

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

Editor-in-Chief: Olivia Branch; Editor: Goldie Goss; Business Manager: Wyatt McNairy; Assistant Business Manager: James Doubles

SPECIAL EDITORS

Sports Editor: Ernest White; Typing Editor: Ballard May; Art Editor: Lynnwood Burnette; Feature Editor: Grace Hobbs; Exchange Editor: Frances Kerndle

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Frank Abernathy; Mateline Wilhelm; Otis Phillips; Henry Bagley

TYPISTS

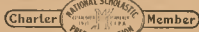
Mary Butler; Lee Vanstony; Katherine Davis

REPORTERS

Filmora Wilson; Cynthia Pinkin; Eleanore Watson; Marquette Le Fort; Edith Latham; Joyce Heritage; Ruby Blacklock; Jack Brown

FACULTY ADVISERS

Mrs. Alma G. Coltrane; Miss Katherine Pike; Mr. Byron A. Haworth



Graduation

When graduation nears, there is always a feeling of hesitancy about leaving G. H. S. Some may think that the fact that their college life is beginning should overwhelm the reactions to the fact that you are leaving a place that will always stay in a graduating senior's mind.

The other students of this institution will miss you. There will be no one to do all the work and no one to look up to, unless it is the next class and they it always seems so young and inexperienced that one can hardly realize that they are seniors.

However, the college days are to be looked forward to. Soon you will forget old G. H. S. and almost all the things that had happened there when you were a high school student.

Now that you have completed a difficult course of your years under Direct Leadership, you are ready to start on the third lap of your life. This will be hard and probably some will fall by the way side. There will be no direct leadership, no favoritism, no one that helps you. You will be on your own hook, and may the training that you received in G. H. S. be helpful to you in your hoped-for success.

Remember that to whatever college you go, you represent the cream of G. H. S. and you should bear this charge faithfully and diligently.

The Past and the Future

The new year, 1931, has arrived for G. H. S. 1930 has been a very successful year.

In the literary activities, G. H. S. has discovered extraordinary talent during the past season. Everyone seems to have worked hard and done his best.

That is the past. The new future, next semester, will be what we make it; no more and no less. We can keep up the good work, and equal our record for the past few months. Still better, we can work harder, and open up broader fields of outside activities.

Then, also, it is possible for us to quit. We can lay down on the job, and let our different organizations fall to pieces. But, as years of successful high school life show, G. H. S. students are not likely to be quitters, so the hopes for the new year are high, and the plans for activities more numerous than ever.

Benjamin Franklin

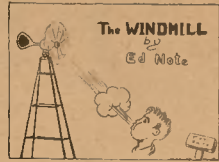
Benjamin Franklin, great philosopher, author, and scientist, was born in January. All through his life this great diplomat and inventor displayed a remarkable thoroughness in everything he did.

For example, in high school, it is the student who does not stop until his outside assignment is done, who receives the 'A' at the end of the month. Likewise, in athletics, it is the boy or girl who attends practice regularly, and carries out orders unquestioningly and explicitly, who make the first team.

Using What We Have Learned

The honor system of Greensboro high school is approaching the crisis of its young life. This crisis is examination time and it is approaching very quickly. During examination week the students are subject to a severe test not only in history, English, and other school subjects, but they are put to a test of character—on their honor.

The person who is dishonest and fails has accomplished more than the person who is honest and passes even though he may not realize it now. The disgrace that is connected with failing through honesty is not half as bad nor as lasting as the disgrace that comes with being caught while cheating.



Oh, ho, Dear Public. We're in a jolly mood today. What would you like? Some humor? We ain't got no humor. Something interesting? We ain't got nothing interesting. Something to fill up space? O. K.

There once was a traveling salesman who lived in a town far away— "Say, what's the idea? Don't you know that'll be censored? Try this one."

Mary sold her little lamb And bought a little Ford, But soon she had to hock the car To pay her room and board.

And here's the moral to this tale: "If you'd avoid a jam, It's quite all right to sell a sheep, But never sell a lamb."

A COLUMNIST'S POST MORTEM

The columnist walked lightly up to ye well-known peary gates and rapped for admittance.

