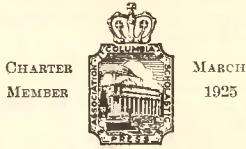


HIGH LIFE

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Ambition

The gates of ambition are thrown open. The fires of youth are burning; opportunity lies before us. Why should any one let the chance to be known and loved and sought slip from his fingers? Why not grasp it now?

Remember, the only dishonor of honorable work is the failure to build high standards and to aim for a worthy goal. Though the road to success sometimes be dusty and dark, seize every opportunity—be ambitious. Let well-doing and well-being be that ambition.

We not only owe ourselves but our country the best. It is the duty of all American citizens to be worthy, honorable in all things, capable and trustworthy, afraid of nothing but evil, anxious for only good.

Thus, with ambition realized, hopes strengthened, ideals uplifted, we will serve our country, honor God, and build a foundation of love and companionship by a way which no cloud can darken.

"Were You Raised in a Barn?"

If you should ask each pupil in Greensboro High School if he were "raised in a barn," he would respond that he was not, but, judging from the walls of the washrooms, one would think that some of them really were "raised in a barn." There are always a few who must express their ability of writing poetry, and sign-painting, but it would look much nicer in our young poets if they would write on paper instead of the walls. If there is a shortage of paper among the poets, if they would call at Mr. Phillips' office, he would supply them with paper on which they could write their poems. Are there any such writings on the walls of any of the pupils' washrooms at home. Certainly not! Then why should they write on the walls at school? It cannot be that they do not know any better, because there is not a high school pupil who does not know that it is very common to write or draw on the walls of washrooms, whether in his home or not. It may be well to suggest to the people who contribute the poetry and pictures on the walls that it does not appeal to the majority of the Greensboro High School pupils, and that we would appreciate it very much if that sort of thing would be discontinued from now on. If you are ever tempted to write on the walls, just ask yourself, "Was I raised in a barn?"

Bill Jones

Bill Jones, brimful of knowledge and experience, has been our old standby since September, 1928, when he was first introduced to G. H. S. by Mr. C. W. Phillips.

His presence in the school has been helpful, both to the individual and to the school, even though he isn't real, but merely a framed, pasteboard philosopher.

Bill says that "ideas are the fruits of imagination." He tells his friends to develop and then put the ideas to work, for "Life's too short for groping," and "All doors everywhere are wide open for the booster." Doers get somewhere; drifters just drift, for "Dreams without action produce no results."

"It takes courage to stick. The prize winner sticks til lthe finish." "The tougher the job, the bigger the credit for the one who puts it over." With your success, prove your sportsmanship. "There is no substitute for politeness. Courtesy brings friends, advantages, and opportunities."

That's what he thinks about ambition. He believes that with your heart set for your goal, you should "Build for the future, make every day count."

SOPH SCRIBBLES

TODAY

Today this life is not my own
To do just as I may;
But it is given as a loan,
And I cannot repay.

I shall not mar its loveliness
By deeds or words unkind;
But deeds of help and happiness
I must go to seek and find.

I must use every precious hour
With lightened heart and mind,
And not lose time as the minutes tower,
But live and be refined.

So when the good day passes
Into Eternity,
My life will be as fair as dawn,
As it was when loaned to me.

COLOR

Color—
Tiny wisps of light
Dancing in and out—
Brightening the life of the outcast,
Bringing cheer to the sick,
Always present and helping—
Concentrated cheer!

SHARKS

Sharks—
Terrible, relentless,
Darting, dashing, diving,
Swiftly strewn sorrow,
Terror of the ocean, pirates of the deep.

DESTINY

Today may hold a lot
O' sorrow, or maybe joy!
Daily some one meets the
"Ace o' Spades," or maybe "King o'
Hearts."
Your turn may be today—you never
know.

Tell me—can't some one tell me
Of what tomorrow holds?
My plans may all be shattered
On the Rocks of Destiny—tomorrow.
Round the corner I may meet success;
Round the bend death may be lurking.
Oh, what will tomorrow reveal—or—
Will tomorrow ever come?

THE OLD SOUTH

Where the sun is a little brighter,
And the clouds are a little bluer;
Where the rain is a little heavier,
And the friends are a little truer—
The Old South!

AMBITION

My ambition is to be a poet,
Although from this you wouldn't know
it.
If I am, I should be able to make up
a rhyme
When asked to do it any time.

Once I made a little poem,
And just as I was going
To hand it to my teacher
I decided to write a feature.

Somehow my poems always bore;
At least the listeners sometimes snore.
Yet if I do become a poet,
I will certainly let you know it.

SOPH JOY

It's a heap o' joy the sophomore gets,
(Tis plain to those that know him)
A-beatin' on the freshies
Who cower down below him.

He turns a wicked eye on them,
And laughs to see 'em running.
No class day for the sophie—
Yet he keeps the school a-humming.

He flutters past the lip-sticked girl,
Till positive she adores.
We ain't bragging, we're just telling,
'Cause we're the sophomores.

