

GREENSBORO COLLEGE

Rated by State Department of Education as Class A, entitling a graduate to receive a teacher's highest grade certificate.

Placed on the list of four-year colleges whose graduates may be selected by teachers in high schools approved by the Commission (of the Southern Association) on Accredited Schools.

Chartered 1838. Confers the Degree of A.B. in the literary department and B.M. in the music department.

In addition to the regular classical course, special attention is called to the departments of Home Economics, Expression, Art, including Industrial and Commercial Art, Education, Sunday School Teacher Training, Piano Pedagogy, and to the complete School of Music.

For further information apply to
SAMUEL B. TURRENTINE
President
GREENSBORO, N. C.

The Book Shop

BOOKS GIFTS PICTURES
GREETING CARDS
110 South Greene Street
Greensboro, N. C.

ELLIS, STONE COMPANY

Greensboro's Best Store
for
High School Girls

We Have It,
Boys and Girls

Everything In Hardware Line

and a special for you on all
Athletic Supplies

COBLE HARDWARE
COMPANY

SCHOOL AND OFFICE
SUPPLIES

WILLS BOOK AND
STATIONERY CO.

- for silver pencils
- for fountain pens
- for gifts of silver or of gold
- for watch repairing

BERNAU'S

180 S. Elm St.

Meyer's
DEPARTMENT STORE GREENSBORO, N. C.

GOOD CLOTHES
for
HIGH SCHOOL BOYS

Right In Style
Low In Price

Long or Short Pants

Our Creed

"All that's worth printing
is worth printing well!"

Give us a trial—we ask no more

MCCULLOCH & SWAIN
Paramount Printing

P. O. Box 1193 Phone 2348-L2
Corner Asheboro and Trinity

GREENE STREET GRILL SCENE OF BANQUET OF FATHERS, SONS

Mr. Fesperman, of Charlotte
Y. M. C. A., Makes Inspiring
Talk—B. Moore Is Heard.

H. GRADY MILLER SINGS

Four-Course Dinner is Served to About
Thirty People—L. M. Johnson Re-
sponds to Moore's Talk

The annual Father and Son banquet was held at the Greene Street Grill on Friday evening, November 12, at 6:30 o'clock. Mr. Fesperman, of Charlotte, N. C., the state boys' Y. M. C. A. secretary, made a most inspiring talk to the fathers and sons. Several songs were sung under the direction of Grady Miller. Beverly Moore talked to the fathers on behalf of the sons. Mr. L. M. Johnson responded for the fathers. W. H. Coletrane was chairman for the evening and he also made an interesting talk to the group. A four-course dinner was served to about thirty fathers and sons.

TRAVELOG OF A WANDERING ALUMNUS

(Continued from Page Five)

a negroid head is, we peep around the room until we see one. He asked how many teeth man has and I counted mine. But he asked how many an ape has and when I asked the boy next to me to count his the boy was furious. Boys are funny, aren't they?

"The other night I was fast asleep when I felt myself sliding back and forth across the room. The windows were making an awful noise. There was a huge full-length mirror on my wall and it was playing the Anvil Chorus while my chair danced around the room. Didn't take me one minute or three guesses to know what the trouble was. An earthquake needs no announcer. I just sat still and held on with both hands, and prayed. Sounds sacreligious (?) I suppose, but all I could think of was "If I die before I wake," so I said that. Everyone in the state got awake except Dick. I've always said an earthquake wouldn't wake him. I tried to go back to sleep but I'd lost all my faith in nature, so I sorta kept one eye open and in about an hour everything started to bang again. I was scared to death; I'll admit it. I expected to be sitting in the bay in the morning. That was about three o'clock. About four there was another, so I got up. There wasn't anything one could do, but I wanted to be ready when I did it. There weren't any more for three days. On Sunday afternoon there was another. Dick was out playing tennis and if you're in the open you don't feel 'em, so he missed that one. He's furious—wants me to promise to call him next time. He needn't worry. If there is another one, I'll call everybody in Oakland.

