

High Life

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THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL
Greensboro, N. C.

Founded by the Class of '21

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THE NURSERY

At last we're here. After many toils and wearisome journeys we have reached High School, our goal and the height of our ambition. Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores, stand back and permit the entry of this new bunch of kicking, frisky youngsters!

The Freshmen have started to work and are determined to make the very best of their opportunities; in fact, many of them have already gone out for and even conquered some varsity honors. However, be it lessons, dramatics, club work or athletics, the Freshmen of Greensboro High School have resolved to do their best, so that eventually they may successfully take over the reins of Sophomores, Juniors, and, lastly, Seniors.

Not, perhaps, by leaps and bounds, but, like the sapling in the forest, as it first appears on earth's broad surface, among mighty trees of all varieties, in the tiny form of a mere twig, so the Freshman Class slowly approaches the time when it will be in the limelight of well-earned advancement in the High School. As the twig slowly but surely advances in cultivation, so are the Freshmen progressing, being educated into the activities of old G. H. S. The twig grows and grows, gradually becoming a shrub; here and there branches spring out until finally the tree, no longer a sapling, is one great mass of leaves and limbs, and broadening out, becomes one of the most fervent prides of nature—her very own.

So indeed, and how remarkably similar is the progress of the Freshmen—advancing to the time when the honors as Sophomores will be bestowed upon them. Here and there one or two of their numbers branch out into some new school activity. Then, after a year in this field of adventure, they enter into a still more interesting period of responsibility—this is their year as Juniors. Finally they break into the last stage of development when they become good old glorious Seniors, the pride of the school.

And so, Freshmen, it's up to you to show your teachers, coaches, and these future alumni that the Freshman Class is really equal to the test. It's up to you to carry on those standards so earnestly fought for by those who have gone before you, and it's up to you to show the people of Greensboro—of North Carolina, the grand old State—that the one-time Freshman Class shall be known for its glorious, final and everlasting record at the end of 1928.

CHASING BUBBLES

*"If solid happiness we prize,
Within our hearts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam."*
—Nat. Cotton.

A word to those who would go forth in search of true happiness; a word to the Senior, who will soon be a Freshman again, a mere beginner in one of the most promising periods of life, that of a college man; and to the Freshman who has before him an open road made bright

by others.

All men seek happiness. To some it seems a radiant bubble—a bubble that bursts in their clutching hands. How often do they find wretchedness in disguise! They roam the seven seas in search of it. They find honor and wealth. They possess all; they possess nothing. "Earth gets its price for what earth gives us," and that price must inevitably be paid. Sometimes the price is health, sometimes a clear conscience, a pure soul. It is the idle chasing of bright bubbles, false pleasures, Eutopian dreams, which eventually ends in dissatisfaction and discouragement.

Herein lies the secret of true happiness—that thrill of duty done that comes after rendering service to your fellow-men. It is within reach of everyone. Whether you dwell in mansions or call an humble cottage home, real happiness awaits your beck and call. Service rendered others is true happiness, and making others happy is the real joy of life. For "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

THE SPIRIT OF G. H. S.

School spirit is an intangible sort of thing. It is not easily defined, and depends upon the co-operation of both students and teachers alike. It is that mysterious something that welds us together—unites us.

Such is the spirit of G. H. S. It stands as a symbol of co-operation between faculty and students; it creates good feeling and mutual interest among all. It can be likened unto the great spirit of America, which changes aliens into citizens and transforms Russians, Italians, and the people of other foreign countries into Americans. Not many months ago several hundred so-called "aliens," the Freshmen of Lindsay Street, crossed the portals of Central High School. They formed an abstract part of G. H. S.; they had already established customs and habits of their own, separate and distinct from those of Central High School.

But what is the situation today? Decidedly different. The spirit of G. H. S. has forced its way into the heart of every Freshman. It has permeated the very soul of every student. No longer is the cry of Lindsay heard. No longer is the provincial spirit felt, for a bigger, brighter, broader spirit now holds sway. The purpose of the Freshman class of 1924 is to press onward toward the goal set by those who have gone before. Upper-classmen, yours is a brilliant record of achievement. Still, we dare hope to surpass it.

We are all for one, the glory of G.H.S. The Freshmen have caught the spirit—that spirit which binds together, brings co-operation out of selfish wrangling, and champions of honor, courage, and justice.

HENRY BIGGS.

