



# HIGH LIFE

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the Students of Greensboro  
Senior High School  
Greensboro, North Carolina  
Founded by Class of 1921



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### The Purpose of High Life Is to

**G**et and preserve the history of our school.

**H**old individuals together under high standards.

**S**eparate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

### So What?

Don't worry if you don't understand the tax situation, the legislators don't understand it either.

A worm may turn, but a pedestrian never has a chance.

Most of the people who have so much to say "agin" the constitution, have probably never read it.

It will be noticed that so many of our students are making a very thorough preparation for their future—a life in the gutter.

Skip day won't be anything new to some of these seniors.

### Do You Want A Job?

In four years, or in a great many cases, less than four years, the students now in high school will be trying to make a living. One of prime requirements of an employee is honesty. Once a person gets the habits of fudging on himself and his friends, it's hard to break. That is one of the many reasons that the results of the recent honesty poll were so disappointing.

In semester eight, 133 seniors said that they received aid, and 145 said that they did not. In the column for giving aid, 158 said they did, and 120 said they did not.

The remaining semesters do not have a record as good as that of the June graduates. From this it is evident that something needs to be done. If we expect to get and hold jobs in the future, and if we expect to be able to respect ourselves, something must be done now. Although worn thread-bare, the old, old saying that, "honesty is the best policy" is still true today.

### Let's Cooperate!

The student council wants to help YOU make Senior High a better place to go to school. But it can't do it without your cooperation. Just eleven people can't possibly do everything. It needs the full support of each and every pupil.

If you think the school would profit by some new custom, don't just complain to your classmates. Tell a council member about it. Then it will be taken up in a student council meeting, discussed, and definite action taken, if possible.

So try to cooperate with your council, in order that Greensboro Senior high school will march on toward the ideal—a high school whose morals and rules are set up and observed by all students.

### Squeak On, Hurache!

Can't someone invent an "unsqueaker" to muffle that annoying strawy music that originated in the land of Hurache?

In the classes, in the halls, and on the grounds, the wearer of these haystacks is as easily identified as a cow wearing a bell. At any rate, the upswept hair-do, which recently caused so much ado, remained quiet about the whole thing.

Consequently, since these shoes have entered into the present fashionables with great "resound," and since we expect to be hearing a great deal from them in the future, we at least ask that the "Huracheers" change the tune of that chair-bottom music.

## BAGATAILS

### Hurdy-Gurdy

I have a hurdy-gurdy mind  
That grinds out nonsense on this and  
that—  
Come rain or shine I never stop—  
I'd like a penny in my hat.

### FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING

As determined as the debating team  
to reach Chapel Hill.

As hairwire as a girl's hair when the  
north wind blows.

He was as fresh as his news!

DON'T LIVE TOO GREEDILY—  
MAKE EACH SMALL JOY LAST,  
DO NOT WEIGH YOUR FUTURE  
WITH AN UNDIGESTED PAST!

(We borrowed this)

### Double Feature-itis

I've an ache in my back  
And a pain in my neck,  
My eyes have grown dim,  
My nerves are a wreck;  
My whole left leg  
Is so sound asleep  
That I walk with a drunken lurch  
and sweep.

I'm thirsty and tired  
And a bit irate,  
For I've missed my bus  
And will get home late.  
But oh, my goodness!  
How I've had fun—  
I've seen two shows  
For the price of one!

### CAN YOU IMAGINE

Me without (you all)!

Miss Blackmon getting an admit  
card!

Hobart McKeever wrestling with  
Torchlight!

Miss Mims losing her temper!

The cafeteria without food!

Yi Johnson without blonde hair!

"Frankie" without Jack!

Jane without BU!

Peggy without "Steam"!

We wonder what happened to Mr.  
Hucks! Did French and "Mayerling"  
confuse him so that he donated an  
overcoat and gloves to the theatre?

I long for beautiful platinum hair,  
For silvery tresses I mean—  
Three girls I know who have their  
share  
Are Lib, Mary Frances, and Joan.

Wonder if L. E. is still playing  
Le Grand piano?

Who is the student who hangs his  
coat in the office every morning?

Sudden ghoulish thought: Suppose  
the faculty turned out in Mexican  
sandals!

If the Debonaires look seedy to you,  
excuse them—they've got their annual  
hayride in their bones.

