# HIGH LIFE

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

Founded by the Class of '21

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### *Strong for High Life*

HIGH LIFE and *Homespun* were entered in Class A at the press convention held at Lexington, Virginia. To be eligible for class A, the school must have an enrollment of one thousand and fifty students or more.

At the Southern Interscholastic Press Association meeting HIGH LIFE won first place in this class.

We consider this quite an achievement for HIGH LIFE and its boosters. To bring home a cup signifying that our paper is better than any class a high school paper in the South, from a journalistic point of view, more than makes up for the time and work which has gone into the making of HIGH LIFE.

Winning first place in the Southern Convention is good—but winning first place in Columbia Scholastic Press Convention is better, and it is our goal. We believe we can make it if we do not stint on the time and labor.

### *Shall We Have a Quill and Scroll?*

The question comes to mind as to why we of G. H. S. do not have some sort of honor society, towards which those interested in writing and working on the high school publications might aspire to belong. We have a general honor society, Torchlight; The Golden Masquers, a recently organized unit of the Dramatics Club, is the highest status those working in Dramatics may hope to attain in the high school. We have both Boys' and Girls' Monogram clubs, which those of exceptional athletic ability may join, but little attention is paid to the would-be writers whose attempted masterpieces may be read in *Homespun* and HIGH LIFE.

A HIGH LIFE adviser, has for sometime attempted to interest the students in organizing a chapter of the national high school literary society, Quill and Scroll, here in high school. The plan has, however, repeatedly fallen through from lack of proper support on the part of the students.

Everything points in its favor; our publications are of the highest type and have won many prizes at the various conventions which our representatives have attended. Not only that, but exceptional interest is taken in both by the students. There is little or no expense in the starting of a chapter, a single fee of two dollars per member takes care of the pin and other costs of organization.

The best thing to do, we think, if Quill and Scroll is to come to Greensboro high school, is for the students interested in writing to get behind the movement and give it every support within their power. We'll put it over by enthusiasm if nothing else!

Let's have some opinions on the matter! Can't we hear from a few of you?

### *Thanks for Your Having Faith In Us*

Greensboro high school is fortunate in having the parents of the students just as interested in the school as the students themselves are. Some instances have occurred which has proven that the parents are not only interested and ready to help when called upon, but that they have the utmost faith in the high school. They feel that they can trust us. When the delegates of HIGH LIFE and *Homespun* needed a means of transportation the parents of one of the delegates were glad to let us use their car.

They have interest and faith in us and we in turn care enough so that we are careful not to misplace or disregard this trust. To know the citizens of Greensboro feel this way about us is one of the greatest compliments that we can receive and we thank them with the hopes that we may always merit this attitude.

### *Watch Our Grass Grow*

On looking over our grounds we see that they are in very good condition. We wish to congratulate the student body on the way it has co-operated in keeping off the lawns, so that in time they will be as beautiful as our buildings. When the grass does come up, it will add much to the general appearance of our plant. If we look closely at some of the smooth, naked places in the rear of the main building, we will be able to see little patches of green. That is our grass. Try to preserve it, and soon, all around the school will be a soft, green blanket of grass. If there is anything that adds to the appearance of a school, it is a well-kept, green lawn. So keep up the good work, and we'll soon have something to show for it!

### *Go To Asheville Halloween*

Everyone should be planning early to go to the football game at Asheville October 31. This will be about the biggest high school grid feature of the season. There has always been a keen, but friendly rivalry between the two schools.

The few of us still over here who attended the Asheville game about three years ago when we won the Western Championship, wouldn't miss it this year for anything. We had a special train then, and everybody had a fine time. The Asheville people literally gave us the keys to the city.

We can have a special train this year if enough students will go. Those who go will get a holiday of course. The round trip wlil cost very little. Let's all get together and put this over big.

