

HIGH LIFE

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Greensboro, N. C.

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COPIED CLIPPINGS

A little more attention paid to the improving of one's speech will prove a valuable investment.—*The Davidsonian*, Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.

The way to get rich and be content with your riches is to work hard and industriously. Nothing worth while can be gained from loafing on easy labors.—*B. H. S. Life*, Beloit High School, Beloit, Kansas.

Common sense is a rarity in the schools and in the world at large.—*Pine Whispers*, Richard J. Reynolds High School, Winston-Salem, N. C.

TID-BITS

Are we down-hearted? No!

Old Saying: "Success comes in cans." So do sardines, we are told by a coming humorist of the modern generation.

Speaking of Thanksgiving, we understand that shortly after the dinner hour on Thanksgiving Day the doctors enjoyed a thriving business; whereupon, we conclude that the M.D.'s should be doubly thankful.

We notice that government ownership of coal mines is to be debated in the near future at the Debating Club. Coach Fordham is one man that need never worry about a fuel shortage. Indeed, he is so comfortably prepared for the winter's blasts that the student body gives fifteen rahs for "Fordham's Coletrane" at almost every game.

A step nearer the championship and a victory over Winston in one day! No wonder G. H. S. was so thankful Thanksgiving. It sure had reason to be.

A real sport is a man who can win and not get stuck up—or lose with a smile.

We hope that the White Lines will not prove White Elephants to the pedestrians of G. H. S.

You played the game in Notre Dame style, gang.

November 26—National Thanksgiving Day. November 26 plus 47 days—G.H.S. Thanksgiving Day—if you passed!

While you are 'sposin', 'spose that you go to see "Just Suppose."

Knute Rockne has nothing on Coach Fordham.

Who is the greatest man in the world? Ask the team. "C. C. Fordham, of course." Why? "'Cause he's a man's man, and a good 'un at that."

COACH FORDHAM

A maker of men. That is what a few football coaches are. It's what most coaches are not. C. C. Fordham, football mentor at Greensboro High, falls into the former class. To him the splendid record made by the local team this year is in a large measure attributed.

Any man on the local squad bears witness to the influence of Coach Fordham. He instills courage, clean sportsmanship, and good physical and mental habits of living into his players. Every time that the Purple Whirlwind took the field this year its members to a man were fighting for the school, for the glory of the team, but first of all for C. C. Fordham.

At the first of the year prospects for a first class eleven were poor. Even at the beginning of the championship series the team was rated by critics as far from championship calibre. Yet it has far surpassed the hopes of its most optimistic followers.

Many intimate with the game declare that several teams in the state surpass the locals in football ability, and that they cannot understand their great success. If they could listen in on the talks made by Coach Fordham to the players before each game and see the grim, determined look upon the faces of the boys as they go out to the field, they would have their answer.

C. C. Fordham knows football. He knows boys. And above all he has the personality and character to command their highest respect, admiration and devotion. Probably the best coach that Greensboro High has had in many a long year is Mr. Fordham.

LAW AND ORDER

Greensboro High School like every other community of any size whatever faces a serious traffic problem. With eight hundred students moving about the halls and campus during a period of three minutes, nine or ten times daily, it is obvious that some few rules must be observed to prevent congestion and delay in class work.

On the other hand, it is not necessary to impose a military system of order on the student body to gain the desired end—swift and orderly movement of traffic between classes. Not at all remarkable in view of past performance is the fact that the authorities are trusting entirely to the patriotic spirit of the students in this matter. No one asks you to sprint from class to class posing as a sphynx. No one asks you to become an insignificant cog in a huge, smooth-working machine of traffic with rhythm as perfect as that of a Rolls-Royce motor.

Here is what's asked of you. Do everything in your power to reach your destination as quickly as possible without turning the hall into a hundred-yard track. That means keep to the right; that means not to loiter as one might before Nowell's Pharmacy; that means not to converse to such an extent that traffic be impeded. And most of all it means to watch out for the other fellow. Treat him right, and he'll treat you right, and everybody'll be happy ever after, as the story books put it.

At any rate, all attempts at humor consigned to oblivion for the moment, it's up to you, students of G. H. S.

THE "Y"

Pure and wholesome environment is said to be the nucleus around which good character is formed. The product of good character is successful men and women. Not only are men with ideal characters successful but they are the builders of society and good servants for God. That is the thing our Y. M. C. A. is striving to make out of the

boys of Greensboro. Likewise, a similar institution for girls is, we hope, doing the same thing for them.

