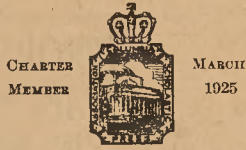


HIGH LIFE

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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"This world that we are livin' in
 Is mighty hard to beat;
 You get a thorn with every rose,
 But ain't the roses sweet?"

—Frank L. Stanton.

Enthusiasm

What is enthusiasm? We shall disregard Webster's answer to the question. In fact, we shall not even consult his mammoth volume—we for we have a definition of our own concoction. Enthusiasm is a joyous outlook on everyday happenings. It is the quality of being immune to boredom. With it in your knapsack of personality you can travel sublimely over the road of the commonplace. It drives the long hours of the day before it, changing them into moments charged with vibrant living. One suffused with enthusiasm is loth to relinquish one precious second of what to others is merely a humdrum hour of a more humdrum day. It is a quality at once admirable, conquering, lovable, winning, and invaluable.

Sheep-Like Following

Sheep-like following is the result of lack of enthusiasm. Some people are willing to sit around and take the world as it comes, without ever doing anything or thinking for themselves. If you notice, these are the people who always blindly follow some one else without stopping think whether or not they are following the right person or doing the right thing.

This type of person never makes a success of life, for the simple reason that he has no original ideas or thoughts of his own. He is always following the other person, in spite of the fact that the other person is not capable of leading; and as a result, the careers of two people are ruined.

The Wearing of the Green

It is an ancient custom to wear green on St. Patrick's Day. Some of us usually celebrate this day by bedecking ourselves in this gay color, so let's help the school celebrate!

There are many ways in which the school could celebrate, but what would be more appropriate than a beautiful new blanket of green grass on the campus?

Let's all get together and keep off the grass. The grounds would then look very nice. Don't you think that we would be much more loyal if the ground, instead of our feet, wore the green?

Mistakes in High Life

In the last issue of HIGH LIFE at the bottom of the first page the following paragraph was printed:

"Susan Gregory, editor-in-chief, has been in the hospital for the past week."

This sentence should have been the last paragraph in the type line under the *Homespun* staff picture. This mistake was made in printing the paper.

In the middle column of the sport page there was the following box head: "Lucky Lunch Luckies." Under this head was a feature on the faculty basketball game. On the back page in the fourth column the following head was printed in heavy black type: "Faculty in Sport Togs." Underneath this was a box naming the lunch winners. Of course, the box head on the sport page should have been the box naming the winners of the free lunches. This error also was made by the printer.

SAINT PATRICK

Every Irishman, no matter where he is, knows that the seventeenth of March is a celebrated holiday. This day is set aside as the feast day of Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. Since this day occupies an important place among the 365 days on our calendar, it might be worthwhile to mention some of the facts concerning the life of the man in whose honor it is observed.

Saint Patrick's life, from the time of his birth through the long space of 100 years, consists of a group of contradicted facts. However, it is said that he was born in Scotland about 437. His father was a deacon, and the boy's home-life was not unusual.

When he was seventeen years of age, Saint Patrick was captured in a raid by a horde of pirates from Ireland and carried to that island, where he worked as a slave in bondage to an Ulster chieftain. During his bondage he became a devout Christian, had a number of visions, and heard the voice of God.

After six years of slavery, he escaped on a vessel bound for France, where he entered a monastery and became a monk. Again he heard the voice which requested that he go to Ireland to convert the heathen tribes there. So after fourteen years had elapsed he returned to Ireland. The expression that he "found all Ireland pagan and left it all Christian" is undoubtedly exaggerated, but he is said to have built over 300 churches and to have baptized around 12,000 people.

Naturally many legends grew up about this popular saint. The story of his driving the snakes out of Ireland by his sweet music, and down to the seashore where they were drowned, is well known. Another legend is that for twelve days after his death there was no night; and a third story is that sweet odors issued from his body after death.

Of course, a great number of facts of his life are fictitious, since he left only a small amount of writing. But despite this, and due to the fact that his life is so romantic and adventurous, he is held in the highest esteem by the Irish, who can very well devote one day in a year to his memory.

A LAMENT FOR THE SCHOOL LAWN

The grass we planted we had no doubt, In days to come would surely sprout. The days went by and we looked around, But still we saw the bare, dry ground. The sun shone hot, and the rain fell cool, But still no grass grew around our school.