**Howdy, folks. Here we are back on the job again writing so that you will have something to take your mind off your studies for a while, and to finish this darn column so we can go to the show.**

**Don't go away yet. We ain't going to write no poetry right now. Just stick around and we'll try to keep you awake if you ain't all ready too far gone.**

* * *

We're in a bad humor, by crackie. We were so wrapped up in thought this morning that we put on shoes that weren't mates, shaved with toothpaste, and left our lunch money at home. Then, as if that weren't enough, we threw our math book out the window in place of our chewing gum. And we are on the third floor, too. This column is just driving us nuts. We've been pecking away at this typewriter so much that we dream 'qwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnm,.;." Why, if anybody even mentions aphabet soup we'll go crazy.

* * *

We can't write much this time because we were checking the college yesterday and strained our eyes.

* * *

**LIVES OF GREAT MEN**

**Pretzelonius Frulingslied was born in a little town in Berlin, Germany.. His parents, being of Russian descent, called him 'Joe' for short.**

**Joe suprised his parents one day by playing on the linoleum.. They knew at once that he would be a great musician some day, so Paw Frulingslied rushed down to the hock shop at once and bought a rare old Stradifferous violin for three dollars and ninety-eight cents.**

**Of course little Joe was delighted, and practiced for ten days the first week he had it. In due time, he was a master of the violin. He came to the United States and rented a room in an attic where he could starve in peace.**

**Then our hero got his chance. A big department store owner happened to pass by his retreat. Wondering what the whining, squeaking noise was, he investigated, and saw Joe standing by the window rendering Qualm's immortal 'To a Wild Cow.' When the last pensive strain had drifted away in the cold, clear bleakness of that June night, the man was almost overcome with emotion.**

**"At last I have found the solution to my problem," he cried passionately.**

**Our hero was astonished at this and asked the man what that had to do with the price of bananas.**

**"I own a dtpartment store. Business has not been so good for the last few months. My rival across the street has taken all my trade away. I have an idea, and I'll pay you well if you will help me."**

**Notwithstanding the fact that Joe was very fond of spinach, he readily accepted the offer.**

**Early the next morning he came down to the store and asked the merchant what part of his establishment he should play in.**

**"Oh, no. You don't understand. I want you to play in front of my rival's store across the street!"**

**"Oh, no. You don't understand. I want you to play in front of my rival's store across the street."**

**Joe played across the street. The idea worked like a charm. All the customers went to the store of Joe's employer to buy their goods.**

**Joe is now worth many millions of dollars in gold, silver, currency, and experience. The rival merchant bribed him to stop playing so he could get his customers back. And that is how Pretzelonius Frulingślied became a success.**

* * *

THINGS WE FOUND OUT:

Why Ben Avery starts to school early when he rides in his Ford.

Who Santa Claus is.

Where the back spacer is on this typewriter.

**Dear Ed Note:**

**I am a young girl in my teens. I am writing you to find out if I should trust Dot Dicks with the secrets of my heart. I have thought the question over seriously, but am still in doubt as to the wisdom of it.**

KITTY.

Dear Kitty:

You certainly showed common sense when you consulted me. Miss Dicks and I went to different schools together, and I can say with authority that her judgment in such matters can be equaled by that of only one other person. As my modesty forbids me to disclose this person's identity, you will have to be content with Miss Dicks' advice. When one cannot get the very best, it is always best to get the next best.

ED NOTE.

Here's another one of them there poems:

When winter comes and brings its bitter chill—
With sleet and snow and frozen slippery streets
The open fireplace beckons us again;
Our big stuffed chair invites us, and entreats.

We sigh, and get our old tobacco pouch,
And reverently our favorite pipe we light
Then stretch out in the chair that beckons us
And go to sleep and snore with all our might.

## Dot Dicks' Words of Wisdom

Dear Miss Dicks,

Here I am a young widow of twenty. I have been married, but am now divorced. I am too young not to be married a second time, but no one wants to marry a married woman. I had rather die than be single the rest of my life. What do you advise me to do?

