

High Life

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THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL
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Founded by the Class of '21

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APPRECIATION

The last four issues of HIGH LIFE have been edited by the various classes. The Seniors took the lead in getting out a class edition of the paper. They worked faithfully and hard at their task, and the result was a splendid issue. It was well-arranged and well-balanced. It featured Better Speech Week and the Senior class. There was a splendid feature story, a good short story, and some lovely poetry. Altogether, their issue of HIGH LIFE was fine.

The Juniors were determined to have the best class paper. Theirs was excellent, but we would hesitate to judge as to which of the four editions has been best. They started a new idea in front page make-up. Their editorials and literary page were fine.

The Spirit of Easter was carried out beautifully in the Sophomore issue. A lovely Easter cut adorned the front page, and the editorials, short stories, and poems breathed out the Easter spirit.

The Freshman class showed their originality and humor in their issue. They seem determined to climb from their lowly position in the Nursery. The front page make-up was beyond reproach. The very clever cut certainly made the front page attractive.

In reviewing these efforts, we think the classes have done well. We wish to thank them for their efforts. They were not asked to do it to rest us from our labors, but to give them some experience in newspaper work. We think they must have been benefitted from it. We appreciate what they did and hope they enjoyed it.

MOTHER

*"One not learned, save in gracious household ways;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and man,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And fiddled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother! Faith in woman-kind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trips and falls,
He shall not blind his soul with clay."*

It cannot be doubted that Lord Alfred Tennyson's own mother sat for this beautiful picture of motherhood taken from "The Princess." The portrait is too like that of our own mothers to be other than real. Often have these same thoughts arisen in our minds, and yet we lacked the power of competent expression. It is only the poets, we say, who can clothe

the common places of life with the beauty and glory of celestial things. True this may be, and yet we can all be poets. By performing our petty household tasks with happy hearts and smiling faces, we can brighten the lives of our mothers, and make poetry far more beautiful than the most immortal verses man has ever penned.

The French may boast of their passionate attachment for and the English may vaunt their supreme courtesy toward their parents, but it remained for our nation to institute a Mother's Day with its beautiful custom of wearing red or white roses. We are proud that America is a great world power, rivalling the other countries in commerce and industry; but we are proud above all that she is a thoughtful nation, seeking the nobler things of life, and standing for a pure and stainless womanhood.

Dear Mothers, we take this opportunity to pour out our hearts in love and gratitude for your lives of unselfishness and ceaseless devotion! If we have ever seemed thoughtless or unappreciative of your sacrifices, believe that it is only appearance. But it is useless to attempt to express our feelings. There are times when the heart is too full for the tongue to speak; then our thoughts too sacred for the pen to write.

However, this much we do know—our mothers are the most sacred gift of God!

ELIZABETH SMITH.

MAY

The capricious month of May has always had a way of chasing little feet indoors, just as play was most interesting. We've stood on the edge of the porch, with eyes full of tears, watching the rain drops make "johnny jump-ups" in little puddles along the walk. Words of comfort were given us in the old couplet,—

*"April showers
Bring May flowers."*

and through our tears we visualized great beds of pansies, roses, and buttercups. This vision faded away; those enticing little puddles called to twitching little toes. "When can I go barefooted?" we asked.

Then May meant to us flowers, bare feet, and mud pies!

* * *

Later May brought us the call of the outdoors. Disturbing visions of "the ol' swimmin' hole," summer camps, woodland picnics, and ice cream cones took possession of our grammar grade minds.

* * *

The birthstone of May is the emerald, which suggests to us that green signifies growth. As every blossom opens at the tender smile of May, so each life expands with the passing of the years. This expansion has been promoted by the rain-drops that have driven us temporarily from play and by the sunshine that always follows.

Now May brings us a message of awakening to duty—an awakening laden with happy responsibility and loving service. May means—Commencement!

ELIZABETH STONE.

THE PASSING YEARS

Tramp, tramp, tramp, echoes the loud, glorious tread of marching feet. Ah! a reunion of the Rough Riders and veterans of the Spanish-American War. What? Then surely it is the boys who carried the standard of the United States in the World War. No, son, it is the heroes in gray of the sixties; old and feeble in body, but young and vigorous in spirit. Tramp, tramp, tramp,—down the street march the heroes in gray, while their spirit is borne down the ages on the tide of time. And the men in the years to come shall tell of the valor and courage of those men at Chancellorsville, at Five Points, in the Wilderness and at Gettysburgh.

In the years that have passed since the thin gray line of heroes has grown thinner, have we lost any of the spirit of courage and patriotism of those fathers? Do we appreciate the soldier in gray as we used to? Has Memorial Day lost its meaning to us? I hope not!

