

HIGH LIFE

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We owe it to ourselves, to our neighbors, and to the world, to be honest. We must live with one another; the lives of others cross our own a hundred times a day, and there is no enduring happiness unless we treat one another fairly.—*Cohisco Outburst*, Covington, Va.

We should "hitch our wagon to a star" and then spend the remainder of life repairing trace chains.—*The Clarion*, Durham, N. C.

Let us begin this year with the determination to make it amount to more than any past year—to make it count. Take hold cheerfully of your ship and keep it to the course by gluing your eyes toward heaven, so that you may "keep the compass needle of your soul, true to the north star of a great ambition."—*The Rambler*, Charlotte, N. C.

Few things are appreciated until they are past and gone forever.—*Central Bulletin*, Washington, D. C.

There is no man who is worth the powder and shot to blow him up who does not set himself against the crowd especially in his younger life. Never mind how many fellows are behind you, always keep your eyes on the fellows that are ahead of you. Compare yourself with the runners at the head of the race and then you will keep humble.—Charles W. Dawes.

TID-BITS

Ah, it's a gr-a-a-nd and glorious feeling. No more exams for four whole months!

Freshman, reckon you don't never want to see anymore paddles, huh? Well it's all in the game. Maybe if you're plenty smart and get to be upper-classmen like we are you'll get to paddle some other Freshies some day.

One little smile often does more good when a fellow is in trouble than volumes of long-faced sympathy.

They're gone—those mid-term graduates. We're just beginning to realize that some of 'em were a little account after all, now that they're gone. However, things are a whole lot more quiet and peaceful since Paul Scurlock, Dot Lea and the rest betook themselves and their voluminous conversation to other scenes.

If you're not a subscriber to the *Daily Record*, take it from us that you're missing a lot, folks. It's getting better every day; Major Edney Ridge, manager of the publication has loaned five of us *HIGH LIFE*'S one of his trucks to go in to the High School Newspaper Convention in New York March 11 and 12. You bet it's a good paper.

THE OPPORTUNITIES AHEAD

We're off! The new semester dawned upon us nearly two weeks ago, and is now well under way. Behind us the mistakes of the past half year lie buried, living only in the lessons they have taught, that will keep us from repeating them.

It is usually a bad thing to do to look backward, so let's look into the future a bit and see what lies ahead. Opportunity—limited only by our willingness to take advantage of it—looms large above the horizon of the newly-dawned semester. Opportunity to do great things—win the state championships in baseball, basketball and track, to bring home the state cup for debating honors, win the big publications contests, bring home the bacon, so to speak, in the dramatics and music competitions, and more important than all the rest, to be returned victor in the struggle for mastery that is continually going on between ourselves and our studies. These studies are similar to life itself—they make excellent hired hands but mighty strict bosses.

After all we come to high school to learn, and if we do not put out our best on our courses we are doing ourselves an injustice. Therefore, during this semester, may we all take advantage of the opportunities offered to us and make the reality as bright as the outlook for the future appears.

TRAVEL

Samuel Johnson said that "the use of traveling is to regulate imagination by reality and instead of thinking how things may be to see them as they are." Mr. Archer heartily indorsed Johnson's convictions when he sanctioned the plans of several of the *HIGH LIFE* Staff to take in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention, to be held in New York City March 12 and 13.

Ten days in the city will not be made up of wild pleasure excursions, but will consist of a carefully supervised course of practical instruction. The observation of places of international fame and interest will be so constructed as to coincide with the theoretical subjects studied in school. For example, Sociology, Economics and other commercial subjects deal extensively with the financial and social problems of the world. *HIGH LIFE* representatives will have an opportunity to observe some of the social problems of the great metropolis and to study more closely the financial end, too. Some of the most important places to be visited are the Metropolitan Museum, American Museum of Natural History, Aquarium, Libraries and Art Galleries, Zoological Garden and churches and cathedrals.

The impressions obtained under the auspices of a such systematic program will be of unlimited educational value and will also serve to correct the distorted mental images that the distant and unseen cause the mind to picture.

TO THE FRESHIES

We sympathize with you, Freshmen. We realize that it is very difficult to become adjusted to the complicated life of high school after the comparatively simple routine of the grammar grades.