AN APPRECIATION

HIGH LIFE acknowledges with pleasure the following letter from Miss Jane Summerell, now of the faculty of Winthrop College, S. C., but formerly a beloved teacher in Greensboro High School:

"To the Editors of HIGH LIFE:

"I wish I could tell you how much I enjoy the school paper. Although I struggle with homesickness when I read it, and sometimes question your kindness in sending it, still I would not miss a copy. More competent judges than I am have praised it; but I dare to say that it is the best high school paper I have ever seen. In each issue it seems that you are striving to make your best better. I notice an improvement in journalistic style during these last months, and the Sophomores in their issue quite outdid themselves in this respect. Where did you Sophomores acquire such skill in handling the 'lead'?"

"With my best wishes for the staff and for G. H. S., I am,

"Always, your friend,

"JANE SUMMERELL."

WATCH US GROW

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

This, we are positive, was Mr. Edwards' motive in turning over the new "nursery" to the Class of '28. He knew (and we are glad he did know) that small children must have very special attention and the best of care. The lusty little infant of '28 is no exception, therefore a special "home" was built for it,

and expert nurses to watch it (and see that it didn't mark up books, walls, etc.) were secured. It was fast pining away in the grim walls of Lindsay, so Seniors, don't begrudge it this chance for recuperation.

Children naturally cannot associate with "grown-ups," so this baby has separate chapel and clubs; but, to make up for this, Mr. Edwards arranged with the railroad to run choo-choos up and down the track—choo-choos that make as much noise as they possibly can and delight the heart of the Class of '28. Some other attractions are shoveling coal, putting in hooks and shades, and tearing down buildings.

This class (and you couldn't tell it by looking at them—has high ideals—very high at that, and under such wonderful care grows more and more like a Mellins food advertisement.

"Watch Us Grow" is a slogan of this Class of '28 ('28 if they don't add another year before then) and it's growing, and while it's growing, it's going down in the pages of history as the greatest, biggest, best Freshman Class the Greensboro High School ever, EVER had!

THE CROSSROADS

Youth stands at the crossroads of the Future on the Journey of Life. It is the Hour of Decision. In the distance is heard the low muttering of the Thunder of Temptation; in the sky the jagged Lightning of Lure is seen. On his right is Opportunity at the gateway of Success; on his left is Folly at the gateway of Discontent. Will he choose the beckoning Opportunity or enticing Folly? Let us watch closely in the magic crystal of Fate! The road to Success and Happiness is rough, devious, and dangerously beset by Temptation, but in the end at the twilight of life, Happiness may be reached. The road of Folly is gay, affording a so-called joy, but in the Hour of Death, Folly claims her toll.

Youth, Youth, in the Morning of Life, weigh and consider your fate!

HELEN SHUFORD.

ALUMNI NEWS

*Where, oh where are the grave Alumni?
Far away—and afar.*

*They're sailing on through the azure sky,
Their wagons hitched to a star.*

*I called in vain, "Come home again,
And attend the Freshmen's Edition!"
Some patted my head but most of them said,
"My radio's out of commission!"*

Isabel Cone says: "Goucher is grand and I'm crazy about it, but I surely do miss good old G. H. S. and everybody there. Some of my best times were had right there in the old 'Spring Street Academy'."

Flax McAlister was here for the Easter holidays. She says Randolph-Macon can't be beat. Flax was editor-in-chief of HIGH LIFE last year and she knows all the "ins and outs" of the game.

We enjoyed a short visit during the Easter holidays from some of our last year's students. Those most in evidence were Roger Haller and Hoyt Pritchett. Hoyt is at Carolina and out for track, while Roger is doing fine work at Washington and Lee.

Paul Causey, who was editor of HIGH LIFE in '22, has been doing fine work at Davidson. He made the intercollegiate Spanish debating team in 1923-24 and was Student Assistant in German and vice-president of the Spanish Club in 1924-25.

Jimmie Hendrix is taking a B.S. I course at Davidson and is preparing to study medicine at Penn State next year. He made three letters in football and one in track, was president of the student body for 1924-25, and belongs to the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

Arthur Gray, Clement Penn, and Charlie Harrison all made Pi Kappa Alpha. Tyree Dillard made the Freshman debating team and is out for track, while Dan Oden is out for baseball. Our boys at Davidson are making a record.