The Y. M. C. A. is the center of activity for the boys. It is convenient to the boys and is the gathering place for those who enjoy the environment it offers. Here the Hi-Y clubs hold their meetings, basketball games are played, tennis courts are accessible, the swimming pool, gymnasium, and all the other pleasures they offer are for our use. A camp is provided for the boys who want to take over-night hikes.

Character-building is one of the most important phases of work the "Y" stands for, and is certainly the most important thing it teaches the boys. Boys must be occupied; it is natural to do something for amusement. So, why not cultivate the habit of attending the "Y" and learn to love the company of people who stand for Good Character?

"LEST WE FORGET"

December is at hand, and it will not be long until the "mid-term" exams roll around. When that time comes there will be two types of expressions on the faces of the students "who really care" to pass: with some there will be a look of self-assurance and poise; others will show signs of doubt, distress, and agitation, marks of sleeplessness and worry. As the hour approaches there will be a steady walk and an uneasy tread to the classrooms, a sure pen and a nervous hand. It is the same old story written by the students every year. Why is it that experience has failed to teach them the disastrous results of wasting time and then trying to make up for the loss of study?

"Time wasted is existence; used is life." So says a thinker of the past. To the man who wastes time life is a rush—a mere existence—the existence of being hurried. That the story of failure and regret be not enacted again this year, may we take advantage of the days that remain between now and Christmas, and, after a joyous Christmas holiday, stand examinations without regret!

AN APPRECIATION

The student body wishes to join with Mr. C. W. Phillips and Mrs. Orr in expressing gratitude and appreciation to Mr. W. M. Curtis, Dean of Greensboro College, for the copy of *The Echo* of 1925 presented to the library of Greensboro High School.

The Echo is the college annual, a beautiful book of pictures and stories relating the real life that is lived behind the portals of Greensboro College. Attractive, artistic and appropriate is every phase presented.

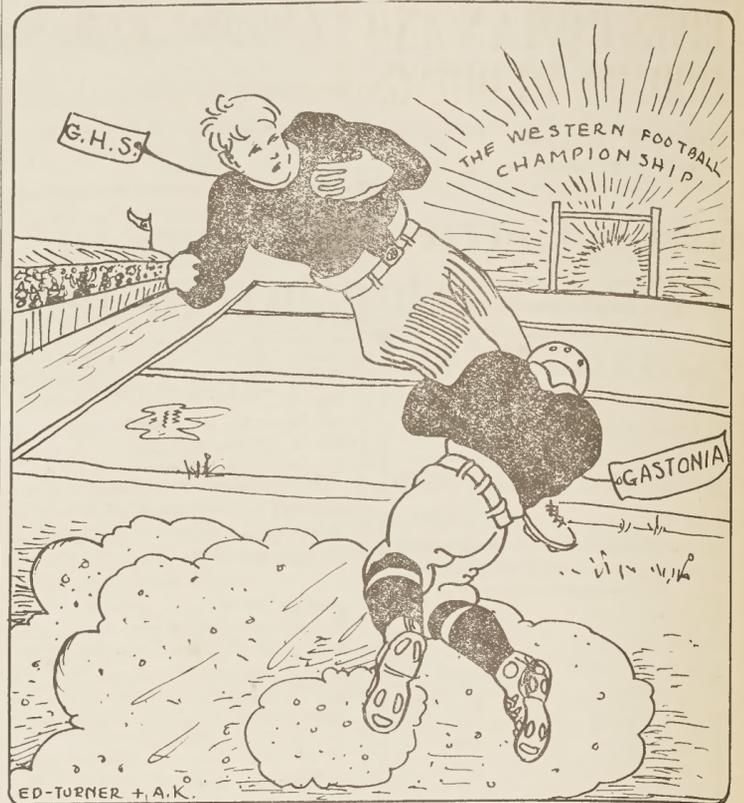
This book will prove more than entertainment to the students who peruse its pages; it will afford them instruction and valuable suggestions.

ENGINEER OF G. H. S.

When the night school class in arithmetic is called to order by Mr. Boyd, one of the back seats is occupied by a person who is an important cog in the machine grinding out graduates year after year that is the Greensboro High School. He's the fellow whom the student often see during the daytime emerging from the depths of the furnace room or hurrying from building to building, keeping everlasting vigil on the heat regulators to see that the temperature of the school rooms is just right—neither too hot nor too cold. His official title is school engineer.