Nothing can be more miserable, more utterly lonely, than the first few days as a Freshman in high school. Everybody seems so superior and overbearing, classes change and bells ring so bewilderingly, there are so many new things to be done and so many others not to be done, that the newcomer becomes lost, almost dazed, by his unfamiliar surroundings. He is run over by everyone from the lofty Senior to the proudly strutting Sophomore, and is made the object of their jests and sarcasms.

You are the future leaders of the school. Freshmen. Soon we shall pass

on, and you will succeed to our places. Knowing this, we promise to aid you in every way possible in helping fit you for the responsibilities that will become yours. We really are kindly disposed toward you, although our habit of applying the paddle to you every time we have a chance may not seem to indicate such a feeling. However, that is for the good of your soul and self-respect, so to speak.

May you soon adapt yourselves to the atmosphere of the school, and allow the ideals and fine old traditions with which it is surrounded to become a part of you.

"SAMMY"

From a popular freshman to the "best all around Senior" is a high school career to be envied. Such a career fell to the lot of Orden Goode, "Sammy," as he is popularly known. During his four years in high school he was one of the most outstanding members of his class. His clean sportsmanship, straight forward manner, and unflinching sense of humor have acquired for him the friendship of every member of the student body. Sammy has a personality such as is possessed by few.

During his Sophomore year he was one of the most persistent men of the track team under Coach Fulton. He is one of the best sports in every field of athletics. When his team loses, he laughs it off; when they win, he accepts the victory in an unassuming manner.

In his every day life Sammy has lived up to every principle of the Scouts to which he belongs. He is courteous, trustworthy and loyal in all senses of the word.

Sammy reaped rich rewards in his Senior year. He was chosen business manager of *Homespun* and faithfully fulfilled every duty of the office. Selected as photographic editor, he gave his best. As president of his class this year he has been a beloved leader. He realized an ambition when he was elected to the Torch Light Society. He was presented with a loving cup as the "best all around Senior on the night of his graduation and to cap the climax he was elected "Everlasting President of the Senior Class."

"When duty whispers low, thou must, the youth replies I can." Sammy was a conquerer. He was—"a man—a friend—a gentleman—and a good fellow."

A STAR

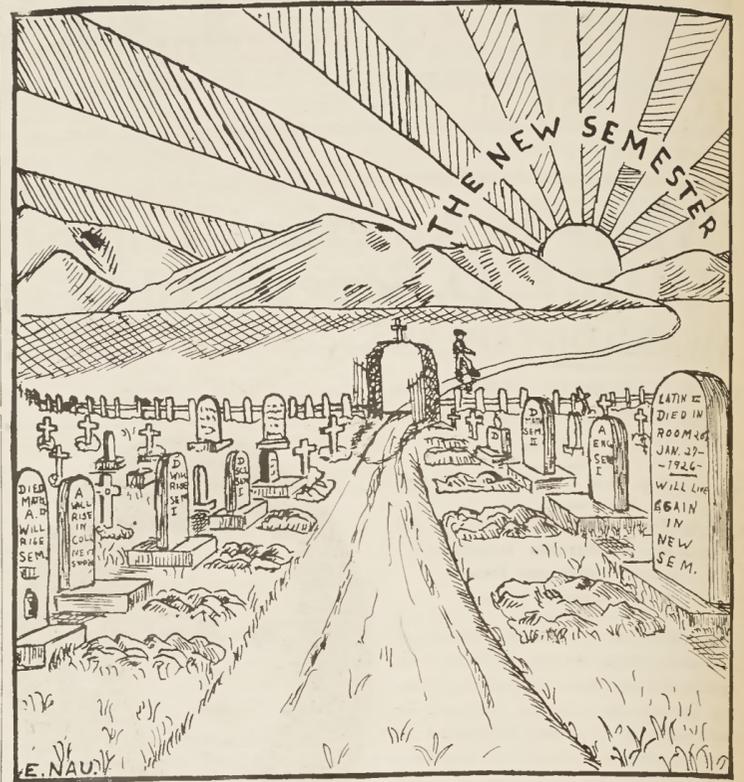
When Helen Felder first came to G. H. S. four years ago she was spoken of as a "star pupil" and beginning with the first semester of her Freshman year she verified this name for A's have always been Helen's specialty. All through the sophomore, junior, and senior years she carried on the name earned in the first by wearing a bronze, then a silver and last of all a gold star, and in consequence she became a member of the Torchlight Society.

