

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.

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It's Settled

Heretofore the responsibility of publishing the Reflector has been left on the hands of about three students and the faculty head. The few who have had to carry this burden wondered if the Reflector was really worth the price that they had to pay.

A rather heated debate followed. The general opinion seemed to be that the Reflector was almost a part of the graduating exercises. After four long years of struggle something more than a diploma was wanted—something to picture high school life.

The question was put to a vote, and it was almost unanimously decided to have the Reflector. More than this, each person voting for the publication pledged his whole-hearted support. This fact leads us to believe that the discussion has been very beneficial.

We hope that we will have a Reflector representing the work of the entire class of '29.

G. H. S. Included

The lyceum course presented at N. C. C. this year will bring to Greensboro some of the finest speakers appearing on the American lecture platform. Sherwood Anderson, sometimes called America's foremost story teller; Alfred Noyes, the noted English poet; William Beebe, the naturalist, and a number of other men known in literary circles, as well as philosophers and authorities on various problems of vital interest at the present time, will speak during the season.

Although this course is presented primarily for the benefit of the college students, its interest and instructive value to high school pupils can not be exaggerated. By taking advantage of this program the student can come into contact with the finest minds of the present, and listen to men and women who are molders of public thought. High school pupils are prone to feel that such discussions as these are beyond them and hold little or no interest for youth. Any one, however, who heard Will Durant when he spoke last fall must speedily have had this idea dispelled.

Here is an opportunity which one can not afford to miss, and in this we include the students of G. H. S.

Respect the Aged

By the fall of 1929 an imposing group of five new buildings may be seen in the city—Greensboro High School! These buildings will no doubt surpass our own dreams; at any rate, they will be something for us to point to with pride and a feeling of ownership.

There seems to be some doubt in the minds of the older citizens of Greensboro as to whether or not we will be worthy of such a school. They probably think that we have been in "barns" for so many years that we shall not realize the value of our new surroundings. The value of material things is something that we have had to learn in high school. Most normal beings have a sense of appreciation for the beautiful. We refrain from destroying new things. Yet, after all, our surroundings may have caused us to become careless. The buildings are old and ugly, therefore we mark on the walls and desks; we forget the waste baskets; and the terraces make excellent steps.

Old G. H. S., what a wonderful thing it would be if each student would show you the respect due to old age.

THERE'S AN ART

(An interview with Ernest Hunt) "It's easy to catch rides," says Ernest Hunt.

"Tell me an incident, Hunt," begged the reporter.

"Wanta hear about how I bummed to Asheville?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered, "but wait till I get paper and pencil."

"Well," Ernest began, "we left here Friday at 4 o'clock—"

"Good-night, Hunt, don't start off that way. You know how Miss Tillett hates that. Every speech in this high school related to travel starts off 'We left here such-and-such a day at such-and-such a time.' Pardon me for interrupting, please."

"Well, we left here at 4 o'clock Friday and walked as far as N. C. C. W."

I gasped. "All the way to the college? Why, that's five, six, seven, eight—it's eight blocks from school! But wait"—as my senses slowly returned—"whom do you mean by we?"

"I mean Syd Ogburn and myself."

It seems as though Syd and Hunt had started to "bum" to Asheville to see the game. They got as far as the college when they were picked up by a Chrysler and taken to Salisbury. After resting there for about 10 minutes, a Pontiac picked them up and left them in Charlotte. From Charlotte they went to Gastonia.

They didn't leave Gastonia that day. Hunt says: "It's a one-horse town, and the horse is out of town. Believe me, that's one town not to get stranded in."

While waiting on the corner to get picked up we were requested three times to visit the Gaston county jail. The last time we got out it was 1:00 a. m.

They were told to vamose if they didn't want to spend the night in jail. So they vamosed—to the depot. At 6:00 a. m. they caught a ride to Kings Mountain in a Ford. This car, if such it could be called, was so ancient that three full stops had to be made. From there they got on a G.M.C. truck and made slightly better time. They quit the truck at Shelby and grabbed a ride in a "Chevey"—an old model. Here they made even better time—in fact they averaged 10 miles an hour. And at that the gas was pushed plumb to the footboard. But they finally got to Asheville.

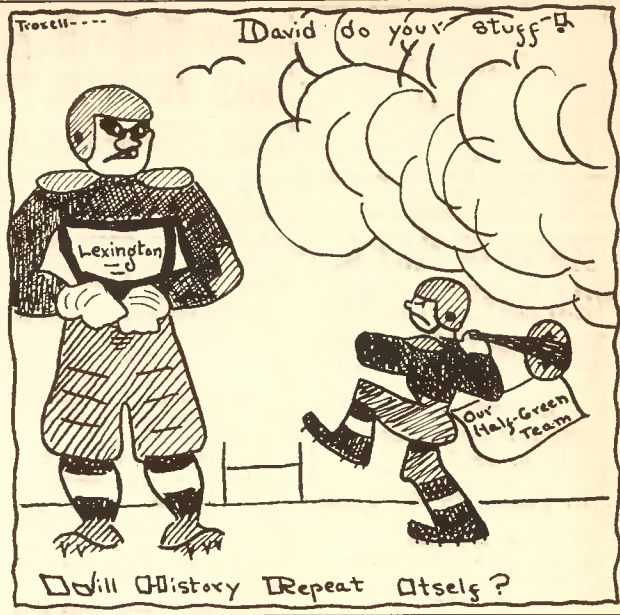
You all know how the game came out. All the scrubs were used and even Syd had a suit slapped on 'im and was rushed into the game to play for about 10 minutes. Hunt crashed the gate by claiming to be a cheer leader.

