

# HIGH LIFE

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## COPIED CLIPPINGS

Don't forget that laws are made to improve conditions.—*The Chatterbox*, Danville High School, Danville, Va.

Happiness is largely an attitude or condition of mind—the way one looks at things.—*The Traveler* of Avalon High School, Avalon, Pa.

Play fair with yourself and everyone will be fair with you.—*The Atlantic*, Iowa, High School "Needles."

## TID BITS

Whew! High Point completely faded out of the picture. The Purple Whirlwind whirled 'em dizzy. Atta pushin' the pigskin across, gang!

Never let trouble trouble you and it will quickly disappear.

Aged Lumberton man attributes his longevity to hard work. If that is the requisite of long life many a tea hound will die young.

Miss Summerell allowed as how we reminded her of the statue of "The Winged Victory of Samathrace" which she had seen on the stage. That was all very well, but the statue didn't have any head. Figure it out for yourself.

The Stadium Drive was one whopping big success, and G. H. S. did its part in big league style. Incidentally, out of 3,660 students in the city school system exactly 3,660 contributed toward the fund.

Wonder why so many of the masculine population of G. H. S. were sick Armistice Day? Tommy Milton sure burned the wind at the Charlotte Races, so they say—the newspapers, of course.

Various and sundry sheiks sighed and wished that again they were in childhood days. Senior Mascot Paul had all the peaches in school making ardent love to him.

Putting dynamite caps in school stoves! 'At's the kind of tricks a certain dignified faculty member pulled in his school days. Straight goods: He confessed it himself. And then he soaks you an hour after school for a little edifying discourse among yourselves. Land O Goshen! But such is life.

A Charlotte editor celebrated his fiftieth year of newspaper work recently. Our experience has led us to believe that the editorial span of years is much shorter than that.

Turkey Day is here. For the past few weeks Mr. Gobbler has slunk around with apprehensive eye. His fears have been realized, for he is now in Turkey Heaven—or is there a Turkey Hades?

## GRATITUDE—PEACE

Of all the holidays the most pleasant is Thanksgiving. Nothing produces such a sense of comfort and well-being as to lie back in one's favorite easy chair before a cheerfully blazing fire after eating a hearty dinner, and to meditate upon the blessings which are ours.

Since the beginning of time some sort of Thanksgiving celebration has been held by the peoples of the earth when the crops are harvested and the results of the weary months of toil are at hand. Even heathen nations have felt the urge to give thanks to some divine power beyond their comprehension, which has been given expression in the various forms of harvest festivals.

The colors of the rainbow have caught and reflected it in the ripened products of nature. The leaves are heaped upon the ground in great golden and crimson splashes of color. The pumpkins in the field are dull lumps of molten gold. The corn leaves crackle in the wind. The air has an exhilarating tang to it that makes one tingle all over with the mere joy of living. Nature has garbed herself in all the riotous beauty and color of which she is capable, in preparation for a brief season of Thanksgiving before the wintry blasts rage over the land and change all to one dull, lifeless monotone of gray. Surely no one can look about him and not be grateful for the God-given privilege of life and the opportunities for eternal betterment that are every day presented to those who seek for them. Yet those who have most, appreciate what they have the least.

All of us have ample reasons for giving thanks on this day. This year especially should a wave of spiritual gratitude sweep the country. The nation has prospered; there have been no national calamities; business has been especially good; nature has yielded her fruits in abundance; God has been especially kind to us during the past twelve months.

And so on Thanksgiving Day let us all stop for a short time and consider what we owe to God from whom all blessings come, and in the words of Phillips Brooks: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our requests be made known unto God—for that and that alone is peace."

## THRIFT

It has been said that all people may be divided into one of two classes:—the savers and the wasters, the provident and improvident, the thrifty and thrifless and the "haves" and "have-nots". In Christ's parable of the talents there is a graphic picture of the "haves" and "have-nots". The former were the industrious servants who doubted their talents. The "have-nots" hid their talents and went on empty-handed.

The average person thinks of thrift chiefly in terms of money saving. While that is important, it is only one phase of thrift. The really thrifty person is one who saves not only money, but time, strength and effort. Thrift, moreover, means mental and moral discipline. It means exercising will power, sacrificing personal desires, and overcoming temptation.

A thrifty person is a happy medium between a spendthrift and a miser, either one of whom is an undesirable citizen. There is no one who is not benefited by the saving habit. The family of small income, the working girl, the boy starting at the bottom of the ladder of industry, the business man and capitalist alike need a surplus, whether it be money laid aside for a rainy day,

money for investment, or working capital. "Make all you can, save all you can", is the advice attributed to John Wesley.

"Dost thou love life?" asks Benjamin Franklin in his Almanac. "Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff that life is made of." Another noted man observed, "If I know what a boy does in his spare time, I can tell you what kind of a man he will be." Furthermore, every individual has exactly the same allotment of this precious fabric of life. The wise are those who know how to use it to good advantage.

