

# HIGH LIFE

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COPIED CLIPPINGS

A student body that won't be beaten, can't be beaten.—*Maroon and Gold*, Elon College.

Don't bust up before Christmas—there's a reason. *Carolinian*, N.C.C.W.

Over at N. C. C. W. the girls are evidently getting plenty of goulash. Well, misery loves company.—*The Technician*, State College.

TID-BITS

Christmas Holidays! Hoo-ray! Who ever invented 'em pulled off one humdriller of a job of invention.

G. H. S.'s letter to Santa Claus: Dear Santa: Please bring us a new high school building and you can leave out all the rest. P. S. All except a new typewriter for the Journalism room so's the High Life Staff won't fuss so much about the one they got.

"J. W. Bailey Says High School Courses Are Too Hard"—Headline. At last—a politician with some sense! Them's our sentiments exactly, Josiah.

Congratulations, Cap'n Ned. You deserved it.

"Red Grange Shoots to Top Like Meteor" Headline. Trouble is, he'll shoot down again faster'n a streak of greased lightnin' with twin Liberty motors in a few months.

We heard one foolish Freshman make his resolution the other day. "No D's next semester for me," quoth he. No, not until he gets his first report there won't be.

When the Florida bubble bursts the Dixie Highway will be a one-way thoroughfare for north-bound traffic only.

Our front page blossoms forth this issue with a picture of Mr. Wunsch with all the trimmin's. A real man gets a little well-deserved publicity.

"Just Suppose" went over big. Some future Jane Powells, Mitzies, and John Drinkwaters were uncovered in our midst. And the success of the play was another laurel wreath on Mr. Wunsch's already highly-honored brow.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Seventeen days for Christmas vacation. Four hundred and eight hours of freedom from dull classroom cares! Sounds good, doesn't it? A pretty good Christmas gift from the powers that be in things scholastic, seems to us.

During these days we can forget schoolbooks and their wearisome contents, the strife and struggles over the D's and the imminence of D's, bone-dry history lectures, dead men's dreary philosophies and fancies in the form of unnecessary and uncalled-for rules of English grammar—everything but having a good time doing as we please. Hooray! Merry Christmas To All!

The members of the High Life Staff unite in wishing the student body a season of happy thoughts and joyful moments. To the teachers we extend our heartfelt wishes for seventeen days of fun and freedom from endless struggles with dumb students and the ceaseless worries and work of a pedagogue's lot in life. May everybody have a wonderful time, and come back to school on January 4 with fresh enthusiasm and a store of happy memories.

CHRIST'S DAY

With the advent of the Christmas season, the time of the year is at hand when all living things draw nearest to God. Over the sinful, hardened world there settles a spirit of almost Christ-like gentleness and kindness. All of God's creatures—even to the most lowly as well as the highest—feel this spirit on Christmas day.

There is a beautiful old tradition that with the stroke of twelve on Christmas Eve the beasts of the field and the forest kneel down and remain in reverential repose while Christ's day is born. In the stillness and hush of the early morn, so the story goes, when God and the heavenly hosts draw near to that sleeping world, the wild animals in the forest cease to prowl and, together with the flocks and herds in stable and fold respond in wide-eyed wonder to the spirit that is in the air. Certain it is that around Christmas time even the cock's crow has a note of something mysterious and almost holy in its clearly-ringing challenge to be up and doing. Among mankind, even the most hardened criminal feels the Christmas glow and, despite his struggles against them, warm thoughts of home, mother, and happiness creep into his crime-strewn soul. And so it is with all of us.

Christmas is a season of deep thought and significance, but it is also one of gayety and good cheer. The urge to give is an essential part of it. Nineteen hundred and twenty-five years ago God gave the world its greatest gift. On a bed of straw in a humble manger it lay, in the person of a tiny babe—Jesus Christ, who brought eternal life to mankind. It is natural that today we are made happy by giving on Christmas. The happy light that is in the eyes of a child when it gives its mother the gift it has saved its pennies to buy is a God-like thing.

We poor mortals are unable to define the Christmas spirit. We only know that we feel a warm glow inside, and material things fade into insignificance before an all-pervading sense of peace and good will to mankind. It makes us keenly aware that there is an all-powerful Being watching over us from heaven above, and that he is very near to us on this day.

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—Shakespeare, *Henry VI*.

SEVENTEEN DAYS

If anyone thinks enough of us to ask us to share a party with them it is certainly the least we can do to acknowledge the invitation. During the 17 Christmas holidays especially we have numerous telephone and mailed invitations which require a response to enable the host or hostess to prepare for the correct number. Many hosts have been disappointed and financially and socially embarrassed because of either forgetfulness or ill manners on the part of some guest in not notifying their correspondent of the absence.

"Life is not so short but there is time enough for courtesy." Even if our duties of life demand a great deal of time that is no excuse for neglect of little courteous things according to some great author. If we can find time to learn courteous acts, then let us take time to do the polite act.

