

HIGH LIFE

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COPIED CLIPPINGS

High aims from high characters, and great objects bring out great minds.—*Girls' Weekly*, Nashville, Tenn.

People do not lack strength; they lack will.—*Pine Whispers*, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.—*Bible*.

Fools learn from wise men, but wise men learn much from fools.—*Kind Words*, Nashville, Tenn.

TID-BITS

Gastonia may have had a better football team than we, but our newspaper and magazine surely came out on top.

If one falls in love and feels inclined to write poetry Miss Wheeler will be glad to get the poems.

If we keep on old "Sophs" we may also get a trip to New York (when we become Seniors).

Thanks "Bobby", "Lindsay Lou" gave us a grand start. Look at us now.

Whom do we appreciate? Joseph M. Murphy.

Fifteen rahs for "His Majesty the Queen"—Captain George Pease of the Varsity Football Team of Columbia University.

Thanks to Mr. Waterman for the fountain pens by which we may become better writers.

There is one man in America who has a vision for the high school press. A dreamer, but a doer also. That's Mr. Murphy!

PEACE

At Easter time the dead world is granted a new lease of life by God. For long months the world has been dead, buried under the snow and ice, while the cold winds howl mournfully over it. Then comes Easter, God's herald of a new life of sunshine, warmth, green grasses, blooming flowers, and budding trees.

Nature and human nature are alike. Both take on a new life. The trees bud

in beautiful colors as the sap flows through the boughs thereby reflecting the new life of nature. Humans also show forth beautiful colors as they find the new life of Jesus Christ. Their faces are kindly, beaming with joy and goodwill to their fellow-men; they see the work of Christ in everything.

Some wise fellow once made the remark that the hand of God was in everything. It was the truest thing ever said. At Easter time, God sends His angels down from Heaven at night while all are asleep to paint the trees and flowers in colors never equaled by men, and if we would listen closely we would hear a prayer of gratitude among the whispering boughs carried away on the wings of the wind up into Heaven.

At Easter time the human inhabitants of the earth dress in their most beautiful colors, and go to church to pray to God and thank him for their Redeemer, and for the blessings He has bestowed upon them.

Christ appreciates man for remembering Him thus. He loves the beauty that He has put in the common-place things of nature; He loves the colorful adornments and raiment in which the people have bedecked themselves in honor of this day commemorating His sacrifice and victory that brought, to the heart of man, peace; but He loves most of all those hearts clothed in that beauty of holiness, peace and Christlikeness as they pray their simple prayers of love and appreciation, for, "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

EASTER

Easter is the oldest holiday the world has. It was first observed as the beginning of spring and a large celebration was held every year. The people rejoiced and banqueted for many days. Also this holiday was a signal for the time to sow grain and plant seeds.

Later the Jews observed this time as the "Passover Feast". It is still observed by them today.

All of the Christian world observes Easter as the resurrection of Jesus Christ. In the ancient Church the celebration lasted eight or nine days. This was the greatest festival of the year; the fasting of Lent was over, and the people could eat plentifully and joyously.

The word "Easter" is probably derived from the Anglo-Saxon word Eastre, a goddess of spring and light. At this season the celebrations were held in honor of her. The Church decided to call the resurrection of Christ "Easter", because the resurrection occurred about the same time as the old spring festival.

For several years the Church did not know exactly what time to observe Easter; therefore, at a meeting held at Nice, France, it was decided that Easter should come on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the twenty-first of March (the twenty-first of March is the Vernal Equinox)?

A number of customs have been handed down from generation to generation which are now connected with Easter as much as the more reverential side. Among some of the better known customs are: the hare bringing brightly colored eggs to the children, the hare coming as a sign of warm weather; and the dyeing of eggs, signifying the resurrection. Formerly on Easter day when two people met, one said, "He is risen," and the other replied, "He is risen indeed."

SPRING FEVER

Spring fever! What an expression, when one is just recovering from the shivery breath of winter and beginning to feel the warm essence of spring creep into his being, filling him with the ambition to do bigger and higher things during the coming year; when one is striving with his might and main to uphold the right as he sees it. The balmy, quiet air of spring fills one with thankfulness that he is able and willing to do anything to help his fellow mortal. The buds are peeping from the trees and seem to nod a bright assurance to a world breaking from the icy grip of winter; the birds blend their notes to the sounds of an awakening earth.

"No," one is inclined to say, as he gazes at the beautiful green landscapes and the azure sky above, "there is no such thing as spring fever."

SOPHISTICATED SOPHOMORES

How we looked up to the Sophomores when we were but Freshmen. Now we are the much-desired class and feel very important for we have the position in our barn that the Seniors occupy in the main building. We can not help feeling our importance, when we are even chosen to be in plays with Juniors and Seniors, and other such things. Ah, the school fully realizes that were it not for us, the system would fall flat!

