

HIGH LIFE

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A Day Apart

Again we draw near to that day when solemnity and gaiety have been so splendidly blended into an occasion of thanksgiving; that day when the nation ceases its great commercial activities to render praise to an all-merciful God, and to forget its cares for a brief moment of joy.

It is well that under a regime which sets a steady grind such as the most of us are subject to we still set apart some time for rest and recognition of our dependence on our Creator. Thus a wholesome atmosphere is created which lends itself to the general upbuilding of our moral and religious fiber; which serves as a bulwark to stem the ebbing tide of our devotional traditions. Likewise, it represents a spirit of joy and fellowship, of gaiety and good will, which must form a part of every successful community.

Therefore, when we consider the real worth of such an occasion as Thanksgiving, when we see its importance, as an institution, it naturally follows that we should avail ourselves of such an opportunity, and place our whole being in harmony with the spirit which it typifies. Despite the influence of the modernistic trend, this is not a difficult condition of mind and body to attain, for so deeply is a reverence for tradition rooted in us, and so innately is our mind adapted to an atmosphere of worship that we easily fall into the true spirit of Thanksgiving.

A new version of "Show Me the Way to Go Home" came to our ears not long ago. We pass it along for its merit. It goes something like this: "Point out the way to my domicile, I'm fatigued and I wanna retire."

While the Slaughter Rages

We have seen it in our chapel programs; we have seen it in conversations; in fact, we have seen it everywhere that people write, speak, or talk—the brutal, unforgivable, inexcusable slaughter of the English language. Everyone is guilty. From the freshman to the senior, from the athlete to the debater, from the teacher to the platform speaker, none can truthfully answer not guilty. We have heard the language so distorted, so maimed, so slurred over, that no one would recognize the unequalled beauty which it can attain when handled properly.

Our language contains more words than any other in existence; yet we would never think so when we consider how limited our vocabularies are. English is one of the most beautiful languages that is spoken; yet we have often heard it murdered so that it lost all traces of beauty. Few there are who even attempt to increase their vocabularies or even try to bring beauty into their speech.

While our system of grammar is very confusing to foreigners, it is very simple to those of us who have grown up using English; simply, we mean, if we apply one ounce of energy or put forth any effort toward learning it. But we are often disheartened in our efforts when we hear speakers who are brought before us, seemingly for their accomplishments, and who should know how to use the language, but who make mistakes in the simplest uses of many constructions and deliver to us not a worth-while message, but a meaningless jumble of words. Emerson most adequately described many of us and many of our speakers when he said, "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say."

Who can propose a fitting penalty? What shall we do with the murderers? Our language is slaughtered! no one murmurs a protest.

Why Book Week?

The vital importance of books in our modern life is well shown by the fact that we have set aside what is known as Book Week, during which time an effort is made to emphasize the part which this form of expression plays in our development.

Probably the majority of us have never paused in our daily use of books to consider the difference which would be brought about in our routine if there were no such things. Yet today the book is the greatest means of disseminating general knowledge known to mankind. This alone would make it of inestimable value, but aside from this office it likewise fills that of being one of the great factors in providing entertainment and in moulding opinion. One might never attend a school, or associate to any degree with his fellow men, or engage in any for mof popular amusement, and yet through the medium of books, have a very fair knowledge of life, both concrete and abstract; well formulated opinions; and enjoy a considerable degree of pleasure.

To derive the greatest value one should choose well, read widely, and ponder that which he has read.

EDUCATING THE EDITOR

We were talking to a student the other day when a certain subject came up and he made the remark, "Oh, I am just a romanticist." He spoke very lightly of it at the time and joked over the discovery that he was a romanticist or just as good as a fool he said. He has built himself up a sort of dream world in which he tries to make real events live. The result is that he often makes mistakes from his romantic or rather fanciful view of things. His dreams get the upper hand on him sometimes as they are so likely to do.

Yet his idea of being a romanticist strikes a common bond in all of us. Everyone tries to build himself a dream world, a world that gets away from the stark reality of it all, a world where everything turns out right, a world where we are happy realizing our dreams. Romance finds a friendly heart in everyone of us. We all like romance whether it be the romance of love, of business, as Mr. Bok explains it, "The romance of work, of art, or of what-not, as Bromfield would say. Everyone has a romance that is the true romance, at least to the individual. The realization that we as individuals are such a small part of the infinite brings with it a desire on our part to build up something in our mind that will satisfy our craving to be happy.

Romance is a vital part of our lives; it is the part that often spells happiness for us. Each of us has a different conception of the precise meaning of the word. It is something to all of us. We are romanticists in one way or the other.

