

High Life

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PEACE AND PATRIOTISM

November 11 was the sixth anniversary of the great day when all the world laid down arms and rejoiced that there would be peace in the place of war, and order instead of chaos. On that day our thoughts turned involuntarily to the time when people everywhere were giving of their best to the great cause, "to make the world safe for democracy and democracy safe for the world."

On this Armistice Day, our thoughts turned to patriotism—our patriotism, American. We feel love for our country more on this day than on any other of the year, except July 4. We stop to think, to take stock of ourselves as Americans. We then want to stand erect and salute proudly and fondly to the flag. We then experience one of the purest, finest and most beautiful of the emotions of man,—patriotism. To our minds Americanism is the best love of country. The devotion of foreigners in our land to their fatherlands is not understood as it should be. We insist in our opinions that they should reject it and assume the love for America as we possess it. Would we, in their places, do it?

Patriotism is the love of country expressed in service. There are two kinds of Americanism. One was our foremost impulse during the war. It was the force that compelled mothers, daughters, sisters, wives and sweethearts to send their men to probable death with a smile shining through their tears. It was the power that made men go forth, the strength that made them endure when they stood knee-deep in mud and slimy water, with the cold wind chilling them to their very bones and carrying deadly gases and terrible pests.

But there is another, a more peaceful, a less vicious, less heroic, but no less patriotic Americanism. This prompts people to be good citizens; to make those who are eligible vote, rather than neglect voting and complain about the result; it gives to the citizen civic pride in city, state and nation. The patriotic citizen is not embarrassed to stand when he hears the Star Spangled Banner, and to take off his hat when the flag goes by, although those around him fail to do so. This patriotism is the kind that must endure, the kind that must make the United States the noblest and best nation on earth.

THANKSGIVING

"Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving."

In this age of hustle and bustle it seems almost a blessing that our forefathers set aside a day for us to give thanks unto the Lord for His gracious goodness.

Man's nature is to call on God when in trouble. Even the strongest of infidels in times of great oppression will seek the favor of Jehovah. But how many of us look up and simply pour forth a thankful heart? Someone has

said, "A thankful heart to God for His blessings is the greatest blessing of all." But far too few of us receive this great blessing.

God has been so graciously good by blessing our great land with peace and prosperity. Yet we go on from day to day, madly rushing, seeking our own selfish desires, with never so much as a word of thanks to Him, "the giver of all good and perfect gifts."

None of us would think of neglecting to thank our friends, yet how negligent is man in his thanksgiving to God! To my mind He is just human enough to appreciate gratitude for all His benefits.

Thankfulness carries a constant sense of divine love and care, and therefore produces quietness and peace. A sense of God's goodness also develops love and the spirit of service to others. No life is complete or happy without service of some kind to fellowman. Who goes to his daily duty with thankfulness to God, goes prepared to receive more good and also to do good.

"Bless ye the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

VIRGINIA McCLAMROCH.

GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP

After the game with High Point we came away with a queer mingled desire to laugh and to cry, to sing, and to be silent. It's true that G. H. S. didn't win the game itself, but the team won gloriously in something else—the fight against bad sportsmanship. They fought like all-possessed, but in the right way, and the rest of us were satisfied. Even citizens of High Point acknowledged that, after seeing the stuff they are made of.

Of course everyone in Greensboro High School, and especially the team, was disappointed bitterly at having all hopes of reaching the championship crushed by one sudden blow, when a victory was in sight. However, the real test was in the defeat; and our team met it standing! Hats off to them! We're proud to have such men among us.

AMBITION

She rides on the slightest breeze; indeed, she herself is so light and airy that we never knew of her presence the other day till something funny happened.

This was the way of it: This tiny fairy who calls herself Ambition (though goodness knows why such a little bit of humanity should have such a big name!) visited the school, seemingly just to while away the hours, but perhaps to try to inspire us, if the truth be known. She decided to try a session room first, and found that some people simply cannot be on time! Wonder then took a firm hold on her who never had to worry about time.