May Memorial Day bring to each of us a sacred message—one that shall be embedded in the chambers of our hearts! May the passing years serve to fill our hearts with love and gratitude for those—the men in gray—who have presented the noble things of life for posterity, and have to show their lives more pure and noble.

J. D. MCNAIRY.

High Lights On "Hi"

By HELEN FELDER

There have been quite a few names put forward by the committee appointed to choose a name for room 5 in the new building. Mr. Aycock, chairman of the committee, seems to favor the nomenclature of "Misdemeanor Room" for the unnamed class-room. From what we hear, Miss Tillet (also on this committee) differs with the chairman; her donation is "Detention Room." Perhaps Miss Wine (though she hasn't said anything on the subject yet) prefers "The Descent Into Avernus." However, when it comes to the ballot, we beg to offer the name, "Naughty-Naughty Room." And, by the way, all loyal citizens of this room are urged to turn in their votes as soon as possible.

All those students desiring a holiday need only apply for admission three times at the "Misdemeanor Room."

Have you noticed lately how envious the boys' track coach, Mr. Aycock, is growing? Wonder if it can be the fact that the girls have passed the boys and are still going strong in attendance for track practice?

"What shall we name the baby?" ask its parents. Any suggestions on the subject will be welcome to the fifth and seventh semesters, who are the proud parents of the infant. Mr. Robert Wunsch has scratched his head in perplexity over the problem—as certainly befits a god-father—but is unable to volunteer a name for the magazine.

Speaking of the new project, it won't be an infant for long. Babies grow up mighty fast, you know; just so will the magazine grow. It is a strapping big infant now and it will soon be a full-fledged child. It will not take long for it to be a big thing; for G. H. S. is going to stand behind it, and that is guarantee enough of its success and developments.

Have you seen several people lately who seemed to be walking on air? Don't worry; that is, unless they get so they try to go through doors without opening them, or some such dangerous stunt. The senior class officers, the editor-in-chief of HIGH LIFE, the editor-in-chief of the Magazine, and the other officers of the two publications have been elected; that's all it is.

What's all this we hear about "Young Lochinvar coming out of the west"? And about the "call of the hot dog to its mate"? It sounds quite out of the ordinary to us; but you can never tell.

"In the spring a young man's fancy" you know the rest. We wonder if Miss Killingsworth was thinking of this when she remarked in chapel that Mr. Wunsch must have had some inspiration in writing his song. Miss Walker seemed to understand it, anyway. And perhaps that explains another thing—why Mr. Wunsch reads Browning so much.

Teachers can be cruel often, when they don't realize it. Just think of an English teacher condemning spring fever as "nothing," and then making her class write themes of description on the great outdoors. It does seem heartless, doesn't it?

Have you noticed how Mr. Jack shudders at the sight of a wienie? If you ask him the reason, he will probably make an attempt on your life, so we'll tell you. It's simply this: he remarked one day that he could eat a dozen wienies and his friends made him "eat his words."

In the old school days boys settled their quarrels by impulsive arbitration, but nowadays since people have become civilized they settle their disputes by compulsive arbitration.

Georgette's Famous Players should change their name to Miss Josephine, Incorporated.

When "these holy walls of G. H. S." was included in the Senior song, the Seniors concluded that it had a double meaning.

Say it with an *aye* and you will get an A.

WHAT COLLEGE, SENIORS?

What college, Seniors? Have you made your application yet? If not, it is high time you did, if you expect to get into a good college next fall. Of course, there are a few of us who are not going; but hats off to those who plan to work next year in order to enable themselves to attend the following fall.

It isn't like it used to be, for in the last few years it has become possible for anyone with a desire to work to attend four years of college—even the girls. Suppose a financial handicap does make it necessary to go five, or even six years, in order to obtain a four-year course, isn't it worth it? Anyhow, it won't hurt you to hand in your application.

By all means, before you check your trunks and buy your ticket, know definitely what you plan to do after completing your education, and even though you change that ambition before reaching it you'll have something to strive towards and live up to.

The class of '25 is known as the "hundred percent class." Let's not fall down on the last thing to be decided before leaving G. H. S. Nowadays you don't go to college—it's ready to meet you half way. On to college, you Seniors!

DUKE

To view the infant institution through which Duke University came into existence, one must go backward for almost a century. At that time (in 1838, to be exact) in Randolph county, North Carolina, Normal College threw open its doors to the young men of a state which was truly still in the Dark Ages of its educational history. In 1856 the Board of Directors of the school proposed to the Methodist Episcopal Conference to assume control of the college. As a result of this proposition, the Methodist Church of North Carolina came into ownership of what in three years became Trinity College.

