

HIGH LIFE

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of
THE GREENSBORO HIGH SCHOOL
Greensboro, N. C.

Founded by the Class of '21



CHARTER MARCH
MEMBER 1925

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post Office, Greensboro, N. C.

MANAGEMENT

Glenn Holder *Editor-in-Chief*
Lindsay Moore *Business Manager*
Ernest Williams, *Asst. Bus. & Circ. Mgr.*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Margaret Ferguson, Betty Brown
Carlton Wilder, Georgia Stewart.

EDITORS

Elizabeth Rockwell *Exchanges*
Marguerite Harrison *Alumni*
John Mebane *Humor*
Henry Biggs *Graham Todd*

ATHLETIC EDITORS

Paul Wimbash *Mary Tilley*

TYPOSET EDITORS

Elizabeth Campbell *Hilda Smith*
Weldon Beacham

REPORTERS

J. D. McNairy *Claud Sikes*
Fannie Rockwell *James Clements*
Nell Thurman *Marguerite Mason*
Louis Brooks *Weldon Beacham*

REPORTERS

Clyde Conrad

Cartoonist Edmund Turner

FACULTY BOARD OF ADVISERS

Miss Inabelle G. Coleman *Chairman*
Mr. W. R. Wunsch *Mr. A. T. Rowe*
Mrs. Mary S. Ashford



COPIED CLIPPINGS

Have a purpose in life, and having it throw into your work such strength as God has given you.—*Girls' Weekly*, Nashville, Tenn.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—*The Optimist*, Atchison, Kansas.

If we could see that a few soft, consoling words would do much more good in correcting some wrong-doer than words which will cut, rather than heal, our high school would be a much more desirable place to study.

—*Travalon, Avalon, Pa.*

Ignorant people have never been compelled to change their mental habits and have stiffened into an unchangeable attitude. Intelligence demands an alert curiosity but must be a kind that is not prying. Widespread interest in gossip is inspired, not by a love of knowledge, but by malice.

—*The Southerner*, Minneapolis, Minn.

TID BITS

The only impression we have of Max Albright as "A schemer" is when he's trying to dodge work.

"Music hath powers to soothe the savage"—Also, noise can make one savage. (This is no insinuation just humor.)

Wilders came back from Florida in time to enjoy our charming spring rains. Since he didn't blow from the North we can't blame him for that.

Those confined in class rooms above the "storm cellar" of the new building, (otherwise designated as music room) have reported that they are able to sleep soundly ever since the presentation of the "Belle of Barcelona." Mr. Miller and his orchestra have been doing some good after all.

MUSIC

There are some things which it is impossible for any human being to express in spoken words—unknown yearnings; longings; blind gropings of men for something finer than this world will ever see. Poetry is man's nearest approach to their spoken expression, and it falls far short of making them tangible. Such things are indefinable; nobody understands, nobody is able to define them. Yet they are there, deep down in the soul of every human being. They are the things that lift mankind above the rank of the mere animal; they comprise the divinity in man.

Only in music can these things be expressed. Music is the language of the soul. A violin in the hands of a master sometimes sobs out these unknown yearnings, makes one's very being long for something beyond the power of human understanding. The heart throbs, the pathos, the longings of a billion souls pour forth in a stream of liquid notes from the master's bow. They set one a-tremble with their very intensity. And then the violin forgets these things, ignores them, and laughs forth its story of the joy that lies in the mere business of living. Any instrument can express the same things as the violin, although in a lesser degree. It is the dreamer of the musical family. The person who masters a musical instrument is the possessor of a means of expression that can be of untold value to him and the world.

In Greensboro High School music has made rapid strides of late years. Beginning back in 1921 with a little organization of jazz performers known as the stringers, every year has added its contributions until today G. H. S. has a first class orchestra of over fifty pieces, an excellent band, and two large glee clubs, one for boys and one for girls.

Five years ago music received attention locally. It was looked upon by the boys as effeminate, only for girls and "sissies." And then with the coming of Mr. Gildersleeve in 1922 and Mr. Miller in 1923, things began to change. The orchestra and band were formed, and music began to take a prominent place among school activities. During the summer of 1924 the Municipal Band was organized, and many high school students played in it the past two summers.

The attitude toward music has changed greatly. Today big, husky football men help make up the glee clubs, band, and orchestra. It is a high honor to belong to one of these organizations. Music is coming into its own in Greensboro High School.