"You would like San Francisco. To get over there one has to ferry. Go right past the Golden Gate. It's so pretty at sunset. San F. is even hillier than Oakland. Instead of street cars they have cable cars. It's always quite cold there—fur coats every day in the year. Oh, my, yes! California has a wonderful climate. The wonderful part about it is that people actually can stand it. You see there is a great deal of fog. Lovely fog. It never rains. Sometimes the fog gets so thick that it bounces. In fact, the other day the streets were flooded with it. It's quite wet, too. But I must say, it never rains in California. There is either a "high fog" or a "low fog." A high fog reaches from the sky down to the ground; a low fog reaches from the ground up to the sky. It rolls in from the bay at about five at night, and goes out about ten next morning. Wonderful climate.

This letter has become a baby book, hasn't it? And freight charges across country are terrific. Please remember me to everybody."

HUMOR

By G. TODD

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. G. Todd wishes to inform his admiring public that the humor of last issue was not of his pen. He says that it shall be published that Carlton Wilder wrote the same. None of Wilder's works shall in the future be headed by the name, G. Todd, without immediate action by him.

Mr. Carlton Wilder sends to us this note: "In the last issue of HIGH LIFE there was a mistake in naming the Humor editor. I would have my readers know that G. Todd is not capable of such noble works as appeared in the Humor column, and that it is I who have tickled the funny-bones of the pupils of G. H. S. Please correct this plagiarism."

We were gathered around the big stove at the crossroads store. The spitting contest was on. The soap-boxes were drawn in a circle, each an equal distance from the stove and each contestant given a square inch of "Brown Mule," which was chewed vigorously for five minutes by each.

In order, counter-clockwise, they spat upon the stove, the one raising the most steam winning the contest. One of "the boys" was ruled out on a "foul"; he filled his mouth with kerosene and laid a smoke-screen that required the opening of a window.

The rightful winner, a long, lean old man from down the country, was allowed to "spin the first yarn" as a result of his prowess in expectoration.

He began his tale:

"Two year ago, come next June, me an' Jim decided to take one er them touring trips into the mountains, so we bought one er them fifty-fifty automobiles, second-handed—you know the kind—maybe it'll run an' maybe not—a strict fifty-fifty basis.

"We piled on everything from dish-pans to piano-stools an' started off in a general direction of the mountains, guided by the advice of seventeen persons. Ol' Granny Simpson told us if it got cold to put on our red flannels an' not to sleep in a 'draft.' John Moore told us to go one way an' his brother, Jack, another, so we went the only way we had not been advised to go, an' got to some mountains anyhow, so we was satisfied. Me an' Jim had a pretty good time huntin' an' fishin', but after a week of such life, we got tired of it. What made us get tired of it was a big bear which broke loose from a circus an' took up with some jam in our 'mess' tent. He didn't have no tags on him that he was from a circus, however, so me an' Jim clum' a tree.

"This little affair made us awful homesick, so we piled on our pans and piano-stools and chugged off toward home hitting on both cylinders.

"We come down through them mountain towns so fast it caught our breath; and every time we passed one a bagged-eared constable bellowed at us to stop. One time we hit a little upgrade and found that we could make twenty mile an hour.

"I looked sick at Jim, an' he says, 'Somethin's wrong; this is too good to be true.' We investigated the thing an' found the motor was missing, so, as Jim had the rheumatism, I had to tramp four miles up the road and lug it back.

"We got started again, got to goin' pretty fast, when we flew through a little town called Hicksville makin' twenty-five. But at the edge of town there was a rise in the road which we couldn't coast over, an' our engine went dead.

"A whiskered ol' constable rushed down on us with a ol' Ford which Noah had owned and fined us three dollars and thirty-three cents. Jim laughed an' said, 'Gimme two dollars and cancel the fine and this outfit is yours. If you git what you said we was makin' out of it she is yours anyhow.'

"This made the ol' man mad, but he didn't want to support us in the jail, so we promised to send him the money later."