We have just come from the baby class and are entering the grown-up one. No longer will upper-lassmen look at us as if we were so many worms, and say, "Freshmen," "Baby," "Go back to your nursery, honey," and the like. The people that said such things a short while ago, and hardly dignified to look upon us, even speak to us now.

We of course sympathize with the Freshmen, for but a short while ago we were going through their many trials and tribulations; such as, getting periods mixed, going to wrong rooms, and the like. Now that we are Sophomores we must help the Freshmen out,

Though we are only Sophomores
And stay in Barn C,
We feel as big as Seniors
And are as happy as can be—

When we meet an upper-classman
In room or in the hall,
We "holler" out, "Hi, there,"
And we are not bashful at all.

If the Seniors feel important
Like they own all G. H. S.,
Just wait 'till we're Seniors
Will we feel important? well I guess!

Joseph M. Murphy

High school publications have advanced in the past few years from perhaps a score of dull, uninteresting little papers to a point where practically every town of any size in the country has a high school newspaper or magazine, or both. Not only have they increased many fold in number, but their quality has become such that newspaper and magazine men all over the country, including the foremost editors and publishers of the day, have praised them in the highest of terms.

To one man perhaps more than to any other is this progress to be attributed Joseph M. Murphy, secretary of the Columbia Interscholastic Press Association, has, through the Association and the *School Review*, which it publishes, greatly stimulated interest in high school publications all over the country. He has given a large portion of his time and

EASTER MORN



By CLYDE CONRAD

Morning hush and springtime fragrance—Sabbath sun dispels night's gloom,
Mary with her jar of incense hurries to her Savior's tomb.
There a white robed angel on the rock he's rolled away.
Tells that Life has been crowned victor and o'er tomb and death holds sway.
"Fear not," says he, "Fear not, woman. He is risen from the dead.
Go and tell the world the message that the tomb is not his bed."

energy to the Association and its work, from which he has received not a bit of material reward. His only compensation has been spiritual.

Mr. Murphy is an instructor at Hunter College, and at the same time is taking a post-graduate course at Columbia University. He is one of those men who are capable of dreaming great things, and through his limitless energy and his own hard work, of making these dreams come true.

Two years ago he had a vision for the possibilities of high school publications and of the great field that was open to them. Acting solely on his own initiative, he founded the C. I. P. A., and since has been the principal factor in its phenomenal growth. Through it his vision has been realized and is taking on greater proportions with each passing year.

A PIECE OF PAPER

"Say, have you heard the news?"
"No, what is it?"
"I'll say, that is good."
"What are you grinning about?"

These were the comments and exclamations from the sixth period lunchers. Mr. Phillips came out of the new building with a yellow slip and broke the news to a small group laughing in front. What news? The news, that HIGH LIFE and *Homespun* won first place in the national contest of school publications, of course. This news spread like lightning and within ten minutes everyone in school knew it.

As *Homespun* is our first magazine we are exceedingly proud of the faithful staff. We are also proud of HIGH LIFE, though this is not the first time it has been prize-winner, for last year it was awarded second place.

Now, everyone in G. H. S., lets give three cheers for both staffs, and their faculty advisors.

PARENT-TEACHER MEETINGS

The Parent-Teacher meetings, held once a month in the high school, reap great benefits for the parents. Here they become acquainted with the teachers and school authorities. A natural interest is aroused in this way, and lasting friendships are often formed between the parents and teachers.

The student does not always realize that he should keep his parents informed of his progress in school. Only by these meetings are the parents enabled to learn such things from an interested teacher, for truly no one is more interested in the work of the student than the teacher. Occasionally misunderstandings exist between the school authorities and parents through inattention on the part of the child. At these meetings such misunderstandings are freely discussed and straightened out.

Here the parents become enthusiastic as to banquets, plays, athletics, laboratory work in science, cooking, dramatics, the teachers, club activities and the general welfare of the students. Then do the school activities go sailing along.

Last of all, but not least, comes that undying interest in the student's work that is here instilled in the hearts of the parents. When the hand that guides the child is spurred onward by interest, the child will attain bigger and better things throughout his school work.

THE STRANGER

The flakes of snow fell gracefully from the sky on March 11 and covered G. H. S.'s campus with a white blanket. A stranger appeared on the campus with a straw hat and no overcoat while everyone else was luxuriously bound up in winter clothing. Some had the nerve to scorn him while others pitied him, as for myself, I would have gladly given him my coat he looked so cold and lonely. As the sun came out later in the day, I seemed to see tears streaming down from those poor beady eyes. Maybe the tears were a sign of thankfulness and gladness, or maybe sorrow, who knows?

For three days this stranger stuck faithfully by, but finally melted away under the jeers of the boys and bright rays of the sun, for he was only a snow man, you see.