

HIGH LIFE

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

Founded by the Class of '21



CHARTER MEMBER MARCH 1925

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

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A cut a day keeps graduation away.
Beloit, Kansas, B. H. S. Life.

It is far better to have no glory than to have glory and not to have humbleness and respect.—Winston-Salem, N. C., Pine Whispers.

TID-BITS

One more month. We used to think that we'd be overcome with happiness when we finally got our diplomas and bid the old school goodbye—in other words, that G. H. S., was a good place to get away from. But the prospect doesn't seem quite so good now. It's a pretty good old school after all.

If the Civitans ever showed good judgment, it was when they awarded the trophy cup for the greatest and most unselfish service to Greensboro to E. D. Broadhurst. Schools are the most vital part of any community and Mr. Broadhurst is the very life blood of the Greater Greensboro school system.

The Daily News had to go beat us to it and run Mr. Broadhurst's picture first. But they didn't scoop us, anyway.

G. H. S. musicians didn't corral the largest number of points in the Music Contest, but the Gildersleeve and Miller proteges gave a good account of themselves. Music is headed in the right direction and goin' strong at Greensboro High.

The Mencken Mind is up to its old tricks again. This time it is the journalist who gets cussed out. "Journalism is a great club" says he, or words to that effect, "whose initiation fee is the member's soul." That explains it. We thought the reporter who put that picture of the seniors in the paper didn't have any soul.

We hereby consign all term papers to the nether regions. "Term papers develop the research and selective instincts more than anything else," quoth the wise and learned pedagogue.

EDGAR DAVIS BROADHURST

When the inter-club council awarded the Civitan Trophy Cup for the most conspicuous and unselfish service to the city during the past year to E. D. Broadhurst, they performed a real service for Greensboro and Guilford County. For too often it is that the men who are the finest and who give the most of their lives to the community, receive little or no public recognition of their work.

Born in Wayne county, June 28, 1878, Mr. Broadhurst was the sixth child in a family of ten. His father, Captain David Broadhurst, and his mother, Martha Baker Broadhurst, were both well educated, and they gave their children the best education that circumstances would permit. However, educational facilities were far less developed then than they are now, and it was only through the hardest of work on Mr. Broadhurst's part that he was able to enter the University of North Carolina in 1896. He taught summer school while he was in college, and this work, together with other jobs that he had during the college sessions, enabled him to make his way through and graduate in 1899. One of the accomplishments of which Mr. Broadhurst is proudest is the triumph of the University debating team of which he was a member over Georgia at Athens in 1899.

During the winter of 1900 Mr. Broadhurst taught in the Greensboro public schools. In 1901 he went to Thomasville, Ga., where he organized the town's first public schools. The following year he returned to Greensboro, succeeding Mr. Grimsley as Superintendent of Schools. In 1904 he returned to Chapel Hill to study law. While there he taught the English classes of the late Edward Kidder Graham, perhaps the greatest instructor Carolina has ever known, while he was on a trip abroad. In 1905 he returned to Greensboro and took up the practice of law, in which he has been engaged ever since. He has always felt keenly the crying need of educational opportunities for every child, however, and has given almost as much time to his work as a member, and later chairman of the city school board, as to his law practice. He has initiated a large number of school improvements, including the recent creation of the Greater Greensboro school district.

When we consider the hundreds, probably thousands, of boys and girls, young men and women, who now enjoy the blessings of a good education, good citizens that might have been bad, through the work of Mr. Broadhurst, we begin to appreciate the tremendous influence for good that he has exerted in this section of the country. He has dedicated the best part of his life to education, the greatest public work in the world, and this dedication has in turn brought back to him a strength of spirit and loftiness of ideals and purpose that places him among the clouds, together with the humbleness of spirit that sets apart all truly great men and makes them the most human of human beings.

