

HIGH LIFE

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The education of the people of our country is like a magnificent and all important structure with the schools as a foundation.—*Cahiseo Outburst*, Covington High School, Covington, Va.

Whether justified or not, before we condemn, let us look at the other fellows side.—*Manual Arts High School Weekly*, Los Angeles, Calif.

In this world some have to go two, three, and four miles because some will not go their one.—*Midway Student*, Charlottesville High School, Va.

To do a hard task carefully and promptly greatly diminishes the burden of it.—*The Lenoir-Rhyean*, Hickory, N. C.

TIDBITS

Wish they had a teacher's convention every Friday.

A little thought now and then will make you a man among men.

We won't work, proclaim the striking miners. Neither would we if we weren't so fond of eating.

H. I. Menken opines that O. Henry's style can be exactly imitated and his writings equalled by any hack writer who studies his stories closely. While we hardly claim to rank with Mr. Menken editorially, we take issue with him. Whoever says that O. Henry's works are not of the first magnitude, and that he hasn't won a place for himself among the literary immortals, either doesn't know what he is talking about or deliberately makes a mis-statement.

Mr. Menken, one of the world's greatest editorial writers, seems to scorn the south generally and it's literature particularly. He terms the south the "Literary Sahara." Bet he went to Florida and got stung on real estate.

Mr. Phillips asserts that the littering of the yards with paper must immediately cease. For the benefit of the litterers we might mention the fact that those big black tin-boxes are for the depositing of trash and not for ornament.

Experience is the best teacher, Ben Franklin once wise-cracked. Too good in the case of the Washington man who touched a 4000 volt power line to see what would happen and now sports a brand new wooden kimona.

This afternoon the Purple Whirlwind clashes with Leaksville in the first round of the elimination series for the state title. Come out and help the Whirlwind whirl across the enemy's goal line to victory, and then "on to the championship."

A LETTER AND A COMMENT

Rosemary, N. C.,
October 28, 1925.

Dear Mr. Phillips:

This morning I wrote Mr. Archer a note, asking him to accept my resignation. It is the only possible course. While I am very distressed about having to desert the school in the middle of a term, I know that my place is here with mother, and that I could not be happy elsewhere.

Mother's condition now is, we think, at a standstill for a while, and we can expect no change in the immediate future.

I never dreamed that blows could come with such lightning rapidity, or that the future could look so dark. Mother's never-wavering faith and her constant efforts to be bright, alone keep us all going.

Some day—if possible—I hope to return to the High School and teach there again. I have enjoyed the years there, and shall continue to think of them with pleasure.

Very sincerely,

Winifred Beckwith.

IN SYMPATHY

For the past five years the students of Greensboro High School and especially the members of the Senior Class, have come in contact with a delightful personality. There is a certain delicate charm about the person of Miss Winifred Beckwith that belongs to the period of crinolines and hoop-skirts, and is vaguely suggestive of the odor of violets in the spring time.

It was during the eighth period, Oct. 22, Miss Beckwith endeavoring to impart gems of knowledge to the more or less dumb students, as all classes in English grammar are to a certain extent, was going through the regular class-room routine. A boy entered the room with the message that she was wanted on the telephone. She hurried to the office with a premonition of dread. Picking up the telephone, she listened to a few spoken words over the wire, and sunk into a chair, her face blanching. These words sent her out of our lives—temporarily, we hope. Her mother was ill, and she hastened to catch a train for Rosemary, N. C., her home.

Miss Beckwith was the power behind the "Reflector," G. H. S. Annual, for the past few years. In many other activities, she was a foremost leader. Always earnest and sincere in her work, she exerted strong influence for good over us, her students, and won a place in our hearts that no one else can ever fill. We all offer our heart-felt sympathy to her in her trouble, and hope that she may come back to G. H. S. We miss you, Miss Beckwith, and your memory will always live in our hearts.

EDUCATION

Education makes the man; that alone is the parent of every virtue; it is the most sacred, the most useful, and at the same time the most neglected thing in every country.—MONTESQUIEU.

