

# HIGH LIFE

Published Weekly, Except Holidays, by the Students of the Greensboro High School, Greensboro, N. C.

Founded by the Class of '21



Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office, Greensboro, N. C.

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What of them is left, to tell  
Where they lie, and how they fell?  
Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in their graves;  
But they live in the verse that immortality saves.  
—Byron.

## Graduates Take Inventory

Someone has achieved this:

"An oyster met an oyster  
And they were oysters two;  
Two oysters met two oysters  
And they were oysters, too;  
Four oysters met a pint of milk,  
And they were oyster stew."

Which might lead us, especially those mid-term graduates of 1930, to wonder what we have achieved? Graduation is among the memorable events of our lives.

Then it is that we plan to earn a living and to acquire means of earning. Then it is that we realize to some extent just what we've gained in school. So often we've been told that we become a part of all we meet. What is the result of the combination? Does it leave that unearthly gloom one hears when mother gives the menu for the night and the listener grunts "Hash again"!

It's time for inventory graduates! Let's take stock. The other students wish you well! So leave us with a smile!

## Exams

There are countless things that simply can't be shown on paper. There are actions, for instance, which philosophy says are louder than words. Yet there is one word which can almost, if not certainly, contradict this proverbial quotation.

That word is examinations! We've heard some students say: "I can't possibly graduate in June unless I pass my French exam." And we've heard students laugh when pupils, who have built such fine reputations that failure seems absurd, say they fear failure.

What makes the difference? Each type of student knows when the semester began that exams would make its end. One type will be worried more or less according to ambition, while the other will take exemptions and the few exams required and then have a good time the rest of exam week with little or no strains.

As even "The saddest words of tongue or pen are these: It might have been!"

What a Utopia it would be if we all passed every exam. Can we? Let's make whole-hearted effort! What-say?

## Keeping It Up

In the middle of the school year the number of boys participating in athletics at G. H. S. drops off to a large extent. Basketball cannot vie with football and baseball and track as a popular sport, and many football players who have spent months in getting their bodies in trim, find themselves without athletic interest at the close of the football season.

For these boys boxing and wrestling fill the bill. There are no two more manly sports offered at Greensboro High.

The boys need to participate in the athletics; the teams need new material. You boys who went out for football, how about keeping in shape by reporting for boxing or wrestling?

## WHAT PRICE GRADUATION?

Tests, examinations, oral lessons, oral questions—term papers, what price graduation? Teas, dances, parties, banquets—what price graduation? A gale of joy, a barrel of fun, a cup of sadness, a light of the ages, all in one night—Graduation.

To everyone comes a thrill of graduation, promotion, and success. Even being promoted from the primary to the junior department of Sunday School gives its members a superior feeling. Yet it is always "darkest before dawn," for before the "Gala Night" is a week of hard study and examinations. As the light dawns, one examination after the other is passed; the horizon is clear; a day of joy and happiness stands before the student. Senior week springs forth on wings of sunshine and dreams.

So it is with our story; Carolyn De Puy meant nothing to the class. Her money, her wealth, her riches were lost in her snobbish ways. In her estimation she stood head and shoulders above everybody else. The class only knew that Carolyn was snobbish; she disliked all of the other girls and boys. Carolyn was an individual.

Through the year senior plans went on as usual. Class day was planned. Carolyn would take no part in the program; she refused to.

One day Carolyn was called from history class.

"Carolyn, you are wanted on the telephone."

Carolyn dropped the receiver; she staggered from the office. What did it mean? No money, no cars, no clothes—penniless. She must be dreaming. She did not go back to history class, nor English, nor any other classes. For days she stayed at home, which was now a cheap apartment. She could not face the hand of poverty. The seniors would laugh and mock her. Finally her mother forced her to go back to school. The classmates did not laugh at her, but they knew the story. Carolyn still remained far from the others. She had no friends, for who wanted to be friends with a snob?

Months slipped by—these were years to Carolyn. Things had gone from bad to worse. There was no money, yet money was in demand. The snob DePuy was lowered to the place where she was forced to work after school. She also had to work in the cafeteria for a free lunch. Oh, how she hated herself; she Carolyn DePuy forced to work—what a crime!

From watching the day crowds in the lunch room, she grew more sad and sorry. She saw that each girl had her friends to eat with. She even began to long for friends; some one to be her pal.

Graduation was not far away. Class meetings became very frequent. In the meetings everyone noticed how different Carolyn De Puy was.

"Why," said Margaret, "she will actually speak to you."

"Yes, she looks lots happier than she has in weeks."

"Gee, she is right sweet, isn't she."

"Let's be friends with her. I feel sorry for her."