*Hey diddle diddle, Joe plays the fiddle,
While Maddry blows the big horn.*

*The children laugh
To hear such chaff,
Or wish they'd never been born.*

NURSERY RHYMES

*Cry, Seniors, cry!
Stick your fingers in your eye.
Freshmen babes have gone to sleep
In the rooms you'd like to keep.*

*Hush, Seniors, hush!
Don't go by in such a rush.
Freshmen babes will wake and cry,
Then you'll wish that you could die.*

*Look, Seniors, look!
Freshmen babes can use a book.
For your laurels watch with care,
Freshmen babes may beat you fair.*

*If a Freshie meets a Senior,
Comin' through the hall,
If the Senior says, "Hi, Freshie!"
Need the Freshie bawl?*

*Every Freshie has his trials;
If you don't agree,
Come take a walk and take a peep
Into the Nursery!*

*Among the train of Senior swains
There's a look of self-content,
And for the Fresh they hold a look
Of genuine contempt!*

BUT—

*Every Freshie has his trials;
Why doleful should we be?
We'll skip the rope and play, tra-la!
While happy we may be!*

*I have a little teacher, who goes in and
out with me,
The Seniors say that she's my nurse, but
why I cannot see.
Every time I turn around, she's right
there by my side;
I often wish she had a beau to take her
out to ride.*

*She'll always notice when I'm late,—
She doesn't seem to care
If often after school I have
To break a date with Pierre.*

*At last my teacher's caught a beau,
And now she never sees
If I'm a minute late; and so
I do just as I please.*

*The Freshman Class is a lucky class,
And a lucky class are we;
They gave us the place the Seniors want,
And a happy class are we.*

*The Seniors, they are full of grunts,
The Freshmen full of laughter,
For the School Board gave the Freshman
Class*

The home the Seniors were after.

*Little Miss Pep
Sat on the step,
Powdering her shiny nose;
Along came Mr. Ed.—
Though nothing was said,
From his cold look she froze.*

*Jimmy studies his lessons,
Alvin has all the fun;
Jimmy gets all the A's
While lazy Alvin gets none.*

*Freshie be nimble,
Freshie be quick,
Freshie beware of that Senior stick!*

*Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner
Writing his weekly theme;
He thought of his teacher,
And said, "Could I reach her,
She'd think she'd been nabbed by a team."*

*Mary had a tea-hound;
His pants were very wide,
And everywhere that Mary went
The hound was by her side.*

*He followed her to Miss Gillis' room;
'Twas danger without a doubt;
The children laughed at the funny sight,
And Miss Gillis kicked him out.*

MYSELF AND I

*As I walked by myself,
I talked to myself.
Myself said unto me,
"Why go to school,
You crazy fool,
And study geometry?"
I answered myself,
And said to myself,
In the selfsame repartee,
"I go to school
Because I'm a fool—
That's reason enough for me."*
CONNALLY GUERRANT.

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FRESH LIGHTS ON "HI"

By HILDA DAVIDSON

For fresh news apply to the "Nursery."

High School stock now above par—Quoted two weeks ago at 25 cents for half-holiday; rose last week to 25 cents per period. Next week???

Miss Bullard's science classes have been sent to the laundry! Columbia treats 'em white.

The Girls' Council has been "Over the Tea Cups" again. We think it has a Daughter-Dad banquet brewing.

The Juniors remark that there is talk concerning the new rooms in the cafeteria being open to offensive soup drinkers. We hope they are not hitting at us.

Miss Zolloman gave us an interesting talk on the "Art of Clothing." We wish the next time she would tell us the "Art of preparing hard lessons easily."

Old G. H. S.'s clock was doing double work a couple of days last week by ringing two bells for changing classes. Evidently spring fever has not affected it as yet.

Several prominent members of the Girls' Glee Club have recently suffered an attack of acute indigestion. Upon diagnosing the case it was found to be due to the fact that they bought a light lunch from the cafeteria to be eaten during the class period. Entering the classroom they came face to face with unexpected company, Mr. Edwards and Mr. Archer. As it is not etiquette to eat before company the lunch vanished as if by magic—hence the uncomfortable result.

SOME FACTS GLEANED FROM FRESHMAN TEST PAPERS

Q.—What is the chief export of France?

A.—The chief export of France is fashions.

Q.—When should you brush your teeth?
A.—You should brush your teeth when you have nothing else to do.

Q.—What are the three classes of food?
A.—Breakfast, dinner and supper.

Q.—What grade of instruction was given in the schools which were established by Charlemagne?
A.—Alimentary instruction.

Q.—Use the word "humanize" in a sentence.
A.—The dog has almost human eyes.

Q.—What mark of honor was given to our dead soldiers on November 11th?
A.—Each was given a bonus of \$50.

Q.—Correct this sentence: "The toast was drank in silence."
A.—The toast was ate in silence.

Q.—What is the difference between a Bachelor of Arts and a Master of Arts?
A.—A Bachelor is one who has been trying for a long time.

Q.—How should burns be treated?
A.—Burns should be treated with very dainty care.

Q.—Give the outcome of Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea.

A.—Thermopylae was killed, Salamis was ostracized, and Plataea had to flee* for his life.

And this remark came back on a pupil's paper, written by a pencil of the reddest hue: "Be careful in crossing your 'ts' and dotting your 'eyes'."