### Foolishness?

Right here's one of those spots that  
give editors nightmares—specifically,  
blank space. No matter how well the  
stories may seem to fit on the proof,  
by the time they finally get to the  
forms they have shrunk amazingly,  
just like tapioca in reverse. . . . Here  
it is 2:00 a. m. already, and this space  
is still unfilled, so I'm "gonna" forget  
it all—stretch

W  
A  
Y

down here—and go to sleep!

—Pierpoint.

### Sorry, His Record Here Was Bad



## NIC-NACS

Bacteria—The back door of a cafe-  
teria.  
Skipping—Raising the Routh.  
Causes for Divorce—Marriage.  
Boy—A noise with dirt on it.  
Bachelor—A man who has lost the  
opportunity of making some woman  
miserable.

Bathing Suit—A garment with no  
hooks but plenty of eyes on it.  
Cannibal—One who loves his fellow-  
man.

Clever Girl—One who knows how  
to refuse a kiss without being deprived  
of it.

Classical Music—Music you can't  
whistle and wouldn't if you could.  
Spinal Column — Something that  
keeps you from being legs up to your  
neck.

College-bred—A four year loaf made  
with father's dough.

## LETTERS TO LULU

Dear Lulu:

I am considered a fairly good-look-  
ing boy, with personality and plenty  
of money. Also I'm in love with a  
charming girl. But she won't even  
so much as look at me. Why? Be-  
cause I am a victim of a terrible  
thing called kleptomania. Every time  
I see some little article lying around,  
I just pick it up and walk off with  
it. When I had a date with this  
girl not long ago, I walked off with  
an antique pitcher of her mother's.  
This is the reason for her feelings  
toward me. Is there anything I can  
do to break myself of this habit, or  
was I just born with it?

"KLEPTOMANIAC."

Dear "Kleptomaniac":

If you have any will power at all,  
maybe I can help you. Every time  
you feel the urge to take something,  
turn your back on it, count ten, and  
repeat "I do not want it" twenty  
times. If you do this a number of  
times, you may be rewarded.

LULU.

## WOMAN VERSUS MAN

(Brains Triumph Over Brawn)

Scene—Any hall in any high school.  
Characters—Betty Brains and Bashful  
Brawn.

Time—(out).

Action—They meet and (?)

Brains: "Hello, where have you  
been keeping yourself?"

Bashful: "Nowhere; I've been here  
every day."

Brains: "That's funny—I'm sure  
I missed you."

Bashful: "Well, I guess I'll be—"

Brains: "Wait, I knew there was  
something I had to tell you."

Bashful: "We'll be late for class."

Brains: "It won't take but a min-  
ute. I don't know why I'm confiding  
in you, unless it is that you seem so  
understanding. Well, here's the situ-  
ation. You know the wonderful dance  
the Tuks are giving the 31st."

Bashful: "Yes, but—"

Brains: "That's just it — Mother  
refuses to let me go with anyone that  
isn't dependable. You seem so—"

Bashful: "I—"

## Poet's Corner

### LE SOIREE

Lilting music,  
dreamy and gay,  
Graceful figures,  
that swing and sway,  
Queenly gowns,  
peacock and crimson,  
Fluttering fans,  
waved coyly, that beckon,  
Wild terraces,  
now glowing in moonlight,  
Lover's bold kisses,  
all maidens delight—  
A four-in-hand shay—  
the end of the night.

The private library of famed econ-  
omist Richard T. Ely has been ac-  
quired by Louisiana State university.  
It represents 60 years of collecting and  
is the second most important collection  
on economics acquired by any Ameri-  
can library this century.

Brains: "You darling boy! Of  
course I'll accept your invitation to  
the dance. It was so cunning of you  
to ask me. I'm thrilled and Mother  
will be so pleased. Well, good-bye.  
I'll see you the 31st."

Bashful: "Hold on a minute — I  
have to debate the morning after the  
dance."

Brains: "Why, the dance is the  
very thing you need. Your mind will  
be clear for the debate."

Bashful: "Or in a fog—one—But  
we don't have a ride."

Brains: "Why, you know you could  
get us one. Anyone as smart as you,  
ought to be able to do anything—"

Bashful: "Well, I guess—"

Brains: "We're going—oh, joy!"