

High Life

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NOW THAT EXAMINATIONS ARE UPON US

The person who does the right in the face of temptation gets his reward. He even gets greater reward than does the one who is not tempted. James says, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love him."

Next week—examination week—is the great testing week. Our characters shall be thrown into the great melting pot of examination, where they will be tried and tested. If there be any dross, any weak spot, anything not pure and true and sterling, anything less than our ideal, it will show itself. Let us throw it out of our possession and keep only the pure in character, for that alone will last through eternity—and grow more beautiful as time beats upon it.

If ever a bit of dross is left in gold it becomes more tarnished and sometimes "turns" as Time raps upon it; but pure gold never loses its pure lustre and beauty. A pure character never loses its beauty and loveliness. May we all come through the great test—the great melting pot—100 per cent pure!

APPRECIATION

Praise from our comrades is greatly to be desired. A word of encouragement and commendation goes a long way in our school life. We appreciate to the highest degree the approval of our friends and contemporaries.

Still more, we appreciate the approval and commendation of our elders and superiors. We work, we struggle day by day in an effort to make ourselves better and more useful citizens, and a word from our elder folks goes a long way.

Recently two of our number, namely, Martha Broadhurst and Helen Felder, were rewarded for their efforts. Two stories, "Her Poinsetta" and "Daddy Jim," were published in the Greensboro Daily News. HIGH LIFE wishes to take this opportunity of thanking the Daily News for the interest they have taken in our journalistic endeavors.

WOMAN'S NEW FREEDOM

The folks who persist in making a fuss about the changes that have come about in the recent years in the dress and the habits of women seem to never realize that they are back numbers. They seem to never wake up to the fact that times change and that with the change comes many new ideas about everything that pertains to human relations.

For many long centuries woman remained practically a slave to man. Gradually she is throwing off the shackles that were placed about her by the customs of the barbarous times of the past. She is no longer going about even in Turkey with a cloth covering her face. Here in our own country she has discarded the long sleeves that were forever pestering her and always in her

way, no matter what she wanted to do. The skirts that once dragged in the dust and were such a nuisance are made short.

Of all the foolish customs that ever developed—and it had a sacred sanction of the church—was that of requiring a woman to wear long hair. With the liberating of women the long hair must go, once she gets free from the old habit, and this she is fast doing.

The pessimists to the contrary notwithstanding, there never was a greater blessing to woman than when she got rid of long sleeves, long skirts, and long hair. And so the howlers may howl, and the growlers may growl, but the woman of independence and ability to think knows that all abuse about her new ways is bosh.

GEORGIE STEWART.

FAILURES

How many of us have stared failure in the face? Most of us have, whether in our school work or emergencies outside, or even personal matters. We have failed and have had to pay the costs, some dearly, others lightly. We have failed in school but somehow we get along without having to pay such a heavy penalty. Yet, we will some day see our errors and then, perhaps, we shall have to pay for them.

Why do we fail? We fail because we do not think, and when we do think it is in an obscure, indifferent way. We do not think clearly.

Sometimes a failure is a lesson to us. Often after we have failed we are willing to be more careful, for a time at least, until we forget. But how easy it is to go on in our old footsteps!

If we feel that we have done our best and could not have done better, and yet fail, we should not blame ourselves so greatly for it. But how many of us study as much as we could? There is always a good show on, or a party we want to go to—something that is more attractive than our school work. We rush ahead recklessly, letting each day take care of itself, and in the end gain nothing, except a stabbed conscience.

Let us all set a new mark and start on a clean page of life, forget our past failures and set to work with something in mind that is big and beautiful. If we do remember, let it be to spur us on to the fulfilment of our dreams.

GOOD MANNERS

On the shelf yonder are two bottles. One is labelled "Success," and the other is called "Happiness." If we should analyze their contents we would find that "good manners" make up the greater part of them. On each bottle there are instructions for their use. The bottles contain some kind of an anti-toxin, and they should be used mainly for the purpose of combatting the dreaded enemies, "Failure" and "Unhappiness."

Moreover, the need for them is becoming more manifest in this generation which most people call "fast." Having good manners is one crying want today. They save us from embarrassment, and they also bring us friends. Wherever we go, we are made conspicuous by their absence. In the business, social, and school world, we are branded as cultured or uncultured, according to our manners. Shall we be failures because we neglect fundamental things? When all else has failed us, if we have not attained our desires, there are still those bottles on the shelf. They are always there to show us the way.

HELEN FELDER.

Consideration for others is the basis of good manners. Poise and charm are truly desirable, and helpfulness and thoughtfulness of others are the things that give zest to life. These qualities, developed in a high degree, constitute the essence of good manners. They add much to the joy of living for those about us as well as for ourselves. Good manners are essential to success in the business and social world; they play an important part in every phase of school and college life. We all know how much a cheery "Good morning," or a hearty "Thank you," or perhaps a kindly "I'll be glad to," mean to every boy and girl, not to mention the poor harrassed teachers. Phoebe Cary had an excellent idea of good manners when she said, "They who think of others most are the happiest folks that live."