## KNOW THYSELF

Someone has divided people into ten different type groups by which the worth and dependability of a man can be measured, and classified them, giving the percentage of dependability and efficiency for each group respectively. He has catalogued everyone under these ten brief heads, and each of us holds a position somewhere on the ladder. His list is as follows:

- 100% Those who say, "I did."
- 90% Those who say, "I will."
- 80% Those who say, "I can."
- 70% Those who say, "I think I can."
- 60% Those who say, "I might."
- 50% Those who say, "I think I might."
- 40% Those who say, "What is it?"
- 30% Those who say, "I wish I could."
- 20% Those who say, "I don't know how."
- 10% Those who say, "I can't."
- 0% Those who say, "I won't."

The question is, to what group do we honestly belong? Are we rated among the "mule-headed" kind who stubbornly say, "I won't", in reply to every request? This type of boy or girl is rated lower than even the fellow who "can't"; for he can do, but won't, whereas the inference is that the "can't type" would if he could. The inference is decidedly in his favor, and he has "the benefit of the doubt", so to speak. The same is true of the person who "just doesn't know how."

Then there is the chap who must always know what it is, how much it will cost him in either trouble, labor, or money, and what will he gain; he is willing to do it if he gets enough out of it,—a credit, or, perhaps, an extra grade; and if ample remuneration be offered, he will do the assigned task zealously and well. Nevertheless, the extent of his ardor is governed by the reward at stake.

True, it is far better to be the kind of individual that "might" or says, "I can," than a stubborn slacker; indeed, there is such a difference in attitude that they should hardly be mentioned in the same breath; but there is the highest rank whose summits have only been attained by a sturdy few, men who can look you in the eye and say in a steady voice, "We did it"—men faithful, dependable, and true. Such men win the battles of life, they do things, and experience a certain satisfaction after a task well done.

Are we classed with those one hundred percent trustworthy and dependable, or among those who shirk? In which camp do we belong?

A grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged.

Milton.

Thanks are justly due for things got  
without purchase.

Ovid.

From the lover peasant to the lord,  
The turkey smokes on every board.

Gay.



## A Prayer

By CARLTON WILDER

*Gracious Father, we are thankful for the joy the year has brought;  
For the radiant hopes and blessings; for the lessons kindly taught.  
We are thankful, heavenly Father, for the good Thanksgiving Day;  
For a happy, prosperous nation, for the chance to work and play.  
For our health, dear God, we thank Thee; for the glamour that is youth;  
For the joy of ever growing in the endless search for truth.*

## HONESTY

*"But whether I live an honest man,  
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,  
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can,  
It matters much."*

The basis of all character is honesty. No man can go very far without it, or at least no man can attain the highest of which he is capable without it. Dishonesty breeds nothing but unhappiness and remorse. It's fruits are moral and mental degradation and spiritual bankruptcy.

Recently a number of valuables were stolen from the clothes of the members of the football squad while they were on the field playing a game. A considerable sum of money, several fountain pens and other valuable articles were included. Their loss was keenly felt by the players, especially since they were stolen while the squad was on the field fighting for their school.

Probably a grammar school student, or possibly a high school boy, took those articles. Petty thievery it was, but upon the character of the stealer it will have as devastating an effect as the most terrible of crimes unless he realizes the gravity of it and returns the money. Such an act would be of more benefit to him than the treasures of Midas. Such little things have started many a person upon the road to moral and mental catastrophe. And yet the most pathetic part of it is that the guilty ones may not realize the extent and probable far-reaching effects of that one comparatively small crime.

## OUR PRIDE

During the past month none of the boys on the football squad, failed on a single subject. This was a splendid record and one to be commended in students who give so much of their time to the school athletics.

It is seldom the case that students who participate strongly in athletics lead in their class work also. However, the most intelligent game of ball is played by those who have a little "book-sense." A real football game is com-

posed of as much brain work as physical work. The signaling, the passes, all require brain work and alertness to the situation.

It is the well-rounded man that this school needs, who is out for everything and supports every phase of the school curriculum. It is the man who plays football and knows his Latin too that is an asset to his school. If a boy can be a star on his team and likewise lead his classes, is not he looked up to more than the "book-worm" or the mere athlete? He has not only book-knowledge but a sense of fairness and justice which will serve him always.

If our football team can keep a good scholarship record as well as a good athletic one we shall be proud for it to represent us on any field.

## AFTER-DINNER DREAMS

Another November has rolled around bringing with it Thanksgiving Day and its atmosphere of cheer and gladness, ushering in plump turkeys with their delicious meat and rich brown gravy; cranberry sauce, scarlet, and having that toning quality that makes the eating of turkey doubly delightful; pumpkin pies and puddings. And after the Thanksgiving dinner what a spirit of contentment falls like a restful vapor around the hearty eater numbing his senses as some soothing drug—contentment, then peaceful slumber. As the sleeper dreams, the Spirit of Thanksgiving takes him back through the ages on billows of slumber, and he dreams of joyful ceremonies in centuries past, among the cultured Greeks, the ambitious Romans, the law-abiding Hebrews, the sturdy Saxons, and the strict Puritans of Plymouth. The feaster lies entranced in deepest slumber.

But Thanksgiving means more than mere feasting, more than turkey, more than a well-rounded meal. It is a day of joy and thankfulness, a day when the family, seated around the hearth once more, offers thanks to the Creator for the manifold blessings of the year, for health, and home, and happiness.

Oh, it sets my heart a clickin' like the tickin' of a clock  
When the frost is on the pumpkin and  
the fodder's in the shock.

Riley.