



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

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.

"To the Rainbow's End"

"To the Rainbow's End"—that is the goal toward which some 370 seniors have been striving for the last four years—that is the vision that has pricked them on—that and the pot of gold that they know to be there. But by gold wealth in the material sense is not necessarily meant, but rather the value of infinite knowledge as represented by the diploma.

To some, graduation will be the climax of their scholastic rainbow, while to others it will be merely the fainter hues that precede a higher education. At any rate it is the end of a distinct phrase of each high school student's life.

And herein lies the importance; for when one color is missing from the spectrum, a white light, the symbol of perfection, is not produced, but one that is tainted is emitted in its place. So it is with the man, for when he is lacking in any one quality that forwards a well-rounded personality, he is like that imperfect spectrum in that the success of his life will always be marred.

While it is humanly impossible for any man to lead a perfect life, he can always *strive* for that white light—that symbol of perfection.

Going, Going, Gone!

Yes, you're all going somewhere. You don't know where, but you're still going. You're finished high school. Now you're going to an ever higher school. You're going to the school of experience. There you'll find a hard teacher. Her name is "Miss Hard Knocks." She'll either make or break you. It's up to you. Some of you will pass the final examination with flying colors; others of you will fail. It's up to you. Some of you will climb higher and higher until you attain your goal. Others of you will drop lower and lower until you get your gold. You all count as individuals, and each of you has your place to fill, however small it may be. Do your best in your small place, in your own small world, and you'll keep going. It's up to you!

Liberty—Not License

By the American Bill of Rights the people of the United States were given the privilege of believing and saying what they would.

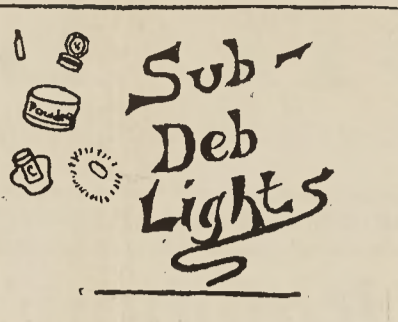
Some persons, however, do not exercise their sense of propriety each time they use these benefits and, consequently, abuse them.

They should realize that the privileges granted them were given by a group of thinking men to a presumably thinking people. They must remember that there are unwritten laws, but steadfast laws none the less, that not only frown on, but positively scowl at the interpretation some people give their basic liberties.

A more palpable illustration—the lenient rules and pliable regulations of Senior high give its students a number of liberties which some of them seem to feel represent license to do as they please.

Students of the high school should be thankful for the freedom given them and should show their appreciation by letting personal pride, common decency, befitting respect, and plain horse sense govern their conduct.

Now that Greensboro high's first May Day has successfully come and gone, congratulations are in order. To the group who conceived the idea, to the students who worked it out, to the faculty member who gave her time so instintedly, to the fair Queen, and to all those who took part in the festivities, including the humble jester, **HIGH LIFE** would like to extend thanks and to say, "Well done."



For the last two years this column has been edited by feminine hands, but this time the men have taken it away from them and are going to give the masculine idea of fashions, fads, and femmes.

It's a bit late but the student body is still congratulating Helen Ownbey for the swell job she did on May Day. hopes. Everyone there'll be someone next year with the ideas, perseverance, and time to put on another one.

And speaking of May Day, though the court was the best-looking and the best dressed we've seen, they still overlooked some good bets—especially the marshals—gals we mean.

Next on the bill of fare and more colorful, though not so beautiful in most cases, are the new sport shirt styles. It will really be fun to dress this summer, 'cause every time you see your shirt, you'll see a different color or a different picture.

And speaking of variations those dresses some of the girls have been having in home ec are "eye-soothers"—Mary P.'s, for example.

On the opposite side of the fence, the mocassins some of the boys (including the writers) have been wearing lately are beginning to look like they ought to be given back to the Indians. Seriously though, they really are in dire need of a polish job—but we'd hate to buy the polish.

