

# High Life

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THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL  
Greensboro, N. C.

Founded by the Class of '21

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## LEE H. EDWARDS

### Our New Principal

We welcome Mr. Edwards. We did not select him to be our principal; in fact, Mr. Guy Phillips' leaving just as we were getting comfortable in our love and affection for him so mused up our thinker that we were really not capable of selecting a second lover to take the place of our first love.

We know how it all happened. The folks in Salisbury had to have a superintendent. They wanted a good one; but if they will love Mr. Phillips as we loved him and really, truly "mind him," we expect to see Salisbury schools grow.

Mr. Archer, who seems to spend all of his days and all of his nights doing his level best to keep us supplied with the finest, sincerest, most truly qualified, and most up-to-date teachers, saw our confusion and need.

The folks in Greensboro had to have a high school principal. They wanted a good one. The outstanding efficiency and successful past experience of Mr. Edwards stood out and simply reminded Mr. Archer that he was the one man in North Carolina for the principalship.

Near our State Capital is a little village christened Holly Springs. It was in this quiet little vale in the heart of North Carolina that Lee H. Edwards was born on the twenty-fourth day of January, 1894. His boyhood days, made happy and contented by being filled with work and high ideals, were spent in the freedom of the country until 1912 when he graduated "cum laude" from the village high school.

Then four years of efficient student life were spent at the University of North Carolina from which institution he graduated in 1916. Back on the old records at the University we trace the story of his student days and find that even there in spite of the daily routine and grind of work and business, he always found time to touch humanity with that understanding sympathy and uplifting power that has made him the hero and ideal of so many boys in this state. In the Y. M. C. A. and as an assistant instructor in the Science Department during his Senior year, he gained valuable experience for the great days ahead of him.

During the intervening years between his graduation days and the time he came to our Gate City five years ago, he was a member of the Science Department of Winston-Salem High School and there he gained much valuable experience as teacher.

When America took over the task of ending the World War, Mr. Edwards joined the navy.

In 1919 Mr. Edwards joined the Science Department of Greensboro High School and spent two very successful years as Science teacher and friend to the high school boys and girls; then he was honored with the principalship of the Caldwell School. His efficiency and success in this position proved him to be the one man in North Carolina best fitted to lead the older boys and girls of our Central High School up the pathway of knowledge, culture and Christian citizenship.

Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic of this well-rounded man is his keen understanding of youth and his deep and lasting influence on the citizenship of the boys and girls who pass under his administration. He has shown them his ideal of a good citizen by example, and he expects everybody to live up to the standard he has set. It is true that friendliness and sincere love for every boy and girl is the one attribute of character that has made him beloved among the youth of Greensboro; but these traits do not conflict in the least with his stern disapproval of anything that is not fair, honest and straight forward. He never hesitates to express his disapproval of anything that is not wholesome and good. This sternness of purpose mixed with that truly compassionate spirit of friendliness and of love of human souls has made him a great master-builder of citizens. Always he finds time to help his pupils as well as his teachers with any problem however large or small. This mutual confidence, loyalty and helpfulness has always brought sincere, sympathetic, and mutual co-operation throughout his humanity workshop.

## GUY B. PHILLIPS

### An Old Friend

Some time in July we all read in the *Daily News* of the election of Mr. Phillips to the superintendent's position in Salisbury. We knew that we had lost a fine leader, but we did not feel this loss so keenly until the first day of school. Everybody was searching out familiar faces. Among the absent ones none was missed quite so deeply as that of our beloved principal of last year.

For three successful years Mr. Guy B. Phillips lead the boys and girls of Greensboro High School along the pathway of knowledge, culture, and idealism. Into hundreds of the youths of Greensboro he instilled never-to-be-forgotten principles of true manhood and womanhood, and his influence will continue to write the civil pages of the history of our city.

## WELCOME TO TEACHERS

Greensboro High School extends its new teachers a hearty welcome, and hopes that they will soon feel that they are one "of us, by us, and for us."

To our English department, we welcome Misses Glenn, Wheeler, and Tillett. Miss Glenn comes to us from the English department of the Valdosta, Georgia, schools. Miss Wheeler is pleasantly remembered as one of our summer-school teachers, having taught English, History, and Spanish. Miss Tillett is a native of Charlotte, but comes to us from the Raleigh city schools. We haven't a twentieth of May celebration, but offer her the Guilford Battle Ground, instead.

We're glad to have Miss May Bush, a real Greensboro product, and a graduate of G. H. S. She is an alumna of Hollins College, of the class of '23. Last year, Miss Bush assisted in the New York City Library, at the same time, taking a course at Columbia University. Miss Smith, the assistant librarian, is also making her home in Greensboro.

