

High Life

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HIGH LIFE is the best high school paper in North Carolina—at least it was last year. We know, because to the HIGH LIFE was given the George Stevens loving cup. It has just reached us, and we are proud of it.

To a man who is interested enough in school newspapers to offer a loving cup for the best one, we are very grateful. He has given it through the University of North Carolina, and to that institution we are, also, grateful.

Perhaps most of all we appreciate the work of last year's HIGH LIFE staff. They worked faithfully and hard. They did the most to make HIGH LIFE an excellent paper.

Let us, too, do our part. Let's make our paper better, even, than it was last year. If everybody will not be bashful, and will contribute his best, we are sure to do it.

Honor is the best government. All the relations of man involve honor. Without it, business on the present great scale could not exist, without it we could depend on nothing. The alternative of honor would be force. No government by force could be just. Therefore, honor must be the best government. But could people live in their proper relations or their own honor? Some people have none. Honor could not be the only ruler of a people. Our government must have something besides honor. It must provide for the honor lacking in some people. It is like the theory that anarchy is the best government depending solely on the honesty and honor of its people, without power, would be about as practicable as one depending on the good citizenship of its people, without laws.

Good citizenship is not a matter to be taken into consideration only by grown people. It concerns us, girls and boys very vitally. We should be good citizens in school for two reasons. First to train us to take our responsibility when we leave school; and second, to make school a better place in which to live.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a time of gay festivity when, for the space of a few hours, the world forgets all petty anxieties and decks herself out for one grand holiday. Now care-free laughter echoes from every side, as impatient hands untie the knotted cords about mysterious boxes, spilling forth their unexpected contents amid exclamations of joyous surprise. The windows of each happy home are garlanded with fresh green wreaths and here and there from behind drawn curtains peep Christmas trees in all their splendor.

But Christmas means far more than this. On December the twenty-fifth, over nineteen hundred years ago, there was born in a lowly manger, a Savior which is Christ the Lord. Guided by the star

of promise, on that eventful night three wise men carried to the lowly bed their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh. With reverend adoration they knelt before His simple throne, worshipping in silent awe the ineffable gift of God's only Son, sent as the Redeemer of all mankind.

Upon this Christmas day, like those wise men of old, we too approach our Lord with sacred gifts. Before His glorious throne with reverential awe we place the frankincense of our affections, the myrrh of human kindness, and the precious gold of our lives and our hearts.

As thus Thy courts we tread, look down, oh, King of Men, and search our hearts! Accept these gifts, we pray, in the name of Him who gave His life for us; Whose birth we lovingly commemorate upon this Christmas day.

ELIZABETH SMITH.

THE HOLIDAYS

Friend, Romans, countrymen and faculty, lend me your ears (clear ones preferred); being this the holiday season, in which everybody enjoys the holidays, I will, to the best of my ability, slip you some plain and fancy advice on where and how to spend the aforesaid holidays.

Well, to begin with, if you are counting on spending the holidays away from your domicile, always pick an uncle or aunt or some other relative who possesses a lot of jack and who is free with it. This always makes the stay interesting. Now, if you prefer to honor your own home by your honorable presence (this is best in case your sister is entertaining some swell college girls) you may do so.

Next, what you should eat during the holidays. Well, I most always introduce a large number of groceries to my face during this period but this year I plan not to eat so much. Now, my dear reader, if you wish to get a more detailed knowledge of what I am going to eat, just take yourself around to Louie's place, the Oh Henry, Hank's Hash House and other eating places, read the menu, and double it. That is all I am going to eat, just a light lunch, you know; but I shall eat a big supper as per usual on Christmas day.

Then what you should wear during these days of rest. Not to be too radical, I would advise you to wear your clothes, but for goodness sake don't wear any of the gifts you get for Christmas, as this is a serious matter, and someone may shoot you for disturbing the peace while wearing some of the neckties you may receive.

Also, I hope you will get the holiday spirit—not spirits—and enjoy yourself to the fullest extent, and don't get into any trouble such as marrying (Miss K. please notice!) or get drunk, which sometimes gives the individual a very nice chance to get inside information on the system of jails of the country, and to make friends with the cops.

Do your Christmas swapping early, and I wish you one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ALFRED DICKSON.

SENIOR APPRECIATION

The Greensboro Daily News declared that the Senior plays made a "hit"; everybody said they were a "howling success"; but all of this praise should be divided by long division in order for a fair distribution of it to be made to the many kind friends who helped the Seniors to accomplish the task to which they set their hands, heads and hearts.

To Mr. W. R. Wunsch, Miss Iona Grogan, and Miss Mary Wheeler, the faithful, patient and efficient coaches, the Seniors express their deep appreciation for making such success and praise possible for amateurs.

