

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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HIGH LIFE is a part of your school, and as such, is entitled to your support. If ads placed in HIGH LIFE cease to be profitable, merchants will cease to advertise in our paper, and its chief means of financial support will be gone.

Support HIGH LIFE by patronizing the establishments of HIGH LIFE advertisers.

What Type of Reader Are You?

Every student in G. H. S. may be put under one of three main heads as far as reading is concerned.

The first type of reader is the one who reads entirely for pleasure. He considers biographies, etc., very dry and tiresome. To him, parallel reading is an unpleasant task to be gotten over as soon as possible.

The second type of reader reads only historical novels, biographies, classics, poetry, etc. As a rule, he gets no pleasure from reading. He reads simply because "it is the right thing to do."

The third type is a combination of the first two, with all the virtues and none of the vices of the others. He reads for pleasure, knowledge, and profit. When he reads for pleasure, he is careful in his selection of books, and magazines. If he reads for the purpose of gaining information, he soon finds that such reading is as much a pleasure as the reading of fiction.

This last type of reader gets more pleasure, profit, and knowledge from his reading than either of the other two types. His reading tends to make him cheerful. His store of practical information makes him a good conversationalist.

Remember that your reading is apt to influence your conversation, actions, and even your character, so select your books and magazines accordingly.

These Were Loyal Citizens

Many great events have taken place in the month of April. The United States has fought four great wars which began in April. The great patriot, Paul Revere, made his famous ride on April 18, 1775. The United States flag was adopted by Congress on April 4, 1818.

G. H. S. is symbolic of what America is doing for her boys and girls. The attitude we take toward G. H. S. is the attitude we will take toward our country. A good student works for himself, but an excellent student works for himself and for his school. When he tries to make some record, whether scholastic or athletic, he is thinking of the honor it will bring to his school.

Think of G. H. S. first and of yourself second and you will be a good and loyal student.

Let's Keep the Pace

Greensboro high school publications have brought in the laurels again. One paper said, it was beginning to be a habit with us—and maybe it is. For five years now we have been bringing in the prizes from the different contests we enter, the Columbia Scholastic Press association, National Scholastic Press association, Southern Interscholastic Press association, and the North Carolina State contest.

But it's not what we could have done in the past but what we are going to do in the future. We were offered activity cards, but we did not respond. The price was low, but if our entire student body had responded, our publications could have gone on. We just can't let our paper and magazine go down or probably stop entirely.

We have gained a name for ourselves all over the United States, and it is up to us as students of G. H. S. to keep up the pace that has been set. We have won fame, and now, let's wake up and do something about this financial situation so that we can keep pace. Think, students of G. H. S., of some way to raise money for these famed publications of ours, so that we may carry on and bring more honor to them.



Well, folks, we seem to be with you again. It gives us great pleasure to be able to sit down at the typewriter and torture so many souls at once. Oh well, "Sorrow comes in columns, not in single spies," as our second wife used to say. It would be best, dear readers, if you failed to read the Windmill today, because we don't think it is good for young minds during a full moon.

Here are a couple of letters we got the other day this morning. Dear Ed Note: Every time I come to school in the morning I give out of gas. Can you suggest a remedy for this? Love and best wishes, PUZZLED.

Dear Puzzled: You certainly wrote the right person for help. We always save our best advice for our most consistent readers. We judge from the intelligence shown in your question that you read our last column twice. Therefore we give you this exclusive advice free of charge.

Now to get back to your question. We can suggest a remedy for this. An old trick we learned in the Boy Scouts when we gave out of gas was called the syphon method. It is a very simple but unique way of getting gas at the expense of the public. This method would not work in your case, however, as you give out of gas in the morning when you go to school. Therefore, I would suggest that you have your schedule changed so that you may attend night school. Very few people go to night school in the morning. Thus you may avoid the Christmas rush, and at the same time prevent your car from giving out of gas when you go to school in the morning.

Sincerely hoping that this clears everything up for you, I am, Sincerely yours very respectfully, I AM ED NOTE I AM, YES I AM (Not)

Dear Professor Note: How did Cuba get its name? PUZZLED.

