

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.

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Money is good. She married him for his own good.—*The Green and Brown.*

A spark of originality lights the candles in the world.—*The Southerner.*

It is well to be able to say the right thing at the right time, but it is even better to be able to say the right thing at the wrong time.—*The Green and Brown.*

TID-BITS

So much beautiful, soft, flaky snow; such good hills for sliding; lovely moonlight nights; and everything for a perfect good time, and then—!

S'll right, Miss Morgan! I'll bet you let us have typing paper next time we ask for it.

The preceding comment might lead someone to believe that Miss Morgan really isn't accommodating; but that is her best quality.

The basketball boys are undoubtedly the proudest things of their picture. There is a copy of it in the Publication Room and herds of them flock in each day to gaze upon their handsome faces. They couldn't be any more proud, though, than the football team and Mr. Coletrane were.

The honor roll seems to be growing day by day. It'll be "six-feet" after a while.

Next week is review week and the following is examination week. Just because "it" isn't mentioned much, don't let "it" get the best of you when test time comes.

Oh, so many snowballs flying, with not a bit of mercy attached.

Senior take-offs were quite a shine evidently—council right on the jot and everything.

The staff concludes that now with an electric light, only a chesterfield, alarm-clocks and a telephone are needed to make the Publication Room "a little bit of heaven."

A New Year's Message

It is customary at New Year's Eve to take stock. January is the month of inventories—business inventories, personal inventories. We all know wherein we have come short, wherein we have succeeded. This balance only we as individuals can compute; the findings must be measured by the scope of our outlook, the intensity of our fine ambitions, and the loftiness of our goal. Preachments have little influence upon the ultimate conclusions of this inward court of justice hidden in men's souls. If words were required to arouse it to alert sensitiveness they need be but few; this requires but an apt phrase, as that of the great Grecian philosopher speaking to the young men of Athens: "Know Thyself." And responding from the shares of Sparta's greatness as an immortal sequel comes: "Control Thyself." What need for more? Betterment, growth, and progress cannot spring into the finite form of accomplishments from half-willed resolutions whose existence is only in ink; they can come with the willed determination to know, to control, to do, expressed in positive action. Feeble resolution of spirit breaks the resolves of pens.

The New Year is a clean sheet for those who choose to make it so. Certainly it is a plan to begin; every new day is another opportunity, every new hour a door to progress. We know this. We readily see the soundness of the principle as it is annually propounded from the pulpit and press. Some wait; others do.

Miss Lottie Morgan

There is one important member of our high school community who does not enjoy the sweetness of popular acclaim in return for her services, who manages almost to escape notice in the hustle and bustle of school life, but nevertheless has a very large share in making the school the efficient educating machine it is. We mean Miss Morgan, of course. She is one of those people who is always on the job, serving faithfully, whose unobtrusiveness sometimes causes us to forget the real value of their work. Outside the routine duties of her office she has gone out of her way time and again to perform a favor or so for many of us; and we feel that it would not be fair for her not to receive the expression of our appreciation in these pages.

But on the other hand people like Miss Morgan need no monuments or verse to celebrate their faithful services. When we remember that no action, however small, is entirely lost; that good deeds follow each other down the centuries through the unseen channels of human thought and achievement; that in the darkness which surrounds so much of life's vicissitudes, it is impossible to fairly offer the laurels to those whose achievements are the most spectacular. We must realize that the simple actions of those who serve may count as much or perhaps far more when the final appraisal is made. In the last analysis Greensboro High School should be as proud of Miss Morgan as any of her most lauded heroes. She has contributed her part—no small thing—to making this school what it is today; to her, all honor and credit for this achievement.

Our Watchword

Few of us are so rich but what money means something to us; few of us are so economical but what we waste something; and few of us, while still young, realize the importance of conservation. We are often influenced by only the momentary desire for joy and throw our money away. In fact, we have become so wasteful and extravagant that America has achieved the name of being the most wasteful nation in the world. It is said that Holland could live off of what New York wastes.

If we are ever to become economical, the principle of thrift must be instilled into us while young. If Young America is taught to save, then America of tomorrow will be thrifty and conservative. While we are in our formative period, while we are young, we should feel it to be our duty to start

OPEN OPINIONS

Dear Editor:

I want to take this opportunity to thank the faculty and student body of Greensboro High School for their kindness and many expressions of sympathy to me in my recent bereavement. The death of my father and the loss of my home by fire the next day naturally saddened my holidays, but the kind thoughts and sincere feelings of the students have helped me bear my sorrow.

B. C. WALKER.

Dear Editor:

I think that the idea of half-holidays should have a small space in the paper. In grammar schools every individual works for himself to get a half-holiday. This should be done in high school, I think, because when someone rushes from home every morning and tramps through snow and rain in order to get here in time every day, he feels very bad when someone else comes in late and "knocks him out" of a half-holiday. My opinion is that individuals should work for themselves.