"They would've had some good yells, too, only nobody was there to yell," said Hunt.

They went from Asheville to Chimney Rock in a new Ford going at 63 per around mountains and over washouts. They rode in a brand new Studebaker President to Charlotte. From Charlotte they walked almost to Concord.

But later Hunt confessed it was "only" two miles. Then they came to Greensboro in an old Dodge. On the last lap they became bored, so they devised the amusement of counting Hoover and Al Smith tags on cars. Hoover won by 3 to Smith's 77. These two amateur "bums" beat the train back.

Didn't Winston bring over a carload of snappy rooters. They kept up a continual "howl" and made the game lots more interesting. We'll say you've got the spirit, "Camel City."



THE BEACON

We cannot help liking a person who is willing to go out of his way to help others by rendering some service. There are mighty few of us who will give up our good times to help someone else. However, Carl Kellam is one of those few dependable people. This year Carl is one of the typists for HIGH LIFE. Not once has he failed to work as long as possible, helping to get the paper out, and lightening the work of others. We know where to go when we want something done, and we know how hard it would be to get a finer worker than Carl.

The Torchlight Society selected as its leader for the coming year, Mary Bally Williams. We wonder if anything could have been more appropriate when we consider the fact that the society stands for scholarship, leadership, service, and character.

From the day that John Foster became the president of the freshman class, until this, his senior year, he has been a leader. Because of his ability and willingness to work, his classmates have elected him to many responsible positions. He is editor-in-chief of the Reflector, member of the Hi-Y Club, and a member of the Debating Club. He was vice-president of semester 7 and has played on class basketball and soccer teams.

HOW THINGS CHANGE

Greensboro has long been an educational center, but few are acquainted with the fact that our present high school site has overlooked educational institutions for more than a century. The Edgeworth School for Girls was probably the nearest school to the present location. Governor J. M. Morehead, who was governor in 1840, founded the school. He had long seen a need for a woman's school and so this was a realization of his dream. This school was located on the corner of West Market and Edgeworth streets and for a number of years was a center of learning for southern "dames."

When the old Edgeworth School was burned about 75 years ago, there were only a few pieces of furniture saved. An old hand-carved piano is the only piece in Greensboro, and it is the property of Mrs. Joseph Morehead on Eugene Street.

Across the street where the Masonic Temple is located was Miss Lina Porter's school for boys. It was here that O. Henry first went to school. But not just from Greensboro patronized this school, but those from all over the state.

Even before our present site overlooked these institutions, the old Salisbury road passed through here. This was in 1789 and in 1781 Cornwallis retreated over this road and surrendered to General Greene at Yorktown.

SIDE-SWIPES

"Bill Jones" has certainly caused quite a sensation. We are not surprised by this fact, for his catchy sayings are certainly interesting and valuable. Watch the cards from week to week, and let Bill give you some good advice.

GET BEHIND ME, FRESHMAN

As I was going up the Northern stairs the other day, I met a bunch of freshmen coming Down the other way.

They started blocking traffic And a-shoving down the steps, And I thought they surely were a bunch Of inconsiderate "cheps."

I guessed that they were freshmen 'Cause the other folks in school That were over here a year ago Obey the traffic rule.

Now last year our traffic rule Was heartily indorsed; But if we're going to keep that rule It ought to be enforced.

The pep and enthusiasm shown at the Winston game is well worth mentioning. That's the way to do it folks! Come on out and back that team.

A MORNING ROLL CALL

I love to lay in bed at morn; The blankets seem so nice and warm. So I roll over, Close my eyes, And dream that I'm in paradise. The alarm clock Goes oz-o-o-o-l-l-l. That means that I'm To dress for school. So I jest yawn, and roll on out, And touch the icy floor, But I'm most used to that. I've felt it often before. Then when I'm in the school room, I'm sleepy! Oh, my dear—! And when the teacher calls my name I say, "Ho-hum! Ma'm? Oh! Yes'm—here!"

ACCORDING TO LAW

Some of us couldn't exactly understand why the teachers should be so anxious that we have a copy of the "Primer of Traffic Laws for Use in Public High Schools." Others of us probably understood. Nevertheless, we all agree that we could learn quite a bit from them. If you haven't read the little pamphlet yet, you might take a few minutes off.

While we are on the subject of traffic, we might remember that there are certain rules which are very important concerning the halls and stair of G. H. S. Please let us all co-operate with the teachers in this matter, and make things easier for everybody. Let us make our way through a traffic according to law!