



HIGH LIFE

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The Purpose of High Life Is to

Get and preserve the history of our school.

Hold individuals together under high standards.

Separate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

Is It Really Dead?

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Decorated trees on every corner, and strings of gaily colored lights lining both sides of Elm street—that is the appearance of uptown Greensboro "dressed" for Christmas. It is because of these festive decorations that many critics have cried out, protesting against what they term a "rapid submergence of the season's true meaning through a wave of commercialization."

However, is that really the case? In the rush and roar of this transitory world are modern people getting away from the original meaning of Christmas? No, in spite of the apparent impenetrable crust which many seem to have acquired, they are all alike. In spite of the hard manner which many seem to possess in regard to things beautiful in nature, they can all be appealed to by simple things.

This fact can be brought sharply home to one by standing downtown on Washington Square and watching the people's faces as the crowd surges along. Some seem to be happy—others sad, but very few act as though they were thinking about the beautiful side of Christmas. But then, above the confusing roar of the city there comes a clear, sweet voice—magnetic in its simplicity—yet as forceful as was the Brilliant Star which burst upon the shepherds camping on the hill-sides. As the first notes of the Christmas chimes peal forth, the humming crowd stops, and with up-lifted searching eyes, watch four simple bells, swinging back and forth. . . .

As the last strains of the carols die out in the distance, the crowd moves on, carrying with it a deeper feeling—a feeling which could not be brought out by all the festive decorations but remained to four simple bells.

No . . . the true Christmas is not dead. It will live on forever!

High School Galahads

Although the common opinion may be that chivalry is dead, there is evidence around G. H. S. that tends to point the other way—evidence in the person of some athletic renown.

This athlete, who is constantly striving for those ideals which personify the true knight, is not only superior when it comes to tilts on the gridiron, but he can also "tilt a mean book". In other words, he strives for high honors in all fields, not just one.

He has in him the love of courtesy and respect, truth and courage—all blended into the greatest quality, chivalry. A fine equipment for the battle of life this boy has—equipment that will never let him down—equipment that although priceless in value can be had by anybody with the moral courage and strength to practice its requirements.

Poet's Corner

CHRISTMAS VESPERS

In the ancient chapel cloister
Where Magdalene was wont to pray,
The holy stillness is unbroken
Save by hymns on Christmas day.
Nuns whose eyes with love are shining
Lift their hearts in joyful song
Of the blessed Christ Child - Savior
Heralded by an angel throng.

The soft tones of blended voices
Rising gently through the night
From the hearts of patient sisters,
Candles of our love ignite.

Winged notes are wafted skyward,
Up to heaven's gate they go;
Angels cease celestial singing
And list' to paeons from below.

MARGARET R. BILYEU.

GRAY MORNING

The drip, drip, drip of the raindrops,
The constant rustle of leaves,
The woo-ooo-ooo of the North wind,
With its shrieking thru' the trees.

The sudden stop of the raindrops,
The quietness of the leaves,
The subdued tone of the North wind,
The silhouette of unmet trees.

Quietness. Dawn at last.
The prelude for the day.
All the horror and noise of the storm
Slips with the night, away.

HELEN GREEN.

Oh, Oh, The Mistletoe!

"Of all the nights within a year
Oh, Oh, the mistletoe!
That's the night to lovers dear,
Oh, Oh, the mistletoe!
When blushing lips, that smile at
folly,
As red as berries on the holly,
Kiss and banish melancholy.
Oh, Oh, the mistletoe!"

Somehow the Americans have fallen heir to the European tradition concerning mistletoe—but when did it start? One encyclopedia says that this parasite was used by the Druids and Germans in the church. It was they who found it growing on the sacred oak, and with a golden blade, cut it into pieces and gave it to the people for charms. In northern mythology it was an arrow made of mistletoe which slew the beautiful son of Goddess Friga, Balder. He was the "whitest and most beloved of all gods." Later European nations revered the mistletoe and made it a ceremonial plant for decoration at Christmas time, and from them America derived the custom of kissing beneath a suspended sprig of mistletoe.



Letters to Lulu

Dear Lulu:
I haven't got a watch! I want a watch! I might could get a watch for Christmas! But mother says no! My "steady" boy-friend has that gleam in his eyes which probably means a "limb-clock," but I feel that my case is hopeless. Mother says that my future fiancé can provide me with a watch if he wishes, but mix upon one from my high school Galahad.