Dear Puzzled: I have had many inquiries regarding the origin of the name, "Cuba." This shows that many people not directly responsible are interested in Cuba.

The first thing one would naturally consider is its shape. Upon careful investigation however, we find that Cuba is not shaped like a cube, as might be expected, but is a sort of oblique circle. We can dismiss this without hurting our conscience.

The next logical thing to do is consult an encyclopedia. Ah, therein lies the solution to our problem. We find that Cuba is noted for its fine sugar cane. Sugar cane juice is turned into syrup, which in turn is converted into sugar. Then isn't the sugar made into cubes? Certainly. Therefore that is how Cuba got its name—sugar nine. Q. E. D. Now have I made that clear?

Yours truly, ED NOTE.

"It seems to be spring." Yes, we saw Sid Ogburn and Steve Douglas wearing white linen pants the other morning.

And was it W. B. Davis we saw holding a flower in his mouth and writing poetry? He says no, but you never can tell.

How to help out the unemployment situation: why not give somebody a job washing trays in the cafeteria?

THE DANGER OF SCRUPLES

The danger of having too many scruples is greater this season than it has been in a long time. This is probably due to the drought of last summer. Drouths cause scruples to flourish, and after a few weeks without rain they multiply very rapidly.

We'd like to ask that every student in Greensboro high school join us in this great war on scruples. 'Not a scruple in school by nineteen thirty-two' is our motto.

Anyone interested in exterminating scruples will be given a badge and scruple-trap if he calls at the publication room before next Tuesday.

THE SCRUPLE SONG

I'd hate to be a scruple— That's what I don't want to be, Because we're going to drive them all into extinction.

THE SCRUPLE YELL

A scruple is a nuisance— A scruple is a pest, And we're going to drive the scruples Out of G. H. S.

Every student is urged to help exterminate scruples!

Now that the seniors have been educated and graduated, maybe we can get down to work on Monday mornings without wondering who got married during the week-end.

How lost we feel, not having a class ahead of us that we can criticize.

These comments may seem a bit stale, but Santa Claus didn't bring "High Life" enough money to put out an issue every two weeks.

We keep thinking up Austin jokes, but don't worry. We won't publish them.

We were all excited because Ernest White was a semester Senator, and were just getting ready to celebrate, when

Today and the New Tomorrow

The Conscript—By Erkman-Chatrion. Of all the books which give a true picture of the horror of war, "The Conscript" by Erkman-Chatrion, is probably one of the most interesting and most accurate.

"The Conscript" is a narrative in the first person. It is a story of the wars of the Emperor Napoleon, and describes several of his greatest battles. These descriptions show the absence of all glory in fighting. They give an illustration of the impressions of the soldier who is taking part in a battle for the first time.

The author also tells of the effect of the war on the non-combatants at home. The grief of the conscripts' parents when their sons are sent to war is vividly described. The contrasting attitudes toward the war and the Emperor are also shown.

The most important character, Joseph Bertha, is forced to leave his home, his friends, and his sweetheart in order to fight Napoleon's wars. He is very impatient at having to go, and considers running away from France. His employer dissuades him from the attempt, however. After his first two or three battles, he becomes hardened to the horrors of battle, but he continues to hate it and its consequences.

His companion, Zebede, is very different in his attitude and considers war a glorious thing. He is called to the front and comes back safely but toward the end of the war he becomes disgusted with the futility of killing men for the sake of conquest.

"The Conscript" should be read by as many as possible for two reasons. First, for its historical value, and second, because it gives a true and accurate impression of war in general.

Cold Blue Moon—by Howard W. Odum

One of the newest books in the library is "Cold Blue Moon" by Howard W. Odum. The book is by the author of "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" and "Wings on My Back," and the narrator is Black Ulysses, the same as of the other two stories. The book is a story of the Old South, and its original style makes it more realistic than a formal history.

Big Horse Hall, a ghost of the old south is being made into a ride and hunt club. On a rainy day the little stable-boys are in a shed telling ghost stories.