Sincerely yours,
NOT WANTED.

Dear Not Wanted:

For several years I have given advice to young girls and boys from sixteen to twenty, telling them not to enter the matrimonial world too soon or too often. A girl of sixteen or seventeen may be head over heels in love with a boy, but the chances are that in two or three years, when she is old and matured enough to get married, her outlook on life is changed, and she is interested in a different type of man altogether. She probably doesn't even admire the man she was in love with at sixteen.

Therefore, I advise you to stay single until you can decide for yourself what you want to do, as babies are rather hard to pacify after they have gotten into trouble on some one else's advice.

Best wishes,
DOT DICKS.

* * *

Dear Miss Dicks:

I am a young hard-working girl. I have a job at a rayon factory sewing purple buttons on purple shirts (polo shirts) and I am in love with a football player at Greensboro high school. I met him at the beginning of the football season and had a date with him the last night he was from under training restrictions. I can not see him in the day time on account of my job and he can not see me at night because of the football training rules. I feel that I must see him because he is such a darling, so big and so strong. What can I do?

HUDDLE.

Dear Miss Huddle:

Between your lover's training rules and your job you are finding little time to cuddle and coo! There are but two things which you can do; one is quit your job so that you may see the big strong fellow in the day time. The other is forget this football hero. If you do the latter I know he and the coach too will appreciate it, because he seems to be so big and strong which practically says he is a good player.

DOT DICKS.

Dear Miss Dicks:

I am going with a football star. He practices with me by putting me in the backfield or making a flying tackle at my neck. He seems to like tackles at the waist and neck most. He seems that he likes me yet he does not show it in as an affectionate way as I would like. Does he really like me or is he just using me as the "dummy"?

REGUSTED.

Dear Regusted:

I believe your football man really likes you, for every time he comes to see you at night, he is breaking training. He must love you but he does not know how to show it except by having an alibi for putting his arm about you by a tackle. He will be a devoted friend throughout your school and social life.

DOT DICKS.

Dear Miss Dicks:

My case is a peculiar one. I am a sophomore in high school. I have a Ford touring, which I use to come to school in. It is black with yellow wheels and is really an attractive bus. My girl objects riding to and from school in it. If she really loved me as I love her I believe she would ride even if I drove a wagon. Will you please advise me what to do in a case like this?

JACK.

Dear Jack:

Your case is very unusual, and as you are just a young sophomore I believe that you and her are both too young to have a steady love affair unless you are contemplating marriage. The question would be "If she is the right kind of girl for you and are you good enough for her?" But continue to ride in your Ford touring and fail to go by for her for a few mornings, then go back and you will receive a warm welcome as though you drove a larger auto. Try this scheme and I think you will have great results.

DOT DICKS.

## *Out the Publication Room Way*

About Wednesday or so (that's the deadline, or last day that the printer will accept copy) we invariably find our page looking like a bride, all white, and that, my dears, is the blank space. Sometimes w eare just as surprised to find the space there as you would be if the paper was released that way and grab some reporter by the collar and tell him (very gently) that a funny column of seven hundred words must be handed to ye editor within the half-hour. Maybe the—er—I mean ye (that's one point we keep forgetting, you know, about this ye and we stuff) editor does get the column within three or four hours, well the stuff is so funny you see ye editor with tears flowing from both eyes down his white beard on to the nice copy that turned out to be so sad. (Note: Ye editor's tears were caused by the fact that he was forced to run the column in order to avoid running blank space.) And that ought to explain this column.

## Hear Ye!

Dear Editor:

I'd like to say something about the traffic congestion over here after school. This is bad enough in good weather, but on rainy days it is ten times worse.

When some student's parents come after them, they pull up to the corner, and blow the horn, and wait for the student to decide to come down the walk; meanwhile, the people who bring their cars over here on the morning and park are trying to get out and can't because a whole line of cars has pulled up behind the first one, which is holding everything up. It's a wonder that anybody ever gets away.

