

HIGH LIFE

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Greensboro, N. C.

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"There comes a time in the life of every young person when he longs to achieve. There's a time when the spirit of faith in the unseen and unaccomplished makes him venturesome and unafraid."—From *The Traveler*, Avalon, Pa.

"When you give up, you are through. It's the fellow who hangs on to a difficult problem, to a failing subject, to a losing team, who gets there."—*The Optimist*. Atchison High School, Atchison, Kansas.

"We wonder what has become of 'Red Grande' articles against compulsory church attendance, long skirts, and hair, old time habits of study, girls' glee clubs, and Freshman Spirit."—*Davidsonian*, Davidson College.

"Ambition is a match. It kindles our vital energies and supplies the hope and push which puts us over the final goal line a winner."—*Cohisco Outburst*, Covington High School, Covington, Va.

TID-BITS

The "Belle of Barcelona" will be tinglin' pretty soon. It promises to make a big noise.

S'funny how people are willing to buy holidays, ain't it? (This ain't no insinuation.)

The new school tax is bound to help G. H. S. It is the first step toward a new high school. Push it. Get your mama and papa to vote for it.

If Governor McLean overlooks us when he "dishes out" his school funds, it'll be because he saw our cornerstone. "1492, Huh! They won't need a new one for a couple of years yet," is the way he'll put it.

If volume counts for anything in the music contest, there's no reason why Greensboro High shouldn't win. There are more cornets than any other instruments in the band and that's what makes volume.

Miss Greenwaldt is helping Mr. Aycock on a new course in "Proper Dress for Home, School and Drug-Store Corner," which will be given as soon as plans are made, to the boys. The class is to be organized as a result of several boys trying to enter the unit course held by Miss Greenwaldt for girls.

SHALL YOU VOTE?

With the citizens of Greensboro, as well as those of all Guilford County, a great decision rests. The question, whether the people of the county shall vote a 30-cent county-wide tax rate in order to insure equal schedule to the children of the present and future generation, is to be decided March 30, at an election.

If this measure is carried, the entire county will benefit and the way will be open for the extension of the Greensboro city school system. Farseeing men, the thinkers of the state and county, have for some time realized the necessity of such a step, and consider this question the first of a series to promote and secure better education and better educational equipment for every child of Guilford County.

To the citizens of Greensboro, our parents and friends, the duty of registering and voting arises, for clearly this question is one of vital importance to every one at all interested in education. So come parents, friends, and every other citizen, register and vote in this election. Tomorrow and next Saturday will be the last chance at registration. Remember this and sign up before it is too late.

Above all, friends, after registering, vote, for each registration to which there is no vote, a negative vote is counted. Let us be able to say for our county as Governor Aycock said for the state, "Every child in North Carolina shall have the inalienable right to burgeon out all that there is within him."

A TRAGEDY

It will be noticed that the number of honor roll students for February fell far below the number for January. This month's list is one of the shortest we have had this school year. Thus we see we have not maintained our standards of scholarship for the last month, and have let it drop probably to take up some outside activity. We are waving the standards of our school unusually high in supporting our athletic teams! we have excellent workers in dramatics and debating! but, alas, we are falling down on our studies—the real purpose for which we come to school.

There are many reasons why our February honor roll should be longer than the preceding one. We have had over five months to get into our school work; we have had time to acquire the full acquaintance of our teachers which might—er—er—help us a little in our grades—but instead of becoming better as we go, we deem to have reached the summit of our scholarship record, and are descending into the lower regions of poor work and failure. We are faced with the fact that we have not taken advantage of the new opportunities offered in the new semester, and we see the standard of scholarship gradually lowered?

But fortunately four months lie ahead of us in which to make amends for our break in February, see the necessity of higher scholarship and we will again raise our school to the place in which it belongs.

INFLUENCE

Behind every real success, every good deed, and indeed behind every act, good or bad, there is an influence.

The great preacher is merely the realization of a white-haired mother's hopes and her sacrifices; her showing the way was the cause of his success. The gifted author is the result of the influences of good teaching, good books, and often a

helping hand from an associate. The thief or the thug is so because of bad influence or lack of good.

When one is of high school age, he is old enough for his influence to be felt. He may be unconscious of it, but somewhere in the ranks of his inferiors there is some one who is consciously or unconsciously being guided by his action—someone who is stepping in his footsteps.

For instance, the sight of an older boy smoking might have one of two effects on a younger one. Disgust might take the upper hand, making the act so repulsive to him that he would not dare touch a cigarette. In that way, a bad act is a good influence. But on the other hand, the younger might think it smart, follow the older's erring footsteps and give a drastic end to the little episode.

The world is run on influence, good or bad. The bad is the stimulant, or mediocre ambition of crime; while the good is for all that is fine and uplifting. What kind of influence consciously or unconsciously is being exerted by you as a student of Greensboro high school?

PUNCTUALITY

Amongst our better traits of character the virtue of punctuality and regularity is indeed highly admirable and much to be desired. Punctuality embodies the cardinal points of determination and trustworthiness, and carries with it the spirit of both. It matters not how brilliant a mind a man has or how hard a worker he may be, if he cannot be depended on to be at the job—and at the job on time—if he cannot be trusted to be there, then he is less worth and merits less faith from his employer than the prompt young man who is steady and persistent.

