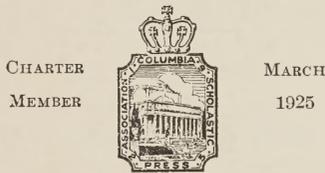


HIGH LIFE

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Wisdom comes with age. Witness the fact that several of the seniors are cutting wisdom teeth. Clarence Cone particularly is afflicted; but he says he doesn't know a bit more than he did when he was a freshman. It isn't the old school's fault, though; he's been exposed like the rest of us.

Scene: Miss Walker's chicken house. Time: One night not long ago. Characters: One of our "dear teachers," the intruder, alias the pet coon from the fire station. Action: Swift, loud, nervous, and to the point, scratching and counter-attack. Climax: Miss Walker arrives and saves the day. The coon is trapped. A gentleman calls for him and carries him away. The nervous excitement of two frightened ladies. Curtain.

The musicians carry off the trophies at N. C. C. W., the cinder path stars walk away with the honors in all the meets, and the publications bring home the prizes in the literary contests. The old school seems to be stepping out all around. She has taking ways, to say the least.

It's a fine thing to visit New York, but it's mighty hard on our grades.

Add this to your list of hard luck tales. Several boys signed up to take the state math examination because they thought they would be excused from at least two classes. However, due to the late arrival of the questions, they missed two study periods and lunch period.

The Coming Election

Within a few short weeks we will choose the president of the student body for next year. This is without a doubt the most important election we hold each year; we confer upon one person the highest honor it is within our power as students to give; we select one person for a big job next year, that of directing the student council and its work in a student body of over twelve hundred. It is therefore expedient that we act with wisdom and consideration in this matter. We should probe our reasoning powers to the depth and exercise common sense and foresight.

Where shall we turn for a man to fill the job and how shall we know when we have found him? We recognize the fact that upon the president of the council rests the responsibility of executing the plan of student government. If we make a right selection, then this form of student privilege will endure; if we choose wrongly, it is likely to pass away, or at least lose its influence and importance in the student life of the school.

First of all let us choose a man for the job who stands high in scholarship. This phase of school life merits more recognition than it receives. We are apt to forget scholarship in the excitement of a heated campaign in our anxiety to choose "one of the gang." If a student applies himself to his studies and succeeds in keeping his scholarship well above the average, then we have all reason to believe that he is more likely to succeed in a job such as this than is the student who neglects his studies for other things. Of course we should not vote on scholarship alone, but supposing all other things being equal with two candidates, then the one with the higher average should be our choice.

Let us hope that scholarship will be a large factor in all our elections this spring. Let's hope that we as students will recognize and reward this quality in our fellow students.

Four More Weeks

In four short weeks this school year will be a matter of history. Our grades will have been determined; our failure or passing marked up to our account. We will turn our eager hopes toward the enjoyment of a vacation.

For many of us this is a vital time in determining our credit for the semester's work. Just now our grades are an even break; the matter of our final average will be determined by the work we do during these short weeks. If we apply ourselves diligently, then all will be well; if not, then thereby hangs another outcome.

Spring fever may have us in its grip; the lure of the out of doors may be too strong for us to overcome. To play the games we love may cause us to neglect our school work. It is a vital time in our semester's work. It is a simple matter of whether we want to work or not; if we do, then all will be well if we do our job earnestly now; if we do not, then nothing will come of us in this world.

It was quite a coincidence that all the negative teams from the larger cities won in the debate, thus eliminating these cities from the finals.

The Mikado

After the success of the music students in the state contest, the whole school has experienced a re-awakening of interest in the activities of this department. We knew all the time that Mr. Miller was doing a fine piece of work with the students; but we were not aware that the whole department was of such a high order.

It is with a keen interest that the whole school is awaiting the presentation of "The Mikado." In the past we have been pleased and entertained with the two light operas that have been presented, the "Belle of Barcelona" two years ago, and the "Pirates of Penzance" last year. Both drew capacity audiences and favorable comments from the press.

According to reliable sources the coming opera will be far superior to the others. It is considered the masterpiece of the famous composers, Gilbert and Sullivan. It is well adapted to high school presentation. With the improvement of the musicians in technique and performance the final production will be one of beauty and merit.

Dr. Thomas Hume

Among the teachers of North Carolina no man ever stood higher than Dr. Thomas Hume. While possessing great executive ability, being a leader of the first order, he was primarily a teacher. While professor of English and literature at the University of North Carolina Dr. Hume brought the students who came under him a depth of spiritual insight, a love for the highest and best, and an acquaintance with the great masterpieces of literature which they could acquire in a like manner under no one else.