A remark made by Mr. Broadhurst to one of his closest friends and comrades one evening several years ago seems to us to express the keynote of his life purpose and the thing nearest to his heart as no other words could. He had been working harder than usual for several weeks past, in an attempt to have the school board and its affairs removed from the influence of politics. He came in, tired to the point of exhaustion, and dropped wearily into a chair. The friend exclaimed, "Why, Edgar, you look the tireddest that I have ever seen you look. You're working yourself to death!"

Mr. Broadhurst smiled wanly and put his soul into the words, "If I die, tell the people of Greensboro and Guilford county that I wanted to live to build one more school house for them."

SPRINGTIME'S TRAGEDY

Springtime is probably the most beautiful of all the seasons, the gayest; and yet like everything else in life, it has its note of tragedy. Here is all this beauty, youth, freshness, purity that belongs to the season; but to those who ponder on what lies beyond the apparent reality of things there comes the inevitable realization that it all must grow old and ugly and in time pass into complete oblivion. The Spring will become Summer, and the color so fresh and soft will lose its vitality with the heat and cloy as the monotony deepens. And then in the fall—the season of death—there will come the strange, unnaturally bright colors, lit up, as it seems, in the moment of passing. And these, too, will fade—then dinginess, decay, dissolution; and the little cycle of life with its little comedy, its little tragedy will be over; and we will not even be sure it ever could have happened were it not for the fact that it will be repeated over and over again in an endless chain of cycles.

But if we are young—and we feel we are sometimes, in spite of the sense of dignity and ancientness that responsibilities force upon us—we can forget, forget that a century from now Spring will be as meaningless to us as death is today. Today we can revel in the charm of Spring—the mystery of Spring—the seductive promise of Spring. Today we can wink at the silent shadow of death that lurks behind;

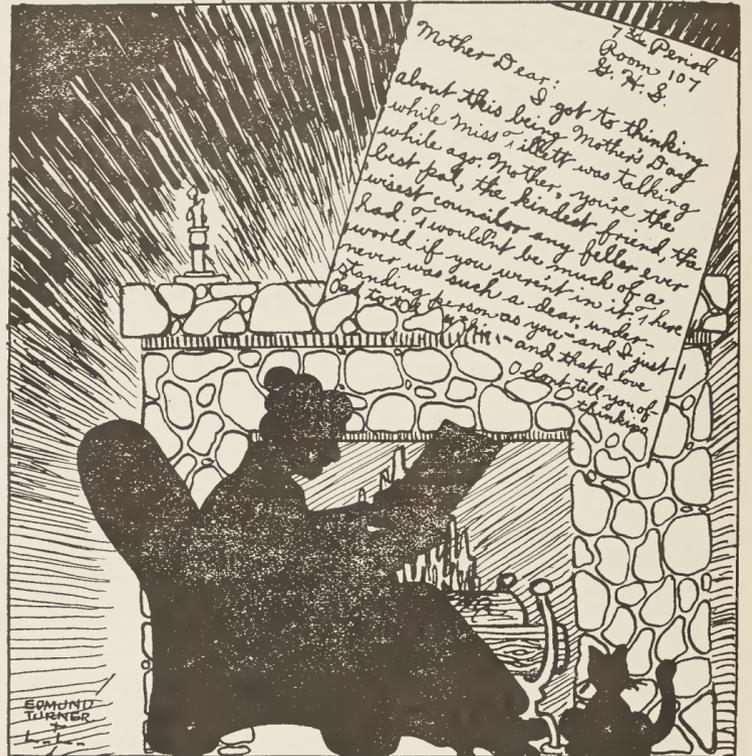
And when it is all over for us, whether we have "succeeded" as men term it, or whether ours has been the barren reward of failure, perhaps if we are brave and have retained a small portion of the utter confidence of youth when youth and beauty have become things foreign to us, we can laugh there in the shadow of the unknown and say, "It may all have been futile, tragically wasted, lost forever—all these years. It may have been nothing more than a silly dream; an ironic joke of Fate. And yet whatever it may have been, it was worth while for just the simple fact of having known and felt the mood of one day, yes, one hour, one moment of Springtime. * * "

LAST CURTAIN

Junior-Senior is over. With the exception of the senior play and the regular social activities which come with graduation, the "joyous high school days" of the seniors are numbered. During the four years that they were members of the high school cast they have played their roles ably and with honor. It remains for them to make the last scene of the fourth and last acts a success, to always be proud of, an unspectacular but lasting climax to their high school career.