Thus Black Ulysses, full of corn hiker and thinking of the older days begins his story. There appear the ghosts of the owner of Big Horse Hall, his family and friends. There appears a picture of the old south which comes to life and lives once more—as real as the stories our grandmothers told. In "Cold Blue Moon," Howard W. Odum has given us a picture of the old south as it really was—a south of culture and refinement and hospitality.

Rosemary Makes a Garden—by Caroline B. King.

In the winter months Rosemary plans her garden and selects her seeds. Later she plants them and cultivates the flowers as they grow. She makes a rackery, an outdoor fireplace and constructs wind houses and a hanging garden for the porch. When the cold weather comes again, she has her window boxes all in-bloom and the house plants growing.

This is a book for the embryo gardener with full instructions on planting, cultivation, soil, arrangement of flowers both indoors and out, and how to become a real gardener.

India: Land of the Black Pagoda—by Lowell Thomas.

"India: Land of the Black Pagoda," by Lowell Thomas is one of the latest treasures of the library. India—the land of dreams and of romance! Everything of beauty and of horror in this land is revealed to through the keen eyes of a traveler.

India, the country, is full of wealth and wonder; India, the book, is rich in color and magnificence. The tragedy of caste and the glory of art point a most pleasing and contrasting picture.

Lowell Thomas, in his 60,000 miles of travel in this land, saw and experienced things which are open only to a privileged few. His adventures are marvellously interesting. Reading this book of his is like going on a scenic tour through India.

he calmly announced that he was going to stay over and take a post-graduate course. Now ain't that mean?

We hear that next year's president of the student body is going to provide a special room at school for those who "sneeze, don't get excited. It will be known as Detention Hall, and will be controlled by the student council.

Let's talk about something pleasant. This will probably be the last column we'll write for "High Life." That is, unless the staff gets together and robs a bank, or the "Homespun" staff donates some money for us to put out another issue.

We dedicate this little poem to you, dear readers. We're tortured many honest souls With poetry and free verse, And with our Windmill column tell We've no doubt done much worse. And we can say with verity (Another word for true) That we enjoy the torture most. When we can torture you.

Aw reeservoir, ED NOTE.



A SPRING MORNING The gently rolling fields that dip and rise So gracefully are by a filmy haze Of mist caressed, a stray breeze softly sighs Among the nearby trees. The first bright blaze The sun gives forth has just shown faintly pink Above the early morning clouds that still Glide lazily on high. Two red birds drink The fairy ale that men call dew; and trill Most lustily their merry, carefree song, The pungent smell of earth; of damp, wet trees And rotting leaves—the smell that makes men long To fill their lungs with fresh, clean breath that frees Their minds of care—this, too, was in the air. That clear spring dawn that was so cool, so fair. —Isaac Gregory.

LOVE SONG I've memorized a bit of song A laughing gladsome thing. A song that's clear and gay free. A song I love to sing. I sing my song in the spring-like morn And in the twilight dew, And all the music of my refrain Is my love—song to you. I love your laughing joyousness So I've placed it in my song; But there's none of your tears of sorrows there. For somehow they'd be wrong. And as the tempo faster grows There's just a hint of madness But in the rippling melody There's nothing of your madness.

I'll sing my song of joy to you Throughout the happy years, But pray that I shall never see The silver of your tears. —Joyce Heritage.

A MEMORY The moon was shining high above that night; I saw you there amid the gathering throng; The stars shone brighter still—a brilliant light; My heart was singing—you had come along. The moon smiled when you took me in your arms And murmured, sweet, a blessing, oh so low. The trees drooped to protect us from the harms Of cruel fates and wicked winds that blow. "When I am gone, look at the moon," you cried, "I will come back to you, if from the dead." For you returned to some one else instead. They say, "Look at the moon; it's smiling yet." I look up at the moon, but can't forget. —Vivian Bast.

