

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.

STAFF

Managing Editor.....Martha Shuford
 Assistant Managing Editor.....Nancy Hudson
 Editor.....Winifred Penn
 Business Manager.....W. B. Mayes
 Circulation Manager.....James Strickland

SPECIAL EDITORS

Assignment Editor.....Martha Burnside
 Typing Editor.....Lesh Beach
 Art Editor.....David Fincke
 Sports Editors.....Josephine Lucas, Elmer Wrenn
 Alumni Editor.....Luella Strater

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Evelyn Sharpe
 Winburne Knight Helen Trueblood Mable Lamb Edith Latham

REPORTERS

Quentin Dixon Louise Green
 Kenneth O'Brien Mary Rucker Elizabeth Whaley
 Frances Dean Gladys Draper Polly Pritchett
 Ella Neese Lassiter Janet O'Brien Mildred Spencer

TYPISTS

Roy Whitley Dorothy Maddox Helen Smith

ADVISERS

Miss Cathleen Pike Mr. Byron Haworth Mrs. Alma Coltrane
 Miss Mary Harrell

Prologue

I fear our worthy and sophisticated Sophomore class is realizing the ignominy of being taken down a "peg or so," for when our capable upperclassmen laid down the burden of *HIGH LIFE* on our, alas, all too frail shoulders, we began to form an idea of the immensity of our ignorance in matters of this kind. The results of our work, very prominent in us, are hunted stares, many new pairs of spectacles, pencils thrust behind ears, and the keen discerning glances of news-paper hounds, which we fear will not fade for many moons. Nevertheless, in the face of all obstacles, we have succeeded in completing this edition. We have braved, and dared, and conquered (?) the peril of editing. In a grim voice we say with Caesar, "The die is cast," as the paper leaves for press.

Playing the Part

He is only a high school student taking his place on the great stage of life, but yet he is playing a part. Everyone has some role to take in this great drama. A good high school student is not a slacker, but is willing to do his part in anything which is helpful to his school. For example, if he doesn't get the position he wants in a football game, he will take the one given him and do his best to make the game a victory. If he doesn't get the position he wants when a play is being produced, he takes the one given him, knowing that his director knows best.

A good high school student is fair and square with all his fellow players in this great play. He never cheats or plays unfairly with them. When he is playing a game with some other school, of course he wants to see his school win, but whether a winner or a loser, he is a good sport and accepts the decision with a good spirit.

Always a good student is a steady worker and does his work fairly. He has a fine attitude toward whatever he is asked to do. He is loyal and courteous to his teachers and fellow students. Never is he in such a hurry that he forgets to be courteous, because he knows courtesy pays. A good student is always well behaved and never rude and unmanly. He never forgets his conduct in the classroom, chapel, or wherever he may be. A good student lives up to the rules of his school. He does his part in making his school one to be proud of.

These things can be achieved by any student who plays his part well.

Playing Your Part In the Play

Across the stage of life, one by one, the players pass; so, across the stage of our school life our players pass. Some are in gay costumes, some in motley; some wear straight make-up, and some wear character. Through these masks the real soul of the player can not shine. Some are geniuses, but all of them can't play a leading role, so some must do their best in the small part assigned to them, for each has some little place to fill.

The greatest actor is the one who lives in his part, and comparing that to life's great drama, so we in our part, do best when we are ourselves. All through the play, through the first, second, third, fourth act, even until the curtain goes down, and the weary players rest, one should not fall out of his role, even if he has only the smallest part of the show; for just one player out of place would spoil, or mar the whole drama. Maybe it's the lure of the limelight that causes some of us, who play minor parts, to try to steal the play by falling out of character; but the good and faithful actor, the one who has done his best in the little part of the play, and thus helped to make the whole drama a success, is the one who is the real genius.

A TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

Miss Pike: Luella, get that gum out of your mouth. Elmer, quit playing with the shade strings; David Finke, sit up! You look so indolent; Joe, sit down; Kenneth, put down that window; I'm about to freeze! Well, I hardly know what—

Norman Whit: Miss Pike, see if this editorial is all right.

