

HIGH LIFE

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Experience Is a Sad Teacher

The depression has hit us all hard, but it seems to have at least accomplished one thing. It seems to have driven a little common sense into a few hard heads. Before the depression everyone who could afford it bought and ate expensive French foods, wore expensive clothes, purchased high-priced automobiles; to tell the truth, practically everyone had lost his sense of values.

Now, the once rich and the always poor eat common everyday food and wear American made clothes. Who do you see spending a dollar here, when they can save two cents by trading a block or so down the street? Who do you see that hasn't been taught a lesson by the grand old man, De Pression?

Of course friendships have grown sweeter, haughtiness and selfish pride is vanishing. People have grown considerate, sympathetic, and understanding. People know that a depression, the hard cold and cruel enemy of everyone, has put thousands out of work, and has played havoc with the farmers. Nothing could possibly knock the foundation from under our very feet and then restore it, gently, completely, and even firmer than ever before except that mischievous old teacher, Mr. De Pression.

Let us not forget the sad experiences of recent years. Let us keep our sense of balance and of values, lest Mr. De Pression pay us another and more lengthy visit.

Individual Responsibility

In case you have never stopped to think about it, there is such a thing as individual responsibility. When we undertake to do things and do them well, we call that individual responsibility.

We should try to carry our own burdens and help to carry those of others. We should set our own standards high, carry out our own noble ideals, command our own self-respect as well as that of others. We should exercise this right of individual responsibility in our class room, the halls, study halls, and cafeteria.

Follow The Glean!

During past semesters there have been a lot of failures. Not as a duty but as a privilege, every student should put forth his best efforts in his studies, for after all, the main object in coming to school is to become more skilled and better trained.

Let's all join in the battle and show that G. H. S. citizens are following the glean.

When the sun sets on high school and rises on the future, if we are not prepared, then our lives will be a failure. To get the most out of living, one must learn a lot. So fall in line now and make the torchlight from Senior high glow so brightly that its beams will reach the four corners of the nation and show to all that G. H. S. is a real school.

They Won

Comes the dawn of September 26, fourteen years ago, when thousands of plucky doughboys crawled stealthily out of the trenches, intent on victory, and the defeat of the Boche in that terrible struggle overlooking Argonne forest ringing with explosives. Then victory, the Germans are driven back, the Armistice is signed because every doughboy gritted his teeth—and won!

Go into any church in the city and view a list of the war dead, whether grand cathedral or tiny church, there are numerous names, familiar in social and business realms.

Now at the fourteenth anniversary of that history-making epoch of the Argonne Drive, we stand in memory to the thousands of American citizens who were blown to bits and plowed through with shrieking shrapnel in the most awful, and we hope the last, of wars.

Anniversary Of Balboa's Discovery

When Balboa, the Spaniard, discovered the Pacific Ocean September 25, 1513, he knew not the full significance of the sight he saw from the Panama mountain.

Could not Balboa's ignorance of the great South Sea at that time be compared to the vision most students have of the future? Balboa took advantage of his find, explored, and reported the new lands and sea to the Spanish king, who made him governor of Spain's colonies in America.

Students, follow Balboa, explore and report your findings, you will be rewarded.



LIBRARY LOAFING TO BE ELIMINATED

To eliminate "library loafing," anyone who comes into the library without anything to do will be sent out for a month or more and will be allowed to use the library only before and after school hours.

Three reliable students appointed by Frank Pittman, president of the student body, will be stationed at the doors of the library after each period to look at the pupils' books as they go out to see that they have not cut clippings from any reference books, taken out any reserve books, or taken out any books without having them checked at the desk. Due to these very things approximately two hundred books were lost last year.

"THE GOOD EARTH"

Among the new books in the library is Pearl S. Buck's most famous novel, "The Good Earth." In this story the author vividly portrays the daily life of a Chinese family both in poverty and in wealth. The theme of "Good Earth" is, as the name implies, the soil and man's dependency upon it. Tragedy and horror are impressed upon the reader's mind by Miss Buck's description of the life led by Chinese women.

Pearl S. Buck, author of the day, and winner of the Pulitzer prize, has lived all of her life in China except for a few years of study in America. No one is better able to present the joys and sorrows of this great mass of Chinese people than this woman, who has spent her whole life among them for the purpose of making their lives fuller and richer.

"THE LAUGHING PIONEER"

By Paul Green

This book, "The Laughing Pioneer," is Paul Green's first novel, and proves to be as successful as his plays. Its setting is in the South and the characters typical of the section. Danny Lawton, a wanderer, represents the South of today, while Miss Alice Long, the heroine, is a character from the old South.