President Coolidge, in a proclamation issued Sept. 18, 1925, has set aside the week of Nov. 19-23 as American Education Week. He urges that every citizen join in making this week "a special season of mutual encouragement in promoting that enlightenment upon which the welfare of the Nation depends." The purpose of Education Week is to bring the American people to appreciate the importance of education and to increase educational facilities and opportunities to the greatest possible extent.

Since gaining an education is the dominant motive in our lives at present, we

should all fully understand its true meaning and its relation to our own lives. Greensboro High School can give nobody an education. Neither can the best high school in the country, nor the greatest colleges in the world, such as Oxford, Yale, and Harvard, for that matter. All education is self-education, and to secure it, we must increase our powers of thinking, planning, and observation through our own effort. A man can go through high school and college and still not be well educated. Unless he takes advantage of the opportunities for self-education which are offered to him by the institutions, he will not gain a great deal by attending them.

Education is a life-long process. It doesn't end on completion of some prescribed course of studies. When the student graduates from school his education is just beginning. He should add more and more to his education with each passing year; he should never cease to study and to learn; he should forever continue to develop and grow educationally. Education may make the man, but upon the man depends the education.

WORK

Work. The word has an unpleasent sound to many of us. In fact, very few high school students can be found who evidence any special desire for it. Yet hard work is absolutely essential to securing the greatest benefit possible from a high school education, or anything else for that matter.

Right now hard work on the various studies is especially important. The student who puts out a sufficient amount of studying now will not be compelled to burn the midnight oil in cramming for the mid-term examinations. He will more than likely pass on the semester's work, while the chances are that the fellow who loaf's now will flunk out.

The first few weeks were more or less of a "take it easy" period, in which everyone adjusted themselves and settled down to the year's work. For the past several weeks school work has been in full swing, and the grind has now about reached its peak. The fellow who masters his subjects now and gets up a full head of scholastic steam will have easy sailing from now on and can coast down the stretch to mid-term examinations with comparatively little effort.

Mr. A. T. Rowe and Mr. Frank Bayard Aycock Junior attended the Davidson-State game Saturday. Also a Davidson Fraternity had a house party at which they were guests.

ROBERT EARL HOWELL

At 2:30 Friday morning, October 30, the soul of Robert Earl Howell, class of '29, departed into the realm of the immortals. In accord with his life and character was the time and manner of his death; in the holy hush of the early morning, with the soft patter of the rain the only sound in the quiet room, an expression of peaceful repose came over the white face as Earl's spirit joined his Master. Quite, unobtrusive, even shy, only his close friends penetrated the barrier of his reserve and discovered the warmth of feeling and the spiritual depths that lay beneath.

The student body offers its sincere sympathy to his parents and now is the time for all good bereavement, and joins with them in mourning, regretting the loss of a companion and true friend.

CREDITS

In Greensboro High School, as in every other high school in America, there are two groups of students; the credit seekers and the knowledge getters.

The first group is composed of students who come to school solely to acquire thirty-six credits; who are constantly upset as to the number of credits they possess; who elect the "snap courses" (if there be such at G. H. S.) rather than the deeper ones, if the "snaps" offer a full credit; and who, when they leave G. H. S., will have nothing to offer the world except thirty-six credits.

The second group, the knowledge getters, are wide awake students who seek the courses that will best fit them for later life; who never mention credits but who go after the real knowledge contained in their studies; who fill every second with something worth while; and who will have much in the way of intellectual attainment when they leave G. H. S.

In defining education Webster says; "Education is the impartation or acquisition of knowledge, skill, or development of character by study or discipline." There is no mention of credits in this definition and since Webster was not usually forgetful of important details it follows that education and not credit is the object.

Every student at G. H. S. belongs to one group or the other, for there is no third. The question is: Which? Each group claims to have received an education when high school is finished, but have they?

One group has sought a pot of gold; the other a rainbow; one an education; the other merely the semblance of one.

How about it, students?

