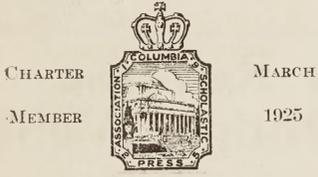


HIGH LIFE

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL Greensboro, N. C.

Founded by the Class of '21



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Happiness is not an illusion, or a future hope; it is only the realization of itself. — Orange and White, Orlando Florida.

No wonder it is called the human race from the pace the younger generation has been setting.—Sarasotan, Sarasota, Florida.

How can you expect a ship to come into your port if you haven't even sent out as much as a tug?—Loud Speaker, Elizabeth City, N. C.

TID-BITS

We hear the French have given up chewing gum because it's too expensive. Our teachers urge that we follow suit and as America isn't such a rich nation we naturally agree with the pedagogues.

Seniors are supposed to know how to behave themselves, at least, but a look at the department grades wouldn't give you that idea.

We notice the prison in Raleigh is publishing a newspaper. The members of the HIGH LIFE staff will assure the officials that they have something to keep the prisoners busy, anyway.

Even though we won the Winston game, were we all satisfied with the conduct on the parts of spectators as well as both teams?

The HIGH LIFE staff is proud of the fact that fifty per cent of the Torchlight Society is among its members.

Some people will get in their daily dozen. If they miss it in the morning they make up for lost time, riding bicycles at lunch period.

After all, your grades tell only what you have already done and not what you're going to do—and it's a good thing for some of us.

Some people were anxious for the decision because of its true value; some wanted it for the sake of the "\$1000's"; and still others wanted the two articles for the front page of HIGH LIFE.

Facts

There were twenty-four students on the honor roll last month—just about 2.4 per cent of the students enrolled. In the main building sixteen averaged ninety or over; seven in the new building; one in Barn B.

These facts tell more than any teacher could say on the subject of scholarship; they are the registering fluid in the Greensboro High School barometer. (They are self-sufficient in worthily depicting a deplorable situation.)

Facts, not all, but enough. We do not include the data on the failures. Enough to crush the irresolute, enough to discourage the quitter. On the other hand, there is a big job for a real man to attack with a relish—the work of bringing up his own record and advancing the cause of scholarship in Greensboro High School.

Y. M. C. A.

There is a new Y. M. C. A. building in the process of construction within two blocks of the High School, and a great many boys are looking forward with considerable eagerness to its completion. It will fill a need that has long been keenly felt by the boys and young men of the city, many of whom are students of this high school.

The new building will provide an excellent swimming pool, gymnasium facilities, tennis courts—in fact, all the necessary equipment for the various phases of physical education. There will be experts employed to give instruction in these fields to those desiring it. The value to the high school students of such convenient opportunities is unquestionable.

Physical development of this nature means more than the mere increase of muscular energy; it includes a co-ordination of the physical and mental powers and also a sort of moral training especially along the lines of self-control and perseverance that is invaluable. It is to be hoped that all who can possibly do so will take advantage of the opportunity to gain such benefits.

The Reward of Patience

Probably no occurrence of the past week challenged the attention of students of this high school so strongly as the reversal of Judge Webb's famous school decision by the State Supreme Court. There was no item in the week's news which came so vitally close to the immediate interest of our daily school life as this.

For a long time, ever since late August, in fact, it has been generally felt that Greensboro was facing a crisis in the development of her educational system. The question was balanced uncertainly between a step of advancement whose influence was sure to be definitely and profoundly felt for the good of the city and a step that was nothing more in short than a co-ercive reaction, an undesirable backward step whose influence would be just as far-reaching, though in the direction of serious detriment. Many of those whose sympathy was with community progress, held their breaths, figuratively speaking, as they strained to see which way the scales would fall.

After such a period of provoking suspense a favorable decision naturally comes as a profound relief. Plans can now go forward, uninterrupted as far as human prediction may venture, for a city-wide school system of the highest quality, including, of course, the construction of several modern buildings.

HASTILY HEBE

Friends, you've seen me and perhaps you've even heard my name casually mentioned. To be exact, I am Hebe, the goddess of youth, who guards so faithfully the halls of your main building. I heard the cop's son (you know, Pete Wyrick) say the other day, "Wonder if she doesn't get tired holding that pitcher?" I truly do. But so long as I have to stand there and hold it, I figure that I might as well make use of my time, and then after you've all gone home, and my godmother takes me from my state of marble, I find time to formulate my musings into a column for HIGH LIFE.

When all the herd was turned out into the halls last Wednesday, each person had a white sheet, with a little black print here and there. Quite a bit of discussion was caused by them and from some of the remarks I judged them to be reports. I couldn't help but be reminded of a verse from Omar Khayyam's "Rubaiyat":

"The moving finger writes; and having writ Moves on; nor all thy piety nor wit Shall lure it back to cancel half a line, Nor all thy tears wash out a line of it."

