

HIGH LIFE

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Janus am I; oldest of potentates!
 Forward I look and backward and below.
 I count—as god of avenues and gates—
 For years that through my portals come and go.

Gate to New Year Swings Open

For the past few months we have been planning what we would do in the New Year. We continue a few bad habits, just waiting to make a mid-night resolution to avoid them. At last, January the first has come and gone. Resolutions have been made, and the New Year is going in full swing.

Have we made those resolutions? Did we resolve to make the next few weeks before examinations really mean something? How much this short time will count, if we'll only let it! These weeks of work may help us to pass examinations and even subjects on which we have been doubtful. If we haven't made resolutions, let's get out paper and pencil and put down in black and white—to work harder, to be kinder and to be more considerate.

With these resolutions before us, the next semester, which will soon be here, can not avoid being a success; for after all a New Year means new tasks to accomplish in new ways.

Virgil Fails to Dot I's

So Virgil forgot to dot his I's in his earliest manuscripts. Then genius must be the reason for such careless writing on the part of so many writers for G. H. S. publications. At least that's what the typists say.

But that's neither here nor there. We think that semi-debate put over by the Latin lovers of Virgil one of the most entertaining programs we've had this year! If those students continue their programs as they've begun, we'll be looking forward to their five-minute programs.

And that rebuttal was truly mirth provoking. For that reason we take off the e's as placed in the Roman poet's name in the last issue of HIGH LIFE. But that doesn't mean that the affirmative folk weren't great! They were! Be it V-e-r-g-i-l or V-i-r-g-i-l, when the present Virgil class completes their programs this spring we'll all be Virgil lovers.

In 1930 while all over the world Virgil enthusiasts pay their respects to the greatest of Roman poets, we students of G. H. S. are entering into the tribune on this his two-thousandth anniversary!

Swiss Bell Ringers

"What are Swiss Bell Ringers?" "Don't you remember?" They came to Aycock School the year before we came to high school.

"I didn't hear them."

"Well you've missed a treat. They can't be beat."

So we hear seniors of the senior high school discussing the Georgette famous players of musical novelties and Swiss Bell Ringers, who come to G. H. S. Monday, January 13.

These noted players have received press comment all over this nation and in Europe. Their concerts have been received by enthusiastic audiences.

Miss Josephine Georgette who plays at least six different instruments is among these outstanding musicians. Students, we can scarcely fail to miss so great a performance. Let's all attend either matinee or evening concert.

We deeply regret the death of Dorothy Crowell, daughter of Mrs. A. G. Poole. Dorothy came from Charlotte and entered school in the fall. She had won a host of devoted friends since coming here, who were shocked and grieved to learn of her death. She belonged to semester four.

MEMOIRS OF JANUS

Founder of janitors and probably most distinguished of them all, Janus was first janitor serving in that capacity as the door-keeper of heaven presiding over beginnings and being the "two-faced" deity of the Romans.

And so he relates these tales in his own way as he looks over his own dairy and memory book.

"Cicero, January 3, 106 B. C.," he read. "Well, well. Oratorical contestants might use him for an example."

"By Hercules! cried the most noble janitor as his eyes sped over the pages. "They expected the second coming of Christ on January in the year 1000. They really did."

He chuckled. "Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the midnight ride of Paul Revere." He glanced at it again. Yes, January 1, 1735, was the date of the birth of the most famous of night riders OF THAT TIME.

Bah—he'd skipped a dozen or so pages—left out—gracious! How many years?

Francis Bacon's birth was in 1761, and Tennyson, contemporary of Shakespeare, was born in 1574. Queen Elizabeth was crowned in 1559.

He dropped the book. Picking it up, he opened it where he saw the notes on the formation of the Order of the Garter in 1350. Disgustedly, he realized he'd already read that. Now Janus, temperamental though he is, loves his memory book. Had he not been so determined to read all of it at this sitting he would have inevitably lingered over these very pages. But, going on, he saw:

The fascinating Joan of Arc in a most flattering snapshot taken of her on January 6, her birthday. She, he remembered, was born in 1492.

Edmund Burke (1729) and Thomas Paine (1737), both Englishmen, living during colonial days, were born in January, the first on January 29. Benjamin Franklin, American favorite, author of "Poor Richard" and a great scientist, was born January 17, 1706.

"Seems as if all those widely known gens of colonial days were born in January," mused Janus. "Look at this list in addition to those others," he muttered:

Alexander Hamilton, January 11, 1757; Gouverneur Morris, January 31, 1752; Benedict Arnold, January 14, 1741; James Wolf, January 2, 1727.

"Grimm's Fairy Tales." Janus saw the words and began to think of how he liked the tales even at his age. Jacob L. C. Grimm, January 4, 1785, was the beginning of the lengthy notation there.