She walked into a class in English just for fun, but it made her sad to see the number of people who just wouldn't study. Soon after, she left to hunt up livelier classes. This was difficult, because the next class she went into was a math one, where everyone was nearly frantic trying to puzzle out a problem. When it was finally straightened out (with her help) she took her departure.

Mentally comparing the two classes, she stopped a while in the hall to debate out which was better. It tangled her up so much that, when a bee came buzzing by, she stopped her and begged her to bring her some food. After some honey and nectar had been daintily partaken of, she started out again.

French, Latin and German classes took up her time for the next hour or two and convinced her that she was very welcome at the school. In the Spanish class she met up with her counterpart, and consequently was overjoyed to find a kindred spirit in the teacher. About to enter a chemistry "lab," she heard someone yell, "Yow! Chlorine gas!" and then felt the floor shake as someone fell with a thud, so she retreated in short order from the dangerous territory.

She was trying to decide where to go next when she saw some girls powdering their noses and discussing clothes. Here she gave up completely.

"This isn't my job at all!" she cried. "Call for Dame Fashion." And nothing has been heard from her since.

I hold the world but as the world,
A stage where every man must play a part.

—Shakespeare.

STATE CHAMPION ONE-YEAR TYPIST



Miss Virginia Bain, champion one-year typist of North Carolina, winner of two gold medals and a silver loving cup given as awards in the recent state contest held in Winston-Salem.

THE SENIOR RESOLUTION

The seniors were highly honored this fall. Mr. Edwards, realizing how important they felt with all their new privileges, decided he would give them something to do to prove whether they were as big as they felt. He wanted a quiet, orderly chapel and asked the seniors to get him one—so to speak. This class had never failed in anything and they knew, of course, that they could put this over.

We remember the program presented early in the fall by the senior class; it made a lasting impression on our minds. The three sides of life were discussed: the mental, physical, and spiritual. Just as engines must have every part properly adjusted before it can run smoothly and safely, so a life must have these three well developed sides. We have every opportunity for the development of all three here in our school if we would only take advantage of them. Our chapel programs are the means of our spiritual development; and if they are to have the desired effect we must have a quiet, orderly chapel. This is what we were told and we all, deep in our hearts, decided that we would make our chapel periods worth while by being quiet.

It is hard to tell a person that he has failed; but sometimes we have to do the unpleasant things whether we want to or not. You know—I know—we all know—that we were on the verge of failing this time. There is always time to turn back and begin again. We are going to take the opportunity offered us. We intend to climb now and not slide back.

Every senior has given his word that he will be quiet in chapel and a senior's word is like steel: it cannot be broken.

After the seniors had given their pledges, a resolution was drawn up which was to be presented to every junior session room. The resolution read thus:

1. In order to make the chapel period more quiet and more reverent, we the Senior class hereby resolve to enter chapel without talking and in as reverent an attitude as possible.

2. The Senior class does hereby ask the co-operation and support of the members of room _____ in carrying out the above resolution.

3. We, the members of room _____, do hereby agree to follow the Senior class in supporting the above law for securing order and reverence in chapel.

Signed _____
Room President _____
Session Room Teacher _____

This was accepted unanimously by every session room and now we are satisfied, for the promises of the boys and girls of G. H. S. cannot be broken.

AN APPRECIATION

You have heard of our debaters, and our athletes, but have you heard of our typist? It seems strange to say that one person could win two gold medals and a loving cup, all in only fifteen minutes time, but this is what happened.

In the Annual State Typewriting Contest which was held in Winston-Salem last May, Miss Virginia Bain, of Greensboro High School, was awarded the gold medal offered by the State to the one-year student making the best record in both speed and accuracy on any typewriter. The Durham branch of the L. C. Smith Typewriter Company offered a gold medal also to the one-year student making the best record on an L. C. Smith typewriter. She claimed this medal also. In other words, Virginia is the champion one-year writer of the state of North Carolina, and has received for this honor two beautiful gold medals—all her own.

