

**HIGH LIFE**

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One of the joys of being a senior: you get to take the long intelligence tests which reveal one's lack of intelligence.

It seems that John had quite a time making it burn. But under the circumstances things ought to have been rather warm.

If the debaters don't settle the question of farm relief, at least some other school will relieve us of the Aycock cup.

At least one thing good about the tests: we missed three classes.

One advantage of the new publications room: there is a better view of the college from up there and at the same time music from the first floor floats up.

Aside from the long list of honors that Dick received before becoming president of the senior class, he has been one of our "unofficial" workers on the paper; that is, he drops in to chat a while and we put him to work.

We wish the classes every success in putting out the next issues of the paper; however, we warn them that it is not an easy job. You just sort of have to get the "hang of it" and then it comes easy.

As one of our contributors says, he can produce so many pages of "bull" (it's his own term for "copy") in a given length of time he has become so used to it.

"The bone twisters and leather pushers have made their appearance at the high school," writes a contemporary. Sounds like a packing house! However, it really is packed for that matter.

**The New President**

While regret is expressed over the decision of the senior president to resign, the members of the class feel that they have a most capable man in Dick Douglas, who succeeds to the presidency. He is experienced in the work, having been president of his class during the last semester of his junior year.

As a leader Dick has had few equals in high school life; a more versatile person is not to be found in school. He has distinguished himself in many branches of work; he has participated in sports, music, dramatics, literary work, and has received the highest honors in scout work.

Perhaps no person in school has as many friends as he; his keen sense of humor and pleasing personality have made him a welcome member of any organization or group. His presence at a gathering of students always livens up things.

One cannot describe him truthfully without seeming to be over-prejudiced in his favor. He has won his way into the hearts of his classmates as few other students have ever done. He is most capable in every respect. We wish him the greatest success in his new office.

**The Convention**

The delegates who attend the Columbia Interscholastic Press Association's convention this year in New York representing our publications will not come home bearing cups or shields as prizes which the papers have won; no cups are being given; honors are to be won, but not prizes.

Officials in charge of the convention have realized the utter impossibility of picking one paper out of the hundred or more submitted and saying that that one is the best one published, as good papers differ only by very fine points which are hardly discernable. Yet they also realize that there are certain high standards of journalism which a paper or magazine can measure up to. So this year there will be ribbons awarded to the ranking publications in the several classes.

There will not be one paper selected and awarded the ribbon for being the best, but a group of publications in each class, as many as deserve it, will be awarded a blue ribbon if they are among the best submitted, a red ribbon if they are among the next best, and a white ribbon if they are among the third best. In this way high standards in many papers will be recognized and honored instead of merely commending three papers which are chosen by intangible qualities.

We wish to offer no alibi if our publications do not win an award of any ribbon. Yet we would like the fact known that this year we are entering class A, which includes all schools with an enrollment of 1,000 or more. Heretofore we have been competing with schools that have less than 1,000 students but more than 500. We have high hopes of winning honors; however, if we do not, we will not be disappointed.

The modern battle cry: On to New York!

**Get Acquainted**

Someone said that there were only four hundred people in New York who were of any importance, so O. Henry wrote "The Four Million."

There are in G. H. S. something over twelve hundred students. Some small portion of this number rise to a position of comparative fame; at any rate, everybody in school knows who they are, and most everybody knows them by sight.

There are a lot of students, however, who never become generally known, and who most likely never know very many folks. There's nothing the matter with these people, they make perfectly good friends, but just the same they remain comparatively obscure. This is a general situation. In consequence, the school lacks that atmosphere of fellowship which should pervade the campus and class-room life.

Let's get out and meet these folks; let's become better acquainted. It doesn't cost anything and may prove decidedly helpful. Why not try to know all of the twelve hundred? Of course this can't be done literally, but at least we can know a lot more students than we do. Let's try it.

**A Modern Trend**

A comparison of the number of students taking elective subjects now and the number who took those same subjects several years ago reveals interesting changes in the high school student's choice.

We are told that higher mathematics is gaining greatly in popularity as witnessed by the fact that all the sections were filled this semester. Latin is diminishing in popularity. It seems that the students have chosen to get the disciplinary value of Latin from the study of math and to forego the aesthetic and cultural value of the classic language for more practical things. Students are realizing the value higher math will be to them in college.