It is all caused by the thoughtlessness of a few people. If every one treated the other fellow like he himself would like to be treated, everything would be all right. Of course, this would be too good to be true, but isn't there some way to get every one to use a little more consideration? It certainly would relieve the traffic congestion.

A STUDENT.

To the Sophomores:

To belong to the Torchlight Society is one of the highest honors conferred in high school. This club is a chapter of the national honor society, and represents the very finest and best in high school. It ought to be the aim of every student to qualify for this honor. For membership one must be outstanding in four qualities: Scholarship, leadership, character, and service. Each is as important as the other; no one can stand alone. It is these four qualities that develop the real man.

Now is the time to begin, sophomores, and you are the ones who have the longest chance. Develop your character; make your scholarship your best, hold your place among your fellow-men; strive to be of service. Develop yourself into a better person—be your best. Near the end of your high school career, the beginning of your senior term, you will be rewarded. It is not too early to begin. Do not say "There is plenty of time." There is time, but use it to advantage.

A SENIOR.

Dear Editor:

Greensboro high school has one of the best equipped libraries in the state. In it can be found almost any book a student desires. However, due to the carelessness or laziness, many students treat their fellow students unfairly by not replacing the books they use in their proper place after they have used the books. When a student is forced to go around all the tables to hunt a book some student has not returned, it keeps him delayed in his school work. It even holds the entiré school back, it also spoils the appearance of our library.

The only remedy for this condition is for the students to co-operate and keep the library as it should be. Come on, students! and let's do this.

WILLIAM COLLIER.

Dear Editor:

Week after week the locks on the bicycles in the bicycle shed continue to mysteriously disappear from their rightful places and the owners of the missing property find themselves in the same position as they were in the beginning.

For a high school boy to carry off property that doesn't belong to him is bad enough, but for us to sit quietly back and watch the proceeding is still worse.

Breaking locks is a penitentiary crime and I believe that our school, or perhaps student council, could do much towards helping a person whose character is so weak.

A STUDENT.

Dear Editor:

In the morning and at lunch it is almost impossible to quench one's thirst without involving a lot of red tape. Since it is against the rules for one to enter the halls during the said periods, I would suggest that a fountain be installed between the Science building and the Administration buildings.

AUSTIN LOVIN.

You no, tother day I wus piddlin' round in that big rume where that black banner with them crazy looking faces wus (is) 'n I jest sorta wondered who wasted awl that gold puttin' them faces on that black cloth. One uv 'em's mouth turns up 'n tother's turns down 'n awl I kin figure—that ruins the whole biz, cause you can't look at the one with his mouth down long nuff to see the point fore the ither one with his mouth up ruins the whole thing.

I'd 'ave asked Mr. Johnson bout it 'n maid some suggestion, but then I kan keep closed sometimes, specially since I'm a senior. AHEM!

Well, to go on with my piddlin' I saw the wind mill (if you no whut I mean) awl stuck up in won uv the pigion holes of that big desk 'n I sorta wanted to read it, but the spellin' wus awful, 'n I do luv good spellin', specially since I'm a senior, so I jest let it lay there, 'n started lookin' at sum of the exchanges.

Now therees where the rub comes in. Them exchanges sure are good reading matter for the study hawl. Now I'm over fond uv poems, specially luve poems, since I do luve sentimentalism (that's a good word), so I reads 'n memorizes this: (Now this wus an exchange when I read it so now it's an exchange uv an exchange (Shhhhhhhhh)—NOW—

THE BLUSHING BRIDE

AHEM (merely clearing my throat)
"They tell of the blushing bride."
(Here place the fingers in the lapel uv the coat, and the left foot forward on a wad uv blow gum)
"Who to the altar goes,
Down the aisles of the church."
(wave the arms dramitacally)
Between the friend-filled rows"
(here you might weep a little and get sentimental)
"There's Billy whom she motored with"
(Poo-Poo-Pa-Doooooooooooooooo)
And Bob, with whom she swam"
(wild gestures)
There's Jack she used to golf with him"
(millionaire)
"And Steve who called her 'Lamb'"
(poor boy, it's hard on him)
"There's Ted the football man she owned,
And Dan of tennis days——
There's Herbert too, and blonde Eugene——"
(ah, a blond in the picture)
They took her to the plays"
(millionaires too)
"And there is Harry, high school beau,
With whom she used to mush,
No wonder seh's a blushing bride,
Ye Gods, she ought to blush!"

