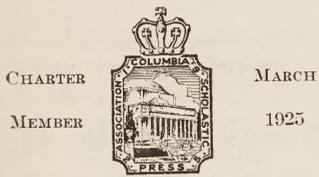


HIGH LIFE

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

Founded by the Class of '21



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

Editor-in-Chief Betty Brown
Business Manager Dick Burroughs
Asst. Bus. Mgr. and Circulation Mgr. Ed Davant

Associate Editors
Beverly Moore Louis Brooks
Henry Biggs Carlton Wilder

Sport Editors
Paul Wimbish Finley Atkisson
Clyde Norcom Margaret Britton

Alumni Editor Frances Williams
Exchange Editor Mary Lynn Carlson
Cartoonist Ed Turner
Humor Editor Graham Todd

Typists
Baxter Bason Glenn Hackney

Reporters
John M. Brown Nell Thurman
Nancy Clements Helen Shuford
Mary E. King Jack Kleemeier
J. D. McNairy James Clements
Helen Miles Clyde Conrad

Faculty Advisors
Mrs. MARY S. ASHFORD
Miss EDITH HAMMOND
Miss MARY HARRELL



COPIED CLIPPINGS

Genius has been defined as the infinite capacity for taking pains.—*The Argus*, Crosby High School, Waterbury, Conn.

No one is more lonesome at times, nor makes fewer friends, than the snob.—*Exchange*.

TID-BITS

Why hasn't the subject of the new high school site been discussed more than it has? Is it a secret or something like that? Would it be a more ideal location in White Oak or Guilford College? It seems, however, that the situation is not the fact to be considered, but that the distance from certain dwellings of importance.

Some girls are learning something besides mere facts—the day nursery is giving them experience that may prove valuable some day.

Well, Hallowe'en has passed and there's not much damage done. It's the same thing every year and yet it's always new.

High School students may well take notice of the increase in attendance at the night school. These people work all day and are still willing to study at night.

The new "Y" is fast nearing its completion and the boys are anxiously awaiting the time when they can avail themselves of the splendid opportunities it has to offer.

We're just waiting for someone to tell us we can't eat the fast ripening persimmons on the adjoining lot.

If one should glance out of the publication room window and see all the skeeters arrayed in the driveway, he might think this is 1900 instead of 1926.

According to Shakespeare, there's "something rotten in Denmark," but according to Dr. Knight, it isn't the schools.

A Promising Career

An artist is doubtless the recipient of more acclaim than any other type of creative worker. This is due in great measure to the scarcity of artists. Out of an average group of a hundred people those who can draw with any fidelity to life at all may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The rarity of artistic talents makes them very desirable to the mass who can only admire and vainly long for the magic power to turn lines into potent forms of life.

So it is indeed a matter of note that we should find in this high school community of ours one so outstanding in his field as Edmund Turner. He has not only achieved power, very difficult in its mastery, of securing fidelity to life; but he has learned to perceive the emotional subtleties in faces, scenes, situations, and express them in his art. His sense of comedy is very good, indeed, but he has also learned to translate the more delicate, more elusive shades of its sister, pathos. All his work with its bold, sure strokes, its vivid portrayal of motion, activity, life, catches the admiration of the observer.

During the several years he has attended this school, "Ed" has served its artistic needs faithfully; the amount of his output is astonishing. He has drawn for both publications, for dramatics,—in fact, everywhere there is a need for such work. All who have seen his productions proclaim them remarkable. Greensboro High owes a great deal of thanks to Edmund Turner; in fact, such a great deal that it could never hope to approximate their expression. This issue of *HIGH LIFE* represents merely a humble attempt in that direction.

Desert

While the main purpose for which we attend school is to acquire knowledge of the things we are taught in our daily routine of classes in Latin, Math, English, and such, our education would fall far short of its aim if we got nothing from it but the so-called "book learning." It is true that in our school work we are building our foundation for future study and for life, but if we concentrate merely on one thing—that of learning simply facts—the ultimate aim of education is defeated, for we become narrow in our life and in our viewpoint. If we are to accomplish our purpose, that is, if we are to become broad-minded and live broadly deeply, we must be able to see further than the mere facts, we must go deeper than the surface, we must branch out and supplement our work with something else. It is through outside activities that we are thus able to branch out from our foundation work and to test our ability in other fields. We see life from other angles.

The high school of today offers almost as varied a program of extra curricula work as the colleges. In fact, every type of student finds some outside activity in which he is interested.

In these fields of endeavor we find the thing which rounds out our lives. We find a real joy in this work, for we like it. Perhaps it is here that we first discover our real ability and thus choose our life work. We learn through the freedom it offers; we grow from the work we accomplish; we enjoy the companionship of our comrades; and we develop our power; here is the true medium of individual expression.

HASTILY HEBE

Well, Here I am again—Talking as much as ever. Nevertheless, a greater part of my time is spent in listening. I heard a group talking the other day, apparently discussing an open opinion article that appeared in *HIGH LIFE* last issue. You recall it dealt with deducting from the grades on account of poor conduct. Some of the teachers agreed with the author and some of them didn't; most of them fell in the former class.

Ed Turner is as week-kneed as anybody in G. H. S. I don't mean he's easily frightened or anything so rash as that, but he does have a time with his pins sometimes. To see him struggling around those halls would give one nervous prostration.

Do you remember the party the Hi-Y boys were planning to have? Well, a group had gathered in front of the fountain the other day, I suppose, to discuss their various selections. One prominent lad named the girl he had asked, adding that she had every boy at high school crazy about her. Another more brilliant member spoke up, "I'd rather take a girl nobody's crazy about than to take one everybody's running after!"

