

HIGH LIFE

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**COPIED CLIPPINGS**

Then let's pack up our gourches and unpack our smiles. Nobody minds the smell of moth balls, and they keep better out of storage anyhow.—*Shreveport Hi-Lif*.

Sins of commission do not interest us here, but those of omission press heavily upon our consciousness.—*Shreveport Hi-Lif*.

If you want to get a policeman's goat just steal his billy.—*C. H. S. Chatter, Davidsonian*.

Bestow honor on some and it leads to self-betterment; in others it inspires a selfish desire for more honor.—*North Central News, Spokane, Wash.*

If you would be beautiful, think beauty. Drink in the beauties of nature. Saturate your soul with beauty, and some of it will work out in your face.—*The Echo, Salisbury High School*.

TID-BITS

Isn't the Christmas influence wonderful? Even the little devils turned to angels for the occasion. Oh, "chucks," laugh!

The Junior-Senior seems to have been quite a fete. The reports deem it quite a swell affair.

Our principal was dissipating last week. He was all dressed up and one girl told him he certainly did look pretty!

This may look like a funny paper, but it really isn't. We're just getting rash and spending lots of our thousand for cuts.

Some of these gifts were quite characteristic; they caused many good laughs. Santa Claus doesn't realize how much joy he brought.



EDMUND TURNER

8. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

9. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came to them, and the glory of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

10. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

11. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

12. And this shall be a sign unto you;

Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

13. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

14. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.—Luke 2:8-14.

The Act of Giving

First in our thought at this Christmas season is the giving and receiving of gifts. This is a beautiful custom and brings much happiness. Unfortunately, a great many people wholly misunderstand the real art of giving, and thus cheapen the spirit which should characterize the birthday of Christ. To give in the right way requires tact and understanding. The value of a gift depends not on its size or money value, but on the way it is given and the spirit behind it. One gift recorded in the Bible is only a widow's mite, but the love behind it made it more than all other gifts. We have all experienced the thrill that comes from unselfish giving and the consciousness of having made someone happy.

There is no more beautiful and true expression of real giving than that which Lowell gives us in his "Vision of Sir Launfall":

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without this given is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Christmas

Snow-white hills against the gray,
Peasants, kneeling low to pray,
Silent lamp-lighted villages
Gleaming along the snowy way.

Dainty wreaths and candles gleam
In the city street;
Happy voices everywhere
Echoing clear and sweet.

Silver stars are shining bright,
Giving forth a holy light,
Telling us of Christmas night,
And the birth of Jesus Christ.

ERNEST SCARBORO.

You can always find somebody who knows more than you do; if you don't believe it, ask somebody.

Christmas Is Here

'Tis Christmas time,
And in every clime
The people rejoice with singing.
And every ear
Is strained to hear
The message the bells are bringing.

So let us be gay
On Christmas day,
And think not of sorrows gone by,
Close past histories,
Unfold new mysteries
Of peace that will not die.

RUTH SIMPSON.

The Spirit of Christmas

A striking fact was brought out by a local minister in a recent sermon, a fact which is all too true, and a thing which, if it continues, will eventually destroy the beauty and significance of that most loved festival—Christmas. It is an inglorious thing, but the fact remains that the Spirit of Christ is more than often left out of the celebration of His birthday.

In place of The Man of Calvary we have substituted a mythological figure, who in himself is in every respect appropriate, but who, if permitted to displace Christ, is an intruder. In a way the Spirit of Jesus and the Spirit of Santa Claus are identical. They are both symbolic of generosity and good fellowship, both represent a wholesome joy.

However, if the Spirit of Santa Claus represent pleasure of a corrupt nature, or generosity because it brings a return greater than the output, it then becomes a thing distinctly removed from the Spirit of Christ, the true Spirit of Christmas, which in reality is taught but commemoration of the birth of the Savior, Who came, taught, and gave His life that others might more fully enjoy life.

The men whom we call "able" are constantly on the alert, looking for hard things to accomplish.

A Necessary Ingredient

There has come to our attention recently a lack of something which we believe to be of incalculable value in all branches of activity in which a plurality of people are engaged. It is a thing without which team work is impossible, a thing indispensable to modern civilization—Sportsmanship.

When two of our great Northern colleges clashed on the gridiron this fall they displayed such a lack of sportsmanship that they afterwards severed relations of years' standing. A deficiency in the same invaluable element was shown when the spectators at a game played at one of the local negro institutions threatened the life of the referee, who, according to a capable witness, rendered a just decision. The same chaotic spirit entered into one game played between the locals and a neighboring school, though with much less serious results.

It is this thing, this lack of sportsmanship, this disregard for the rights and ability of others, which, whether on the gridiron, in the journalistic field, or in any other branch of activity, makes co-operation impossible, brings about a feeling of hatred among those who should be on the most amicable terms, and generally retards progress and achievement.

Because there are men who realize the importance of sportsmanship, who know that it is a necessary requisite of modern social and business relations, a tri-city banquet was held last Wednesday to discuss these problems, and to strive to bring about a better relation between them.

HASTILY HEBE

"Twas Christmas eve at five o'clock;
The bell was still as night.
The children they had left the school
The day before, that's right.

The spirit of the Christmas-time
Descended from above,
And every stone and portrait
Felt life, and lived and loved.

The picture of the Indian boy
That hangs beside the clock
Was made to live so that he might
Each door and window lock.

When safely shut within the walls
Of dear old G. H. S.
Such jollity those people made—
The kind you'd never guess.

A small fir tree from the teacherage
yard
Was cut and brought right in,
By Hebe who at any time
Could make herself not seen.

The tree was dressed in colors bright,
And "play-like" gifts were round it
laid
When someone voiced a sentiment,
"Let's sing and dance some now,"
she said.

When suddenly a tinkling bell
Without was heard; also
The patting of the reindeer feet
That touched the roof through
snow.

They bounded down to the furnace
room
To see what they had heard,
And to their sheer amazement
There came Santa's sooty beard.

"Heigh-ho, my lads and lassies,"
He shouted in gleeful mirth.
"Do you recall that on this day
Our Christ did bless the earth?"

"In a little manger in Bethlehem
He lay on the first Christmas Day,
All wrapped in swaddling clothes
And for His head the hay.

"And the wise men from the East
did come
The Christ-Child there to see,
And gifts they brought Him so
His servants they might be.

"So the gift idea was started
With the birth of Him
Who was a gift to the world Himself,
That salvation He might bring.

"Through all these years the custom
Has come down from man to
man,
The custom that at Christmas-time
To give whate'er you can.

"It's the quality of the gift,
Not the quantity that counts,
But only this: what spirit in the
Giver's heart surmounts.

"So that to no small boy or girl
I'll disappointment bring,
I ask you now to join me,
And wait to dance and sing."

"Yes, gladly will we go to leave
At every house and home
Sweet joys and toys and Christmas
cheer
That with Christmas morning
come."

And out-of-doors they filed in glee
To fill old Santa's sleigh;
The reindeer through the snow did
prance
As they went on their way.

—B. B. B.
Miss Tillett happened to be passing
me one day and I saw the above poem
on a stack of her papers. That night
I visited her session room and secured
it for the public. Since it tells of one
of my Christmas experiences, I need
not relate anything more. But I do
want to wish each and every reader
a very Merry Christmas and a Happy
New Year!

Hastily,

HEBE.