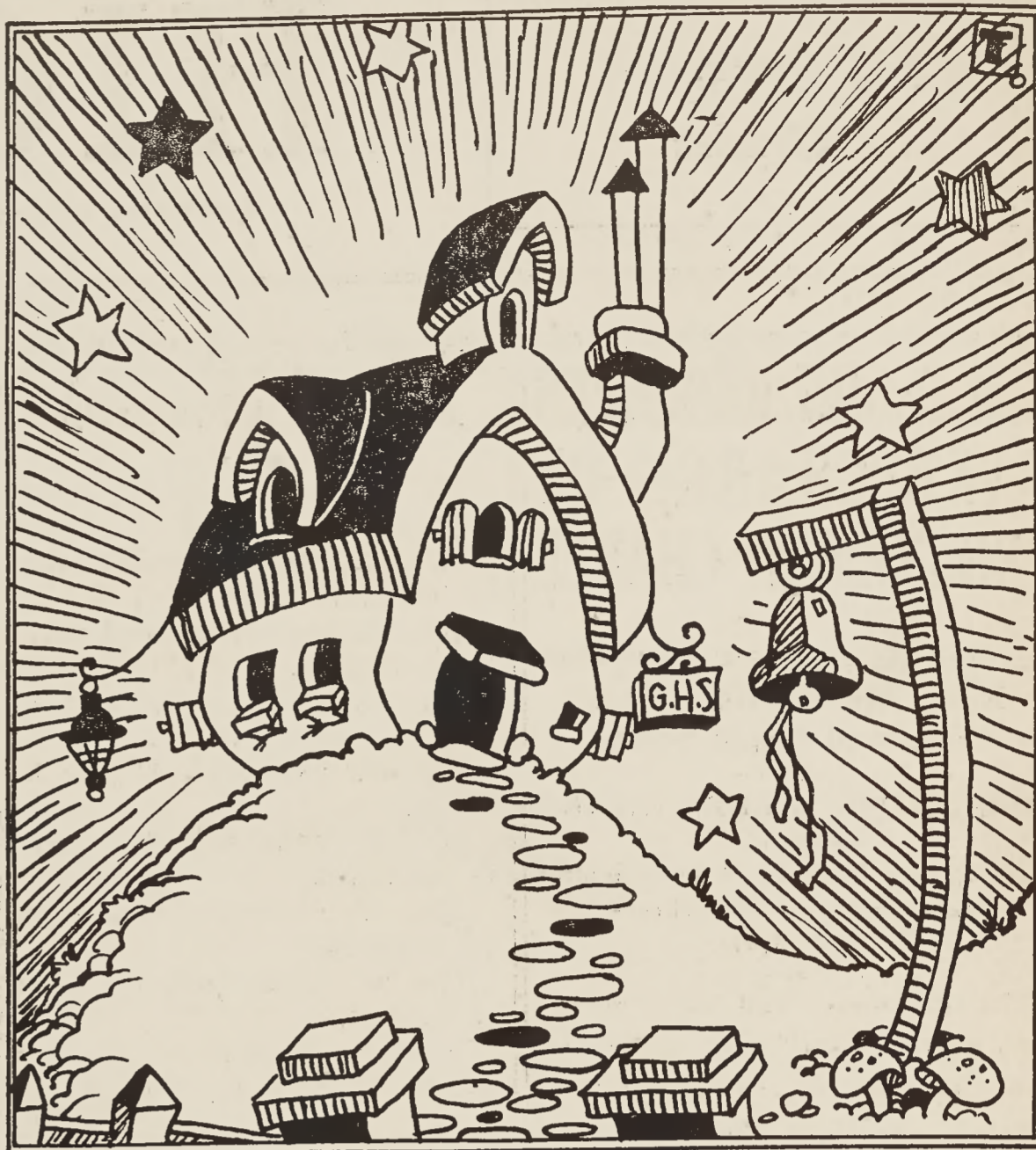
Also there has been a great increase in the percentage of students taking the sciences, particularly physics and chemistry. This reveals the tendency of the age to make everything scientific.