Danny falls in love with Alice, but is unable to marry her because of her tyrannical old father. Judge Long favors a marriage between his daughter and Rorie Armstrong, an elderly friend, who has faithfully courted her every Sunday for several years. The Judge dies suddenly, leaving Miss Alice alone with Danny. The gossiping neighbors voice their suspicions and interfere with the couple, resulting in a tragedy for all.

"SUMMER NIGHTS"

By Sylvia Thompson

This newest effort by the scintillating young English author of "Hounds of Spring," "Chariot Wheels," and others, is by far her best. The author has given us a truly wonderful characterization of a woman of such magnificent strength of character that her position is unique. Though the story is really written of the force of life on her son, I think the author wanted the character of his mother to dominate the book, and it certainly does. "Summer Nights" is really worth reading. Rarely do I come across such a convincing portrait of a very convincing character.

"THE GREEN PASTURES"

The "Green Pastures" gives a complete and humorous picture of the negro's religious ideas. Heaven is likened to what a negro considers perfect enjoyment on earth. One scene is a fish fry. Biblical characters are described as the swiftest person the negro mind can conceive in comparison with the Lord who they envy.

The Lord is shown as the largest of them all, wearing a white shirt and bow tie, long Prince Albert coat, black trousers, and congress gaiters. The Bible leaves blank the private lives and habits of the Old Testament characters. So Noah drinks liquor, and the wicked younger generation rolls dice, tote pistols, fight, and stay away from meetings. Of course, all through the book the Southern negro dialect is used.

MOVIE STAR DOUBLES FOUND HERE

Joel McCrea, Elston Fife; James Cagney, L. H. Dunivant; Greta Garbo, Edith Church; Clark Gable, Carlton Raper; Joe E. Brown, Bill Brown; Stan Laurel, Harry Hill; Ramon Novarro, Jim Applewhite; Dorothy Lee, Beverly Burgess; Buck Jones, Frank Penk; Tom Mix, Bill Boren; Marlene Dietrich, Latane Bartlett; George O'Brien, Bernard Spencer; Kay Francis, Mary Little Mebane; Claudette Colbert, Wilfred Schlosser; Janet Gaynor, Margaret Morley; Chico Marx, Charles McNeil.

RAMBLING THOUGHTS

By Hardy Root

There are sixty-five hundred books in our library. Enough for each student to have 5-1-2 volumes.

My secret desire: Some day to be first in the cafeteria line.

I wonder how many students have noticed the fan-shaped tree to the right of the main building. There couldn't be a more beautiful tree in the world.

I nominate Robert Frew as the best public speaker in school. This includes the debaters.

Talk about going through a period of depression. I know a certain young man in high school who has seven periods of depression every school day.

Something ought to be done about it. How many times have you bought buttermilk instead of sweet? They ought to be separated!

Mr. Slocum betrays his profession. Whoever saw an orchestra leader with his hair slicked down?

The halls between the study and the library are the trysting places for many a love-sick heart.

In every one of my classes there is a picture of some great man who never takes his eyes off me. Right now George Washington is giving me the once over. The other day I was tempted to tell the teacher a little fib but I looked up and saw the picture of George staring at me and I told the truth. I stayed in a half hour.

Every year the new sophomores get smaller and smaller. In a few more semesters they won't be able to reach the first book-shelf in the library.

TWINS IN SCHOOL

Thirteen sets of twins challenge the teachers and students of the high school to correct identification. Some of them are so nearly alike that it is almost impossible to identify them. On the other hand, there are a few whom one would never imagine to be twins but who really are.

The 26 students are: Martha Mary and Mary Martha Pemberton; Ruth and Rebecca Thompson; Doc and Frances Rogers; Myra and Margaret Roach; Mary and Marion Moore; Carl and Ed Jeffers; Dick and Jack Klingman; Hazel and Haywood Allen; Elberta and Roberta Murray; Irene and Eileen Curry; Wallace and William Trullitt; William and Robert Simmons; Sally and Barbara Payne.

POETRY

Dear Editor: What's wrong with the fountains? The students go around mopping their brows, and with tongues dangling somewhere around the regions known as their chins.

At lunch time everyone rushes to get a glass and have a drink of that wonderful refreshment—water.

But there's still hope that the fountains of Senior high will function before the warm days of September are over. THIRSTY STUDENT.

Dear Editor: One of the faults of changing classes has been continued for a long time apparently without any effort being made to effect a change. The trouble is that while some of the teachers allow their classes to be dismissed by the bell, others seem to believe that it is best to hold the pupils and give the command in person. This causes many tardies.

I suggest that all the members of the faculty decide whether the bell or the teacher should dismiss the class. ALAN BROOKS.

