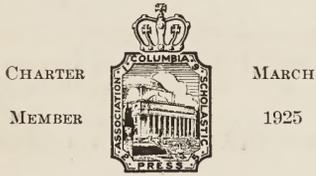


HIGH LIFE

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
Jule Squires 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 Advisers
Mrs. MARY S. ASHFORD
Miss EDITH HAMMOND
Miss MARY HARRELL



COPIED CLIPPINGS

The trouble with a great many boys is that they are burning the midnight cigarette instead of the midnight oil.—*Sky High*, Asheville High School.

The man who is really great is the man who has learned to take unfavorable criticism and use it constructively.—*The Hornet*, Furman University.

Bestow honor on some and it leads to self-betterment; in others it inspires a selfish desire for more honor.—*North Central News*, Spokane, Wash.

If you would be beautiful, think beauty. Drink in the beauties of nature. Saturate your soul with beauty, and some of it will work out in your face.—*The Echo*, Salisbury High School.

TID-BITS

It has been said "it is better to be a big fish in a little pond than a little fish in a big pond." We put people's pictures on our front page, who may seem big, but they surely don't look it.

The editor's trip to New York has started brewing in the Publication Room. A group of the staff members went to New York and returned the other day in one period.

Only one addition is necessary to make the editor's room a complete convenience; that is electric lights. Oftimes the workers leave the work unfinished because of lack of light by which they can work.

Rain, rain, rain—
It surely was wet, too!
Lots of waves but no marcelles!

The French teachers are doing their subjects up brown. Everybody's doin' it! Doin' what? Talking French!

Christmas is coming! Even the band and orchestra realize it, judging from the music (?) we hear every day.

Greensboro expects to have a large delegation at the Older Boys' Conference. Boys, don't disappoint her!

Beverly Moore

Leaders in school are people who have winning personalities, friendly ways and good influence. In G. H. S. there is real leader in Beverly Moore.

Beverly came to high school with the group who entered a few days late in the fall of 1923. From the first session in 101 to the days in 106, he has stood out as a person of rare ability and high ambitions usually accomplished.

The greatest honor, not only local but national that can be paid a high school student is to be chosen president of the Torchlight Society. A boy must be very influential and strong to be elected to head the Hi-Y club. Beverly holds both these positions and falls short of the qualifications in no wise.

His classmates were more convinced of his capabilities after giving him position as manager of their Junior Carnival. He put this over in good fashion and exhibited quite a bit of executive ability.

He is associate-editor of *HIGH LIFE* and for three years has possessed a star, significant of very high scholastic average. Beverly will be remembered in connection with the colored character in "Just Suppose," having made quite a hit as Hannabal, the old negro servant.

He takes part in all scholastic activities and is a good high school citizen, contributing all he has to offer to something worthwhile.

Stop, Look, and Listen

When our forefathers bowed their heads over a woodland feast, more than three hundred years ago, and rendered thanks to God, their blessings were only a minimum of those we are now enjoying. Yet in the hurry of modern life we are prone to depreciate our opportunities; to forget the privileges we have.

We take them as a matter of fact, accept them as axiomatic merely because they have always been with us. Were we to analyze them we would find that they are far greater than the blessings for which our ancestors rendered such devout thanks.

Through the centuries this day of Thanksgiving has come down to us, but in a way it has lost most of its original meaning. It is still a time of joy, though in our joy we often forget it was created as a memorial to the goodness of Providence.

In the midst of our festivities can we not find a little time to recall the spirit of that first Thanksgiving, and out of the depths of our hearts give true thanks for our many blessings?

Why Read?

Reading good books is something that we all approve of but few of us actually do. Perhaps in our desire for pleasure we have overlooked reading and passed it off as hard work because we have to do it in school.

Reading is one of the greatest joys and the finest recreations of life. It creates for us an ideal world, a dream world, or an Utopia, where we may spend much of our time in imagination and rise above the prosaicism of our life.

In literature we get the past restored to us; we have the present interpreted; and the future prophesied. We accept the facts as the scientist and the historian give them to us, but it is for literature to interpret these facts to bring to us their beauty and value. It is better to have the habit of reading and not have a college education than to have a college education and stop reading.

HASTILY HEBE

Bon jour tout le monde:

A funny thing happened the other day. A tall student came lanking down the halls with never a care to worry him, apparently. He encountered a short stubby friend at the intersection who seemed to be upset about the approach of Christmas. To be frank I've never heard boys discussing such effeminate things before.

Well, I don't have to worry about where that check will come from," remarked the first. "You see, I've been depositing a little every Tuesday."

Poetry! Poetry! Poetry!

That's all I hear from all the teachers all day. I'm surely—well I don't know just what to say to Mr. Archer for inspiring them to read poetry on all occasions. If I didn't love it I'd surely tell somebody something; but it really does express your feeling a great deal better than prose.

The beating, pattering rain the other day called forth some very audible screams. About one o'clock it started pouring and you should have heard the people who have lunch at the sixth period scampering in out of the wet.

All splashed with mud and with hose of a darker color than before, the members of the more talkative sex, went running to the crowded shelter of the new building. The board walk was more popular, I judged from the mud I saw on some of the shoes, than was the game.

