

**HIGH LIFE**

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**TID-BITS**

After all, Greensboro missed the championship by only one foot.

The person who went to Chapel Hill to the game certainly had the "Old Spirit" all right. Incidentally he had a high disregard for his health.

We have never seen anyone enjoy anything so much as Mr. Stanley Johnson does seeing other people get a slight electrical shock. He gets as much real "kick" out of it as the recipient of the shock receives.

Mr. J. H. says he has no faith in little girls any longer. One innocent-looking creature asked him to raise a steel screen for her. When he grabbed it he received a strong shock which made him unable to turn loose.

As the *Tar Heel* remarks, "Now that the seniors have had their pictures taken, at least the question of Christmas presents is settled."

Arguments of all sorts are evident nowadays. For instance, Mr. Blair and Miss Martin can't settle the question of which has the better car. Mr. Blair avers that something got wrong with his and when he opened up the exhaust pipe he found two or three Pontiacs lodging there.

The Country Club is entertaining the football boys. There's another reason for playing the great game.

Last issue of *Sky High*, Asheville's newspaper, came to our attention. This issue featured the Greensboro game. We have never seen a finer spirit shown than was manifest by the whole tone of the paper.

**The Christmas Spirit**

The Christmas holidays are near. To the majority of persons this means a period of joy and festivity. With us Christmas is a time for gaiety and pleasure, an occasion for the giving and receiving of presents, a season of gay colors, and social activities; all of which is as it should be. Nevertheless, in the midst of our festivities it is a wise policy not to overlook the fact that Christmas is a tribute to the precepts of the young teacher of Galilee.

There is an ever-present danger, in our hurry and scramble of life, to permit Christmas to become a mere traditional institution, a something which is because-it-is; and to lose sight of the true meaning of the occasion. A time of joy? Very good. In the application of the principles of Jesus of Nazareth there is an increased joy.

Just what do these principles incorporate? First they mean a spirit of fellowship, a love for mankind. More specifically, one might say that they imply a desire to aid one's fellowmen, to be a beneficent force in a civilization where much is harsh and brutally indifferent, a passion to make the world a better and more pleasant place in which to live.

Christmas, of all times, should diffuse an atmosphere of altruism and good will. The true Christmas spirit is pervaded by a feeling which may be a guiding star for the other three hundred and sixty-four days. At least during this season let individualism be replaced by communism in its broadest meaning.

After all, Christmas should reflect first those humanitarian principles which were inculcated by Him in whom it has its origin, Jesus of Nazareth.

**Our Community Chest**

We welcome into our school a new institution, that of the school community chest. The community chest idea is an old one; it is new in its application to our school.

The need of money has long been felt by many of our school organizations which do not have a suitable means of raising it. This need has been met in various ways; it has been a source of worry and trouble to many; it has dimmed the joy of doing things; it has held up the work of many activities. That this matter has been suitably settled so early in the school year is an accomplishment we should all take pride in; it was done by the wholehearted, sincere co-operation of every person in G. H. S.

We hope that this community chest will carry on; we also hope that it may be enlarged from year to year so that eventually the publications may be allowed to achieve their goal of sending delegates to New York to the Columbia Interscholastic Press Association.

Snow, the harbinger of Christmas time, has come for the first time. The Christmas spirit first seemed in evidence on the morning of a white landscape. We could imagine we heard the jingle of sleigh bells and the shouts of Christmas joy as we silently plodded through the snow. It was only a fancy; but a pleasant one, we believe, when only a cold remains to remind us of the first snowball.

**The Team**

There is no longer any need to dwell on the excellence of this season's Purple and Gold eleven. And though there is still ample occasion to praise there is little need for a poorly-expressed tribute when the more perfect expression is manifest throughout the whole student body. We know the team fought; we saw it fight at Asheville and at Chapel Hill. Because of the spirit of those energetic athletes that battled against the opponent team, we are proud, and all of us feel a strong desire to share their glory.

That game for the state championship has been played and won by an eleven of championship calibre. The coaches have worked, the men have struggled to perfect themselves, the cheer-leaders have given their best, and the student body has responded nobly in appreciation of these efforts. The season has been a great success—regrets, of course—but no bitterness.

We now look forward to the next season with great expectancy and high hopes for another "great" season.

**On Opinions**

It is an inalienable right of all men to express their opinions. Nevertheless, with this privilege they assume the responsibility of avoiding the destruction of harmless institutions for the mere purpose of gratifying a desire to put themselves before the public. The iconoclast who feels that it is his duty to challenge the soundness of every principle regardless of its ethical importance, is little more than a nuisance, and is undeniable abusing the sacred privileges of self-expression. To hold opinions is splendid; to challenge the justification of doubtful institutions is necessary; but to inveigh every petty phase of the status quo is uncalled for and certainly uncommendable.

