

**HIGH LIFE**  
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### Crusade for Better Living

In opening the Clean-Up, Fix-Up, Paint-Up campaign, which started last Monday and which will last until June 10, Greensboro initiated its first and much-needed crusade for better citizenship, improved living standards, stimulation of business, and increased employment.

In cooperating with civic groups by carrying this program into their homes, high school students can help demonstrate that "good business is good citizenship."

### She Was An Inspiration

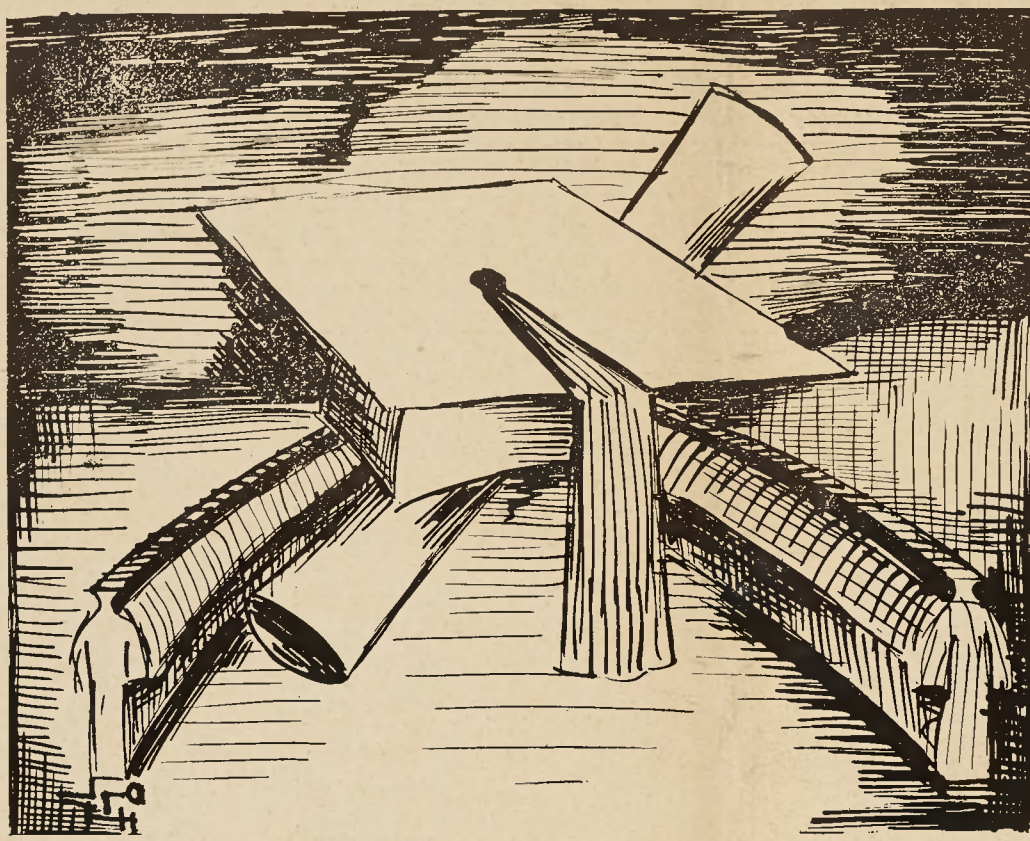
In the midst of the activities of the day, we pause and bow our heads in silent tribute to the memory of one who lived and worked among us. Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, when the hundreds of Senior high school students heard the serious tone of their principal over the amplifying system, they unhesitatingly, and as one person, laid aside all work and interests and listened to the solemn voice reading a tribute, written by one other close friend to the work and life of Miss Mary Morrow. Death is shrouded in mystery, and when it comes close to us, taking those in our midst, we feel awed and uncertain; but when we get a vision of a life well lived—filled with the courage and joy in service, the awe is lifted to inspiration and thankfulness that we had such a one among us.

### An Apple a Day

(Would You Like to Graduate That Way?)