Under that name the institution struggled through the dangers and trials that the war and reconstruction brought all educational institutions. Nor was it behind in entering the larger fields of opportunity that were opened up to Southern colleges toward the end of the 19th century. That it might serve in a larger capacity, the Methodist Conference decided in 1891 that the college should be moved from its rather inaccessible situation in Randolph county. At that time, the man who was to prove an invaluable friend to the institution, Mr. Washington Duke, came forward with an offer that made possible the removal of the college to what promises to be its permanent abode at Durham.

Through the generosity of the Duke family, Trinity College was able to grow with phenomenal rapidity from a plant of red brick buildings with a rather ungainly tower into a symmetrically arranged group of buildings, modern in every detail and handsome in construction; from one college of liberal arts to a group of colleges of high standard, to which only a few have to be added to make the institution a real university.

The friends of Trinity College were profoundly grateful to hear in December, 1924, of the well-nigh boundless possibilities that the beneficence of Mr. James B. Duke opened before the institution. Its name the Board of Trustees readily changed to Duke University, and they immediately began plans for improvements and enlargements that will enable the University to make itself felt, not only in the South, in which it has long stood for sincere scholarship and high ideals, but throughout the entire nation. With no loss of its rich traditions, the college turns triumphantly to the future.

JUST FOUR MORE WEEKS

Just four more weeks! How much then mean to each of the one hundred and thirty Seniors! At the end of that time, will they be all smiles, or will there be some "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth"?

"Out in the wide, wide world!" In only a short time, you'll leave dear old G. H. S. forever; but time cannot take from you the memories you have stowed away. Nothing can do that. They are yours to keep always. For this reason, if for no other, in order to make those memories happy ones, strive to make these short weeks count for more than all others in your high school life.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Our alumnae at N. C. C. W. are surely making a good record. The girls from the class of '22 are to hold several important offices next year.

Ellen Stone, sister of our own J. Norman, is vice-president of student government.

Nellie Irvin is still living up to the reputation she made in High School. Nellie is chief marshal.

Mildred Little is also a marshal. She was selected from the Cornelian Society.

Frances Harrison is one of the house presidents. This automatically makes her a member of the student senate.

PARACHUTES

Extra! Extra! All about the death-defying leap of Babe Ruth! The huge crowds assembled Friday, May 1, to witness the dare-devil air stunt, held their breaths in awe as the hero cast care to the winds and took the terrific leap from an airplane with nothing but a parachute between him and death. As the gradual descent was made the spectators craned their necks to see the safe arrival—or perhaps the horrible death—of the nationally known personage.

Suddenly a shout went up. The parachute was speedily descending upon a roof. But, no; it was fluttering to earth. A boy rushed forward and grasped it. The bar of Baby Ruth candy was his!

BOYS' DAY IN INDUSTRY

On Thursday, April 30, the girls of the economics class received the benefits of "Boys' Day in Industry."

Since the week starting Monday, April 27, was "National Boys' Week," many interesting and educational events were planned. Thursday all the boys in semester six, seven and eight were allowed to go and visit any one of the industries that interested them most. The girls in Miss Killingsworth's economics class were also allowed this same privilege. As the class has been studying corporations, labor problems, machinery, and the like, it was most beneficial to see these plants and corporations at work. Also, since every member of the class is a true citizen of Greensboro, it was especially interesting to know more about the city and its work.

WERE YOU BORN IN MAY?

What does May mean to you? Perhaps it is just another month like all the rest; but let's think a bit.

Every month has to play its part to make a year. Does May do its part?

They say that "April showers bring May flowers," and what a glorious month this should be, then, because it is the arrival of summer, and in summer we always have beautiful flowers. When we think of the many joys that flowers bring to the sick, to the lonely, and just brightening up every little spot into a lovely garden, we can appreciate May more.

Yet flowers and warmer sunshine are not everything that May does for us, for it has provided many famous people. Were you born in May? Robert Browning, that wonderful English poet; Dante, the Italian, and Emerson, our very own poet and genius, were born in this happy month. How charmingly does this idea of poetry combine with flowers and beautiful days! What an inspiration May can give!

Besides poets we have Patrick Henry, and Horace Mann, orators and statesmen.

You may be beginning to think it a month of men, but Florence Nightingale and Queen Victoria are great citizens of May, also.

And as we think of Walt Whitman and his band, and Richard Wagner and his wonderful compositions, we realize why National Music Week has been set aside for May.

Also, girls, and boys, Mothers' Day comes in May. What a wonderful opportunity for us to do something for our mothers!

We wonder if every one of us will remember it this May?

This easiest little thing to say—May on Mothers' Day.

FRANCES JOHNSON.

GOOD NIGHT

Bernard S. (the bore): "My foot is asleep."

Virginia M. (the victim): "How I envy it!"