CECILE LINDAU.

High Lights On "Hi"

Edited by HELEN FELDER

The year 1925 has started out to be what the younger generation calls "fast." The list of maimed and sick has been steadily mounting. It's lucky that the school authorities don't give pensions to the disabled like the government does to soldiers, for the treasury couldn't stand it.

Miss Beckwith (who, by the way, has recently had a wisdom tooth extracted) on her return to school after an absence, was surprised to find that Edna Quate and J. Norman Stone were not at school. "Why, what's the matter with everyone?" she queried in perplexity.

On being informed that the former was married and the latter disabled, she gave it up.

"I wonder which is the worst," she said.

Added to the list of the sick were "Inabelle" and "Jo." The main trouble with them was that they got so hoarse they could hardly speak. Some one remarked, however, that things had come to a pretty pass when teachers reached the stage where they couldn't talk.

If you chance to see Arthur Davant limping around as though he were rheumatic, don't worry. It's not old age that encumbers him and hinders his speed; it's merely a broken foot, or something similar.

Among the sick appears the name of Irene. We wonder how Basil takes the protracted illness of his dear Irene.

J. Norman Stone must have gotten green with jealousy at the attentions bestowed on the sick. Perhaps that's why he had to get himself "banged up," too.

We wonder if there is any significance in the fact that the eclipse of the sun and exams come so near each other.

Is a study hall the place in which to play ball with iron window-weights and to play "choo-choo train" with the desks? High school students certainly ought to have passed that stage by now. Too, if the most looked-up-to class in school would stop to think of its honor, it would realize that the aforesaid stunts *should* be "taboo" with them.

Exams! Come, thou terrors, with thy nightmares and worries, thy lost books, and thy exemptions! Come, thou inevitables, come!

If Captain Kidd, Sir Francis Drake, and their other fellow pirates could have been present at Miss Beckwith's 6th semester English class the other day, they would certainly have been very much surprised. Several biographies and autobiographies of pirates were read, and they would have given a shock to the real pirates themselves. They certainly showed 'em some new tricks.

One morning Virginia Jackson said she smelled smoke.

"Maybe the school house is burning down," she suggested.

"Oh, they're just burning trash," someone assured her.

"Well, that's what I meant."

Miss Grogan has recently joined the ranks of the ill. Wonder if she had the orem, parallelogram, pneumonia, or diagonals?

Now that the new barn is almost finished, we begin reminiscing. How well we remember the thrill of joy when we had a study period or even one class in the "big building." And when we got transferred to it entirely, we thought ourselves the biggest thing going or coming!

"Seventeen" is giving everyone who is dramatically inclined a decided thrill. The cast is being chosen and promises to be rather good.

"Buddies" is the name of the faculty play, and Miss "Jerry" Kelly is the lead. She plays a little French girl. It sounds interesting.

Have you heard any talk about "New York" recently? Among the members

Alumni Notes

Edited by VIRGINIA McCLAMROCK

The class of 1924 of Greensboro High School celebrated its first Christmas as dyed-in-the-wool alumni by holding an alumni banquet at the Jefferson Standard Cafe December 26. The majority of the high school graduates of the class, although regular "old-timers" when in the presence of one another or some of the old gang at G. H. S., are in reality beginners in the life of higher education, and as such are simply freshmen in college home for vacation. Thus the night after Christmas was the first opportunity which had presented itself for the never-to-be-forgotten alumni banquet.

Robert Wilkins, president of the newly organized organization, presided as toastmaster. He called upon various members of the body, each one representative of a school or college, to relate some of his or her experiences as a novice in the college world. The following were among those who responded with glowing accounts of the merits and special qualities of a particular institution:

Miss Wilhelmina Weiland, North Carolina College; Miss Louise Daniels, Hollins College; Robert Tuttle, Trinity (now Duke University); Curtis Wilson, V. P. I.; Norman Block, University of North Carolina; Miss Flax McAlister, Randolph-Macon; Miss Virginia Fields, Flora McDonald; James McAlister, Davidson; Miss Margaret Perkins, Mary Baldwin; Miss Lillian Clegg, Beechwood School; Merrimon Irvin, Georgia Institute of Technology; Harry Neal, Washington and Lee; Miss Roberta Porter, Greensboro College; Miss Ethel Kee, Winthrop College, and Miss Mary Jerome, Salem College.

Mrs. John Waldrop, our own Jenny Lind, rendered a solo which was received with manifestations of pleasure and appreciation by the group. Approximately 100 were in attendance. Messages of warm wishes for the class were received from the former principal, G. B. Phillips, Miss Ione Grogan, and Lee H. Edwards, the present principal.