With such meager equipment as the high school possessed, it was impossible to present even the simplest play; much work and planning was necessary. And with no "wherewithal" stored away in a dramatic treasury, the necessary properties could not be purchased and held at the high school property. It was only through the kindness of the citizens of Greensboro that the Seniors could set up a stage at all. From Bloxton Furniture store the stage furniture was secured; Van Lindley supplied the bridal bouquet; the Southside Hardware company made the rooms complete by lending a mantel; and the Gladys Shoppe

HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER

CENTRAL HIGH

Elizabeth Smith, Elizabeth Stone, Virginia Jackson, Bob Stone, Martha Broadhurst, Lois Dorsett, Virginia Bain, Maxine Ferree, Betty Harrison, Elizabeth Cartland, Byron Sharpe, Marion Shaw, Ethel Morgan, Frances Elder, Marshall Campbell, Helen Felder, Margaret Hood, Dorothy Lea, Dorothy Mayes, Mary Lyon, Edward Mendenhall, James Tidwell, Margaret Ferguson, Glenn Boyd MacLeod, Katie Stewart, Weldon Beacham, James Robinson, Louise McCulloch, Helen Stockard, Marguerite Mason, Hilda Smith, Elizabeth Campbell, John Mebane, Elizabeth Rockwell, John Thorane, Luna Byrd, Mary Price, Irene Hester, Gertrude Hobbs, Pauline Medearis, Thelma Sherrell, Frances Johnson, Annie McCollum, Lois Mitchell, Mary Young, P. B. Whittington, Carolyn Simmons, Margaret Stockton, Bernice Apple, Betty Brown, Mary Carlson, Virginia Douglas, Mary E. King, Cynthia Vaughn, Mary J. Wharton, Nell Thurman, Phyllis Penn, Esther Shreve.

furnished the lovely negligees worn in "The Burglar." Mr. Hossell and his force built the stage. The footlights and floods were the results of Mr. Comer's labors. Miss Coleman, as faculty adviser of staging and business management, helped in a fine way to make the production a success. Miss Wilma Green made the programs; other necessities were furnished by Senior mothers. It is to all these and to all the other faithful supporters that the Seniors express thanks and gratitude.

The proceeds from the two presentations of the trio of comedies will be used to defray some of the expenses necessary for producing the 1925 *Reflector*. Now, fellow students, when May brings an Annual into your possession, you will happily remember that you had a part in producing it, for the student body was a group of loyal supporters in buying and selling tickets, and after all the large audiences was the most outstanding proof that the plays were a success.

THE SENIORS.

NEW YEAR

One more year draws near to the end of the course. Before we return from the gaieties of the holidays, another year, with all of its glory, will have risen on the horizon—a year with all of its golden opportunities waiting to be seized by eager hands.

As you stand on the brink of this New Year, think not of the days that have gone. They have been finished; that record book has been closed forever. No use thinking of the past; the future is before you. Look at the glorious days that are to come. They are filled with wonderful possibilities, each crowding and pushing to reach the front and be undertaken first.

A clean page! A new chance! How shall we use it? How will the daily pages of our biography for 1925 read? Shall we be proud or ashamed of them?

The usual idle resolutions are a standing joke. They are made one day and broken the next. That is worse, even, than not making them at all, because it shows so plainly a weakening a will power. Real resolutions, and the kind we will make, are character-building!

Let's resolve right now to strive to keep those pages free from all blots; to snatch each opportunity and possibility that presents itself; to make our life really count for something worth while, and to make the chapter of the coming year the best, in every way, that we have ever written.

GARNETT GREGORY.

When night has set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study.

—Bailey.

Zeal is very blind, or badly regulated, when it encroaches upon the rights of others.—*Quesnel*.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
Virtue alone is happiness below.

—Pope.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

When the roll is called at Lyons, N. C., Christmas day, Miss Inabelle Coleman will be there to answer "present!"

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Home to dear Beaufort, sir," she said.
"And may I accompany you, dearest maid?"

"You'll have to, hubby dear, or I'll crown you on the head!"

(So says Mrs. C. W. P. to Mr. C. W. P.)

All late parallel readings must be sent to Miss Beckwith at Rosemary, N. C.

Misses Grogan and Lottie Morgan have just stepped over to Reidsville for the holidays.

Moravian Falls, N. C., claims Mr. Farthing this Christmas.

"His Master's Voice" is calling, so Mr. Pultz obeys Harrisonburg, Va., in its call.

If Santa were to check up on absentees from Greensboro this year, he'd find that Miss Glenn is setting out for Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. Comer does the thing up in style, too. He's going home to North Wilkesboro for a while; then he's going duck-hunting in South Carolina.

Miss Causey is one of those who are proud to call Greensboro home. She lives on Asheboro street.

If one asks Miss Hall where's she's going, she says: "Rougemont, N. C."

"Say it with holly." Mr. Edwards will be at Holly Springs at least part of the time.

Raleigh is honored. Miss Tillett will be there for Christmas.

Concord beseeches; Miss Dry responds.