His name is H. C. Walker, and he lives at 714 Dick Street. About 28 years old, he is a young man with ambition. Living in the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains until a few years ago, he never had a chance to attend a good school. He dropped out of the little country school in which he received all his education when he finished the gram-

HALTED!



mar grades. Now he is making rapid progress in arithmetic under Mr. Boyd, and reports that he is mastering fractions, which "always were kind o' hard for me to get any sense out of," he declared.

Mr. Walker says that he gets a great deal out of attending night school. "I'm getting better on figures all the time. After a while, when I learn enough, I want to get into the contracting business," he states.

G. H. S. has a unique "lord of the radiators and roaring furnace fires" in Mr. Walker. He is quite a busy man during the day, for he must keep the heat up in the furnaces of all four of the buildings which comprise the High School plant. Yet, after the day's work is done, he comes back to the school and spends an hour or two every night in absorbing some of the knowledge which he missed getting in his brief school career.

MAGICIANS OF G. H. S.

"What zat, Mister?"

"That is a Mongolian hen, son."

"What kin he do?"

"Why, that is the one that disappears."

"Oh!"

"Le's see you do somethin'."

Accordingly Professor Wallace, "the celebrated magician," reached into the depths of his lower vest pocket and produced three shining coins, a penny, a nickel, and a dime. Placing the money in the palm of his hand, he repeated the word "rostrum." When he opened his hand, the penny had vanished. Yes, it was actually gone!

"Dija see that, Bill?"

Various remarks and appraisals followed in swift order.

Now Professor Wallace is a "celebrated magician." But there are some people in old G. H. S. who, although they are not celebrated, compare favorably—in fact, very favorably—with the renowned Wallace.

For instance, we don't understand how Glenn Holder slips into his class five or ten minutes after the bell rings without being noticed by the teacher. Now, Glenn may be instilled with the power of "invisibility" or he may have padded soles on his number 11's, but just the same it's a mystery to the rest of us.

And we don't know exactly how Henry Biggs can sit on a thumb-tack three times in succession and not "rise." Somebody said that perhaps he had a cast-iron doughnut in his hip pocket. Well, perhaps.

A fair-haired, rosy-cheeked maiden asked how Carlton Wilder could wear a perpetual smile. That's a problem. How about it, Carlton?

We're worried about a certain young fellow in a first period English class who can give a book report without reading the book. We hand it to you, —, how do you do it?

BEN M. WILLIAMS

An interesting letter has been received from Mr. Ben M. Williams, former principal of the McIver school. While holding this position he established a vacation school which attracted much attention. He is well known to the students of G. H. S. and is now studying at Teachers' College, in New York City, residing at 515 West 121st Street.

Mr. Williams especially urges that the students of old G. H. S. take advantage of the opportunities in education offered in North Carolina, pointing out the high rating of Tarheelia among her sister states. He encourages them to "do each day's work," and not try to "just get by."

"For those who are trying to decide just where and when they will drop out of school, I would like to recount what Dr. Kilpatrick said to me last Sunday afternoon, for my own encouragement," Mr. Williams continued. "Dr. Kilpatrick finished his work for a doctor's degree at Columbia when he was forty-one years old. He said this—'Sticking by school is simply betting your life that you will amount to something when you are through.' It takes nerve, however, to 'bet your life' and lay down the stakes."

WHIPS!

The bean-throwers have been vanquished; the acorn-artillery is no more: but there is in Greensboro High School a new source of danger that has all the effects of a real blood-thirsty battle.

Beans and acorns and "bean-shooters" had the physical affects; if one should be struck by one of these missiles, he will vouch for that fact, but there was none of the "din-of-battle" to such tame warfare, so some ingenious warrior brought one of those "Don Q." delights, "bull-whips," to school, and the fad is now breaking up classes by its noise and holding up traffic in the halls and on the walks because of its danger.

A moment's practice, and a young hopeful becomes a true "Son of Zorro," wielding the leathery weapon with the skill of a veteran. A beautiful figure of eight is described over the head of the performer and then a simple "twist of the wrist," and crack! the deed is done, the poor teacher must submit herself to the indignity of poking her fingers in her ears, or the poor victim must grasp the stinging member that has been cracked, and howl in agony.

A fad! A fad! Our kingdom for a fad that will put those abominable whips into the trash-cans.

Well, the girls thought that they had something on the boys when they made their trip to Southern Pines, but now the boys play a game in Greensboro and then get to play the same team in Charlotte. How about that for a trip?