Jimmie McAlister was pledged Sigma Alpha Epsilon December 18 at Davidson. Charles Harrison, Arthur Gray, and Clement Penn all pledged Pi Kappa Phi. At Trinity, or rather Duke University, Buster Swift pledged Sigma Chi and Earl Sellars Alpha Tau Omega.

Merrimon Irvin pledged Pi Kappa Phi at Georgia Tech.

of the HIGH LIFE staff that one word causes considerable excitement when it's mentioned. Why, you say? Just because of the convention of Interstate High School Newspapers.

The number of people who got stars this month is appalling. There were too many names to put in the regular "box" in HIGH LIFE, so they had to have a "sure-nuff" article instead.

Mr. Archer's friends will be glad to know that he will be down this way soon, the 28th or 29th. In fact, he has to be present in Raleigh for a teachers' convention.

If you haven't seen the boys' new sweaters, you've missed a great sight. The boys feel like a million dollars with their sweaters and the stars upon them. Some sport gold, some purple stars, some both. Why?

The try-outs for "Seventeen" have discovered much good material, but, so far, no parts have been definitely assigned. However, Mr. Wunsch and Miss Wheeler have made a "find" in Troy Ziglar. Someone will have to work hard to beat him for "Willie's" part. Cecile Lindau and Elizabeth Umberger are showing up well for "Mrs. Baxter" and "May," respectively. "Liz" Darling thus far is the best "Jane."

"The play's the thing," it seems. Even Virginia McClamrock has succumbed to it. She's coaching a play for the Parent-Teachers, "Such Extravagance." Finley Atkinson is the husband, Lois Schoonover the wife, and "Bunny" Wimbish the husband's friend.

What's this we hear about a new faculty member?

Exchanges

Edited by VIRGINIA JACKSON

High school papers of every description have literally poured in this week, after trickling in heretofore. It seems as if every school in the country has just played the last football game, and the conquering or conquered heroes, as the case might be, are filling the pages with a record of their deeds. It is interesting to note the manner in which the various schools took their defeat or victory. Some openly admitted that it was the referee's fault, others insinuated as much and the rest were good sports.

Here they are:

Rambler, C. H. S., Charlotte, N. C.
A good example of the last-named type—good sports clear through as is shown in their paper, the only thing we have to judge them by. Technically, I believe a little more variety in your headlines would add greatly to your front page. Here's the *Rambler's* definition of love:

"Love is a feeling that you feel when you begin to feel a feeling you have never felt before."

How is that for originality?

Pine Whiskers, Richard J. Reynolds H. S., Winston, N. C.

From the moment a student enters the portals of G. H. S. until the moment they close upon him forever, the marvelous deeds of the occupants of the R. J. Reynolds H. S. are constantly recited to him. With their new auditorium, athletic field, etc., they have usually come out on top. It gives much malicious pleasure to announce that there is one thing in which they are decidedly not on top. Their paper is not half-way up to their standard in other activities.

Fine Yarns, G. H. S., Gastonia, N. C.

A husky bunch of football lads adorn the front page. They look fine! Sorry you had to lose. I think a few more "yarns" in your editorial and literary columns would add greatly to your paper. On the whole, we liked your "yarns" immensely.

Porter Grills, Porter Military Academy, Charleston, S. C.

It took so long to find out where this one came from, it didn't leave much time to comment. How about introducing yourself? You have wasted far too much space. You could have easily sandwiched in a story or at least a poem in the space between your jokes. It looks like our old friend Kenneth Maddox edits this paper. Aren't his initials K. P. and doesn't he go to Porter?

Amplifier, E. H. S., Edenton, N. C.

An exchange editor is supposed to bring out the good points and point out the bad points as he sees them. *The Amplifier* is exceptionally good in that it is full of news and that it gives a prominent place to girls' athletics. It is exceptionally bad in that it completely ignores its exchanges—not even an editor. How about it?

Central Digest, C. H. S., Chattanooga, Tenn.

If a school is military, it invariably gives itself away on the front page. *The Central Digest* is no exception. In spite of its pugilistic endeavors it succeeds in putting out one of the best four pages we receive. Fine editorials and well arranged departments contribute largely to the success of the paper. Three cuts were also in evidence: they must be rich.

Mohisco News, M. H. S., Monroe, N. C.

Here, fellow students, is the journalistic effort of the H. S. we "used to couldn't beat" in football. They have only one column and a half devoted to football, however. The Students' Forum is an excellent idea and any high school might do well to follow them. Your political announcements were quite amusing.

Tri-High Digest, L. H. S., Leaksville, N. C.

Easily the best paper for the size of the school in North Carolina. We like the way you write up your football games, Leaksville. They show the right spirit. Keep it up!