Like unto an apple tree is Greensboro Senior high.  
Its products which you contemplate are graduates passing by,  
Mr. Routh and faculty prepare them for the market,  
(Though unlike fruit our graduates have diplomas in their pockets.)  
How they did it? Ah, the horticulturist could tell:  
First you spray 'em with "book l'arnin'" until they know it well;  
Then you cultivate intensely the three years that they're growing,  
Deal death to tempting termites—and there's a crop worth showing!  
Then pick 'em at commencement, dust off superfluous spray,  
Pack carefully in labeled crates, send 'em gayly on their way.  
On returning to the blooming branches, the protecting arms of Alma Mater,  
From higher learning, army, job—each wandering son and daughter,  
The greenhorns that we used to know (notice use of the past tense)  
Will have ripened and matured a lot a few years hence.  
So rightly say the gardeners, watching lass and lads,  
"For quality you just can't beat the 1940 Grads!"

### Forward March!—But Not to War



## Katherine Cornell Tells Her Story

Penetrating through the pages of her autobiography is the warmth and charm that helped Katherine Cornell become "the first lady of the American theatre." An intimate record of her life and career is the history she relates in "I Wanted to Be An Actress." Not only does she tell of her exciting experiences, since hers has been a Broadway career life, but she also tells of her school days in Buffalo and her early apprenticeship in stock.

Reviews of many of Miss Cornell's performances appear in the book; the forward is a contribution of her husband, Guthrie McClintic; and there are 32 pages of photographs!

Honest, direct remarks about other people, whose names are famous among theatre-goers, including Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Maurice Evans, Orson Welles, and Basil Rathbone, and stage advice to young actresses and actors help to make this book one of unusual appeal to anyone interested in the tradition and significance of the American theatre.

### Clinic Record Book

Some of our students don't seem to realize the various types of diseases and ailments represented in Senior high school. Why, the fellow sitting next to one in French might be suffering from some organic trouble with a name as long as from here to yonder, or so the clinic book Miss Moser keeps for all the people who get sick slips indicates. In glancing over the book, maybe you'll notice P. T. Hines' name, who, the book says, went home (or somewhere) with a tummy ache. Bob Boaz left school because of a bumped head, the records show. Not very long ago Willie Mae King went to the clinic and, seeing none of Miss Moser's assistants near, wrote her name and the reason she was leaving school. She recorded that she had "intergestion" and was "dissy." Well Miss Moser knew that Willie Mae was not kidding about this illness because no one who wasn't dizzy could have possibly managed such spelling.

## Poet's Corner

#### TO DOGWOOD

Put away your shears, my child,  
This is a sacred tree;  
'Twas left here by our Father  
Reminder to you and me.

Pure white petals form a cross  
On each a dull briwn stain,  
As if 'twas here our Christ Child lay  
And felt His life blood drain.

Ten thousand crosses on one tree,  
Shriek their story to the world.  
For every mortal eye to read,  
A revered song unfurled.

Ten thousand trees, and more, child,  
Are sprung up for the earth  
A glorious testimony—these,  
New love, new life, rebirth.

Yes, put away your shears, my child,  
Indeed—a sacred tree  
God put it here in faith and trust  
Reminding you and me.

—Ruth O'Connor, 1938 Alumna.

#### A WAVE

A wave is strong and sure,  
a breath from the bosom of the sea  
that, gaining force, begins  
to curve; an arc  
suspended,  
flooded  
with  
foam,  
that crashes with a roar of pounding drums  
and spews its bubbles,  
roaring, tumbling,  
to the shore,  
and, spreading fan-like on the sand,  
halts—  
and blows,  
and sucks back to the sea.

—Gene Thornton.

### Wanted: No Sleeping Pills

"Ah, sleep is the flower of all mankind!" saith Aristotle, but Janet Cox is willing to bet ten hours of sound sleep on the fateful night of May 14 that the old geezer never had high-class robbers roaming around his bedroom while he was patiently snoring away. She is also willing to roll dice on the "Believe-it-or-not" tale that no high-class robber ever misses six hundred dollars so narrowly as a certain one did when he entered the Cox abode and burned the midnight oil.