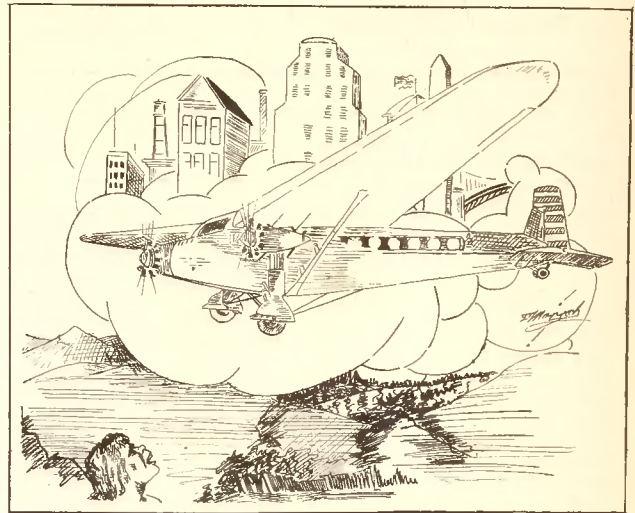
A RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

(We'd like to down the recipe in case
you'd write to try your luck.)

Ingredients: A bottle of integrity;
a pinch of tidiness; (no glory needed);
use pep(per); new friends.

Directions: Mix tidiness and pep
carefully with integrity until industry
results. Warm over affection. Season
with cheerfulness. Add friends.

AMBITION



What We Think

Dear Editor:

I think that something should be said in regard to the chapel programs which have recently been given. The chapel program committee showed excellent judgment in its choice of speakers for the vocational talks. I think that the majority of those who heard these talks agreed that they were interesting and instructive, and that each speaker was carefully selected as a good representative of his or her work. They explained very clearly their work and the preparation necessary for it.

These talks were of great value to many of us.

A STUDENT.

Dear Editor:

Speaking of ambition, I think that some of the students of G. H. S., in fact, many of them, are too ambitious in having their names in public places. The appearance of our high school walls could be improved more than a little if the pupils would co-operate in keeping the school walls free of pencil and lipstick markings.

If we should reverse our ambition, and keep our names off the walls, we would be much better off, and our ambitions would result in good, worthy undertakings.

A STUDENT.

Dear Editor:

Mr. Shepard, the dean of boys, is doing splendid work with the track team this year. This is Mr. Shepard's first season as a coach at G. H. S., but he has proved himself a worthy coach. There are many boys out for the team, but Mr. Shepard is urging more boys to come out.

A STUDENT.

What to Do

"Good manners are made of petty sacrifices."

1. Never reach across another person's plate in order to reach something. Ask courteously to be passed what you want.

2. Introduce a boy to a girl, a man to a woman, a younger person to an older person.

3. When an older person who is standing begins to talk to you, rise at once.

4. Before leaving a party express your appreciation to the hostess for pleasant entertainment.

5. A boy should follow a girl in getting into an automobile or taxi, and precede her when alighting.

6. Candy, books, and flowers are always in good taste as gifts for a girl. Costlier gifts are barred.

7. In asking a girl for a dance, bow slightly and ask courteously if you may have the next dance.

8. Never tuck your napkin at your chin. Put it on your lap.

9. Chew your food well. It is not good manners to "crum."

Dear Editor:

The ambition of G. H. S. should be, I think, to send out boys and girls who are not only learned in the three "R's" but also in the ways of society, good manners, and courtesy.

A teacher said that we are becoming insensitive to indelicate things. We take out our combs and comb our hair in the middle of a class. The boys have to be asked to erase boards for teachers. Boys don't tip their hats to girls and women.

If these conditions were corrected, it would make our standing in the school of courtesy and good manners higher.

A STUDENT.

Dear Editor:

As we have only a few minutes to change classes, I think that it would be better for the pupils in the rooms at the end of the hall in annex C six, eight, and nine, to be permitted to go down the stairs at their end of the hall. If they would go down quickly, this would not hinder the upgoing traffic, and every one would be on time for his class.

A STUDENT.

Dear Editor:

The work of the school dramatics for this semester is to be outstanding. The recent presentation of "Two Crooks and a Lady" won first place in the contest in which the Reidsville, Greensboro, and Chapel Hill schools competed.

The annual opera and Purple and Gold Revue are also outstanding events. More students should attend these productions and boost our players. Let's co-operate with them, set a foundation for even better dramatic productions in our school. A STUDENT.

SOLILOQUY OF G. H. S. 1930

"There's nothing left for me
Of things that used to be—"

Alas! alas! the good old days will soon be gone forever. My old friends are leaving me for a bigger and better school. It makes me feel so sad to think that they leave me just because I have grown old and dilapidated. They seem to forget that they themselves have marred my beauty. It was their pencils that left ugly marks on my walls, their knives that cut my desks, and their feet tread upon my grass and prevented its growth. I have been the cause of much of their good times, yet they seem to be ashamed to point me out to other high school boys and girls.

Yes, they are looking forward to leaving me with great pleasure—ah! how it hurts this old wooden heart of mine!

But let them go and may luck go with them. There are other boys and girls who will be glad to come to me and I extend to them a hearty welcome. Hark! I hear their footsteps in the distance.

Good-bye, old friends.
Hello, new.