Miss Kelly, formerly of Wisconsin, is a faculty advisor of HIGH LIFE, and will give a course in journalism as well as teach Spanish.

Mr. Wunsch is from Louisiana and the University of North Carolina, and taught in the Junior High School for five months last year. He is also on the HIGH LIFE staff as advisor.

Miss Lilly Walker is a Greensboro citizen by absorption and adoption. She has taught Mathematics in our city schools for several years, and is an alumna of Queen's College, R. M. W. C. Peabody, Columbia University and N. C. C. W. She's "Minnie's sister".

We welcome Mrs. Phillips, Miss Blackman, and Mr. Aycock to our History department. Mrs. Phillips is our only bride. She was considered the most popular girl at N. C. C. W. in the class of 1920. We feel that Miss Blackman is one of us, as she has been in Greensboro for two years and has entered heartily into the civic and religious life of the city. She is a graduate of Winthrop College. Mr. Aycock is an alumnus of U. N. C. of the class of '24.

Miss Causey has been added to our French department. She is a graduate of N. C. C. W.

Miss Greene, of the commercial department, comes to us after several years of experience in office work. She was a college mate at N. C. C. W. with several other members of the faculty.

Our new Physics teacher is Mr. Comer, from North Wilkesboro, N. C. During his last year at the University of North Carolina, he was student assistant in the Physics department.

We hope that these teachers feel that they have already fallen into the hands of friends, and that their work in this school will be pleasant.

## WELCOME AND CHALLENGE

Happy New Year old G. H. S.! Profitable and prosperous New Year to you one and all! Such is the sincere greeting from the Senior Class!

Whatever the civil calendar may say, our school calendar proclaims a new year beginning September 8, 1924!

Each of us shall write something on the daily pages of that year. We shall translate our plans, intentions, wishes, and ambitions in the book that is opening right now. It is a book of Life and Remembrance!

Fall in High School citizens, let's determine unitedly to write a goodly chapter, one that we shall be proud to sign, one that shall interpret the best that is in us, one to which we shall not be ashamed to refer, one that shall arouse not only personal pride but faculty pride and even city pride. That is exactly how far reaching we can make our finest endeavors felt. Let's determine to be dissatisfied with anything but the best.

Let's join hands in high resolve and pull together! Let's make old G. H. S. sit up and take notice! Let's leave some foot-prints to show the way to those behind us! Let's leave a few stepping stones to higher things!

The way to do it is simply little Buster Brown's way, and his motto, "Another day is another chance"! For us another year is a bigger chance. We shall make every day of that year count, every day will be another chance. Then the year summed up will be full and fine, one that we shall be glad to write our names out in full underneath! So may it be, so must it be, God helping, so shall it be!

And this doesn't mean that we shall not have fun and frolic, all sorts of good times, and close and lasting friendships. The year will not be well rounded without these.

But let's pitch our pleasures and our fun on a high plane, and fit them into high character. Let's let our HIGH LIFE represent high living. Let's go in for work and fun, and plenty of both, but let's be too proud not to keep them both high! And so in that spirit, we again wish you a happy, profitable and prosperous New Year!

GARNETT GREGORY.

## High Lights On "Hi"

Edited by HELEN FELDER

Now we know what line of chatter to use when asking Mr. Archer favors. He certainly appeared to be hard hit in chapel Wednesday. The singer must have touched a tender spot in his heart and revived old memories vividly, for, lo, our Superintendent arose with a transfixed look on his face and, gazing raptly at the ceiling, began to quote the love-gems of some poet or other. Maybe he'll return from the land of romance in time to tell us whether or not we get a holiday for the fair.

Speaking of romance, the word "mistress" can be either commonplace or eloquent, depending entirely upon the viewpoint. Used in a general way it produces no flood of enthusiasm and only suggests the female species often referred to as the "lesser half." However, circumstances alter cases and when the word "mistress" has a personal application it brings an unmistakable sparkle to the eye. An excellent example of the truthfulness of this statement was given to us on the opening day of school by one of our new teachers in impressing us with the all-important information that she now possesses this prefix to her name and is "proud of it."

Another "War of the Roses" will go down in history as fearlessly fought by both sides. A battle is in sight between the white and the red roses, the white being face powder and the red, natural beauty. What will be the outcome?