"Arguments—no—no; debates are more dignified." Janus read over his favorite one between Robert Young Hayne and Daniel Webster, this debate having taken place January 25 and 26, and Webster having been born January 18, 1782.

Two more celebrities of the eighteenth century came in his month, namely: James Watt, January 19, 1736, and Franz Schubert, 1797.

"By gory." He'd forgotten that. The first presidential election in the United States was held January 7, 1789.

Robert E. Lee, great southerner, was born on January 19, 1807. Janus proudly claims this son. Also on the same date was born an American poet, Edgar Allan Poe. And two days later, but in 1824, "Stonewall Jackson" disturbed his household with baby cries.

For "auld lang syne," Robert Burns must not be omitted. January 25, 1759, is his birthday.

Janus, though not specially musically inclined himself, was glad to have the honor of Mozart's birthday falling on January 27, 1756. And he sailed in satisfaction. William McKinley also was



BIT O' NEWS A Year Back

A new high school was hardly a faint dream-mist to students at the time. The plans were drawn upon papers, and Charles Rives, president of the student body, had broke the first dirt from the ground where the farago dream was to become a reality.

Three hundred and sixty-four students coming to the high school at mid-term, only fifty-one graduating and hardly a place to move! What could be done?

"Peg o' My Heart," leading production of the semester, was soon to become a big feature of the dramatic department of the entire year.

The HIGH LIFE staff bemoaned the talk of money, as New York appeared in the distance, where a Scholastic Press Association Convention was to be held in the early spring. Oh, how we do feel for them! And how our hearts go out to them!

Horned toads were springing up so they say out west. The magazines and papers seemed full of this, and HIGH LIFE published an article on "A Freak of Nature" in the Nature Column and declared them to be lizards.

G. H. S.'s classes were making preparations for publishing the paper as has been the custom in the spring semester.

Greensboro's people heard their first opera in the city. Frank Warner chose the ushers for the occasion from the faculty and students of Greensboro High.

And too—Those exams! Everybody was frustrated and trying to catch up on all back lessons in order to pass the semester.

born in this month, on January 29, 1843.

Now, there was a fact of which he wasn't so overly proud. But if it had to be, at least publicity might be a consolation. Napoleon and Josephine were divorced on January 9, 1810.

"Nice time to become a state," commented the ancient deity as he saw that Utah and Michigan both were admitted to the Union in January in 1896 and 1837, respectively.

"Guess I won't get through, after all," he scowled. "I'm due right now at that banquet on Olympus. That California gold discovery, January, 1848, does the soul good. It's time for an old forty-niner like me to get to Olympus.

Bang! He shut his memoir—and was off in his newly-acquired monoplane.

UP TO THE MINUTE

It seems that the thought uppermost in the minds of our national leaders are influencing a great number of people is the London Navy Parley. With Secretary Henry L. Stimson, Premier Ramsay MacDonald, and Premier Andre Tardieu, leaders in this well-represented conference, we are sure that this great question rests in safe and able hands—at any rate for the present.

From all appearances it seems that our old North State is doomed for another shake-up such as occurred in our last election—since Mr. Bailey is to oppose Mr. Simmons for a seat in Senate. Probably these men won't stir up so much political publicity as did the candidates for the presidential election. However, competition waxes strong; the stage is set for the great campaign; and everyone is looking forward to what promises to be a close and hard-fought contest. So come on boosters—support your man!

By the way, since we were speaking of State political problems, (and really they are) we all think of our state capitol. You probably know that one of our friends from this place went hunting several mornings ago and came back with a "fish story"—and for a wonder—30 pounds of bass as proof, instead of the birds which he set out to capture. However, he cannot beat the Kinston fellow who went hunting with his favorite bird dog. Much progress was being made, when, much to his astonishment and disgust, his dog took to the water (in a stream flowing nearby) and "tread" a shad! Now, how's that for a fish story, and almost at home at that.

Another shadow overhangs the horizon of automobile drivers in this city, as the repair work progresses on Gaston Street, at least a half of the drivers try to turn into the blocked streets and then blame the fellow who was in front of him—a block ahead. Even though this being inconvenience for a few weeks, everyone deep down in his heart is glad to see this work being carried on as it has seemed an absolute necessity for the past several years in view of increased traffic.

Since Christmas, things have seemed rather quiet and restful to the store managers. But of course those last few days before the festival holiday could not last forever, and the famous last minute shoppers would have died of fatigue long before now, had the rush continued. However, judging from the opinion of some of the business men, they have nothing to fear, but everything to be joyous over.

The days are certainly fitting away and ushering in "Examinations," bringing anxious days and sleepless nights to many a poor "lagger."