The truth of the story is that Papa Cox, feeling like a straight flush with six hundred dollars warming his wallet, decided suddenly that he would rather be cool and know that the big roll was in the bank. So he hopped up to the bank and got rid of five hundred and ninety-one of the bills.

But the big bad burglar didn't know that, and while Papa Cox and all the little Coxes were sleeping away like regular Aristotles, he made off with a sandwich, nine lonesome dollars in a wallet, and a pair of pants. Well, there it is. I guess you don't want to bet, after all, do you?

### How Did You Hear It?

That styles may often change—but so do stories! I was first heard about the following episode, she really believed it. Why not? Betty swore it was true.

It seems that Betty's mother bought a new wide-brimmed hat with a lovely wreath of flowers on it. On her way home, after making this purchase, she stopped by the church to attend the funeral services of a deceased friend. Since she didn't want to carry the box, a large cellophane one that unabashedly revealed its contents, into the church, she left it just outside in the hall. The next time she saw that hat, it was lying on top of the coffin, which the pallbearers were carrying down the aisle!

But that's not the end of the hat story—Lolli had more to add. Her version contends that something happened to her aunt, only another lady was along, and she suggested that they leave the church before the others, take a short cut to the cemetery, and get the hat off the coffin. So the two ladies rushed out and hurried toward the graveyard via the short cut. After being detained by a traffic jam, caused by an automobile accident, the two ladies arrived at the burial place just in time to see the coffin being lowered into the ground with the flowery hat serving as chief decoration!

"Yes," agreed Carolyn, "that's the way I heard it, except for one little detail. The victim of the hat story was Mrs. Roosevelt when I read it in *Life*."



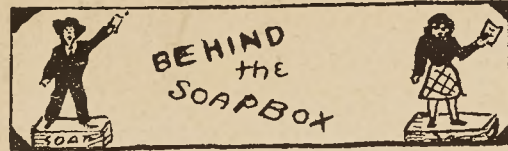
### Dragonette Returns

Jessica Dragonette, who could furnish a mansion with the lavish gifts she receives from radio's largest army of devoted fans, has just returned to CBS on the Ford Summer Hour after spending two years on concert tours to all parts of the country.

One of Miss Dragonette's fondest memories is of her concert at Wayne university, the first affair of this type ever sponsored by the university. She was met at the train by a delegation of football players who escorted her through Detroit; and she was taken to tea by the undergraduates who had sold the most tickets to her recital. This probably is one of the lucky man's fondest memories, too, and sounds like a splendid way to put over a concert—particularly when the singer looks like Jessica Dragonette.

### Eberle Tops

Just to keep everything in key, the same college editors who went to the polls for *Billboard* magazine and elected Glenn Miller their favorite band leader, returned to the



By RACHAEL WHITESIDE

Now that Soap Box orators and elections are only hectic memories, students can at last relax just a wee bit and concentrate on a better school for next year. It's really a pity that the seniors can't be here to see those excellent new officers perform.

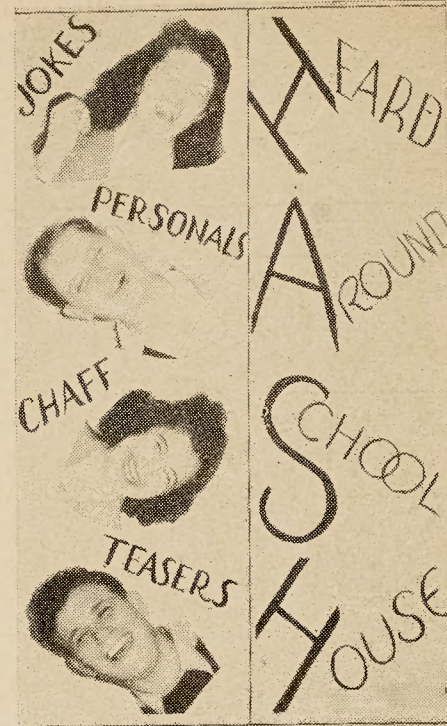
Entries from ye scribes' little back notebook:

Cappy and Douglas, along with many other candidates; ought to put their heads together and do something about that "supervised school dancing" about which they agree.