GLENN GILDERSLEEVE

When the word "music" is mentioned in connection with any account of the activities of Greensboro High School, invariably it is associated with the name of Glenn Gildersleeve. For no undertaking or achievement in this field that has been consummated during the past three years—and there have been a large number and a brilliant array of them—but must be credited in large part to the Director of Music.

In the fall of 1923 he came to us. His past life had been characterized by years of study and achievement, particularly in his chosen field. Born in Wayne, Nebraska, he completed his secondary school education at the Nebraska State Normal school situated there. Four years followed at Nebraska Wesleyan where they won an A.B. degree. In the Columbia School of Music at New York City he received his M.A. after two years of study there. Immediately prior to his coming here he had taught two years in the public schools of Rochester, New

York. Thus in addition to his native ability he brought to us a generous amount of experience in the field of music.

Here, his work needs no detailed explanation. It is familiar to all. Out of material that was still in the raw, undeveloped state when he came, he has created our glee clubs, our orchestra, all the musical activities that we have, which stand as the concrete, tangible results of his three years of achievement. His gift to us, however, has not only been these activities in which we take so much normal, justifiable pride, but also something of the innate delight we can take in the mysterious flow of emotion in sound, something intangible, indefinable of the nature of music itself, which he has awakened in us.

H. GRADY MILLER

Now and then through force of circumstance or for some personal reason, a man steps off the road to fame, after having made some progress up its length amid the bright lights of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or some other great center of the life of the nation, and retires into the comparative obscurity of life in the small town such as Greensboro. But such cases are rare indeed, and there is always a strong reason behind them.

Down in Asheboro, N. C., lives the mother of H. Grady Miller. In the summer of 1923 her health began to fail. At that time her son was in New York, where he was rapidly making a name for himself in the musical world, after having successfully headed an army band while a lieutenant in the United States army during the war, directed a circus band, performed in Keith's vaudeville, played the leading part in a popular Broadway musical comedy for two years, and served as a member of Paul Whiteman's world-famous orchestra. As soon as he received the news he threw his career, fame, all of such things to the winds and hurried to her bedside. Later he accepted the position of instructor in orchestra and band in Greensboro High School so that he might be near her.

Having studied music in the leading schools of New York, and Richmond, Mr. Miller taught for sixteen years in the schools of New York, Richmond, Greensboro, Raleigh, and Elon College. He has a rich baritone voice, and is at present leader of the choir at West Market Methodist church. The master of any instrument, his specialty is the clarinet.

Mr. Miller's wide knowledge of music, his talent and his personality have enabled him to work wonders with the rather discouraging material and prospects that greeted him on his arrival here. He has built up a splendid band of 45 pieces. He has helped many students to find themselves and discovered talent that may develop some day into musicians able to bring to the multitude the great blessing of really splendid music.

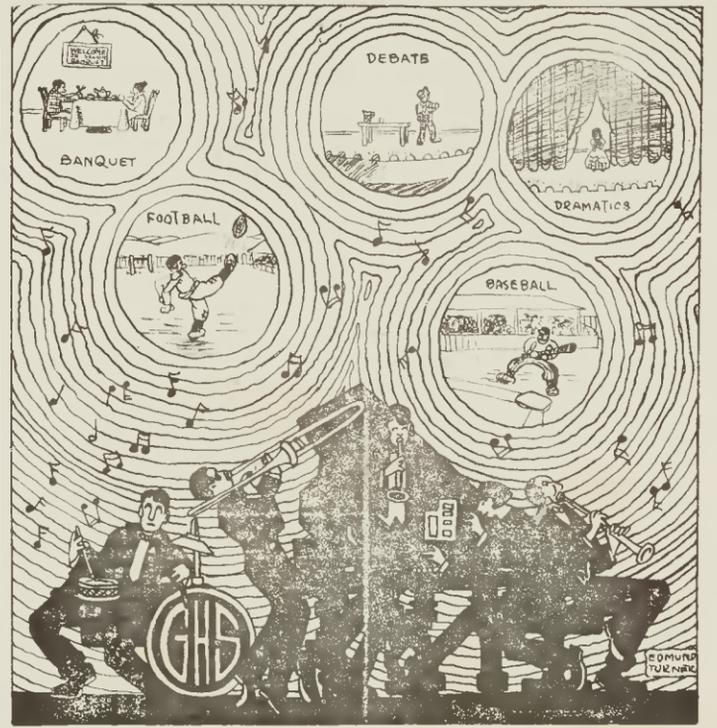
Broadway's loss is Greensboro's gain. Mr. Miller has had a great deal to do with placing music on its present firm foundation in the city and the High School, and a future of unlimited possibilities stretches forward for it under his leadership.

