems to be Guidance for us all.

It's for you, by you and with you—let's keep it—it's ours!

Are Your Brakes Working?

Sure, you might reply if asked that question, I had the old "jalopy" fixed up yesterday.

That's all very well and good, but then, what about your other brakes, your character brakes. They are just as important, if not more so, than the brakes on your automobile.

If the brakes on your car are in bad shape, they will most assuredly land you in a wreck, from which you will escape with your life if you are lucky.

But, if your character brakes are weak—if they are always slipping—you will find yourself in a predicament from which you can't escape—the total loss of your character, and that is one of the hardest things in the world to regain.

Therefore, let's check our brakes right now, and, remembering the old adage, "a stitch in time, saves nine," let us repair the flaws and weak spots now before it's too late.

High School Hitlers

To most of us a dictator is a person situated in a country where we "ain't," and, therefore is an individual who gives us little cause for concern.

However that may be, the discovery has been made that there are living and breathing in our midst few individuals who have deluded themselves into the belief that the high school is run solely for their benefit and pleasure. Included in this category are the "study hall Stalins," the people who monopolize your time with their foolishness; the "muscle-bound Mussolinis," who plunge from class to class, forgetting that they are in a hall and not on a grid-iron; the "Cut-up Karls" who can't get attention any other way; last but not least "hand-waving Hatties," who flap their appendages before your eyes, distracting your attention at the moment when concentration on the subject is essential.

The only remedy for this situation is for each one to discover in himself the faults which he so easily sees in others, and then to eradicate them. This will eliminate the dictators that of late have been all too evident around G. H. S.

WANTED — LIFE

Mrs. Hall, the high school librarian, is looking for *Life*. Not animal, insect, or bird life, but a gay life—pictures and reading—in other words the *Life* magazine.

Seriously, Mrs. Hall would like for some one to supply her with a *Life* magazine each week for the library.

Last year, a member of the spring graduating class brought the magazine to the library each week, thus saving the school the cost of a subscription.

Therefore, if anyone in the school will furnish the library with this magazine, it will be greatly appreciated, not only by Mrs. Hall, but the school as well.

Lieutenant (roaring with rage) — Who told you to put flowers on the table?

Gob—The executive officer, sir.
Lieutenant—Pretty, aren't they?

Sub-Deb Column

Summer weather (or sompin') surely must have possessed powerful changing qualities, for it has certainly changed the way they're wearing things nowadays.

It seems that the girls have lost their ankle-lines, and for the last three weeks have been displaying their chains, trinkets, and carefully tanned "below-the-calves" . . . Well! Hasn't anybody noticed? Why, the peroxide bottle and the clippers have been lost, at last. Don't you think the natural color and length of the masculine mops are lots more attractive? . . . Speaking of hair—Oh! Oh! I know you girls say that I needn't go any farther, you've seen it too.—But wait, don't go so fast. Look at yourself in the mirror and then look around you. Have you plenty of company with your head-dress, or do you suddenly realize that you're traveling your avenue of coiffures alone?

Have our "gay lassies" of last year suddenly blossomed forth 40 years into the age of who-knows-what, or have they timidly turned the pages of history back to Madame DuBarry, Marie Antoinette, or the much publicized Cleopatra? I'll leave that for you to decide.

Now, I shall venture to give you the newest style for "hair-do," recently created by Tissie Lish . . . Carefully part the hair one-half inch above the left ear, and bring the larger portion (which may be a little bushy, but don't let that worry you) to the right, and fasten with a bear trap. (Be sure there is no bear in it.) Then arrange your tresses as desired.

Here's wishing you good luck, (you'll need it) and with apologies to Jimmy Fidler, so long, and "I do mean you."

BAGATAILS

The spring graduation may have broken up several other prominent G. S. H. couples, but there still seems to be some sort of understanding between last year's "best dressed" girl and this year's chief scribe. (Oh, dear, maybe we shouldn't have made that so plain.)

Professor: "Is there anything that hibernates in summer?"
A Sophomore: "Yes, Santa Claus."—*The Mountaineer.*

G. H. S. acquired several new teachers this fall, and we're very glad of it. But couldn't we show our feelings a little more? They would probably appreciate a little kindness from students.

It's our opinion that Mr. Hucks will be spending most of his time on Fridays in the office from now on. (We just met the new secretary, and we don't blame him a little bit, especially since he's married to her.)

