

# 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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### Congratulations, Music Department

For the past four weeks, Greensboro High School, particularly the music department, has been interested in the coming opera, "The Yeomen of the Guards," by Gilbert and Sullivan. Members of the music department have worked diligently and faithfully, with the view in mind of making this opera the best which has ever been presented by Greensboro High School students. We offer them congratulations and wish them the best of success.

They are also working on the state music contest which will be held in Greensboro during the week of May 5-9. This contest is one of the most outstanding features during the year for the high school music students. The Greensboro music students, under the direction of H. Grady Miller, have led all Class A schools in North Carolina for two successive years. We are hoping they will do it the third time. They can! Come on, music department. Do your best. We are backing you in it.

### Is This Not True?

At different times during the school year we hear the calls of support that are sounded by our many organizations. This paper is constantly asking for your contributions and comments. *Homespun* usually voices this same appeal. And is not your school spirit questioned when you do not respond promptly? Is this not true?

But how many of us ever make an effort to show our advertisers that we appreciate their help? They form the backbone of our paper; without them our school publications would find "the going" exceedingly hard, if not almost impossible. These concerns have expressed their interest and faith in us by this method of aid, and certainly they should receive something in return. We are asking our readers and friends to give our advertisers this helping hand by patronizing them and boosting their products. They deserve it.

### Choose Your Road

The Ides of March to Caesar meant death. To us it should mean new life, the rejuvenation of old hopes, the strengthening of newer aspirations. March is just the midpoint between the start and the finish of another school semester. The results of this semester depend upon every individual. It lies within the student's power to mold these few months into something which will add value to the years yet to come.

If past work is low in merit—pull it up while there is yet time. It's not how much you have fallen, but whether you got up. The midpoint between success or failure—March—is here. Which way will YOU take? The straight road—success? The bended road—curves? Then what?

### Hurrah for the Publications!

For five years *HIGH LIFE* has been a charter member of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. The paper's success has been due to the successful superintendence of the managing editors and staff. The paper, winning the same distinction of second place for two consecutive years, took the same place in 1929.

*Homespun's* achievements have been outstanding since it was first published in 1925. That year the magazine won first place at the Columbia Convention.

If the students of G. H. S. are willing to co-operate, willing to work and learn the mechanics of journalism and literary writing, the paper and magazine will finally reach the top-most goal.

### SPRING IS HERE

This is the time of year when the poets cease their hibernating, hastily snatch a pencil and some paper, dash out into the woods with entire disregard for the feelings of the person with whom they may, and usually do, collide. The Spring fever, instead of disrupting their entire mental processes as it does with scholars, seems to spur them on into the realm of greater poetic ability, for upon their arrival in the kingdom of Madam Spring, they immediately scribble various words upon a scrap of paper. While they are doing this they gaze around them with the lackluster gleam of artistic fervor beaming wildly in their eyes. They behold a robin picking industriously at some worm, near him, a dainty little flower pushing her way through Winter's carpet of somber brown. Immediately a poetic description of the charm of the woodland birds and flowers comes forth upon the surface of the paper. A minute bud discloses itself upon a branch, and simultaneously an ode blossoms from the fertile mind of the budding poet. Other poets, young men of course, turn their thoughts lightly to love. Girl, boy, love, dove, heaven, humble cottage, stars, moon, flower, and other words together with several tra's, a great, a great number of la's, some rhymes and a couple of iambic pentameter's are put in a hat and shaken up. When they are removed the poetical genius signs his name decorously at the bottom of the resulting poem and sends it and an envelope with a stamp and a return address (for the check of course) to the editor of the daily paper. The next morning he lights a fire with his poem and the pink slip which comes back with it.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

### "The Yeomen of the Guard"

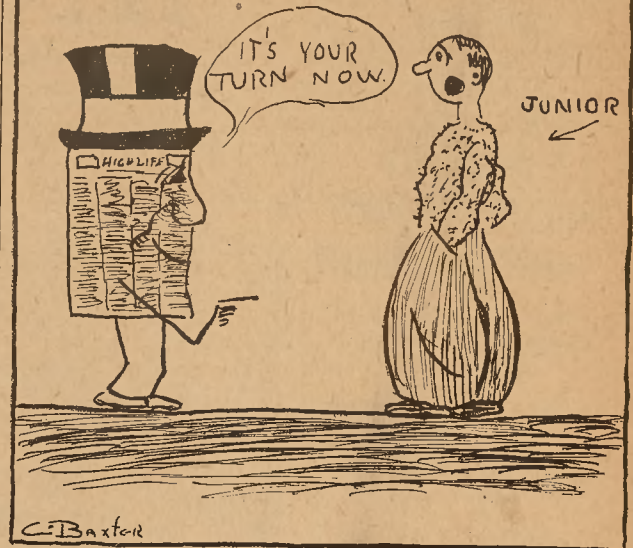
The following is a synopsis of the opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard," which the music department, under the direction of Mr. H. Grady Miller, is to present this spring.

The scene of the opera is laid around the prison tower (Tower Green) where Colonel Fairfax is imprisoned under sentence of death. He has been accused of sorcery, which at the time of the opera was a capital offense. The colonel is in reality an alchemist, and it is from his experiments that Poltwhistle, his enemy, is able to get evidence to convict him of this crime of dealing with the devil. Wilfred, the jailkeeper, watches Fairfax closely to prevent his escape. Phoebe, who is the village flirt, is very much interested in Fairfax, and cares nothing for Wilfred. Wilfred loves her passionately and is jealous of Fairfax. Sergeant Meryl, Phoebe's father, has sent for a reprieve for Colonel Fairfax, and they await the arrival of Leonard, who is to bring it. He comes but without the reprieve.