G. H. S. BOYS DEFEAT SALISBURY BY 8 TO 4

The Greensboro boys triumphed over Salisbury on April 8, by the count of 8-4. The locals made a splendid showing and displayed a fine brand of baseball.

Fife led for Greensboro, securing a homer, a double and 2 singles, out of four times at bat for the locals, allowing only five hits and fanning 17 of his opponents.

ORCHESTRA INSPIRATION



Random Reflection

By G. P. H.

The restless flow of pedestrians split upon a little group in the middle of the sidewalk, and surged onward on either side. The white, shifting lights of the theatrical signs of Broadway between 46th and 47th streets cast a sharp radiance upon two little negroes as one of them shuffled his feet in a crude imitation of the Charleston. The other patted his hands and one foot in time to the tapping of his companion's feet on the pavement, his eyes rolling as he gazed around. At intervals someone would toss a coin in his direction, and with all the agility of an ape he would dart across the pavement and scoop it up, his generous lips parting in a delighted grin, disclosing teeth glistening white as only a negro's teeth can.

Chinese, Jews, Scandinavians, Italians, Englishmen, every nationality, but all New Yorkers, together with a few who were evidently visitors from other places, taking in the sights of the Big Town, made up the interested group of onlookers. All watched, laughing, enjoying the ecstatic rolling of the little black dancers' eyes as he solemnly twisted his spindly legs in weird contortions. Millionaires rubbed elbows with truck drivers and stevedores in the audience there under the brightest lights in the world, on the most democratic thoroughfare of the most democratic nation on earth.

A pair of beefy blue-clad shoulders plowed through the crowd and the lights of Broadway were reflected from gleaming brass buttons. The alert companion of the Charleston performer spied them, and with a warning kick at his partner's legs he melted away into the throng. The crowd mingled with the surging tide of Broadway's millions, muttering against the bluecoat for having spoiled their fun.

Back on Elm street in Greensboro, on Front street in Yukon, on Piccadilly in London the Rue De la Paix in Paris, the Roos in Sudan, in Hongkong, the same scene might have been duplicated at that moment—the same people watching those two little negroes shuffle their feet.

The Ford clugged into Irvington, and one of the tourists hailed a studious, intelligent appearing man who was striding down the sidewalk.

"Which way to Washington Irving's home?" was the inquiry.

"Who's he? Don't know him", came the indifferent reply. Disgustedly the drivers started the Ford and rolled on. A cop and three more well-dressed men were asked as to the route, but none of them had ever heard of Washington Irving, much less of where his home was

situated. And then the Ford paused beside an old man sweeping the street, an old fellow with faded blue eyes and a wistful, tobacco-stained mouth.

"Washington Irving's home? Yes sir. Take the first left turn and drive straight ahead about a mile. Sunny Side, it is called. A beautiful, historical old place it is", and the old man's eyes lighted with enthusiasm.

Living within hailing distance of the very birthplace of such a figure as Washington Irving in the literature of the nation, those seemingly intelligent, well educated men had never heard of him, while the old street-sweeper seemed well acquainted with his home and its history. What a seeming incongruity! But such is often the way of the world.

Luther Burbank died an infidel, said the papers. After such a life spent in close communion with Nature and her growing things, how could any man fail to see and feel the force of some divine hand back of it all? It is hard to believe, especially in the case of such an intellectual, strong minded man as Burbank was. Probably the whole story of his atheistic beliefs is nothing more than the meaningless chatter of an old man magnified and distorted many fold by some sensation-seeking journalist.

The other afternoon a little old man in overalls, evidently a farmer, walked up to the red fire alarm stand on Jefferson Square, opened the glass door, pulled down the alarm lever, deposited two letters in the aperture opened by it, and sauntered away with the air of one who has done his duty and done it well.

In a few minutes four huge red trucks dashed up to the square, sirens shrieking and bells clanging. Men and boys came running from all directions, the overalled old man among them. He gaped in open mouthed wonder as the fire chief ramed his hand in the alarm box and drew out the two letters.

"What ye doin' takin' my letters out of that thar mailbox?" the old man excitedly asked, seizing him by the arm. The chief stared a minute in silence, and then burst into a roar of laughter, in which the crowd joined. Between choking fits of merriment he informed the bewildered countryman that blue boxes with slots in them were for letters, and that red ones of that sort were fire alarm boxes.

Ignorance is an amusing quality. If the old man hadn't been so transparently innocent of any wrong intentions and his ignorance, so mirth-provoking in its ignorance, he would have been arrested and sent to jail. However, very few people are as ignorant as that.