Although a native of Virginia, Dr. Hume gave to North Carolina the best years of his life. He was a recognized leader in the field of education in this state long before men like Aycock, McIver, and Alderman gained any prominence. For twenty-six years he devoted himself to his work at the University. During this time he carried an amazing number of classes, delivered lectures in many sections of the state, preached sermons wherever he was asked, and spoke far and wide in the interest of education.

Born in Virginia, Dr. Hume attended a preparatory school for college. His collegiate work was completed and he began teaching. When the Civil War came along he enlisted and saw actual service in the field. After the war he served in various places as a teacher, a preacher, and once as president of a small college. In 1887 he became a professor at the University and remained there until his death in 1912.

Outstanding among his work was his organization of the first Y. M. C. A. in the college. He helped to write the constitution for this body and remained active in it all his life.

Dr. Hume will long be remembered for the masterful work that he did. Many of his students are the leading men of our state today. They came under his influence and reflect his teachings throughout all their acts. His was a work that will endure.

THE MIKADO—DON'T MISS IT!



EDUCATING THE EDITOR

What a relief! Those class issues were a life-saving time to ye editor. He could never have kept up the strain during the past two months when the old world has been whizzing around so dizzily for him. The classes put variety and spice in the issues, to say nothing of the experience that the editors gained from their work. Many new ideas came to this writer and he can realize now how much better the paper could have been.

Ye editor has been having a time of it all. Between New Yorking, standing examinations, viewing the capital city, debating, and the various other activities besides the regular work, he has hardly had time for a breathing spell. It is with reluctance that he gets back to this job of putting out a paper. It is not alluring in the least. After slinging words for a year he still finds it quite a task to keep it up at high pressure speed. After two weeks of leisure in the big city he finds it hard to get back to commonplace things; after eight weeks of rest from newspapering, he finds it mighty nigh impossible to take up the pen and begin to throw the ink. It is triply hard with the joys of seniorhood thrust upon him—that of writing term papers.

The scene was intensely dramatic. Hamlet was speaking to his mother. Suddenly a noise behind a curtain made the hero suspect something foul. Whipping out his sword and crying, "A rat! A rat!" he thrust it through the curtain and killed—not the villain but an innocent eavesdropper. However, the sword proved to be a stick with a rather rough end on it. The aim of the player impersonating Hamlet was poor. As a result poor Polonius suffered a scratched nose which caused him to leave the stage after being slain. For several days Gordon sported the wounded nose. Hamlet, unsuspecting the tragedy, continued the play and brought it to a triumphal close; then Miss Tillet's English class was over for the day.

A mysterious character is often the subject of conversation around the publication room. She is discussed by boys in particular; yet everyone, except a few, is mystified by her name and the vague allusions to her. Just how she came into the conversations of so many of the boys, no one knows—that is, no one tells exactly. In the same breath with her name the conversationalists mention Minnesota, beautiful eyes, charming letters, unanswered appeals, pictures of alluring beauty, and a girl of infinite charm. It

seems that two or three are engaged in the letter writing contest; each rivals for her attention. They speak with a vague, far-off meaning when mentioning her name; they dare not even whisper her name or address for it is feared that others may take up the habit of letter writing and alienate her pen. They mildly whisper, "Sylvia," and we wonder, and others wonder, and all for us are mystified.

Perhaps the distinguished editor, Mr. Wilder, could throw some light on the above subject. He speaks with a somewhat keener knowledge of the situation than any of the other boys. It has been suggested, and we second the idea, that an investigation committee be appointed to probe the mysteries of this "Sylvia" episode. Will some one enlighten us on the subject? Ask Mr. Wilder the particulars, and press the matter.

New York received our delegation; it seemed that the whole town came to the station to meet us; when we mentioned the fact, however, some one told us that a crowd stayed there all the time. But there wasn't any welcoming committee and the mayor didn't present us with the keys to the city; we later saw the key on display; it could be bought for a whole dime; but of course it wouldn't work as there was no gate to the city.

Going up Broadway we thought the city had turned out for us to parade by; we joined the ever moving throng and waited for the cheers. There weren't any; it seems that there is always a parade, if you choose to call it that, and there are always crowds of people on the street as though it were a holiday. Again we felt insignificant in the melting pot of souls.

There were slot machines everywhere. We couldn't lose them. Everything from food to transportation could be purchased by dropping a nickel in the slot and turning the crank. The only thing which can't be bought in New York from a slot machine is lodging for the night. Everything else is on display waiting for some one to drop in the coin and turn the crank. We looked for a place where we could drop in some money and receive an education while we waited; we found none.

Dawn of tomorrow—what will it bring? The outcome of events tomorrow depends on the preparation of today. The best preparation is a clean record which is invariably the result of a strong character.—*Manual Arts Weekly, Los Angeles, Calif.*