While we've got our minds in the gutter, we might as well look at some socks. The gentlemen are having a race to see who can wear the wildest toe gloves, and some of the combinations they get would make a horse blanket shirt (yes, you, Oscar) look like a faded dish rag.

By the by, guess you've noticed some of the teachers' new duds. Mr. Jenrette's green suit and Miss Wall's snazzy get-up are two of the more outstanding.

There's an old saying (that gets our approval) that gentlemen prefer blondes. So true—when it refers to *natural blonds*—but still there's something unaccountably pert and attractive about Jane's tinted locks.

And pert—how do you like this unfinished sonnet contributed by our commuting editor with his apologies to Mr. Milton.

"When I consider how my cash is spent,
'Tere half the week in this dark world is past.
And bill collectors dog to the last,
Yea, lodged with me daily 'till I am bent,
Under the load of bills and please re-mits. . . ."

Here the poem ends due to the death-pardon, the urgency of the bell.

Reckon you people are kinda mixed up, so we'll tell you a secret—the name of this column was supposed to be changed to "Sub-Dubs" but due to the lack of funds, and stubbornness of printers, it wouldn't be done.

"Rainbow's End," Senior Pageant Features Extra Activities

(Continued from Page One)

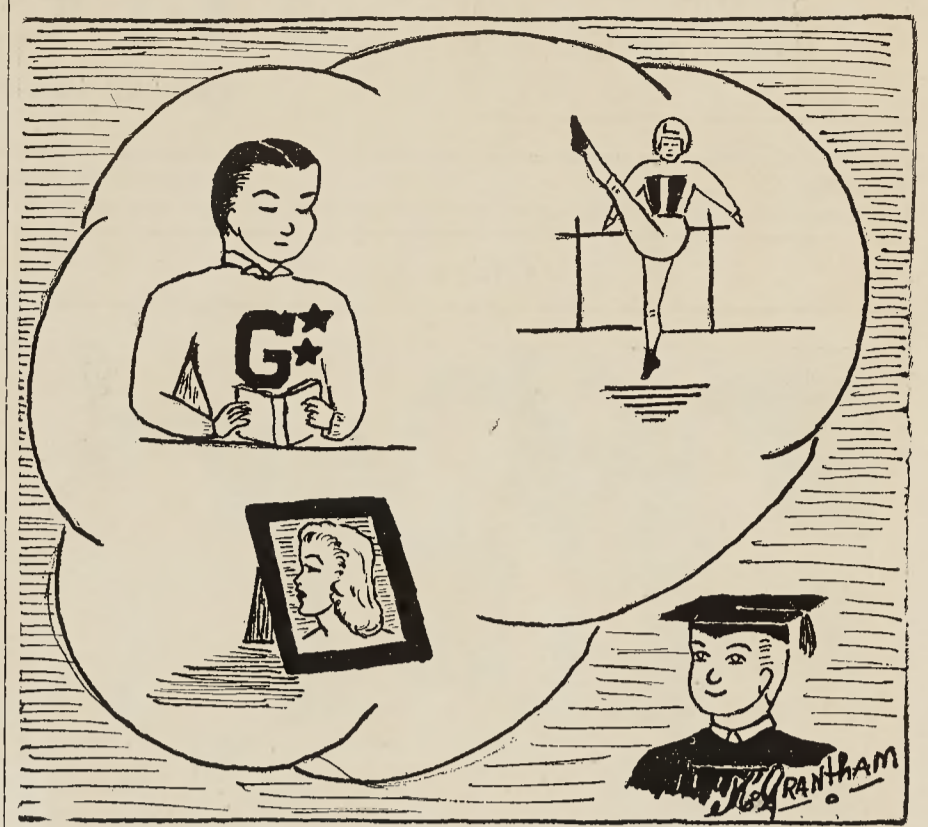
to thrill the student body, will give to the parents insight into the desirable and worthy qualities in scholastic achievements.