Miss Pike: Wait until I finish talking, Norman. As I was saying, I don't know what to do about this editorial page. This set of papers you handed in is the most hopeless, when it comes to editorials, I've ever seen! Now, what are we going to do? We've got to fill up that page with something!

Luella: Miss Pike, may I go to the library?

Miss Pike: I've listed a number of subjects on the board, all I can think of—my suggestions don't seem to register.

Jack: Well, let's not have any editorials anyway, we can fill it up with jokes.

Winifred: That would be original, to say the least.

Miss Pike: Of course we must have editorials and, Winifred, you'd better get an inspiration in a hurry, because you're responsible for the editorial column.

Winifred: Good gracious! I'll never write enough for that. I've written three already but they wouldn't do.

Miss Pike: Your first two words of the 250-word article you wrote were splendid. That ought to be encouraging.

Miss Pike: Kenneth, haven't you an inspiration?

Kenneth: I just don't know what to write; editorials are out of my line.

Joe: Miss Pike, what we gonna have to do for Monday?

Miss Pike: Well, I just don't know. It looks like you can't write editorials, but we've got to fill up that page.

David: I'll tell you what, let's have a column of sophomore gossip in the place of this junk.

Miss Pike: Well, we could have that in some of the other columns if we can't get anything else. What do you think of dramatizing a class period or something? Quentin, don't you think you could do that?

Quentin: Nom'm.

Miss Pike: What's wrong with you, David? You usually have some ideas.

Norman: I know, let everybody write something for that column for Monday.

Miss Pike: All right, that is a good suggestion. We'll say everybody must have something for some part of the paper.

Elonese: How long does it have to be, Miss Pike?

Miss Pike: Two or three sentences will do; it doesn't matter.

Harry: Two or three sentences!

Miss Pike: Well, Harry, stop kicking and make it two or three words. I don't care, just so it's something we can use.

Joe: Whew! Two or three words. Gosh, that will make us die of over-exertion over the week-end. Have a heart!

Miss Pike: (sighing) All right, Joe, just write one word but make it good. Joe: That'll be hard, but I guess we can do it. We'll have to work pretty hard to edit a paper.

Quentin: I'm afraid I can't cut mine down to that.

Miss Pike: How long is it, Quentin? Quentin: Just 750 words.

Miss Pike: Well, do the best you can.

Winifred: Miss Pike, please look over this editorial; if it isn't O. K. I'll drown myself.

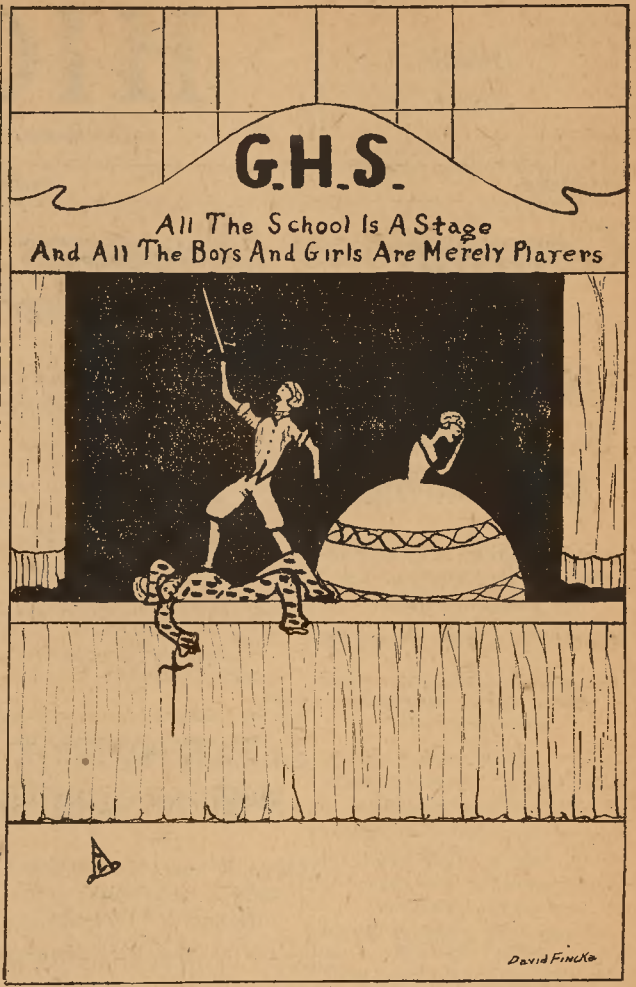
Elmer: Look at this, Miss Pike.