Opinions should be formed slowly, carefully, and with a great deal of open-minded investigation. Every subject should be approached broadly and at the same time sifted thoroughly. We have too many half-baked theories on the part of inexperienced philosophers who burden the public with expressions on subjects in regard to which they are absolutely unqualified to judge. It is, as we have said, well for everyone to form opinions on all subjects with which he has contact but it is not well for him to attempt to inculcate all these.

There is an obvious need today for opinions—but opinions of a constructive nature. Opinions that will set free the masses from the bondage of ignorance and credulity; opinions that will lead men into untouched fields in the struggle against injustice; opinions that will give new hope and courage to a disillusioned world. For such opinions the world looks to the rising generation. To meet this expectancy it must qualify itself.

The circus revealed many things. Besides observing many teachers playing the ill-famed game, Bingo, we saw several coaches outbid boys on the box suppers. Of course, the only reason was the fact that the teachers possessed more money than the boys.

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS**



**EDUCATING THE EDITOR**

Our public schools are becoming so diversified in their activities that it seems to one observer that they are rather superficial in many respects. There are many activities with the same people taking part in them. Many students are attempting to do more things than a genius could ever hope to accomplish. There is a lack of concentration. As one person expressed it, "our school is going to seed. Many things are attempted, but none done well."

A public school supported by taxation is supposed to please persons of all tastes and likes. It is supposed to satisfy the genius and the backward student alike; it is supposed to satisfy the athlete and the scholar, the writer and the musician. One school attempting to do this cannot do it all well; it is too much to be undertaken by a single organization. Hence there is a conglomeration of activities; a melting pot of all talents, all likes, all abilities. The person of real ability often becomes discouraged; the stragglers hang on because they have to. The student who attempts to become "well-rounded" and take part in every activity often becomes superficial and unskilled.

I have an ideal for a school; it is different from any others because it is my own. I would have scholarship stressed above all other achievements in school; I would have everything subordinated to it; I would have it the ideal and vision of every student attending to become a real scholar, a man of learning. To me a school exists only in the studies which it offers its students; it exists only in the learning which it attempts to impart to its charges. When I say scholarship would be the ideal for the students I do not mean that grades would be worked for. In fact, I would have grades eliminated except for a pass or failure mark. It would be a school where everyone was interested in learning, in understanding the great complexities of life in so far as man is able, in knowing of the past history of man and its significance to the world of today. It would be a place where the curiosity was stimulated so as to make us want to study, want to learn of things with a zeal and a zest. Our joy, our spirit, our success, our ideal, would be our work. By it we would raise our standard of life and prepare to fight for a right to live.

Of course such a school could not have a winning football team or necessarily a winning debating team or a prize newspaper. Certainly there would be athletics, but only in so far as athletics achieve their purpose—that of

increasing the health and developing the body of the individual. Certainly there would be some form of literary work; it would grow out of the classroom work and the classroom attitude. Such a school would not be for musicians; those who wished to study music would have to go to a conservatory. There would be no place for the person interested in learning an industrial or mechanical trade; he would have to go to the proper place. The cultivation and growth of the mind would be supreme; everything else would be subordinate to this one aim.

They tell me that there is a college somewhat similar to this somewhere in Ohio; that is a place where scholarship and learning are stressed above athletic achievement and popularity. If there be such a college, may it progress and spread its doctrine to the world.

By proposing such a school as this I do not mean to belittle the athlete; I do not mean to say that those who do not have scholarship as their ideal do not have a place in a school. I only mean that such a diversified atmosphere, such a conglomeration program as is typical of the modern public school is not very conducive to thought or very incentive to the scholar. Somewhere in the bustle and scurry of things we seem to have lost sight of learning; we seem to have forgotten that there may be some in the world who desire to know above all other things.

It seems to me that there might be various types of public schools. There might be established, I believe, such a school as I have described. At the same time there could be manual art schools, music schools, and any which seemed to fill a real need. Our system of departments is supposed to take care of this matter, I suppose. But it seems to me that all these departments working under one head cannot accomplish their respective aims as well as if allied departments were allowed to work together in a school designed for one common purpose, that of producing a learned, well-informed, educated student—educated, I mean, in the sense that he had a desire to continue his studies and learn greater things.

We can still hear them vibrating in our ears; the cries of the ballyhoo men; the barkers; the ringing of cowbells; the tramping of feet; the bingo man shouting numbers; cries of the ticket man; the pleadings of the auctioneer; the noise and shouting of a mob. The circus is history now; the memory of the good time enjoyed at it still lingers.