Speaking of pictures, Janet Cox and Betty Hayes went in for them in a big way—JANET, for her own voting beguiling smile on her cards, and BETTY for the cute little girls' heads on her posters.

Billy Brinkley and Clinton Yantiss both have a passion for big signs—Billy's banner nearly blew his car away, and you could almost see Clinton's at the Square.

Originality counts! Irl Newton, at least, thinks so, because he passed out little slips printed with the way to say "yes" in several tongues—you know, si, oui, ja, and so forth. . . and Lacy Sellars' "clothesline" placards in the main hall really caught the eye.



The social cruise at High Rock brought out a lot of new play clothes. Was it an accident that two seniors appeared in identical slack suits? From the looks of the gals' faces—it wasn't!

Went sailing  
Week-end;  
Blisters ailing,  
Can't bend!

—R. W.

FRANKIE CHISHOLM was in a predicament the other day when she took her first swim of the year. Her dip was interrupted, much to her dismay, when a duck chased her.

"WILD" BILL HANCOCK and FRANK KERNODLE both took their "jalopies" to Chapel Hill to the Greensboro-Durham game, and they both got to the game on time—in fact, ahead of time!

WILMA HARVEY and RALPH CLEMMONS had a hard time getting the mayor's autograph on an egg, but they got it.

City Lake,  
Sand-Grit;  
Back Ache  
Can't Hit!

—R. W.

### To Be or Not To Be

GLORIA HOGWOOD says she's trying to get a real good look because "men prefer bronz."

### Here? Horsey? Here

You should have heard a certain English class recently when the teacher asked ODELLE STEVENSON to state the omitted words of a certain sentence, and she replied, "One of the horses." Of course it was really a comma or something that was missing.

### New Race at North Pole

When Miss Mitchell asked LEE POOLE who lived at the pole du nord, he answered, "Les Mexicans."

### Geography or Lunch

IRMA ESTES declared last week that les epinaris lived in Espagne (Spain). P. S. Irma didn't know it, but les espagnols live in Spain, and les epinaris means spinach!

### Castle's Identity Revealed

It will probably be of interest to readers of *Life* to know that the long withheld secret of the identity of Lawrence Castle, Senior high poet, has just come to light. The writer, who, at various times, was said to be Allen Dixon or Grace Estep, is none other than charming Margaret Bilyeu.

## Conversation Piece

(Another chapter in the series of feminine monologue).

"Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Taylor. Why Sarah! Oh, you want that recipe for Angel Cake? Well, hold the 'phone just one minute, and I'll run get it. It's no trouble at all, I assure you. Wait, maybe I can remember it. Let me see now. One cup of sugar—no, that doesn't sound right. I think it's three cups. Do you have paper and pencil handy? There's the door bell; hold the 'phone for just a minute, Sarah.

Hello. Did I take very long? It was a delivery boy with my new dress. The dress? It's perfectly adorable! And such a bargain. My dear, you have no idea.

By the way, guess whom I met in town yesterday. No. No. . . My dear, you'll never guess. Mrs. Sellars! Yes, that's the one. She looked like a freak! I think she dyes her hair. Oh, you think so too? I suppose some people think it's pretty, but it reminds me of a field of weeds. I'm not the catty type, or I could tell you quite a few things about her. They say . . . or did you hear about it too?

By the way, Sarah, how's little Betsy? I know I owe you a visit, but Jane Kimble told me Betsy had the measles and . . . No, I've never had them.

Hm, I smell something burning. Goodness, I forgot to turn off the iron!

Hello, Sarah . . . no nothing serious . . . a little hole in the ironing board.  
The door bell's ringing again . . . the recipe? What recipe? Oh I remember now—I'll get it. . . I simply must answer the door. You needn't hold the 'phone. After all; we are neighbors; I'll bring it right over! Goodbye."

By ILENE ISRAEL.