All hope of the colonel's escaping death is gone, when Meryl suddenly thinks of a scheme whereby he may save the colonel. Since Leonard has come to join the Yeomen of the Guard, Meryl conceives the idea of sending him away again; Phoebe is to get the prison key from Wilfred, and release Fairfax, who is to dress in Leonard's uniform and take his place among the Yeomen of the Guard. These plans are successfully carried out. In the meantime all are still hoping for the arrival of the reprieve; but Fairfax, wishing to prepare for the worst, asks his friend, the lieutenant, to secure a bride for him, in order that he may thwart Poltwhistle, who will receive all his wealth if he dies unmarried. It so happens that the lieutenant sees two strolling performers, Elsie Maynard and Jack Point at a street show, and he gets an idea for the Colonel's bride. He asks Elsie to marry Fairfax for one crown and assures her that she will soon be free again as Fairfax is soon to be beheaded. Jack Point, who is in love with Elsie, at first objects; but upon being assured of her becoming a widow, he agrees to the marriage. Elsie is blindfolded and married to Fairfax.

When everything is ready for the execution, Fairfax's escape is discovered. This leaves Elsie in a terrible state as

## JUNIOR ISSUE



## OPEN FORUM

Dear Editor:

This is written mainly for the members of the band and orchestra, but it wouldn't hurt you other students to take heed, for you know "A word to the wise is sufficient."

It is generally taken for granted that all large organizations, such as the band, orchestra, and glee clubs are going to have their trials and tribulations in bringing order out of chaos at their respective meetings. This fact is especially true in our band and orchestra. Why not have a change—change for a new and better regime?

You members of the band and orchestra, stop and think a minute. Consider yourself in the role of director for a few minutes. Imagine seventy or more supposedly musically inclined students gathered before the foot of your platform squeaking, and squawking, and blasting as if their lives depended on making all the noise possible. The class bell has rung and you wish their attention. The tap-tap of your director's baton is unheard, your scream for attention lost in the din of musical (?) instruments, the plea on your face unseen.

Would it not seem that their enthusiasm and love for the organizations would be drowned in utter disgust of our conduct? No! They are ever on the job because of those who are in earnest.

Fellow students, it seems to me that it should be a matter of honor to ourselves and respect to our very competent directors, Mr. Miller and Mr. Slocum to show them our appreciation for their services by giving them our respectful attention at all times. They are experts in their vocation and know whereof they speak.

All that they ask is a little co-operation on the part of their pupils, and they'll bring home the results. Just let them know that you're for them heart and soul, and then, State Music Contests—Watch Out!—RIGDON DEES, JR.

she realizes she is married to an escaped convict, and Point is also terrified as he sees his chance of marrying her gone.

Meanwhile, Fairfax who is a Yeoman of the Guard, becomes acquainted with Elsie, and falls very much in love with her. Imagine it! A man wooing his own wife!

Finally a wedding is prepared for Fairfax, the supposed Leonard, and Elsie. In the midst of the ceremony the reprieve arrives and Fairfax reveals himself to Elsie as her wedded husband. They are both happy with the change of affairs; but alas, poor Point, who has lost his Elsie, falls prostrate. In the course of time Phoebe, seeing that hope of getting Fairfax is gone, learns to love Wilfred and they are wed. At the same time Sergeant Meryl and Dame Caruthers, an elderly lady, are also married. Everything ends well for everyone, but Point dies of a broken heart.

Students:

Citizenship is a rather over-talked and under-worked topic, especially, it is to be feared, in the life of the average public school student. Though it may become a slightly boring subject of discussion, the fact remains that it is an essential part of our life. In any community, where a number of persons are gathered to live together, a conscientious respect for the rights of others and the rules and regulations of all is a necessity. A school, and more especially a high school, is no exception. Everyone naturally has his own bit of egotism, and feels that his case is unusual and he should be allowed to do as he pleases. He approves heartily of the theory of citizenship, indorses it as a necessity to peaceful and harmonious living, and expects everyone else to do his part. His own world, however, is a thing quite apart, and besides, he really isn't bothering anyone. The very things that sometimes annoy him seem entirely undisturbing when he is the perpetrator.

Then there is the other kind of individual who, to use another familiar expression, just doesn't think. In moments of serious consideration, he agrees that everyone should have the right attitude and spirit of co-operation, but as soon as the discussion is ended, he goes whooping down the hall, yelling to his friends, and have a rip-roaring good time generally. He means nothing by it, but—just doesn't think!

Which one of these are you? No matter which one, you are all wrong. Citizenship in school means you! What do you say! MAMIE-LEAKE PARSONS.

### A JUNIOR'S WAY

A solemn Junior deep in thought  
 Was pondering over "French."  
 "I just can't work this stuff," he said,  
 "It surely ain't no cinch."

He asked his teacher if she would help  
 And show him how to do it.  
 She did, and showed the Junior that  
 "There wasn't nothin' to it."

So after that when he got stuck  
 On "French," or any lesson,  
 He'd concentrate and analyze  
 Instead of merely gussin'.

—Henry, Bagley.

### SONGS OF GRIEF

Your Songs—  
 So soft and sad and low—  
 The songs you sing  
 Of grief and woe and need—  
 Have shown me  
 That your heart is light  
 And free from cares;  
 For,  
 They do not sing of tears  
 Who have wept long;  
 And those who have seen  
 Their dreams crushed,  
 Their hopes lost,  
 Their life's work crumbling down—  
 They sing of love and joy—  
 Of anything but sorrow.