W. R. WUNSCH

W. R. (Bobby) Wunsch came to Greensboro at the beginning of the spring semester in the school year of 1923-24 as a member of the faculty at the old Junior High on Lindsay Street. There he directed the publication of "Lindsay Lou", Junior High newspaper, composed and coached an operetta, "Dreams of O. Henry," which proved very successful. He came over to Central High when the Junior High was moved to the newly constructed "nursery" in the fall term of 1924-25, where he taught German during that year. Mr. Wunsch is the founder of the Creative English class, which was inaugurated at the opening of school this fall. In addition to teaching this subject, Mr. Wunsch is the instructor of the class in Dramatics, which he founded also. Since coming to G. H. S. he has very successfully coached several plays, including "Seventeen", "Just Suppose", "Peggy", and others. He is the founder and faculty advisor of *High Life*.

Mr. Wunsch is a man of big dimensions in everything that goes to make up a real leader of men. He has strong personality, a wonderful character, and a liberal portion of executive ability. He directs a large number of activities here in the High School, and he is successful in all of them. Much of the success that has come to the publications and to dramatics in G. H. S. during the past two years indirectly attributed to his leadership.

A dreamer who makes his dreams come true is Mr. Wunsch. A born creator, he inspires others to express themselves and grow thereby. A man with the finest of ideals and the highest motives, he exerts a splendid influence for good over those who are under his leadership. He is one of the greatest assets of Greensboro High School.

THE NEW YEAR

Suddenly the silent peacefulness of the calm night is broken as through the stillness a joyous sound peals forth and the New Year is ushered in with the gay ringing of bells.

The New Year! Is it possible we ask, for it seems but a few days since we stood on the brink of 1925, that another year is upon us? Yes, it is quite possible, almost too possible for 1926 has come too quickly for some of us.

It seems very strange that another wonderful year of opportunity has slipped by and yet when we at G. H. S. look back over 1925 we find that for us 1925 has been a very successful year. Our school paper found for itself a high place in the realm of high school papers, our football team made the best showing in foot-ball that has been made in

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM" - - - Ed. Turner



Star of Christmas

By CARLTON WILDER

*Everything changes. Like gray phantoms flow  
The years to the past in a limitless row.  
But blazing through evil a pathway of light,  
Still gleams forth a star in the easterly night;  
The love of the Master, so potent though mild,  
Lives yet in the innocent faith of a child.*

years at G. H. S. Our scholarship has grown better. And last, but not least, we have learned how to lose as well as how to win.

If 1926 can show as much progress as 1925 has we will win: The cup at the newspaper convention, the state championship in foot-ball and our scholarship will continue to rise until it rivals the very stars.

The New Year! A whole year of new opportunities is open to us to use and make the most of. Come students of G. H. S., let us advance even farther during 1926 than we have in 1925. Let us make 1926 a year that for G. H. S. will be the very best it has ever known.

A DARE

A gentlemen's agreement—a dare and a dare challenged—between two well known parties, the beloved Mr. Charles W. Phillips and the Hon. Graham Todd, Esq. resulted in freeing the last named gentleman from any scholastic obligations whatsoever for one whole day; in other words Todd was the glad receiver of a holiday. Mr. Phillips gave his word and the holiday was earned.

It seemed that while discussing topics of mutual interest with Graham, the honor roll became a point of discussion, and the generous hearted Mr. Phillips, hoping to inspire a desire for scholarship in the young man's heart, said that he would give the youth a holiday if he made the honor roll that month. Now the G. H. S. principle is not a man to jump at a thing too quickly; he understood perfectly that the highly respected "Runt" was not on the honor roll, nor did it seem that his chances were unusually bright; so at the time he appeared to be taking no great risk. Indeed, the odds were twenty to one in favor of Phillips until the last moment.

No one expected Todd to win.

Then the honor roll was published, and behold G. Todd's name was among them; he decided that he would make the honor roll and did it. Mr. Phillips realized that there are G. H. S. boys that will take challenges and can do the thing when they try. The gentleman's agreement was kept to the letter, and Todd was allowed to toddle freely along for a whole day.

N. C. C. W. DORMITORIES  
LOOK DARK AND DREARY

The dormitories of the State women's college, usually flooded with light, are dark and drear. Happy faces that beamed exultantly with life are cheering the family as it gathers around the Christmas fireside "back at home," merry voices no longer roll through the long corridors of Spencer and Shaw laden with their joyous greetings. The buildings take on the appearance of a skeleton devoid of life, cold gaunt buildings that seemed ghostly outlined against the dense blackness of the woodland. What a lifeless atmosphere to pervade the walls of the college on the eve of the birthday of the Savior—how quiet, how lonely!

As the night throws its cloak of shadows around the masses of brick and mortar a light appears in a lone window, like some faint ember of a dying fire. Perhaps, in the lighted room there is a lonely soul too far from home to go back for Christmas, back to Japan across the sea, or back to the hearth in a distant state. She may be working her way through college too poor to return to her humble home. How lonely must be that spirit!

WHEREON THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD WAS BORN.

JOHN BYRON

It was the calm and silent night Seven hundred years and fifty-three Had Rome been growing up to might And now was queen of land and sea. No sound was heard of clashing wars.

Alfred Domett.

No really man ever thought himself so. —Hozlitt.