Perhaps the greatest increase has been in the number of students taking commercial subjects; this semester was limited only by the facilities which were available. The greatest rush was for the typing classes. Thus the pupils are realizing the necessity of being prepared before going out into the business world.

It seems that the swing is decidedly toward scientific subjects and those that will be of most value in college. The warning of those who have gone before unprepared is not falling on deaf ears.

Wanta' get off for a party?  
See Miss Mitchell.  
Did you skip?  
See Miss Mitchell.

Miss Mitchell is the student's friend, especially the girls' friend. When you need help in any way—see Miss Mitchell. She is always willing and glad to see you. If you have no one to share your troubles with—see her. She can always find a way. Her duty is to advise and help the students in any way, and she is ready to aid—so see Miss Mitchell with a smile!



"The Little Red School House"  
(Slightly Packed)

**EDUCATING THE EDITOR**

It was an insignificant fact to most people to read of the death of Thomas Hardy, the greatest English writer of modern times. Insignificant to them because they, more than likely, did not realize who he was or what place he held in the world. Hardy's novels have not been the best sellers of the day nor the most popular; he was not a writer to appeal to the great majority. He is totally unknown to those who breeze over the popular third rate fiction, read the fashionable magazines, and call themselves well read. He appeals to those too few people who read literature for its own sake, who find in it something more than mere pastime, who seek an understanding of life through the study of characters created by the brain of a master mind.

No person can call himself well informed or well educated who is not thoroughly familiar with Hardy's work. He stands at the peak of modern achievement in literature. His creations are so perfect that they will forever remain a model to all ages.

It was given to Hardy to live the full span of a lifetime. He has devoted his time to literature for over 60 years; his philosophy has become seasoned with the wisdom of age; yet it has become essentially unchanged from the time he began writing. His deep insight into human nature places him among the very few writers who have ever seemed to get down to the real life underneath the surface; who have written of things so vital we can say that they represent universal life.

Loved and honored by a world that had come to recognize his ability, he passed on to England's illustrious company of immortals. It seems a tragedy that one with such a mind and intellect as he possessed should ever grow old and the heart refuse to function.

One session room was having a meeting to elect new officers. The old chairman rose and took charge, saying, "Well, I guess you all know that I have expired as your president." From the back of the room came a voice, "Are you speaking from the grave now?"

One teacher told her class that it is contended that high school students do not think. One guilty student rose with the remark, "I don't see why it is contended; I thought it was a known fact." Perhaps, as the old saying goes, there is more truth than poetry in it,

for assuredly the remark was not couched in very poetic language.

Not only is the high school student accused of not thinking, but the accusation is made of the whole modern world. Most of us, it is said, only day dream and think we are thinking. At least we deceive ourselves into the opinion that we have master thoughts passing through our brains.

Then the thought occurs to us, or rather the phrase re-occurs, that life is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel, as it has been said by some person. Yet few of us feel much except when a pin sticks us or some absent-minded student leaves a thumb tack in our desk; thus we conclude that life is a tragedy, especially since we have felt so keenly. Most of us just are; we neither think about it nor contend about it, nor feel about it; it is; so be it.

Yes, sir, we're going to New York. We're gonna march right up there and let the world know who we are. We're gonna see the sights, take in the shows, and attend the convention. We're gonna be educated, as they say traveling is educational. At least we will spend money and make an attempt.

Of course, when we enter the dear old city we won't expect a welcome like Lindbergh's, nor do we think that all the traffic jam, and people, skyscrapers, subways, and such are going to stop one minute for us or even notice our presence, but just the same we are going to greet the old city with a cheer for we've always wanted to see it and pay it our respects. We're accomplishing an old ambition: to travel to the great melting pot of the world.

We probably won't have a trip like Halliburton's; at least we don't expect to fall in love over once or twice during the short stay. We'll not beat our way on the railroads like he alleges he did in India; the only reason we won't is we fear we couldn't get away with it. We won't climb the Woolworth from the outside at night or do stunts on top of the Statue of Liberty. We'll not even try to sneak by the policeman at the subway stations. We are going to take it tame; we don't expect to startle Greenwich Village or even get taken into the brotherhood of artists while we're there.

However, just the same we're gonna see New York; we're gonna do it up large.