"Who's there?" asked Saint Peter. "James Note."

"Aren't you Ed Metz's brother?" "Yes."

"Well, I think you're at the wrong place. What's your occupation?" "I was a columnist."

"Oh, oh. I'm sure you're at the wrong place."

"Where am I supposed to be?" "We're not allowed to mention the name of the place up here, but to get there, you can take that elevator marked 'Down Only,' and tell the operator to let you off at Hades."

"Thank you, kind sir."

"Oh, don't mention it."

"Hello, Mr. Elevator Man."

"Check. What's your occupation?" "Column writer."

"The old man'll be glad to see you. They're forming a columnist's club down there."

"Ooh, goody. I always was fond of club sandwiches."

"Well, here we are. Satan, this is James Note."

"Ah, I'm glad to see you. I've been waiting for you for quite a while."

"How do you do, Satan? I've heard quite a lot about you."

"Yes, I dare say. I'm pretty well known among newspaper men."

"Gosh, it's hot down here. Say, what are you handling me that red flannel underwear for?"

"Oh, everybody wears them here. Just a quaint old Hades custom."

"But why are all these ticks sewed in them?"

"There is a tick to represent each pointless joke that you told in your column."

"Golly, when my brother Ed gets his they'll look like a suit of armor."

"Satin drew back in surprise."

"What did you say that for?"

"I thundered. 'Don't you know we never tell the truth in Hades? Well, you can't stay here. I'll write you an admit card. That'll let you in Heaven. Now, git!'"

"Y-yes, sir, Mr. Devil. Goodbye."

If you can go to sleep on class And loaf from day to day, And never bunk or fall to pass, And always make an 'A'.

If you don't do half the stuff That you're supposed to get, And still get good grades, that's enough— You're just a teacher's pet.

The rattlesnake's a funny beast— When any one draws near him, He coils up in a knot, and gets So quiet you cannot hear him.

Then, if you get too close to him For common safety's sake, He sounds his little beep-beep horn So you'll no chances take.

Beneath his shiny, scaly skin (Although we're often told That rattlesnakes are tricky things) There beats a heart of gold.

So, every time, you see one, friend, Be sure to kill the 'critter' If e'er you'd like to see the gold, Or ever watch it glitter.

FAVORITE SAYINGS OF THE GREAT

- 1. "ardon this personal reference." (With Georgia accent). 2. "Don't bother those papers." 3. "Don't bother me now, please. I'm busy." 4. "All right, you 'keys' back there. Get quiet." 5. "You two boys can get your books and run to the office. No alibis about not being able to come back this afternoon, now."

MATCH THE TEACHERS WITH THE ABOVE QUOTATIONS

- 1. Miss Tillett. 2. Mr. Blair. 3. Miss Cole. 4. Mrs. Coltrane. 5. Miss Grogan.

The Sotchman's Song—"Just a Little Closer." Hock Shop Song—"Valencia." (Ve lent cha.)

Today and the New Tomorrow

Mon Paul—A. A. Abbott. 287 pp. New York: The Macaulay Company. \$2.50. Mon Paul is the life of John Paul Jones, who was once a slave, a murderer, a tramp, a master of the seven seas, father of our own navy, and a hero of three countries—America, France, and Russia.

Although he had been a slave and a murderer, he was a gentleman. He had been called the natural son of the Earl of Selkirk. This he lived in love, in war, in peace. He rose and fell with the lie. Even when he was withered, when he was ill, and when he was alone, he never left him. Then, at length, he died with the lie.

This man, whose picture now hangs in the hall of fame, died friendless, alone, poor. It was part of the irony of his strange life that the man worshipped Jones, dead. These men were the revolutionaries who distressed and annoyed him in his life.

"Hide in the Dark" "There is in the library a certain book which will appeal greatly to mystery lovers. The name of it is "Hide in the Dark," by Frances Hart. The story deals with thirteen young people, all married with the exception of five.

Mary Roberts Winchell's "The Amazing Interlude" a moody novel of the Great War, written by one of the popular authors, truly is, as the title infers, an amazing interlude.