THE END

* * *

Ah Ha! I fooled you! That wus jest the end uv my poem. The exchange uv the exchange, 'n now I begin my expostulations on the sentimentalization uv bukes. Now bukes are funny things, awl sewed up on won side with a lot uv writing in 'em. Books also are nice. You should never rite OPEN AWL NITE on a Biology book if Miss Bullard is neap. Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Be good to 'em and you'll learn a lot. I did. AHEM!

Now, doggonit. They're yelling for me to give this here column (that's whut they cawl it, but it's nothin' but a buke to me—rong kind) to the typist, so yours till the permanent waves ment the deep blue sea. I'll be seein' ye——

By the way, take awl yer problems to Dot Dicks. Don't come crawling and sobbing around me.——

A former Journalism student gives us a recipe for hatching up these stories and features Mrs. Coltrane requires the class to have every Thursday: "You can think of lots of things while you take a cold shower," he says.

## This Is Not for Publication

**THAT TRIP TO KING'S MOUNTAIN**

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to ride on a train with a bunch of National Guards, drastic moves must be made.

On the way to King's Mountain the other day some history teachers from our illustrious institution sallied forth to the battlefield. Upon arriving at the station they carefully inspected the regular train and found no one especially interesting, so they cast their lot with the soldier boys. Picture four meek little teachers loose among a trainload of rough boys like the National Guards. Somehow I have always wondered how history teachers would get along outside of school. It seems as if they proved themselves worthy, because when the train got to Charlotte the conductor offered to let them off to change trains, but no. The soldiers rose up in arms—and the teachers stayed put.

On the way back they got on the same train again—by mistake, of course, and had a rather enjoyable trip (they ought to have had).

One of these English teachers said that just a few had to go with the National Guards. The general public seems to think that she was jealous. But anyhow she told us about the soldier boys at King's Mountain. They had a favorite trick it seems of walking up to a lady and saying, "Lady is that your dawg?" Whereupon the lady in question would turn around; but no dawg was in sight. Followed by loud guffaws from the soldiers, the trick moved on to the next victim. She also told me that the soldiers leaned out the windows and held up the train trying to get some of the King's Mountain gals to kiss 'em goodbye. Then the train moved on. I wonder—You know you can't tell about teachers.

PETE JONES.

1

T'was midnight and the clock struck three
A "faux pas'," wll we knew—
Tho it was not a cooooo clock,
The thing had gone coo coo

2

We tinkered with the doggone thing
And took out all the wheels;
And now instead of striking three
A bell now softly peals.

3

And here's the almost sure result.
When some dumb novice delves
Among the inn'ards of a clock—
We ring that bell ourselves.

1

I'd hate to be a hurricane,
They're always in a hurry,
Just twisting 'round and tearing down
And making people worry.

2

I'd rather be a tester in
A mattress factory.
Then I could sleep and dream away
Into eternity.

## We Wonder

If there is ever a time when "q" is not followed by "u".

Why a certain teacher loves to make new rules and regulations when she comes in study hall on Friday!

If there are still people who believe in Santa Claus!

When a certain new green roadster first began to be parked in front of a certain house on West Market Street?

How Henry Bagley thinks up such cute things to go in his column in "High Life."

How "It really began."

If there are people who don't wonder about things.

What the moon thinks of all the things it sees!

Why the publication room of "High Life" cannot have lights when the editors stay over here at the school 'till dark!