Dear Editor: I wish to commend the traffic officers and others who have aided in regulating traffic jams. I am sure that the cafeteria line moves much faster and one is able to get one's lunch quicker. Keep up the good work, officers, and I'm sure the student body will back you. MARY JANE CLARIDA.

BALLAD OF A SLAUGHTERED SOPHOMORE

Into the long and empty hall, "Frightfully ill at ease, Crept a group of tiny sophomores Like honey-seeking bees.

They gazed at the lunch room longingly, Hoping like everything They'd reach it before the others did, But the bell just wouldn't ring!

But just as their hopes were uttered The dreadful bell rang out, And by the upper-classman bold The sophs were thrown about.

Who never reach the lunch room Will reach eternal peace, Because the brutal trample-tramp Simply will not cease.

And on their little grave we'll place A truly mournful sign To make their cruel murderers For their lost presence pine.

"Oh, hear, ye rushing students— Beneath this little mound Lies a poor defenseless sophomore Who under your feet was ground."

"Long live your memory, sophomore; That you fought hard is plain, Your struggle was so nobly done; We grieve to see you slain." ALWILDA McLEAN.



Open Forum

Dear Editor: What's wrong with the fountains? The students go around mopping their brows, and with tongues dangling somewhere around the regions known as their chins.

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THE BIRD

The bird is dead; It sings no more With thrilling notes of glee. The nest is left Forsaken now And in the days to be. A common bird— And hundreds more Will fill the empty space. And not a soul Will know or care About that vacant place. A little bird, And yet he had His part in God's great plan. As by his song A heart made light Of careworn, troubled man. It does not matter if our life Seems useless in our sight, We shall not live our years in vain If we make one heart feel light. —VIVIAN EAST.

WHAT DO YOUR HANDS TELL?

Are your hands soft and white, with nails manicured, cuticles pushed back, and finger tips tapering? Are you the type who has never done a bit of work?

Or are yours the short and stubby kind with nails cut short? Perhaps yours are the withered hands on which veins stand out. This hand is the kind and capable one. The hand that cools the burning brows of feverish patients. This is the old-looking hand that holds the surgeon's knife steadily and firmly when a single slip means death. This is the hand that wipes away the tears from the sorrow-stricken.

Do your nails look like claws painted an atrocious red? There are trembling hands that try in vain to light cigarettes. These are cold, clammy hands. The index and middle fingers are yellow from constant smoking. The nails curve over the ends of the fingers giving them a sinister look.

The last pair of hands are those of the laborer. These hands are tanned and cracked. There were callous places on the palms. The nails are broken and dirty. The hands are large, strong, and hairy, but they are gentle as they tenderly smooth the sobbing boy who lays with his head on the father's knee.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING A MONKEY

Oh, to be a monkey, a cute little monkey, And swing through the coconut trees, Flinging the fruits of this tropical cedar At most anybody you please!

Alumni News

Mary Rucker's room at W. C. of U. N. C. is to be a symphony in lavender and green. Nice restful colors to say the least!

Barbara Witherspoon spent the week-end at Davidson College.

Eda Walters is giving the Women's College dormitories the cold shoulder and is gracing only the class buildings with her presence. This assures her attendance at the dance this winter.

Leah Louise Baach says she has forgotten all the French she ever knew. Perhaps old Gaucher isn't so ardent when French is concerned!

Joyce Heritage was all decked out in an intriguing gown of red and white satin at the dance.

Dave Pincke and Jo Lucas are still doing their daily dozen where dancing is concerned.

Sara Hardin is living the life of ease these days. She spends her time riding around in her (?) big Hudson.

Billie Murphy has returned from Wisconsin where he spent the summer. He will attend W. C. of U. N. C.

Sid Kelly is expected to go to Carolina this year. That is, if he ever gets back from his voyage.

Henry Nau, '32, who is attending Guilford College, broke a rib during football practice. The injury isn't serious, Henry says.

Ruth Harris, a mid-term graduate of G. H. S., is among the freshmen of W. C. of U. N. C.

Glady's Draper, a June graduate of G. H. S., has entered W. C. of U. N. C.

Frank Causey, '32, left Sunday for University of North Carolina.

Richard Robinson and "Red" Riley are among the freshmen group at Guilford College.

Frank Causey is attending the University of North Carolina.

Elizabeth Craven is spending her freshman year at Kendall Hall, Pride's Crossing, Mass.

DUSK ON WEDNESDAY

The tower in the distance is a speck against the sky. The sun is sinking in the west and night is drawing nigh. A spot up in the heavens a'moving to and fro; 'Tis a swallow swooping at the tower far below.

And now the lights are blinking in the village far away; The church bell is a'ringing for the folks to come and pray; The birds have stopped their flying and the crickets cease to sing. A night has conquered twilight and the darkness is in swing.

—HARDY ROOT.