

## HIGH LIFE

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

Founded by the Class of '21

CHARTER  
MEMBER



MARCH  
1925

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the  
Post Office, Greensboro, N. C.

## STAFF

Managing Editor . . . Dick Burroughs  
Editor . . . . . J. D. McNairy  
Business Manager . . . . . Ed Davant  
Ass't Business Mgr. . . . . Jack Kleemeir

## Associate Editors

Henry Biggs Louis Brooks  
Emma Griffin Clyde Norcom  
Carlton Wilder John M. Brown

## Assistant Editors

Elvie Hope Irene McFadyen  
Margaret Britton Margaret Betts

Art Editor . . . . . William Troxell

## Typists

Virginia Simmons Ruth Stinnett  
Jules Squires

## Reporters

Virginia McKinney Mary H. Robinson  
Mary L. Benbow M. Geoghegan  
Frances Cartland Eugenia Isler  
Margaret Kernodle Elvie Hope  
Helen Miles Ernest White

## Faculty Advisers

Mrs. Alma Garrett Coltrane  
Miss Nell Chilton  
Miss Mary Harrell



Mr. Phillips planned to teach a class and only two students signed up for it. We wonder what that signifies!

A warm welcome the freshmen received on a cold day. Some boys paddled many of them and then sent them sliding down the hill on the ice. When they returned the process was completed. We suppose the paddling was a little "warming up" exercise.

We have seen quite a few of our graduates around school still taking work. It seems that their love for the place has so endeared them to it that they can't leave it.

Speaking of sport and sporty costumes, how about the loud striped outfit that Miss Walker has been promenading around with lately?

It was a mad rush and fight at the book room the first day. Between rounds books were distributed and at a knockout the recipient of same made his way sadly back to the class room.

The fights raged so furiously that it was necessary to call the "big dog," as *The Reflector* calls him, down to settle things.

The debaters and declaimers are starting work now. With such a student body as we now have it seems that we might have more out for these things and more competition for the places, besides bigger audiences at the final contests.

There is a use for everything, we believe. For instance, we know one fellow who uses the old water tank to test out his strenght. The capacity is over 300 pounds of weight, so he may regulate it according to his mood.

## A Fitting Tribute

The fact that she made the highest average in her class for a period of four years shows what her teachers thought of her; her classmates showed their appreciation of her qualities by awarding her the cup for the best all-round student—the highest tribute in their hands to bestow.

Yet the fact that she won these distinguished awards does not add to her qualities or abilities. They testify to what she has been throughout her whole school life. For one cannot stage a final spurt in the last quarter and make a glorious slide into home and win these awards; they must be won slowly, consistently, steadily, and dependably. For in four years one's teachers have sufficient opportunities to find out one's abilities. In four years, one's classmates come to know one intimately and thoroughly; those of one's own age have the power somehow to get down to the truth of matters.

When we think of Ruth Lewis we always associate with her those qualities which go into the making of successful students and fine womanhood. We think of her ability to work willingly and efficiently; her cheerfulness and good nature; her personality and leadership; her quiet, unassuming manner; her powers as a student; her dependability and punctuality; her character and service. She is the type of student which we hope will be more plentiful in the schools of future years.

While she thought scholarship of great importance and worked for it, she has not been a bookworm and neglected other sides of life; she has been active in many things. Her selection as best all-round demonstrates her versatility.

We would characterize the awards presented to her as a recognition of her ability, nothing more. They were a fitting tribute to achievements; they were well earned and deserved.

## Mrs. Ashford's Return

After an absence of five months, Mrs. Mary S. Ashford is returning to resume her work as adviser to the *HIGH LIFE* staff. The staff looks forward to her return with eagerness, although the work of editing the paper has gone on very smoothly indeed during her absence. Mrs. Coletrane and Miss Chilton, who have been the advisers during the past semester, in spite of their comparative inexperience in the field, have taken hold of the work in exemplary fashion. They deserve a great deal of credit for any excellent qualities the issues of this term may have exhibited.

In her two years of teaching at Greensboro High School, Mrs. Ashford's chief interest, perhaps, has been in journalism and especially in the *HIGH LIFE* work. She has played her part enthusiastically, giving a generous measure of encouragement and inspiration and advice to the work of the editors.

A high school teacher, however, makes herself felt the most for good or bad through her personality. Ability and training will go far, but the final distance necessary to her success must be penetrated by personality alone. Mrs. Ashford has this quality in great degree.

## Continuing Toward an Ideal

Perhaps the greatest need of our school today, aside from the dire necessity of new buildings and equipment, is a creative department such as Asheville high schools have. We need more opportunities and incentives for students to develop their creative powers through writing or through other channels. It is true that we have had classes in journalism and dramatics for a few semesters, but there have not been enough of them nor has the creative line been expanded. We need a continuance and an enlargement of the type of work in creative English which Mr. Wunsch started here three years ago and which Miss Tillett is reviving in her creative English class this semester.

Asheville, we understand, in one of her schools has four teachers in this department, two of which devote their full time to creative work and two over half their time. We envy Asheville's opportunities; we believe we have just as fine ability; we need the development under teachers experienced in this line.