Hear Ye! Dear Editor: Say Editor, what's the matter with our old G. H. S. school spirit? Some of you who were over at the old high school can realize what a change in attitude the school has taken. We used to have pep meetings every so often and every one would attend them, go see the games, and support the teams. Now let's all get busy and try to invent something to help get that old school spirit back like we used to have. Come on, everybody, we go to school only once and while we are here let's keep the old spirit going. It will help us in many ways. ARNOLD DEMPSEY.

Dear Editor: There have been discussions in our history class as to the student's point of view of our form of student government. We usually have our discussion in an open forum, and in that way many students' view points are obtained. It has been suggested that we have an open forum in chapel thus offering the students an opportunity to express themselves and offer suggestions for publications, activities, cards, class activities, and other problems which are facing our students. A STUDENT.

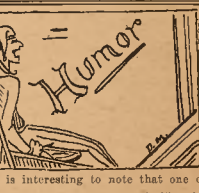
Where are the movies that were promised for chapel period? At the beginning of last semester the student body was promised moving pictures for chapel programs at least once every two weeks. We have had three or four pictures since then, all of them good. Let's have a movie. A STUDENT.

Sitting in a room for an hour with one's mouth open, dries a fellow up; he naturally attempts to quench his thirst between classes. This would be a very simple matter if the fountains would function. It is almost impossible to obtain water unless the thirsty one first swallows the fountain, a task not easily performed. The simple remedy it seems to me, would be to have the janitor go around with a wrench and keep the fountain in order. AUSTIN LOVIN.

Can anything be done about clothing being taken from the field house? It seems that with the honor system in effect this kind of thing doesn't speak well for the school. The field house is supposed to be a safe place for keeping personal equipment. A STUDENT.

I have recently been confronted by a problem which I think should be brought to the attention of the school officials. It is this: There are a number of students in high school who continue to fail semester after semester and as a result remain in school for five or six years. This is not only unfair to the taxpayers of Greensboro but also to the student who makes it up in summer school necessitating extra expense, and those who do not fail at all.

A plan whereby a student taking the same subject twice would be compelled to pay an extra sum would probably have a tendency to relieve this situation. Yours, A STUDENT.



It is interesting to note that one of our exchanges prints a list of alibis for these would work? 1. Haven't My Homework Because: 1. (Good for History) I thought today was George Washington's birthday. 2. I thought you forgot (imagine it) to assign any. 3. I lost it down the sewer. 4. I thought you were gonna be sick. 5. I laid down my tablet while I climbed a tree to get an apple and presto—while I was up there—a billy goat ate it.

I Was Late Because: 1. I met an old friend I hadn't seen for 20 years. (Good especially for a freshee). 2. I had to run a catch-away horse (don't tangle it up). 3. I thought it was Saturday until ten minutes ago when I looked at the calendar. 4. "My Blue Heaven" ran out of gas. Did you know that some smart students are proposing that we hang a calendar up in front of prospective long-distance speakers of that school in place of the clock.

And this is the kind of thing that Latin students are doing these fair days while jonquil look like spring fever. Ashes to ashes, dust-to-dust If Caesar's don't get you, Cirmo must—I studied my Latin at a farm on the hill. If the farmer don't get me—Virgil will. Any way those verses adorned the rear flap of some students notebook.

Some one asked me the other day why an English teacher with religion would advise poor innocent boys and girls to take a dictionary to college. When "the blamed thing has 'dynamite' in it." Well, I do know!

Who's dat knocking at my door Whose dat knocking over my door Does dah know—by mah blunt sword 'Tis the remnant of my model "T" Ford.

And then there was the dumb history student Lissie who thought the Mayflower Compact was something you can get cheap at a fire sale.

When I asked him about the coast-to-coast hook-up he thought I meant the salmon fisheries.

We appreciate the good work done in "Here Comes Patricia." We think the spirit in which the play was presented truly indicative of what we want everyone to have. Without a school paper and magazine both of which were greatly financially embarrassed this year, what can we hope to be? The act in "Patricia" was superb! The audience reacted to our talent. Hats off to Joe Johnson and to east, and to Charley me boy, the electrician, and a good one, too.