Again we looked at the grassless plot, And saw the green was growing not. "Can it be true this labor," we said, "Has all been for naught, and the grass seed is dead?"

As I write these lines, to our dismay, No grass grows 'round our school today. —JACK BROWN.



According to the encyclopedias in our library, St. Patrick was born at three different places at four different times.

I can prove that you love me. It would be a geometrical proof, except for the fact that the drawing and dimensions have been left out, in order to eliminate embarrassment.

Given: I love you.
 To prove: You love me.

Proof: I love you..... Given This makes me a lover..... Naturally All the world loves a lover—Assumed And you are all the world to me—Granted.

Therefore, you love me.... Hopefully Q. E. D.

Ask Miss Grogan if this is a logical proof.

Proof can be furnished, at request, for any statement made in this column, by Lynwood Burnette. Address all suggestions to Room 102.



SENIOR GOSSIP

Runnin' a "umer column" all about the seniors ain't as funny as this is supposed to be! An editor's job 's no easy mark ither, but that's nither here nor there, 'cause (praise be) this ain't our reg'lar work. My mind's just runnin' round in circles—you know how 'tis—one thought a'ter another which is 'xactly the same thing. A great help in journalism, you must admit; but what's ta be done?

Now if anybody knows some good gossip, don't drop it in the wire basket in the publication room! Tell it to somebody else! It'll get around a lot faster an' more folk'll know it than if we printed it; and if I wrote it up a'ter the prevailing fashion, nobody would know what I was talkin' about!

Things is in a bad way! I wish somebody with a curiosity ('bout as good as mine) would take a little walk to the office and a good peep on the "tichers'" bulletin board. Ya can get more human sidelights and views on these "men and women who are just going to school, too, from a look at this than from anything I know of.

I'll tell you how I know all this. My curiosity an' me went down to see the Dean the other day, and inevitably we stopped at the fascinating board. Curiosity looked around an' found somethin' funny, an' then me laffed—right out loud on those sacred premises, for this is how the notice read:

"We will have chapel today. Please govern yourselves accordingly."

Several people tried to explain all this to me, but I still think it is a pretty pass when our "tichers'" have to be so warned.

You know they say things always happen in threes. Two well-known members of this class have had perfectly lovely wrecks, and now we're just waitin' an' hopin' and prayin' that there won't be any more.

Looking back a year to the junior issue of the seniors, we find an editorial which predicts great things for the future New High School. They are dreaming of the time (which is now the present) when we will have our own stage on which to present wonderful things.

We have so far given two three-act plays and three one-act ones, not to mention countless chapel programs; when all the laboratories will be fully equipped (We have nothing to say about this—we don't take chemistry); when we will have our own publication rooms—with never an English class to bother us. And the senior staff is havin' all the troubles of the reg'lar one. Things have certainly turned out right. I can't see a single one of these lovely pipe-dreams

that has been fully fulfilled! And it's a darn shame, too!

It won't be long now, boys and girls, before the class of '30 will be kissin' you all goodbye. Hate to see us go! We're not crazy about the idea; but, oh well, you know a diploma you've worked ta get ain't anything to be sneezed at, and I'll be glad ta get my fingers on mine.

I feel like the proverbial cat that ate the mechanical canary, and just about as baffled in my attempt to secure "umer." It's a hard life that's got some work in it, but what kind would it be if we had nothing to do? We'd all probably die if boredom and laziness only too soon.

Hi-ho, everybody—and goodbye!

PICCOLO PAT

In Erin many years ago There lived a saint named "Pat." He had a bright green pair of pants, A feather in his hat.

A pretty good old guy was Pat— His only weakness, though, Was one that many people have— He played the piccolo.

Now Erin had a malady— The land was full of snakes; So Pat, he gets an idea How to drive 'em in the lakes.

He caught himself a kingsnake (Much to the latter's woe), And made the kingsnake listen While he played the piccolo.

He played for hours at a time, And said he'd play a year, If King Snake wouldn't tell his subjects What he'd had to hear.

He let the kingsnake go free then. The reptile did as told— And told the reptiles everywhere How Pat had been so bold.

Then all the snakes went after Pat; But when the tried to charge him, His piccolo he 'gan to play, And then they tried to dodge him.

He played and played, and followed them, The snakes were fast retreatin'. At last they went into the lakes Admittin' they were beaten.

The Irish folks revere Saint Pat, And now, instead of flaying, The people all respect him and Forgive him for his playing.

—HENRY BAGLEY.