A recent edition of one of our daily papers gave an account of a talk made at the Lions Club by Mr. E. D. Broadhurst. He stated that Greensboro must, and will have, in the near future, two new high school buildings. The same paper announces that work is soon to begin on our new passenger station. If it takes as long to get the new high school as it has taken to build a station we certainly do envy the next school generation.

If the two Chicago murderers can escape the death penalty on account of mental sickness, a lot of us should be allowed to plead the same thing as mitigating circumstances to avoid flunking.

Since flappers have their vanities, we are looking very soon for some enterprising tea-hound to invent a vanity for holding Stacomb. It will probably be greeted by all tea-hounds as a solution to a long unsolved problem.

Again reverting to romance—every year there exist several severe infatuations. Last year's seniors seem to have taken all of them with them, but it remains to be seen what will develop this year.

We have a suspicion that there's something in store for us in the next issue. A new journalist is entering the field.

Cider must be hard to sell.

## THIS SHOULDN'T BE PUBLISHED

He: "May I print one little kiss on your ruby lips?"  
She: "No; I don't like your type."

## AS THEY LIKE IT

Four young men in a canvas tent  
Looked through the door at the firmament:

One saw the stars and a mountain peak;  
Another saw love on a maiden's cheek;  
One saw clouds and knew that rain  
Would come ere day had dawned again;  
The last, ill too, from the door of the tent

Saw not the cheek nor the firmament.

## THE MAN OF SUCCESS

By J. D. McNairy, Jr.

At his work he did his best,  
And finished all before his rest.  
In his life he smashed a clod,  
Advanced mankind, and worshipped God.

Better to wear out than to rust out.—  
Bishop Cumberland.

## MIKE AND IKE

They Look Alike

Barber: "Your hair is getting gray."  
Customer: "Well, I'm not surprised. Hurry up!"

## IN THE BEGINNING

We stand on the threshold of a New Year where Truth, shining like a star, bids us to enter. To each she offers the same gifts: mines of gold, ours for the digging. For those who strive with mind and muscle there is wealth—wealth untold—that knows neither time nor man as robber. But a few will be content to sit on the slopes of the hills to look peacefully and lazily at the shadows on the distant ranges, forgetful of the gold buried in the soil beneath their feet. Two or three will doubt that there is wealth in the hill country even when they see the gold in the hands of their fellows.

Truth recognizes no aristocracy. Her gold she offers to prince and pauper after their degree of striving. On the heads of the most faithful she places a crown, woven by her own hands, woven of fibres immortal.

Who will be king?

Miss Beckwith: "In the mediaeval age the monks used to wear horschair robes as an act of penance. How would you like to do that?"

Mary: "Oh, I would be tickled to death."

## THE APPLE'S PRAYER

"Lead us not into fermentation."

## THEY LIVE IN OUR MIDST

A freshie and a soph met on the campus in front of the barns.

"Lo, George."  
"Lo, John."  
"This is sure a rotten school, ain't it?"  
"Yep, no spirit."  
"Nope, no spirit."  
"Nobody here knows anything about high school spirit."  
"Nope, the poor boobs!"  
"Didja hear the rotten cheering at the game?"

"Nope, I didn't go."  
"Neither did I."  
"What's the use, there ain't no spirit."  
"No spirit."  
"S'long, George."  
"S'long, John."

## SHELTON VS. STUBBINS

The silence was tense. The walks that led to the barns were thronged with thousands of enthusiastic fans who stood awaiting the contestants. Notwithstanding the greatness of the crowd not a sound could be heard. It was as if a deadly gas had suddenly snuffed out the lives of those present and left them standing as so much stone on the walks.

It was the moment just before the contest. Everyone was straining to get a glimpse of the contestants as they trotted out on the field.

At last they appeared! The great throng burst into shouts of enthusiasm. The crowd was transformed into a shouting, singing, madly yelling mob of joyous fans.

The judges and time-keepers took their places. The referee and the umpire walked out upon the field. All was in readiness. The shrill blow of a whistle sounded, and the great game was on. The fans were shrieking. Pep was overflowing. For an hour the game was anybody's game. No one could foresee the outcome. It was 50-50 all the way through.

At last the final whistle blew. The score stood 9 to 7.

"Good gosh, Shelton," said Phil, as they walked off the field, "if you hadn't rung that last one I would have beaten you sure."

"Well, anyway, it was the best game of horse-shoes I have played since I was a kitten," replied Shelton, wiping the dust off his hands.

Voice on the phone: "There are two mice fighting up here in my bed-room."

Hotel Clerk: "How much are you paying for your room?"

Voice: "One dollar."

Clerk: "What do you want for a dollar—a bull fight?"