The secret of Carolyn's happiness was, she had made a friend, of one of the girls that worked in the cafeteria. They had learned to understand each other. Marion, Carolyn's new friend found gold in the heart of the snob, found hidden knowledge and love. Carolyn having made one friend made several friends. Her whole frame and character changed.

Now the dawn, graduation a week ahead, senior week at the threshold. Exams had been passed and dreams fulfilled. Carolyn could not attend all the affairs in honor of the seniors. She didn't have a party dress, not even a graduation dress, and she had to work. There was no time for parties in her life.

Then the last class meeting, even this Carolyn could not come to, for there was work in the lunch room for her. Everlasting officers for the class were

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## KNIGHT OF G. H. S.



## Who Is JIMMY?

There is a certain member of the Debating club, who is intensely interested in debates. This ambitious junior is also a prominent member of the "High Life" staff. He has a peculiar system of hieroglyphics all his own, which he classes as hand-writing, though how he can stretch his imagination to such a point is a wonder. Some of his friends jokingly say of his penmanship, "He can't read it himself after it's dry." Our hero nevertheless turns aside all their jests and seems to have remarkable success in translating his "shorthand" into the English language, much to his own amusement. It is generally thought that his memory more than anything else is his great help. We have one instance on record, however, where our hero's intuition failed him.

He was dictating the notes on his debate to another High Life staff member who was obligingly typing it for him. These notes contained references from magazine articles by authors whose names were neither Irish, German, French, nor English. One of these names loomed big across the page. "Wait a minute, Jimmy," he cautioned his secretary, "I'm stuck!" Jimmy obligingly did as directed and helped our ambitious one to untangle the threads of his puzzle. After a five- or ten-minute struggle a conclusion was reached, but this was not to the entire satisfaction of our hero, who insisted that "something was absolutely rotten in Denmark, believe it or not."

## OH, THOSE CAPS AND GOWNERS.

"Did you see all of those seniors in their caps and gowns Wednesday?"

"Yes, they sure looked proud, didn't they?"

"I'll say they did."

"They strutted around here like game chickens."

"I believe they all studied their lessons the night before, because one of them is in my Current Problems class, and he answered every question asked him."

"Yes, one of them is in my Shakespeare class and he answered lots of questions, which is very unusual for him."

"Oh, well, someday I expect to wear a cap and gown and strut around like they did."

"It'll be a long time before I can do it."

This was a conversation between a Sophomore and a Freshman, overheard by a High Life reporter Wednesday when senior day had ended.

## More Umer

"Too bee or knot to bee," who and who else—that was the argument started among the well-deserving, perhaps well-meaning, students of Shakespeare, the guy which never repeats. (That would cum in handy if you didn't want him to ask for 'nother piece uv cake) 'n' as I was saying, the aforesaid being taught by Cleopatra; (that's Miss Tillet).

We've got a hole class full uv them—I mean to tell you. There's Snout 'n' Flute 'n' Sugarsop, awl well-deserving pillars uv the Shakespeare class.

Mary Talley insists that her name does not sut her—being as she doesn't Snout 'round in other folk's business.

Alma Sneed, deah Flute, is but a lingerin' melody inn our eyes, so uv course we hooked a name from the guy which never repeated.

Alas, poor Sugarsop got all mixed up in a free-for-all, but finally rested as a name for Carl Kellum.

Carl is also Much Ado About Nothing. Ginny Horney is Gabbo, and berlieve us or not, she gives us Measure for Measure. We like her name.

Then we've Cobweb. That's Maquette Graff—better known as The Comedy of Errors to her well-deserving parents and her bosom-pal, Queen Mab, Mary Smith, who heals the prick of Love's Labor Lost by associating with the Two Gentlemen of Verona who have publicly confessed that they will not have their names in print because it spoils the effective flourish which many years of practice in writing letters to the aforesaid Merry Wives of Windsor have given them.

You oughta meet Snug. He's just the type you like—fresh from the band-box, a twenty-year guarantee, satisfaction—or money back—introducing—Mr. Joe Coble. He sits in the last row—right next to the door. When dainty footsteps are heard from—er, ah well, anyway those manly blushes of his may well be attributed to "the awe and majesty wherein doth sit the fear and dread of kings." Yes, Joe's a nice Snug.

Kathleen Wrenn makes a fine Paris (not the city) but just Paris. She's exactly "What You Will."

Then ME; I'm a Mid-Summer Night's Dream, Puck, Somethin' or other. Who's me? Well, I'm Grace Hobbs. Ask The Tempest, Mary Talley, for further information governing the subject.

An' lemme tell u, folks, berlieve it or not, this hole class is an As You Like It. Cleopatra said it . . . un huh . . . an' I guess Cleopatra knows.