The little chart in Miss Grogan's room gave the hour of destiny to some members of the senior class. It told at what time they were to have their pictures taken. Some had it over last week and some had to wait even until Wednesday and Friday, but their time came—just the same.

Long hair is becoming an everyday affair now. G. H. S. is beginning to run over with girls who have let their hair grow out. The style must be changing, for we know it isn't for convenience's sake that they let it grow out.

I surely did want to go to the play Thursday night. And now that I've heard so many favorable comments on them I'm all the more sorry to have missed them.

"Ernest Scarborough was the funniest thing and his mustache—good gracious—he surely did have a time with it." "Wasn't Page Howard grand though?"

And so they ran on and on, and soon all was silent until another group of enthusiastic admirers passed my way again.

Sometimes I wish I was a mail man instead of a statue. In fact, sometimes wonder what good I do anyway. If I wasn't in the hall at G. H. S. there'd be somebody else just as good and probably better. But I am here and you must make the best of it.

As I started to say—I wish I was a mail man. When Mr. Smalley enters our front door each day, the one who greets him always has a smile. He always gets a cordial welcome wherever and whenever he goes. Some argue that this is not the case around the first of the month, but you can't tell me! Everybody is glad to get even a bill 'cause you don't know until you read it what the grand total is—love letters are the same as bills—the end is always exciting—

See you all of a sudden.
Hastily,

HEBE.

HALLOWE'EN

Amid the tints of yellow, brown, and gold of late October autumn, the ripening pumpkins, and the foddered corn, in the glow of the clear faced moon, the spirit of Hallowe'en slips mystically into the soul of youth. The veil of fantastic folklore shrouds the evening tide on Hallowe'en: black cats walk bow-backed upon the fences; hooded figures join in ghost-like dances upon the public roads. And sparkling in the ominous blackness of All Hallow's Eve laughter rolls smoothly on the crisp night air. It's a unique season, filled with joys and thrills, just for one day.

LOOKING FORWARD



OPEN OPINIONS

My Dear Boys and Girls—and especially the Editors of *HIGH LIFE*:

Silently, but most interestedly, I have been watching your endeavors and your results this fall from the post of an outsider. Two months of splendid work have slipped by, and I cannot wait longer to congratulate the editors and the school on their excellent results. *HIGH LIFE* is again writing into this, the seventh chapter of its faithful life of service, a standard of journalism, a code of fairness, and a creed of idealism that make us, who no longer have the happy privilege and deep satisfaction of working on it and for it, proud of it.

It was dreadfully hard to give up my work at G. H. S. and it was only because I felt that I could serve the boys and girls better in my new job, that I consented to resign. I belong to you yet, and nothing delights me more than seeing the boys and girls who drop by my office after school. I welcome all of you, for always I am devoted to you, and G. H. S. and to all the fine things for which you stand. Faithfully and sincerely yours always,

INABELLE GRAVES COLEMAN.

We, the football squad of Greensboro High School, take this opportunity to call your attention to the fact that we are dressing in a building with absolutely no heat.

Most of the boys are suffering now with colds and therefore cannot put forth their best efforts on the football field or in school.

We trust that within the next week an adequate dressing room will be provided.

Dear Editor:

North Carolina has every reason to congratulate herself on her progress of the past fifty years. Education alone has failed to make strides forward.

The school facilities up to date are far superior to those of yesteryears. In fact, to such an extent that it would be almost impossible to make such a comparison. And yet, it is undeniably true that as much progress as would seem possible has not been made.

Nor will progress be made until North Carolina's mode of education undergoes a decided change. Pet theories of transmitting culture to the brains of our youth have been practiced by various educators for countless years, but with all the same end is reached. Today the same subjects as those taught by the schoolmasters of half a century ago are being taught in our public schools.

In training the young minds shouldn't it be the aim of our educators to train them for life yet to come? Then teach him mechanics, teach him journalism, or teach him engineering, instead of Latin math., or the theories of Plato and Socrates, if you would insure the future prosperity of North Carolina.

For a bigger, better and more adequate educational system.

JAMES CLEMENTS.

Dear Editor:

We have all seen this deformed man who sells chewing-gum on our school-grounds. He has our greatest sympathy, and especially when some unthinking boys try to make sport of him. I think some means should be provided him for better employment, and I wonder if the City Welfare Board could not look into this matter.

M. BRITTON.

Dear Editor:

As a member of the student council I wish to tell you of the council's idea of Big Brothers and Sisters. There are some things the council does not allow outside its doors, but I believe every student of Greensboro High should know what we mean by "big brothers and sisters."

The council is yours, and it is in G. H. S. to help you. We are not officers walking around watching and trying to catch you in something that you shouldn't do. We are watching for an opportunity to help you and bring you closer to us. The idea of big brothers and sisters was originated by our president, and I am sure that is enough to prove to you that we are your friends and not your enemies. BILL PETREE.

Dear Editor:

I think there is something else in high school except lessons. The boy or girl who studies all the time does not get as much out of his school as the one who participates for outside activities.

Everyone comes to high school to learn, of course, but does that mean only "book learning"? Outside activities teach you to play fair, to co-operate and to follow. They may develop talents that will be of great value in life after school—talents which can only be developed by joining whole-heartedly in other things besides classroom work.

Furthermore, I believe I have the backing of the educational leaders of the state in regard to this idea of mine. It is said that the present trend in education is toward less classroom work and more outside activities.

KATHERINE NOWELL.