TORCHLIGHT SOCIETY

Probably the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a student in Greensboro High School is election to membership in the Torch Light Society. The hope of some day becoming a Torch-Lighter encourages the Freshman, the Sophomore, and the Junior on to greater accomplishments in scholarship, leadership, character and service, the four essentials upon which the society is founded. Many dream of achieving membership; others wistfully look on, realizing that the society is beyond hope of their attaining; very few are the fortunate ones to whom the honor finally comes.

There is a certain glamour, a sense of the highest ideals and principles of only the most select personnel, that sets the Torch Light Society apart from all other school organizations and activities. It represents the acme of scholastic achievement, and those who are elected to its ranks may consider themselves indeed fortunate.

NOVEMBER 11

Armistice Day, Nov. 11, will be only superficially observed this year. It is not a national holiday, and throughout the country only small local celebrations will be held. In our opinion the day is worthy of a far greater observance, and at some later date, when its true significance is fully appreciated, we believe that it will be made a national holiday of the first magnitude.

The greatest object of Armistice Day is to do honor to the countless thousands of khaki-clad warriors who made the supreme sacrifice that we might live in happiness and freedom. They gave up their most priceless possession at its most desirable period, young manhood, our sakes. We who remained in the

comfortable security of home, as all the present generation of Greensboro High School students did, of course, since all were under the age limit, we cannot realize the terrible hardships and sufferings that those saviours of democracy underwent. The agonies of riddling machine gun bullets, the rending shrapnel as it ploughed through the yielding flesh, the sight of close friends and companions perishing like animals before the hunter's gun, the horrible suffocation of burning gases—all these and more were the lot of those brave spirits who went west for their country and their people. And those pathetic hulks of men who are trying to forget that inhuman conflict which left them with lungs almost gone, maimed stumps where there were once perfectly good arms and legs, perhaps sightlessly staring eyes, they proudly, uncomplainingly, quietly bear their burdens, incurred in our defense, through life. Are they not worthy of their highest honor?

Another function of Armistice Day is to celebrate the triumph of right over might, of freedom over oppression, of democracy over autocracy. All of us remember the mad frenzy of joy that overwhelmed Greensboro and the rest of the nation on Nov. 11, 1918. The fear of that awful fate was sure to descend upon the world should the Central Powers conquer as at last removed. The over-bearing forces of crushing oppression were brought to the dust. Let us all pause on Armistice Day and do honor in our hearts to those who died or were maimed in defending our cause, and utter a silent prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty that the world was delivered from the terrible curse that threatened its ruin.

ACORN ARTILLERY

Of late the campus has acquired the proportions of a veritable battle field into which only the brave may venture. Batteries nestling in strategic placements near the protecting walls of the Annex have hurled volley after volley of pain-producing projectiles across the vast expanse of no-man's land.

Wounded neutrals (for the belligerents seldom are hit) crouch in sheltered corners nursing great lumps on throbbing heads. Singing, whizzing shells seek revenge through classroom windows, bursting into the middle of reading on the Gallic wars (tame affairs when compared with the masterful campaigns of modern acorn warfare). Potential oak trees are hurled against the foe. The battle surges on; generals sink exhausted by their tired men; and the acorn artillery thunders.

Then there is a sudden lull. The fighters cease to fight. The turbulent Balkans must end the conflict by orders of the Great Powers. Diplomats cluster around while the terms of peace are defined:

"Jassiter, you and Lambert will have to quit this acorn slinging contest. One fellow has been unconscious for ten minutes because of shell shock. All he can say is, 'Great oaks from little acorns grow,' over and over again. Boys, it's pitiful. If you don't stop I'll make you eat five raw acorns for every one you throw."

And thus the battle ends.

TEACHERS SERVED AT COOKING CLASS

Miss Walker, Miss Tillett and Miss Pickard were the recipients of a delightful breakfast, made and served by Miss Playfoot's first year class in cooking, Tuesday, October 20, at the eighth period in the cooking laboratory in Barn A.

The menu consisted of stewed prunes with white sauce and cocoa and toast. Catherine Wharton was hostess.

From time to time the girls will serve lunch, dinner, tea, etc., till they have performed all the functions of a hostess, which are connected with culinary art.