DEDICATION

"A squirrel looked at a freshman; Then his mother's gaze did meet; 'Yes, darling,' said his mother, 'But not the kind we eat!'"

Ouch! Sure, we know that joke was used last year, but we think it's still appropriate.

Brain-children-of-the-fortnight—Jean surely is interested in Duke this year. We wonder . . . Wouldn't Jane Murray make a perfect Flapper Fanny if her hair was black? . . . The oldest person in town—anybody who isn't wearing moccasins . . . wonder where all our bright ideas disappeared to . . . funniest thing lately — the expressions on the faces of two juniors when they realized that the person they had been calling "fresh" was really an undersized senior . . .

Hostess: "Now, Tommy, why don't you go and play with your little friends?"

Tommy: "I've only got one little friend, and I hate him."

Getting in Gear



BITS and BITES From the Exchange Desk

Yes, sir, it can be done, and the students of Savannah high school, Savannah, Ga., did it. Did what? They raised exactly \$1,800 in order to purchase a silver service to present to Capt. R. C. Giffen, commanding officer of the U. S. S. Savannah, on behalf of the city for which it is named.

What the sophomores knew during an intelligence test:

1. An oxygen is an eight-sided figure.
2. Nero means nothing at all.
3. Homer is a type of pigeon.
4. Ulysses S. Grant was a tract of land upon which several battles of the Civil war were fought.
5. A quorum is a place where they keep fish.
6. A vegetarian is a horse doctor.
7. Henry Clay is a mud treatment for the face.
8. Mussolini is a patent medicine.
9. Radium is a new kind of silk.
10. Flora and Fauna are a couple of chorus girls.

—*The Mountaineer.*

Some of the staff members of "The Blue and White," published at Savannah high school believe there are three "isms" menacing the world today: Communism, Fascism, and Journalism!

CUPID SHOOTS HUCKS and JENRETTE

Cupid aimed, shot, and hit Mr. Herbert Hucks and Mr. T. S. Jenrette during the summer vacation when they decided to change their rank from bachelors to benedicts.

Mr. Hucks, of the French department, wedded none other than one of the Jones' girls, of Spartanburg, S. C. Before her marriage she was Miss Sarah Steele Jones, daughter of Mrs. Pattie K. Jones and the late Rev. E. S. Jones.

Mrs. Hucks was graduated from Converse college in 1934. She is now doing secretarial work at Caldwell school four days a week and at G. H. S. one and a half days.

The couple are located at 406 West-over Terrace.

Mr. Jenrette, of the chemistry department, had the knot tied just two days after school was out in June, in order to celebrate his escape from the ineptitudes of would-be scientists. He married Miss Virginia Harris, an attractive graduate of Greensboro college.

Where Zit Go?

One thousand two hundred popsicles, and ice cream sandwiches in one day! Two hundred pounds of potatoes to go along with 480 bottles of milk. Two hundred and sixteen sandwiches and 26 chickens thrown in for good measure.

Wow! Has a pack of lions been loosed in our cafeteria? No, merely 505 new sophomores; and, from the looks of some of them, the food requisitions will be considerably higher, 'cause we all know that growing children (and boy, we mean children) eat "pulently." Seriously, however, 1,704 hungry students can wolf down that food, but how long can they keep it up?

Poet's Corner

MATRIMONY

The sun splashed through the leafy oaks
In a shower of golden hue,
The trees stood by in stately awe,
The sky hinted brightly at blue.

A songbird thrilled on an overhead limb,
Some violets stood impishly by,
As they watched in splendor the wedding
Of the lonesome pine and the sky.

—*Jane Webb.*

ELEVEN NEW TEACHERS ADDED TO SENIOR FACULTY

(Continued From Page One)

ing several years at Gillespie Park. She is a graduate of Duke university.

Another assistant to Mr. Jamieson will be Mr. Ritchie, who comes from Yadkinville high where he coached the football team.

Miss Barton, another G. H. S. graduate, is a new addition to the science department. She has had several years' teaching experience in New York and Illinois, and don't tell anybody, but she likes detective stories.

A native of Kentucky, Mr. Richards, lends his experience in the various fields of business training and leadership to the commercial department. It should stand him in good stead as he begins his work at G. H. S., but if he remains a member of that Woman Haters' club, he'll fool us.

Miss Wren, the new assistant librarian, assumes her duties well prepared, as she is a graduate of the school of library science at the University of North Carolina, and has had several years' experience in the Richmond, Va., high school.