GROGAN'S SENIORS IN UNIQUE CONTEST ON TEACHERS' NAMES

Myra Wilkinson and Catherine
Wharton Have Charge of
Interesting Program

RUTH ABBOTT WINS PRIZE

Various Cartoons Drawn on Board Rep-
resenting Names of G. H. S.
Pedagogues

At chapel period November 16, a very clever program was featured by the seniors of 106. Myra Wilkinson and Catherine Wharton had charge and after the devotional exercises a contest was held. On the board various cartoons were drawn which, if interpreted correctly, would reveal the names of the faculty. For instance, a drawing of a can marked "ash" plus a cartoon of a Ford stood for Mrs. Ashford. There were eighteen pictures. Matilda Robinson and Ruth Abbott, each of whom named thirteen correctly, drew for the prize, which was a bar of candy, and Ruth Abbott was the final winner.

Miss Grogan was so pleased with the clever way to write the teachers' names that she requested that the names remain on the board so that they might learn to make their signatures in that fashion.

OLDER BOYS' CONFERENCE WILL
BE HELD IN WINSTON DEC. 3-5

The eighth annual conference of the North Carolina Older Boys will be held in Winston-Salem December 3-5. This conference is given under the auspices of the state Y. M. C. A.

All older boys fifteen years of age and over may attend. These represent churches, Sunday schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, Hi-Y clubs, DeMolay's, Boy Scouts, High Schools, etc. As many boys are attending these meetings, a limited number of reservations will have to be made this year. The conference theme will be "Christian Character."

HOMESPUN STAFF ISSUES
MODERN YOUTH NUMBER

(Continued from Page One)

the Morehead Cup in 1926 also is to be found in the copy.

Henry Biggs contributed several articles to the publication and Carlton Wilder, editor-in-chief, wrote an article, "An Opinion on Modern Education," that is practically a masterpiece, coming from a high school student.

The Warp and Woof, or editorial section, is very attractive. The editor's opinion, "Is Youth Incomprehensible?" and Henry Biggs' editorial and the "Anti-Teahound Law" are both very good, while "Applesauce," by G. Todd, adds the necessary humorous touch.

Ruth Heath, Myra Wilkinson and Minnie Herman gave valuable products to the "Tangled Threads," and Mary E. King had a poem in the issue called "Orphans of the Storm."

"The Shuttle," or exchange department, is edited by Ruth Abbott, and the "Weaver's Guild," by Mary Jane Wharton, contains a letter from Helen Felder, last year's editor of *Homespun*, "To the Staff of *Homespun* and its friends."

THE BEST SPEECH MADE

"Burr-rr-rr."

"Shucks, I don't see what they want us to stay here for and freeze."

"Lef's try to get out."

"Hey, boy! Do you want to go back to school?"

"N-n-n-ono, sir."

"Well, get back in there then."

"Shoot! I'd rather go to school than freeze out here."

"Miss Mitchell, please let us go now!"

"Well, you may go now."

These last words were the best ones said out at the Stadium Thursday morning, in the estimation of probably all of those half frozen G. H. S. students.

RADIO
HARDWARE
SPORTING GOODS

BUY AT
Odell's
WHERE QUALITY TELLS
Greensboro, N. C.

Vanstory
CLOTHING COMPANY
C. H. McKNIGHT, PRES. & MGR.

GREENSBORO BOOK Co.
"The Book Store That
Appreciates Your Business"
214 South Elm Street

G. H. S. BOYS AND GIRLS

We can supply you with all
your needs in our line, and
will appreciate your patronage.

GREENSBORO
HARDWARE
COMPANY

Phones 457-458 221 S. Elm St.

WHARTON-MEDEARIS

EVERYTHING
FOR HIGH SCHOOL BOYS
Exclusive But Not Expensive

FRESHMEN

WHY NOT GET YOUR
SUPPLIES FROM US?

SENIOR SUPPLY

ROOM



THE PILOT

CAN GUARANTEE
YOUR COLLEGE
EDUCATION

Ask Dad to see
the Pilot Agent
and find out what
the plan is.

PILOT LIFE
INSURANCE Co.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

A. W. McALISTER, President