Just so with the grades. A month's accomplishments are recorded in one measly little letter, signifying how you have spent or wasted your time. Although it can't be altered, it can be covered by better grades next month.

I see many things that people allow me to, because they think I'm only stone. Some people jeer and tease about the love affairs started in High School. It really isn't a light matter to be treated trivially, for some of the city's most lasting cases have started in no place but Greensboro High School. I would make any "for instances" but really it is a matter to be considered.

The artist of G. H. S. deposited a poster in the end of my hall the other day, which caused a great deal of discussion. It seems that a group of boys found the feminine figure very interesting, in fact, so interesting that the teachers had to call Ed to dress the lady up a bit more. She wasn't a bit more undressed than I.

People, if some of you senior girls had just been in my place the first week of school and had seen a new senior wandering around the halls at lunch period because she didn't know where the lunch room was, you surely would have changed your tactics about snobbing. I certainly hope some bright creature writes an article for "Open Opinions," dwelling lengthily upon the subject I heard Miss Tillett lecture to her seventh period English Class on the other day—to be exact "Snobs at G. H. S." I would say more on the subject but HIGH LIFE allows me so many lines—See you next issue.

Hastily,

HEBE.

VICTORY

That which is big, and good, and of worth,
Has won its place.
The little minds of moneyed men, yet poor,
Have not materially hindered our score.
And in the face
Of odds overwhelming, save right, dearth
Of an even break
We have won; take
Up the tool, mason, carpenter.
—Graham Todd.

"Give a rope to two men and one will lead the other. Queer, isn't it?"
—Davidsonian, Davidson College.

"It is the difference in the size of dreams that keeps men apart."—The Orange and White, Orlando, Fla.

THINK IT OVER



OPEN OPINIONS

Dear Editor:

"Do you realize that your poor department is deducting from your algebra grade?"

A question of this type was asked by a certain teacher recently.

Poor conduct lowers the grade on a subject! Instead of giving a monthly grade of eighty-five, seventy-five is given. This grade goes on the report and is taken home to the parents. They read: "Math.—C; Department—B." They naturally interpret this to mean that the student is poor on math, and fair on department, where as the fact is that he is fair on math and poor on department.

We understand that the purpose of a report is to give the parents an idea of the work their children are doing on each separate subject, not on all subjects collectively. At least the subjects are itemized and graded separately on the monthly report. To theoretically grade each subject separately and in reality let the grade of one influence the grade of another is the height of inconsistency yet this seems to be a common practice at G. H. S. Not all teachers do it, but it is true of many.

Are the teachers justified in doing this? Certainly there seems room for doubt.
LOUISE BROOKS.

Dear Editor:

In the last issue of HIGH LIFE there was the following statement—"Parents fear that their children are being lost in the shuffle if they do not enjoy close familiarity with their teacher. Appreciation of work comes through personal knowledge of the instructor."

To make this more emphatic not only the parents, but the children fear that their identity in class work is slowly but surely slipping away, and they are fast becoming so many pupils to be taught, Readin' and Ritin' and 'Rithmetic.

This does not apply to all in general. There will always be a few who work for a personal knowledge of the student, who learn his good points, his bad points, and by some word, some action, some small effort, lift him a step forward in the development of character, or bring out some hidden talent, or merely help him over a tight place in the course.

So, teachers, come down from the other world, learn us, study our weaknesses and our finer sides, play with us—and the result will be a closer understanding of each other.
A STUDENT.

Dear Editor:

I have been in school for "lo, these many years" and during this time all honors, all offices, and all responsibilities have been placed on the shoulders of a chosen few. This school is called democratic; I beg to differ—it *certainly* is not. It is operated entirely by the few. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that if these few were taken out of this school, it would go on just the same; others would have a chance to show what they can do.

It has always been my idea to get in high school that training in leadership and service which shall be needed later. But there are so many who are not getting that training.

Since tiny children these privileged people have had offices and positions until now they feel insulted if they do not get them. Furthermore it has become even a habit with the "herd" to vote only for them at any election.
A SENIOR.

Dear Editor:

The new members for the torchlight society from the seniors has been chosen. Why is it that there were no boys in the list eligible? Is it because the boys have had a smarter bunch of girls to contend with this year than those of last year? Whatever it is, the boys' highest average is far below that of the lowest average of the girls. There are many boys whose proven service and leadership exceed that of many girls who are eligible but their scholastic attainments fall below their rivals' standard. Go to it you boys who are yet to be chosen; don't let the girls put you to shame!
ERNEST WYCHE.

To the student body:

"I want to say to the students that I heartily appreciate the lovely conduct on the part of both boys and girls in the cafeteria this year. It is far better than it has been at any time during the four preceding years that I have been in the high school cafeteria, and I want the boys and girls to know that their beautiful conduct is making my work a pleasure."
MRS. M. C. COMER.

Dear Editor,

I think the board walk between the main building and the new building should be widened. Almost half the students traversing that area have to walk in the mud and water on rainy days.
LILLIAN TYE.