

"HIGH" LIFE

"FOR A GREATER G. H. S."
Founded by the class of '21

Published Every Other Week by the Students of the Greensboro High School

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Look and see who makes this paper possible by advertising in it, and then trade with them.

EDITORIAL

Parallel reading got my goat!

"Hikers or Pikers—Which?"

No more use for the mid-night oil until June.

The rings make 'em feel lots more "Seniorified!" You bet!

Basket ball beats the band. Our girls have got 'em going!

Pull the shades down—don't snatch 'em, they will split sometimes you know!

There must be glue on the scholarship shield! Room 203 loves it like molasses!

Student government! Maybe 'it will and maybe it won't. But just give it a trial.

Great was the commotion around the school this week. At last the long waited for Senior signs and pins have arrived. Not until they arrive did we feel like Seniors. We now have something to always remind us that we are Seniors. Dignified Seniors. Though the class will soon break up we will always have this little symbol to bind us together.

The Bond Issue

The people of Greensboro have done a great thing by voting for school Bonds. We feel that one of the leading men of the city was right when he said, "this was the successful outcome of a day's voting and means the dawn of a new day." It seems that the ladies did a great deal of

voting and with their aid the issue was carried.

Nothing could have helped more than the appropriate and very attractive posters that were put in the show windows of all of the leading stores in the city. These were made by the students of the Junior High, and the Grammer Schools. Much credit to the success of the issue must be given to these for with these posters the mother was kept before the people at all times.

THE PATROL OF THE LONE STAR TRAIL

Story by a Seventh Grader

Michael O'Halloran, of the Texas Rangers, rode his patrol along the Lone Star Trail. Suddenly a dark form glided out of the bushes in front of him. Another came out upon his right, another upon his left, and still another behind him. They were indians, hideously painted and half naked. They closed in upon Mike, and before he could move they had tied him securely upon his horse. They led him about two miles through the woods, until they came to a large Indian camp in a canyon, containing nearly one thousand Indians.

Mike was taken before an Indian whom he recognized as Onatwa, or Copperhead, head chief of the Black Foot Confederacy.

Copperhead, in gutteral English, asked Mike what he was doing spying on the Redskins.

"Begorry, and yez pesky Redskins better turn me loose, and beat it to your reservations, or I'll send every Mother's son of ye to Kingdom Come," roared Mike,

struggling with the Indians who led him.

The Indian chief spoke a few words in the Sioux language to the Indians who led Mike, and they carried him to a bush hut on the outskirts of the camp.

Rumors had been coming in for several weeks that the Blackfeet Indians were contemplating an uprising against the whites, but the Rangers paid little attention to them. The day before a Ranger had come in with the news that the Indians were gathering in force some miles away, in a canyon on Mike's patrol, and the captain of the Rangers had sent to Austin for fifty men to help disperse the Indians.

Mike lay in silence for some minutes in the bush hut, thinking how he might escape. He was looking around, trying to find some way when his eyes lighted on a sharp stone near him. He rolled over to this and began sawing the ropes on his wrist until they were free. He then untied his feet. He got up, stretched himself, and started to crawl out of the back of the hut, when he caught sight of a pulley and long piece of rope in a corner. He looked at it a moment, and then chuckled gleefully. "Begorry, and I'll be d— if I don't do it," he said to himself.

He picked up the pulley and rope and crawled out of the back of the tent. He crawled to the edge of the woods and then walked silently to the bluff at one side of the camp. He climbed a tall tree and tied one end of the rope to the tree. He made a noose at the other end of the rope and lassoed a tall tree on the other side of the camp. He took off his coat and, tied it over his arms, putting the pulley on the rope, he caught hold of it and slid to the

middle of the rope directly over the camp. The Indians in the camp below were running around in every direction, pointing upward.

"Ho, my brothers," shouted Mike in a loud voice, "the Great Spirit desires that his servants, the Redskins, go back to their reservations, and give up this foolishness about an uprising, or he will send the lightnings down from the heavens and destroy you," and Mike, flapped his arms and coasted on the pulley to the other side of the canyon and hid in the trees that the rope was tied to.

In the Indian camp below the Indians began running wildly to and fro and tearing down the tents.

Soon all the Indians had left the camp and Mike climbed down out of the tree. For several minutes he rolled about on the grass, laughing until it seemed he would burst. After a time he stopped laughing and went down to the camp below, where the Indians had left his horse tied to a tree. He mounted it and rode back to the Rangers camp, where he told his captain about the routing of the Indians.

The captain laughed until tears came into his eyes. He sent a man to Austin to tell the governor of Texas the story of the dispersing of the Indians and to recall the men the captain had ordered to be sent. Mike was promoted to a captain's office, and that was the last attempt of the Indians to rise against the whites.

Glenn Holder, 7-A.

"My dear, do you know that every time you breathe some one dies?"

"Well, I'm sorry, but if I stop I'll die myself."—Ex.

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