A desire for comfort leads many people to do things which their good manners would tell them not to. A desire for comfort controls our lives. We have seen many students who believe they are happier when they have their feet in another desk or in the wastebasket or in some other unconventional place. We have indulged quite freely at times and have always been greeted with the same remark by the teacher, "Take your feet down." Each day one class we know of is interrupted by an invitation from the teacher to a student to get out of the wastebasket.

Before writing a problem on the board a student made the remark, "This is absolutely true whether it is right or not." That is our spirit in all things. We know things are true because we can prove them and, according to math anything that can be proved is true, but whether our proof is right or not is another question, in our opinion. Our opinions are always true but not always right.

Mr. Stanley Johnson started his classes by proving that one equals two. He did it by match in a perfectly legitimate way. Every student could go over it for himself. Yet with all their knowledge of math and proof no one could find the fallacy. If we were to believe everything that we prove we would still be believing that. Whether one is equal to two and whether two and two are four are very vital questions to be solved by great minds. A proof that one equals two has been submitted; no one finds any fallacy in it. A book has been published called *Is Five* in which the author says that he always believed that two and two make five and now he knows it. In this age of wonders we are apt to believe that anything can be done; these two things have been done. Are we true believers or are we skeptics?

We have two of the best publications in the nation. We are a member of a national press association in which every school as large as ours makes the money to send delegates to the convention. We have been denied the privilege of working ourselves to raise this money. But as has often been said, "Such is life, oh horrors!"

LET'S BE THANKFUL!



OPEN OPINIONS

Dear Editor:

The Open Opinion column in HIGH LIFE is for everyone in Greensboro High School. Only a few pupils read them, fewer still write for this column, and fewer yet put them to use. Since this column is for everyone in the high school, it is the duty of all the pupils to read and to put them to use when possible. All who can should write for this column if they think that their opinion will help to build up the character and reputation of the school. If your opinion will not help the school as a whole, it is better to leave it out. Since "Open Opinions" are for the whole student body, let's be sure that we, as loyal high school students, respond to this call by reading, writing and doing.

MARY ARMFIELD.

To the Members of HIGH LIFE and *Homespun* Staffs:

I would like to say through this column something of the nature of our plan regarding the raising of a general fund for the use of school organizations when needed. The faculty members are not at all opposed to the New York trip for members of the staffs, nor to giving every possible help to this or any other project that helps to promote the interests of the students. They do feel, however, that it is not wise to raise a large fund merely for the purpose of giving a few boys and girls a fine trip to New York, as educational and worthwhile as that trip is. Heretofore students have clamored to be allowed to go and take care of their own expenses. I believe it will always be thus.

What the faculty members do propose to do is to put all their forces behind one or two big projects, as the case may be, and help to raise money that will be used for any and all organizations where necessary. This, of course, is nothing more than what has been done in the past, but it is a co-operative plan whereby all organizations will be helped when need arises, and it will be done at one big function and thereby save the extra time and labor involved in arranging for a number of things.

I have an ideal for this school. Since the school is run for the students this ideal concerns the pupils, and since the pupils are judged by their interests this ideal concerns the interests of all the pupils. I would not have all the students interested in all the same activities, be those activities ever so important. I would not have all pupils thinking all the same thoughts, nor

reacting in the same way toward all situations. But I would have every pupil placing behind some project of some worthwhile nature all the background of his own experience, and all the effort of his body and mind. I would have a school made up of individuals, but individuals who work together for the common good and for the advancement of our own school community.

C. W. PHILLIPS.

AN APPRECIATION

This year, there entered the high school a larger number of freshmen than ever before, but, notwithstanding the great crowd, this class has adapted itself to high school life as well or better than any freshman class in my knowledge. The rules of the school, once outlined to them, have been obeyed, for the most part, without question or confusion. They have accepted them, and, accepting, have co-operated with teachers and upper-classmen in an effort to keep the school up to the standards set.

Together with the hearty co-operation in the laws of the school is the seriousness and interest with which lessons have been regarded. This has been most clearly shown by the large number of freshmen on the honor roll.

In only one respect have these new members failed the school; this was, perhaps, caused by the poor example set by the upper-classmen. The percentage of subscriptions for HIGH LIFE and *Homespun* was very low in their class.

However, as a member of the senior class, I would like to say that we appreciate the good beginning which these little brothers and sisters have made, and wish for them the best of everything in high school life.

FRANCIS SINK.

In thinking of the New York proposition perhaps we believe with one person who said "I don't think these scholars have any right to go to New York, anyway."

Now that the pay telephone has been installed, we wonder how many love affairs will suffer from financial conditions?

Speaking of the irony of fate, we know of a young lady who borrowed a dollar to hear Bromfield's lecture in which he told how well off America is financially.