This is true of all branches of life. In the army, in business, in the discharge of financial obligations, in social life one is urged by his punctuality. Battles may be lost through inaction due to delay. Business deals have fallen through because of so small a matter as an ill-kept date. Prompt remittances mean increased credit. It is almost axiomatic in the social world that he who honors his engagements is honored with them. Without a doubt habitual punctuality is an invaluable asset.

Therefore, aside from the immediate results of time-saving and unity of action, punctuality in school—in the morning and at change of classes—means the forming of a wholesome habit which will be a source of happiness and influence.

THE EXTRA MILE

There are few of us who are willing to go the extra mile, very few who will do something without receiving pay for it—pay in the way of classes missed and lessons excused. Most of us enter outside activities just to get out of a few studies. We help in chapel only to be allowed to skip a class or two; we do a favor for a teacher, and expect to be freed from a lesson; we pay a quarter just to get a half-holiday.

Yes, we do, most of us, and we don't receive the satisfaction enjoyed by those who do not only what is prescribed, but more, those who go the extra mile. What joy they have in realizing they have done something not required, that they have given something for nothing, that they have given but not received!

The extra mile is necessary too, if we would have the best high school in the state. Recently, in the carnival and in the athletic drive our school has shown up well. By no means, however, should

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE



this be all; we as individuals must do the unrequired problem.

Thus, we, the Junior class editors of this issue, pledge to our school, the faculty, and our classmates that as best we can, we will go the extra mile in everything. Will you follow us?

OWNERSHIP

Did you ever stop to think that every pupil in school is wealthy? The school and all that's in it is our property. Our father's taxes built it for us, and they pay for its up-keep. It is ours to "make or break".

In our home, if someone threw a book across the room or left the shades up with a bang, we'd probably chase him out in a hurry. School is really a second home. We spend seven hours out of the twenty-four within its walls. When desks are marked, when walls are written on, and when chalk is wasted, it means more taxes to be paid from our fathers' pockets and perhaps that may mean—well, what about that new spring dress or spring suit? It may sound rather "far-fetched", but that old axiom about the pennies making dollars, works most of the time.

Our wealth isn't limited to material things. Our teachers bestow upon us intellectual riches, which carry us on through our future life.

Since we are the owners of such wealth, may we increase it so that it may help us to succeed in the world of today.

LIVE OR EXIST

In every walk of life, there are two kinds of people—those who live, and those who exist. Two men of equal income might go through life; one enjoying himself—good music, books, lectures and amusements taken a regular part in his life; while the other might drudge a daily schedule of mere work, eating and sleeping—just existing. The first is well known, respected and, both socially and in business, prospers. The other is known by few, respected by the same few, and on them depends his future, usually a poor affair of a few dollars saved and a decent burial.

It is the same in high school life. There are those who come to school, follow each class, and then go home without having done a thing outside of a daily schedule followed week in and week out. And for others there is a card filled with club and school activities that make them stand out as leaders.

With the various clubs and organizations which progress and bring results in G. H. S., there is an opportunity for everyone to enjoy the privilege of a hobby. Dramatic, debating and business clubs are among those directly in the school, and Hi-y, Kiltie Klub, Baptist Boys Club, and numerous girls and boy scout activities serve to break the monotony of mere "existing" for many pupils.

Stand out! Be a motor instead of just one cog in a great grinding wheel of education. Join a club!

BUSTER KEATON HATS

A Greensboro High School "cake" was pondering a question. All unconsciously his decision meant a great deal to the boys of the school. (This, however, is not a bunch of data on the civic and economic status of the American "hound".) The question in question as to whether the boy should or should not wear a hat. Should he wear one, he would be dubbed as "outer style" by his associates, but not to wear one would be the end of his latest "brain-child".

And so he wore a hat.

This hat wasn't an ordinary hat; it was an ordinary hat fixed with a crimped indentation around the edge of the top, and the boy wore it out on the campus of the Spring Street Academy.

All of the boys laughed, and said: "Lookit! Buster Keaton"; but in spite of their laughter, they all came to school the next day with "Buster Keaton" hats.

And that, dear children, is how we came to have the new fad.

IS P. B. A. TEACHER

One less heartless might not write this article, but when anyone with my experiences of the last two weeks is through with the "putting out" of a paper, he has no heart.

It seems that P. B. Whittington is beginning to feel his importance. When a vote for the number of teachers who had bought March Athletic tickets was called for by Willard Watson, the student council wizard held up his hand.

Since that judical personage has dubbed himself a venter of knowledge, many of the pupils have lost their hitherto devoted respect for him on the grounds that they don't like no school-teachers, a—tall."

And we had all depended on P. B., too. We even hesitate, now to tell him the cold, heart-rendering truth, for fear that his capable highness may become sullen and morose under the lashings of our tongues.

Any suggestions as to what course to take in bringing our P. B. back to earth will be cheerfully accepted.