Help!

M. E. S.

Dear M. E. S.:
I suppose that we all feel that our mothers are mid-victorian. Maybe your mother will take pity and buy you a watch, or you can drop a gentle hint to "the one and only" that you adore compacts.

This is a very inadequate answer, but remember—Santa will find a way!
As ever,

LULU.

The Night Before Christmas



BAGATAILS

Mutterings: Seen around G. H. S. Friday was the handsome nephew of Mrs. LeGwin. We understand that he is a delegate for the Torchlight society of Wilmington, N. C. Speaking of handsome people, I'll bet not one in a hundred girls didn't notice the boys from Elon who were sitting in on classes.

Our nominee for one of the best voices in G. H. S.: Miss Taylor (she's really good).

FLASH! Miss Causey is ahead by five pounds. Yes, we said pounds. For Miss Causey, Mrs. Betts, Miss Sledge, and Miss Pike are all participating in a weight-gaining contest. Miss Causey, by drinking her cream regularly like a "good little girl," has gained a slight edge on the others. May the best femme win at any cost.

Song description of Jean Stafford: "Bambino."

Can't wait to see Martha Hornaday in "The Romancers." Martha has been worrying about her weight lately. She weighs 94. Ain't it awful? Really, my dear, she should try Tissy Lish's new diet. You simply sleep through breakfast, work through lunch, and forget dinner. If you stick to this faithfully for about a month you will get somewhere, if only in the bug-house.

Number one song of the week: My Reverie.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Du Pre Jones (the former Miss Margaret Sockwell) and the future Mr. and Mrs. Britz are going to occupy two of the apartments in the new apartment house on Adams street. And so will Edward Faulkner's sister and her husband-to-be.

Wouldn't George Miles make a good "Rat" Butler? Obviously the Journalism classes have been reading "Gone With the Wind." This columnist, anyway.

Miss Barton must have been anxious to get in the building the other day, for she broke a glass while "tapping" on the door to gain admittance.

"Casey Jones" is the monitor tacked on to a girl by one of the Latin teachers in a last period class.

Can't you just imagine the embarrassment of the girl who found Miss Caldwell's dress ornament when the teacher demanded, "Where did you get that?" After all, the girl had merely picked up the doo-dad from the floor.

Violets are blue,
Roses are red,
I'm so sleepy
I'm going to bed.

Good night, all.

SUB-DEB LIGHTS

By
Rae
Schumann



Pollyanna is usually quite popular during the Yuletide season as the subject for many a jolly entertainment. However, why continue to use that monotonous system of "drawing names"? Let variety pitch in and lend its successful services. Instead of choosing names and running the risk of the absence of an invited guest, ask each person to bring a gift of designated value. Then, when the guests, holding their gifts, form a circle, the ever-reliable "Macaroni-box" provides music. (No, I didn't say macarona box). As Benny Goodman, Kay Kyser, or, perhaps, George Hall "beat it out," instruct the guests to pass the gifts around the circle from person to person until some appointed "turner-offer," maybe ma or pa, without the notice of the participants, suddenly switches off the radio, only to leave you holding the bag—and, incidentally, we hope you don't end up with the same gift you contributed.

Then if you desire to carry out the Christmas motif, string red and green crepe paper chains on the tree, and, if mother and the vacuum cleaner don't rebel get some red and green confetti to add quite a "snowy" feature to the holly and cedar atmosphere. (But don't tell her I suggested it). Lengthy red tapers will provide sufficient decoration for the mantel.

Co-Etiquette Problem No. 3

What shall Mary give John for Christmas? What shall John give Mary? Their gifts mustn't be personal for they've only known each other a few months. Jewelry is entirely out. It's too personal as well as too expensive. Books, scarfs, and the like are suitable for both boys and girls.

Of course, there are the age-old tie-and-handkerchief gifts for boys. But what boy doesn't tire of these? Then there are tie pins, scarfs, and gloves. On the other hand, for girls, there are compacts, manicure sets, gloves, and costume jewelry.

Why worry about this problem of presents? It will solve itself. Make the gift suit the person for whom it is intended!

The art classes are responsible for all the posters on Torchlight and Social Standard days, and also for the badges that the students will wear.