Miss Moore hasn't decided whether to "sink or swim," but she knows one thing—as soon as school is out she beats it for Burgaw, N. C.

Miss Walker gallavants around some these holidays. She's going swimming Christmas day, and then is later to fly away to Goldsboro.

Miss Kelly is "on the fence." She hasn't decided what to do yet.

"Mica, mica, parva stella."
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star."—Latin.

This time, however, the star is at the top of a Christmas tree, not in a Latin book, and gazing at it are Miss Martin and her two little nieces. The scene is laid in Newnan, Ga.

What on earth will Christmas seem to Greensboro, since Mr. Wunsch is in Monroe, La.? Little as he is, he fills a big place, and his talents are missed here.

Dear Students and Teachers:

Here I am in Fremont, N. C. Hope Santa will bring me something good. I'm going to hang up my stocking and you'd better do the same.

Frank B. Aycock, Jr.

Miss Killingsworth seems to think that Santa Claus won't come to her unless she's at home; so back at Abbeville, S. C., she goes for the holidays.

Miss Blackmon declares that all Christmas gifts this year must be addressed to Dunlap street, Lancaster, S. C.

Miss Bush will be right "on deck" when old Santa strikes Greensboro.

"Back to the old red hills of Georgia" sings Miss Mercer at Bradley.

Miss Wine is spending Christmas at Culpepper, Va. Here's your chance, Miss Wine, to stir up the suffragettes.

Mr. Fred Archer will receive Santa Claus at 435 West 119th street, New York City.

Miss Mary Wheeler says that she fears she is not well enough known in Farmville, N. C., so please address her care of Superintendent Wheeler.

Mr. Johnston is at Wake Forest this Christmas. Some people seem very anxious to know, so this is for their benefit.

Today industrial conditions favor the college man.—*Charles M. Schwab*.

High Lights On "Hi"

Edited by HELEN FELDER

Another Christmas approaches, another "Junior/Senior," another New Year! Hail to the Holidays!

Ah! Something's in the air! Mr. Edwards has other interests besides those in school. It has to do with the old, old story—love. Love for what, you say? Love for poultry—not for eating purposes alone, but for other ones, too. He proudly admits that his chickens recently won four ribbons in a poultry show.

HIGH LIFE editors and advisers have had their heads in the clouds for the last week. Have they had reason or not? Judge by the George Stevens Cup resting in the hall of G. H. S. HIGH LIFE won that cup for being the best publication of its kind in the state. Miss Coleman had to be drawn away from it inch by inch when it first came, because of its attraction.

Has the coming of the holidays acted as an exhilarating stimulant on some of the faculty? From appearances, it would seem so. Just the other day we found one of the fairer sex of them walking the fence by the barns.

We wonder if Mr. Wunsch dreams about his work in his sleep. If he does, he probably sees about a thousand people calling, "Page Mr. Wunsch! Call for 'Bobbie'!" He always has something to do and *does it*. He is a valuable asset to the school and is always ready to do for others. Here's to an author, poet, musician, playwright, actor, teacher, and willing helper!

The pageant at the P. T. A. meeting came out fine. It was an excellent inspiration, too, since it presented a deep look into school life to the parents.

Seniors, Seniors, Seniors! Everywhere you go, it's Seniors! Miss Killingsworth is proud of them, you may be sure—she feels she can trust them. At eighth period the study hall in Miss Grogan's room is conducted by the students themselves, who are sixth, seventh and eighth semesters.

Sales sound like common things just in themselves, but they are anything but common when conducted by Seniors.

This year a new plan is being tried. The sixth semester entertains the eighth at the annual banquet before Christmas, and the others follow after Christmas. This is to prevent such a great crowd at one banquet. The semester six class, under the direction and aid of Misses Killingsworth and Tillet, are ready to set the precedent. They staged their jollities Thursday, December 18, 1924, so

"Then heigh ho, the holly,

This life is most jolly!"

—Shelley.

The only thing lacking in G. H. S. dramatics is a good curtain for the auditorium. We hope Santa Claus peeped in on the Parent-Teacher Association meeting the night of the pageant. At least a hint to the wise —

The South has another benefactor in Mr. James B. Duke. Education in general has a champion in him and it will not forget his bounty soon.

A well-wisher requested that the following be published in HIGH LIFE:

"No serious injuries were caused by the crowds that rushed to the High School Friday and Saturday nights in order to secure just a small taste of the exquisite candy which Maurice Turner made and presented to the booth. Keep up the spirit, Maurice! You're doing fine!"

MISS BECKWITH RECEIVES FRUIT SHOWER

"Yes, we have some bananas, apples, oranges, and everything else that's good to eat!" Such must have been the exclamation which Miss Beckwith uttered when she walked into her session room on Tuesday, December 16, and beheld the scene before her. Her desk was bounteously covered with fruit, and in the heart of each gift was written a message of love and gratitude to her.