Much discussion has been carried on among the students of Greensboro high concerning the lunch periods. Some students recommend longer lunch periods while others claim another lunch period added to the present schedule would remedy the trouble.

The clouds are breaking up, and through the rift Appears the blue of winter sky. The snow All day has fluttered down in aimless drift.

Another year has passed under the flying heels of Time, and another semester will soon be here. I want to say to the fellows who flunked, don't get discouraged. Just buckle right down to the task before you and try to make your next semester's record so fine that its brightness will cover up the blot.

Dear Editor: If the rule of not letting anyone in line should be enforced and the students not take so long in selecting their food, the present lunch schedule would likely prove more satisfactory.

Dear Editor: Another year has passed under the flying heels of Time, and another semester will soon be here. I want to say to the fellows who flunked, don't get discouraged.

Dear Editor: What are we going to do if there are not enough school buses to bring us to school and if the Public Service buses do not run on schedule?

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester. Each time I rode, I caught the Public Service bus at the corner of my home about 8:00 and was at the Jefferson Standard in time to catch the 8:10 bus to school.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester. Each time I rode, I caught the Public Service bus at the corner of my home about 8:00 and was at the Jefferson Standard in time to catch the 8:10 bus to school.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester. Each time I rode, I caught the Public Service bus at the corner of my home about 8:00 and was at the Jefferson Standard in time to catch the 8:10 bus to school.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester. Each time I rode, I caught the Public Service bus at the corner of my home about 8:00 and was at the Jefferson Standard in time to catch the 8:10 bus to school.



THE BIRD HAS FLOWN

Hear Yet

Dear Editor: We, the graduating class of Greensboro high school, wish at this time to show in this way our appreciation for our session room teacher, Miss Mary Ellen Blackmon.

The Birds That Have Flown

Oh, what does life hold for us guys when we are out of school? We just forget the things we learned— Each theory, every rule.

Senior Farewell

Fare ye well, dear seniors, who are now leaving us. We hope you, may hold up the high standards you have set before us.

Autobiography of a Pore Student

Every one was talking at once—that was funny, why should they all be talking at the same time, and too, why should they be talking at all?

Help Unemployed

The "Wilmington High School News" of Wilmington, Delaware, is published by a charitable group of students. They have given plays and played football games for the benefit of the unemployed of their city.

Defective Song—"I'm Following You"

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester. Each time I rode, I caught the Public Service bus at the corner of my home about 8:00 and was at the Jefferson Standard in time to catch the 8:10 bus to school.

Quill and Scroll

"Orange and Black" Waterloo, Iowa. Seven Waterloo journalists were initiated into the Quill and Scroll, an honorary society organized at the Iowa university.

CLASS OF '31

Dear Editor: The present semester is nearing a close, and one is bright to meditate over the ensuing examinations.

Dear Editor: Much discussion has been carried on among the students of Greensboro high concerning the lunch periods.

Dear Editor: If the rule of not letting anyone in line should be enforced and the students not take so long in selecting their food, the present lunch schedule would likely prove more satisfactory.

Dear Editor: Another year has passed under the flying heels of Time, and another semester will soon be here.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.

CLASS OF '31

Dear Editor: The present semester is nearing a close, and one is bright to meditate over the ensuing examinations.

Dear Editor: Much discussion has been carried on among the students of Greensboro high concerning the lunch periods.

Dear Editor: If the rule of not letting anyone in line should be enforced and the students not take so long in selecting their food, the present lunch schedule would likely prove more satisfactory.

Dear Editor: Another year has passed under the flying heels of Time, and another semester will soon be here.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.

CLASS OF '31

Dear Editor: The present semester is nearing a close, and one is bright to meditate over the ensuing examinations.

Dear Editor: Much discussion has been carried on among the students of Greensboro high concerning the lunch periods.

Dear Editor: If the rule of not letting anyone in line should be enforced and the students not take so long in selecting their food, the present lunch schedule would likely prove more satisfactory.

Dear Editor: Another year has passed under the flying heels of Time, and another semester will soon be here.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.

Dear Editor: I have been very fortunate and have not had to ride on a bus but twice this semester.