We wish Miss Tillett's work the greatest success possible and hope that it will enlarge and grow; we hope that it will bring some of the accomplishments which Mr. Wunsch's work seemed on the verge of bringing. Although our ideal seems to be Asheville's realization, we hope that we may attain it soon.

## Winter Fancies

From an aesthetic standpoint one might almost find the heart to wish that the disagreeable winter weather we have had so much of lately might continue the year around. Of course all the bright color tones of nature are dulled at such times, and there is little to regale the eye in an urban landscape; but the artifice of man, or to be more exact, woman, more than makes up for the deficiency. The costumes that modern young ladies don on rainy or snowy days make an appeal to the aesthetic sense that is heightened by the contrast of the background's dullness. Peering half-blindly through a stinging coud of mist one will frequently discern a group of college girls tripping merrily along. One's heart will leap within him figuratively and literally at the sight of these graceful shapes encased in gaudy raincoats. Their eyes sparkle; their cheeks are bewitchingly flushed; they plunge along gaily, huge galoshes flopping about their feet.

Why do girls seem so much more attractive in these costumes? Is it the bizarre, romantic atmosphere thrown about them by the brilliant, tightly belted coat and loose awkward galoshes, strangely reminiscent of the jack boots worn by pirates of story and song? Is it the adventurous air with which they carry themselves in stormy weather—youth flaunting itself brazenly in the face of nature's wrath, heedless of tragedy around the corner? Some scholar might be able to answer these questions. We find our powers of analysis temporarily paralyzed. We can only admire.

After the first day assignments, we believe that we will have enough work to do the rest of the year.

## A HAPPY SEMESTER



## EDUCATING THE EDITOR

Keats tells us that "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," yet we are all familiar with the old phrases, "the ugly truth" and the "truth is what hurts." A paradox, it seems. But one is the utterance of a poet who saw with a divine insight and the others are the ramble of a prosaic mass. Beauty is more within us than without; it all depends on our point of view; it is a state of mind, so to speak. A delicate perception of it is an accomplishment which one may gain through training. A proper appreciation comes through feeling and inborn understanding which, when given utterance to, marks one as a poet.

The instinct for the beautiful lies dormant in all of us. It is in different degrees of concentration. Yet there is something primitive in our very being that wants and seeks and thirsts for beauty. There is something in our make-up that seems to have a close connection with the beautiful. Beauty is universal and immortal; it is not patented nor copyrighted by any nation or tribe; it is not bounded by any unbreakable fortifications. It pervades the whole range of the spheres; some of us seek it out and seem to find it; others do not.

Dark and sinister tales are revealed about the researches of our science instructors. Foreboding rumors of their trials, successes, and failures come to our ears. Gradually the truth leaks out and we stand in possession of some great fact regarding the making of explosions that won't explode or the conservation of our sugar supply through the exhaustion of our soda supply.

Aside from the fact that one of our learned dissertators on the art of mixing chemicals and mud carried on some researches which yielded him nitroglycerine that would not explode under the highest temperature of heat and the greatest conditions of shock, there was a yarn let loose about another brother in science who tried to conserve the sugar supply.

It seems that our friend's wife was making some applesauce. He went into the kitchen and essayed to render a little help along with some suggestions. He reasoned that the apples contained acid and would therefore be sour; why not add a base, say soda, to them and neutralize the effect, thus saving the amount of sugar needed. Since his wife was rather skeptical about its application, he tried the plan. Not knowing the proper proportions to mix, he used his wildest guesses and proceeded to add soda to the apples.

When the cooking process was completed, there was found a colorless, odorless, tasteless, sticky substance which was five times the original volume. Upon inserting it and attempting mastication, it was found that the volume continued to swell. However, our hero ate it all and swore by the living gods that it was the best thing he had ever tasted. However, he did not repeat the experiment.

To those who think that romance is dead, we would say, "Read the story of Halliburton's wanderings as he has told them in two charming books." Here one will find the very spirit of youth and romance personified. Here he will roam the moonlit nights and enjoy the classic beauty of old ruins; here one will get a glimpse of a man who really lives in the enjoyment of life.

It is not given to all of us to have the money or the opportunities of young Halliburton, to travel and enjoy romance under the moonlight that pervades historic and traditional places. But we must tread the way of a prosaic life that leads to bare existence.

Our trouble is in our method of thinking. Where we think there is romance, there will we find it; where we look for the full enjoyment and appreciation of things, we will find it. As Arnold said, "The aids to noble life are all within." The opportunities and abilities are ours; that we do not apply them is our loss.

The influx of the army of freshmen has made the old school look plumb dizzy with over twelve hundred people swarming around where only eight hundred ought to be. Traffic conditions are such as compare with big cities; jams are frequent. Congestion is the thing in order. It will take a master mind with organizing ability to arrange things so that we may find our way around school through the jungle of people.

## DELEGATES TO ATTEND COLUMBIA CONVENTION

The Columbia Interscholastic Press Association, under the auspices of Columbia University, will hold its annual convention in New York City March 9 to 11. As usual *HIGH LIFE* and *Homespun* will enter the contest to determine the leading high school publications of the United States.

The delegates from G. H. S. have not yet been chosen. Neither has it been definitely determined just how many representatives will attend, though the number will probably be about the same as last year.