Smith and Routh to Take Part

The fifth and final scene will of course be graduation, for, as a pot of gold is situated at the end of every rainbow, so will the diplomas be found by those seniors who have successfully traversed the three-year multi-colored span representing their high school career. After his brief address, Superintendent Ben L. Smith will award the coveted documents. Mr. A. P. Routh, principal, will close the ceremonies with the presentation of the special awards, such as the best all-round cup, the best athlete cup, and the best scholarship cup.

Music for the commencement exercises will be furnished by a new organization, the Senior high school orchestra. Readers will be Virginia Pope, E. C. Freemon, and Orvaline Koontz.

Memories of a High School Senior



BAGATAILS

PLEASE don't anyone throw things at anyone, but Mr. Smith says that school will open again next year on September 5.

Wonder why a certain commercial teacher refused a professorship at Woman's College?

IT IS RUMORED around the school that two of the faculty members are contemplating "middle aisting" this summer. We hope it's so, because they are both well-liked.

We Are Asking You!

What two journalism students took a feline animal to Mr. Aycock the other day (along with a bottle of milk)? Whoever they were, they now have a request to bring a dog on the next trip.

Students, Give Ear!

When the elementary schools of the city were recently inspected by Mr. H. Arnold Perry, of the State Department of Public Education, he was very favorably impressed with them. He particularly praised their program of work in art, music, library and audio-visual instruction. Nice training for future G. H. S.'ers, isn't it?

Students of Senior high have been reading many new books, which are hot off the press. Annie Louise Patterson has just finished *The Horse and Buggy Doctor* by Arthur Hertzler, M.D. Annie Louise says, "An excellent biography which portrays the life of a country doctor in the late 19th century and the early 20th century."

Halsey, *With Malice Toward Some*. On being questioned about the book, she replied, "This book is good. Harriet Sink has read a new book by Margaret for a laugh, but not for real history."

Edith Bolling Wilson's (Mrs. Woodrow Wilson) popular new book, *My Memoir*, is being read by Elizabeth Newton. Elizabeth asserts that, "Mrs. Wilson gives an unusual light on President Wilson (her husband) in this book."

Epitaph

Beneath this stone—A lump of clay
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,
Who too early in the month of May
Took off his winter flannels.

Her car stalled at the corner and the traffic light changed red, yellow, green; red, yellow, green, etc. The polite policeman stepped beside her car and said "What's the matter, lady, ain't we got any colors you like?"

Spring, Beautiful Spring

THE BREATH OF SPRING is in the air,
The grass is green in clumps;
Our goods are in the moving van
And—Junior has the mumps.

IF ALL THE REPORTS are true, Greensboro will be the proud possessor of two radio stations. It seems that Caskie Norwell will be the originator of the second station. We can't verify the report, but if it's so, Greensboro will be able to get both C. B. S. and N. B. C. (which will be very grand).

Book Borrowers

They borrow books they will not buy,
They have no ethics or religion
I wish some kind Burbankian guy
Could cross my books with homing pigeons.

For the first time this year, I'm really at odds for the right way to end this column. Gee, it's funny, isn't it? It seems there's always been some silly nonsense to fill space before, but now when someone informs me this must be in the nature of a farewell, I have just reason to be an "o-filler," "doodler," and "nose twister" combined. Before I forget to, I wish to will my "doodle" pad to whom ever falls heir to this space next year, and there is no need to warn you, but that you'll "doodle" plenty with a little "o-filling" thrown in. That's to while away the minutes between rare moments of inspiration.

I honestly believe I've enjoyed writing this and who knows some of my brilliantly painted futures may come true. At any rate I hope they haven't bored you to "extraction," for goodness only knows how many grey hairs I've added to this map of mine while indulging in my scheduled twice monthly brain storm.

Paragraphics

They say Hitler favors the goosestep, but he is certainly making a jitterbug out of Europe.

Most of the GERM in GERMany is Hitler.

Daffy-nition: American button-safety pin.

If as many text books as heads were combed, this school would be an example of brilliance personified.

And more from Germany:
Seems to your paragrapher that Hitler would be fatigued from shuffling the cards so much.