This period may be called a period of work and study. It is a period of diligent application. Like the runner coming into the home stretch everything must be thrown into the running; every muscle, every sinew must be taut with the strain of the last hundred yards. The determination to achieve and to attain can only be measured in work. Just before the last curtain the thing that the audience waits to see and hopes to remember the June graduating class of '26 by its work. At this time work is in order.

MOTHER'S JOY



HER DREAMS, By CARLTON WILDER

The dreams of youth for her are faded.
She's left the fray, worn old and jaded;
Yet still she sees a future gleam ahead.
For o'er his tender scrawl deep-dreaming
Into her mind comes visions teeming—
Lives youth again in him when hers is dead.

LOVE OF MOTHER

In the whole complexity of human emotion the whole world of sensation with its innumerable tiny flashes of mysterious energy leaping in the dark obscurity of our existence there is one feeling that remains fixed, transcendent from its very surety, inflexible as the abstract principles we suppose to govern life. Temporarily the sensation may be obscured by some of the ephemeral emotions that flicker brightly for a time in one's life and then fade, die out, disappear; but in the background this one feeling remains ever constant, burning until the last spark of one's consciousness has chilled and after all other affections have lost their charm. It is the first sense of relationship, of affection we know—the love for mother. And all through life it continues a powerful factor in the determination of our actions if not invariably a conscious factor, at least a subconscious one in all lives.

All the wise have realized this fact, closely intertwined as it is with the very meaning of life; and all the truly great have acknowledged feelingly the tremendous debt they owed to the influence of their mother's life and her great love for them. This debt can't be repaid. The feelings of life cannot be measured by the fixed principles of amount and balance that we apply in the commercial world. We could slave, and sacrifice and struggle a thousand years and never remotely approach a repayment of the love which our mother bestowed on us in one simple, instinctive, little sacrificial action of hers.

But we must not dismiss this obligation lightly, merely on account of the impossibility of fulfillment. Remember that while all we can do is nothing, still it is all we can do, and as a consequence the thing we want to do. Remember that day after tomorrow is the day set aside, dedicated to the mother of each of us; on that day of all days we shall want to do something to make her happy. And in our small, simple

action we will fulfill a part of the demand that life imposes on us to express emotion in service; but the greatest result of our act will be that she will experience something of the sincere stirring of pleasure that comes as the reward of simple, unselfish devotion.

FOUR MORE WEEKS

Perhaps you have heard the little refrain that goes:
"Four more weeks and we'll be free
From this land of misery
No more Latin, no more French
No more sitting on hardwood bench."
Yes, there are just four weeks more of school. To some of us this means that in just four weeks we will leave Greensboro High School forever and will enter colleges, universities and offices.

Of course the thought of graduation is pleasant. It should be. Yet, with it there also comes just a touch of sadness. Will we be free? From English, Latin, French, Math. and History?—Yes, but we will also be free from many things dear to our hearts. Some of the friends who have gladdened our whole High School career, will go out of our lives leaving only pleasant memories. Some of our teachers, who have been as second mothers to us, will become not so important factors in our lives. HIGH LIFE will no longer be our paper, or *Homespun* our Magazine. The *Purple Whirlwind* will have other cheerers in our places. The Torch Light Society and Student Government will be in new hands. We will be gone.

When we look at it in that light we feel regret and sorrow, and yet life is only long series of promotions and readjustments. It is up to us to go on seniors, with our minds and hearts set to carry on, in our new Alma Mater, the high ideals of our dear G. H. S.

For he that once is good, is ever great.
—Ben Johnson.

Every one is the son of his own works.
—Cervantes.