Joe: Ha! ha! this is a good one for the gossip column. All about Elmer.

Kenneth: What about this, Miss Pike?

Miss Pike: Wait a minute. I can't correct them all at once.

Luella: Thank goodness! There's the bell!



ASSIGNMENTS AND ALIBIS

Have you ever referred to statistics on the matter of assignments and alibis? It's ten to one that you haven't.

Teachers, of course, as a general rule, appreciate the eccentric qualities found in these alibis. They break the monotony of every day classwork. Upon close observation, it might also be seen that pupils spend more time inventing excuses than the time it would take to complete their lessons. However, what time they spend on abiliology is spent diligently. In this case, experience and practice suffice for cleverness. Indeed! A paper was found, written by a well-known and popular student, that contained previously prepared excuses for the purpose of eliminating work, covering a period of two semesters. Teachers' marks testified that the author had used the contents of the paper to advantage. Such talent as this boy displayed, should be duly recognized and harnessed.

Now! As far as examples go, this one is splendid. List, while I fill thine ear with propaganda. 'Twas a beautiful morning in January. Among numerous others, the author was seated in Room 5698 digging at math, under the supervision of a person students sometimes refer to as teachers, when the traditional, time-worn cry for "Home work," was raised upon the tranquil air of the morning. Our third period experts tightened their belts and made preparations for the deliverance of their alibis. One by one, the defendants fell under the accusing forefinger of the teacher. His face became more and more pained in appearance as the same old excuses poured in. Disappointment showed clearly on that esteemed person's features as two of his most promising liars resorted to warmed-over tactics. At last came the turn of the little four foot, three inch, with the freckled face and the pug nose. As the first words dropped from that worthy's mouth, the teacher knew he was dealing with a genius. As the boy talked, the instructor's face was seen to clear and a satisfied yet awed light dawned in his eyes.

All the school's a stage,
 And all the boys and girls are merely players.
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one boy in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being four ages. First the freshmen,
 Studying every night so that he can show his mother,
 A report of well deserved grades at the end of the month.
 And then the sophomore, knowing everything,
 And wise as an owl (according to his own mind)
 And the junior, worldly-wise and sophisticated
 Cynical and disillusioned, with mouth quoting wise sayings and proverbs,
 And the last stage that ends this eventful history is the senior—
 Hardboiled and loud-talking, owning the whole school,
 And enjoying nothing so much as to hear himself
 Reminiscing about his own younger pranks;
 Open eyed, ready for college, and after that, Life.

"Well you see," says this gentus.
 "Yes, yes, go on," gasped the teacher.
 "I-wh-l-why I left it at home. I thought that's where 'Home-work' belonged."
 He sat down amid silence. The teacher awoke, as from a trance, wiped his eyes, blew his nose, and in an emotion-wracked, husky voice said: "Boy—This-of yours is what I have always looked forward to. It has unity, strength, and above all plausibility."
 That boy undoubtedly, has opened a vast new field for a new type of alibi. As a result, variety is dominant among our present attempts, and splendid ideas are always forthcoming.
 Among your various classes will be found excellent material that is not to be sneered at. The percentage rate of good alibis tendered daily in G. H. S. is excellent. I repeat, such talent should be recognized and captured. The day will come when alibiolog shall be taught as a major subject.