No one seemed altogether happy—as is usual on a rainy day. Gloom prevailed in all phases of school life except the chapel program. However you could never say that that was "sad" if you have heard what I did.

Perhaps all you Latin students think that I used to be a waiter for Juno, and I did. But I think mythology tells it that I was carrying a pitcher to my mistress one day and fell down. I wish to correct that statement! I did not fall down; as well as I remember I was tripped.

Everyone who reads my column will have missed some of the juicy bits of news if they don't assimilate the Alumni column. Even if you don't know Dizzy Irvin you can enjoy some of her witticisms about California, especially those who may by chance be planning to study—life. Dizzy was just a real girl interested in anything anybody else was and a few others. She is living in California and going to school at the University of California. Many a day do I remember that she has feared I was cold so she parked her coat on me and tried to find a cigarette for me to smoke.

The white sweater that I saw running around the school the Monday after the Lexington game was quite lovely and still prettier to me when I learned that the owner, president of the student body, got it by making two touchdowns at the game. It must have gone to his head, although I hesitate to say it but he was known, in fact, reported to have been high-hatting everyone, which isn't his real nature at all.

Quite a few of the teachers took a vacation last week. I heard the different remarks on their trips.

It seems that Misses Mary Ellen Blackmon, F. S. Mitchell and Laura Tillett went to the pottery and were very fascinated with the process of making the vases and everything.

Misses Lucy Morgan and Robbie Bayer motored to Asheville to spend the week-end. We hope it wasn't as cold there as it was in Greensboro.

Miss Martin and Miss Grogan took Gwendolyn Rebecca (that's the Ford) and Mrs. Mary Ashford and viewed the city of Winston.

Besides these trips I heard various comments on the Salisbury-Winston game and also on the Davidson-Carolina fray.

But they all came back, and I'll be back next issue.

Hastily,
HEBE.

Our THANKSGIVING



OPEN OPINIONS

Dear Editor:

There is at present a great deal of talk, discussion, and turmoil in our school over grades. It seems to me that we should stop and think just what grades really mean to us. To some they mean the end for which they are working, to others a necessary evil, while to the real student they mean nothing. That is, the real student is here to learn and when he has learned a subject and knows that he knows it, then what someone else thinks of his knowledge does not matter to him. He realizes that when we are grown and are making our way in the world, it will not be the person who made the best grades in school who will always get ahead, but the person who knows something. Thus he puts very little faith in grades as a gauge of his learning, but rather trusts his mind to register the result of his studies.

A more inadequate measure of our work could hardly be thought of than grades. To illustrate what I mean let me cite an incident which occurred in our school three or four years ago. A certain English paper was sent out by the University from Chapel Hill to the teachers of the state to grade. When received by the head of our English department, it was passed out to the various teachers. When the grades were compared, strange to say, they ranged anywhere from forty, a very low failure, to ninety, an honor roll grade.

The reason for this is obvious; each teacher measures by a different standard. While we may be doing excellent work for one teacher, the same work for another will be almost failure. We have to change our standards each period if we are to keep our grades up.

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, that if grades are held up before us as an end for which to work, then we are being taught a false ideal. They are superficial in their entirety. Who can say that our knowledge of a certain subject is 83 or 4 or 92? Knowledge cannot be measured in such exacting terms. Those who attempt it, fail; those who teach us that it can, teach us falsely.

J. D. McNAIRY, JR.

Dear Editor:

When I went to the Greensboro-Spencer game I was disappointed in the attendance of the pupils of G. H. S. Less than one-fourth of the student body was there. I have heard many students speak of the poor spirit of other schools, but as far as spirit is concerned we have no room to talk! Isn't there some way by advertising with more posters and more bulletins,

to send notices around oftener and arouse more interest in football games? Perhaps the chairman of each room could make it a point to find out when and where the games are to be, and stress the importance of the support of the student body.

MARGARET BETTS.

Dear Editor:

The large attendance of the Greensboro School Parent-Teacher meetings drops off when we get to High School. We want our parents to come after we get in High School, for we realize the importance of the Parent-Teacher meetings. Maybe we are to blame for this. If we would tell the mothers about the interesting programs they have, and the good times they have at the social hour I believe they would come.

HELEN MILES

Dear Editor:

I wonder if the new students realize that they are a part of our high school? By this time they should certainly feel that they are a part of us but I think some of them feel they are being left out of our good times. Certainly, if we are to excel in worthwhile things, this ought to be one of our aims. Friendship is one of the foremost things in the life of every boy and girl. I just wonder if each of us thinks we have done our best in making the new students feel they are needed to make up our school?

CLYDE NORCOM.

Dear Editor:

The school in general and especially the editors of *Homespun* are to be congratulated on the unusually fine appearance of this year's initial number of that periodical. A magazine of such a type as this may well be considered to rank among our most valuable assets.

The theme, modern youth, has certainly been played up in an attractive manner by Carlton Wilder, editor-in-chief, and his assistants. Running throughout the magazine is not the awkwardness of amateurs but rather the smooth flow of language of polished writers. To say the least, it is a type of literary production not common to the average high school.

With such work as this continued, we confidently predict that 25 years hence will find the south not the barren literary field of the past, but rather a south embraced with a wealth of geniuses along the line of literature.

Carry on, *Homespun*, carry on!
JAMES CLEMENTS.