But this is not all. One day last week she very unconcernedly walked into the school room with a beautiful engraved loving-cup bearing her own name. This was a surprise honor bestowed upon her by the home office of the L. C. Smith Typewriter Company, Syracuse, N. Y., and was presented to her by Mr. Knickerbocker of the Richmond office and Mr. Barker of the Greensboro office. An official presentation was made before the Commercial Club by Mr. Pultz, head of the commercial department. We are anxious to know what next she is going to receive.

Since Virginia's older sister, who accompanied her to Winston, claims half her honor for having cared for her while there, and Miss Scott claims half for having taught her, there isn't "much" left for Virginia to claim, but we are proud of her just the same and wish her further success in her typing.

THANKSGIVING

Now when the joyous season's here,
With all its bright and glorious cheer,
Give thanks to Him who made it so,
And reverently to harvest go.

Be thankful not for crops alone,
But raise to Him upon the throne
More thanks that in His gracious love
We live, and breathe, and daily move.

HELEN FELDER.

Tools were made and born were hands,
Every farmer understands.
—Wm. Blake, in Proverbs.

High Lights On "Hi"

Edited by HELEN FELDER

The seniors have taken up a very commendable project. The "quiet chapel" program they have countenanced deserves mention here, certainly, and we're proud to give it. These seniors are an industrious class, loyal to the traditions of the school, and ready to do anything worth while. They must not bear the brunt of it alone, either; so take notice—the rest of you!

In going over the lot of old and new pictures for the movies, we came upon several comedies used as burlesques on the magnificent productions of the screen. Just try your wits and see if you can't place these: "The Sea Squawk," "The Pest of the Storm Country," "Mud and Sand," "The Shriek," "The Sneak of Araby," "Two Wagons Both Covered," "The Uncovered Wagon," "Rob 'em Good," "The Ten Amendments."

We wouldn't be a bit surprised to see soon comedies with these names: "Rose Eat Her," "Under Two Bags," "The Little Old New Cork," "When Knighthood Was in Flour," "The Call of the Gulle," "The Vanity Fair," "Dorothy Vernon Had 'em All," "Abraham Lick 'em," "Feet of Hay," "The Fortieth Floor."

Oak Ridge certainly must consider it something of great—very great—moment to beat Greensboro at football, for there were "some big doin's" after the victory on Saturday, November 1. Sixty cadets attended the "grand jambouree" to which numerous girls here were invited. The dance was given at the O. Henry hotel and was one of the main social functions of the year.

My, my! Girls, weren't those little cadets too cute for anything? Quite distinguished-looking, too! They didn't have any chance to get bored here—there was too much pep in the football and too much attraction in the girls.

Miss Beckwith and Miss Grogan recently left their classes in charge of students for a day while they attended a teachers' convention. The day before it happened, Miss Beckwith was greeted with all smiles on announcing to the classes her approaching departure.

"Why, I believe you're glad to get me away," she exclaimed.
"Oh, no," she was assured, "we're just glad that you're to have a nice trip."

There is a contest now going on in relation to student government. In fact, it deals with essays on the subject. There is a magnificent prize of \$10 offered. All who are interested might see the bulletin board or either Arthur Davant.

My, my! But there certainly was a grand rush for front seats during the taking of the group pictures lately. And it was all occasioned by the photographer's simple remark, "All the good-looking ones get in front."

It seems that the girls of this school have been more industrious than the boys, judging by the past two months' grades. However, the boys are improving steadily and may be able to catch up if they'll buckle down to it and try.

"Hitch your wagon to a star" and let it be a shooting star at that. Leap from the bronze one to the silver and thence to the gold, and see how you feel. The rapidity with which you do this depends on your own self. You may be just a satellite of the stars or you may be a real star itself; but, for goodness' sake, have the ambition to be something!

With the approach of winter we at least have one thing to be thankful for—the year season is over. Now if it just does not snow soon, our expert marksmen will have to seek some other occupation.

If Miss Killingsworth should upset a bottle of gold paint on her desk, do you think she would Gildersleve?

We would like to congratulate the Caldwell school on its new paper. It is an excellent publication and certainly deserves the notice of even veteran newspapers. Pansy Dinkelbiher is editor-in-chief, John Foster business manager, and Miss Alice Whipple, faculty adviser.