The climax of her high school life came, however, when on January 29th at the mid-term graduation she received the distinction of being the graduate with the highest average. During four years of work and study Helen had maintained an average of 95.4!

Aside from being a star in scholarship Helen has made a record to be envied in a literary way. During her Junior year she was an associate editor of *HIGH LIFE* and in her Senior year she became Editor-in-chief of the senior magazine, *Homespun*. Writing as well as A's joined the ranks of Helen's specialties and she attained as much success in the second by winning the O. Henry Short Story Cup as she had attained in the first by her scholarship.

To those who do not know Helen

Dawn of a New Opportunity---By Erich Nau



these honors may suggest that she is simply a "book worm". This opinion would however be quite unjust for she is an all around girl. Her interest lies not only in things scholastic and literary, for she was a member of the Hockey and Tennis teams. She proved herself a good citizen during the four years of her high school life and, last but not least, she was a true friend to all she knew.

A CHALLENGE

During the past two weeks 31 new names have been added to the already impressive list of G. H. S. alumni. Comprising the first January graduating class in the history of the school, these latest contributions of the institution to the citizenship of the nation are fully capable of upholding the traditions and ideals of honor that form the heritage given by the school to all of its graduates.

This class has made a splendid record during its high school career—one that is doubtless unsurpassed, considering its small size, in the history of Greensboro High. We, who are behind, owe it to ourselves and to the school to consider this record as a challenge to us to give our best that we may surpass it, since each succeeding class should make a better record than the one before it. If the school is to progress this must always be the case.

Already in the short time since they left, we have felt keenly the loss of them as classmates. Yet we are glad to have seen them attain the goal—graduation—with such high honors.

THE LOGAN HOME

Since the recent death of Mrs. Fannie Logan her property, facing on West Market street, between the Methodist and Baptist Churches, better known, perhaps, as "The Logan Home," has aroused much speculation regarding its final disposal. One or more impending litigations awaiting settlement gives the broad-minded citizens of Greensboro time for serious thought on the possibility of preserving this historic "treasure house" for Greensboro and North Carolina.

As a city park site or location for a new public library building it is ideal, being on one of the city's principal streets, easily accessible to the public. Its vine-clad trees, its clustered shrubs breathe of antiquity; just a restful garden spot of the yesteryears, surrounded by a constantly advancing line of brick,

mortar, cement, and stone; a haven that would prove invaluable to the community.

Nevertheless, business men, accustomed to weigh things in terms of dollars and cents, have branded such a step as the product of a dreamer's dream, the fancy of a visionary. It is worth too much as business property, they say; its value to the city will never justify the price that will have to be paid for it. Such is the cry of expediency.

Whether this position be wise or the dwarfed idea of a narrowed vision this much should be done: the old Logan house, which contains several of the timbers taken from the famous Guilford Courthouse, with its many valuable historical relics should be kept intact. Perhaps it will be impossible to retain the land which occupies so desirable a position in a growing business section, but there can be no excuse if the historic old building, scene of brilliant dances of long ago, one of the quaintest homes in Guilford county, is not preserved.

A MEDLEY

As the soft notes of what I judged to be a Hawaiian medley came to me through the open window, I lost all sense of time and my surroundings—forgot that I was on English class in 103—that I was not alone—forgot everything except the "darker" sitting near the back steps of the Reeves' home, who, bowed over a banjo, was producing strangely sweet, touching tones. He was accompanied by one of the Reeves youngsters, who beat two sticks and produced music resembling the bones. Occasionally the darker would hum a line or two of the medley.

Despite the fact that it was afternoon of an ideal spring day, I drifted far in the realms of imagination. There arose before me the picture of a log cabin such as is seen on a wealthy southern plantation of Colonial days, and that we see only in the movies. In place of this unattractive backyard flooded with the warm spring sunshine, I saw a "South Sea Isles" moon shining on the grey head of an old negro seated in the doorway of the cabin as he bent over his banjo, while an old negro mammy and several little pickaninnies sat wrapt in attention. Strangely enough tears came to my eyes. Suddenly a voice far off in the distance brought me back to realization with the sharp question: "What was Hamlet's attitude towards his mother?" The picture faded and with a sigh I reconciled myself to a "D" on the second Monday of the new semester.