BRADFORD NEESE.

Dear Editor:

Some of the teachers have a habit of making assignments after the bell rings. When this is done, it makes some of the pupils late for their next class. I think it would be a good idea for all the teachers to make assignments at the beginning of the period.

BILLY HORTON.

Dear Editor:

It seems a shame that a person may not walk safely in the halls of his own school building without the fear of being run down by his own schoolmates. That is exactly what is happening here at G. H. S. in the new building. The running in the halls is becoming serious. Some persons are so eager to get to lunch and after school are in such a hurry to get home, that a regular stampede often ensues. Some of the teachers and students have been knocked down and badly hurt. Surely, we can do something to correct this besides placing teachers in the halls to call down the students. What about our courtesy and school spirit?

MARY HENRI ROBINSON.

Dear Editor:

G. H. S. is an A-1 school when it comes to a question of scholarship, athletics and publications, but as to thrift it ranks considerably lower.

If the interest of the students could be aroused in some way the whole school would rally to such a worthwhile movement. I think if a contest were put on in the school this might interest the students.

Some plan to organize thrift would be a very constructive step toward making G. H. S. an even better school than it now is.

CLYDE NORCOM.

a savings account or to lay by in some way some material gain each year.

Economy has become axiomatic in our business world of today. Every possible thing must be utilized to its fullest value. The man on a salary must save in order to maintain existence; the business executive must save and use everything for its greatest value to maintain his business; the government must carry on extensive conservation for posterity. If we are to succeed in the business world of today, "thrift" will be our first watchword.

In the rush before HIGH LIFE goes to press, a few friends of the staff lighten the burden for the editors by typing. Since they don't get any recognition for their work we wish to take this opportunity to thank them. They are: Doris Hogan, Eloise Milton, Annie Hogan, Virginia Simmons, Josephine Miller, Mary Baker, and Jule Squires.

The high school situation sounds pretty far away, but if they say it isn't, it isn't!

BANK DAY DREAMS



HASTILY HEBE

A wonderful New Year to you all!

After the whirl and scramble of the Christmas holidays, I wonder just how everyone is standing the school din, you call monotonous. I've never been able to decide just why students think of school work as monotonous; you never go through a class that's exactly like it was the day before. If the lesson isn't different, there's a test thrown in to flavor it; and if it isn't a quiz, it's a lecture on "Monday morning lessons." We say the days gone by shall never return, still we remark that we go through the same thing day in and day out.

Two boys were walking down the hall and since they related the tale themselves I guess they aren't ashamed of it. A pedagogue stepped out of her door just as they approached and the three met just to the right of the fountain. "Go to your rooms right this minute," she commanded, and as they fell—One wheeled to the right and socked her in the left eye; the other turned to the left and biffed her one in the right eye just as she stepped between them. This shock knocked her down and they trampled all over her! Now beat that!

I wish someone would write me a letter like you do that "Dear Editor." I am so jealous of him or her; and I don't know what desperate thing I could do to get a letter, unless I trespass on somebody's feelings like Mr. Wynne does, then maybe I'd get a letter of "reprimandation"—say, from the Student Council.

I couldn't imagine what all the squealing and knocking and banging on the front door was Monday morning, and finally some thoughtful person passing me remarked that the hills were beautiful in Irving Park; that there was not a track in the snow. I guess I should have noticed the flakes clinging to their clothes and shoes—but I didn't—I didn't even see the extra clothes except for a few. In case you didn't notice—(some people are wise, aren't they?); one boy wore his football shoes and helmet—an owl boy—*je pense*—Another lad went home and put on golf socks and rolled his trousers up to his knees. With his slouch hat and coat buttoned high, he could well have been taken for a "Hobo"—but not really—I am afraid he'll come over when he reads this and ask me if I dare come up to him with my bare face all hanging out and call him a hobo.

I had a nice little talk with a snowflake Monday night. I think she said her name was Eliteny, anyway she got a snowflake's view of Greensboro.

"I left Father Greyvouscloud early Monday afternoon wondering and wondering what my destination would be. It's awfully funny, but I guess it's perfectly natural that we should wonder where we're going to land; whether it'll be in the ocean, on a damp, wet piece of soil, or on top of twelve inches of snow, as I did here, especially since we have only one life to live and give.

"I have never done as much thinking as I did on my way down. There were so many hours, and I wasn't very interested in the conversation of the flake around me so I just kept thinking. Pretty soon I was attracted by land, but it was so far away it was only land and space to me. However, I was very glad to know 'it wouldn't be long then.'

"Nearer, nearer, nearer it seemed to be coming up to meet me. Surely that couldn't all be one city. A very-high structure, which I later learned was the Jefferson, I felt I would see sooner than the rest; however, there were several others that were not much farther away than the Jefferson.

"All the housetops were a blanket of pure white and even the telephone poles were capped with snow. In the extreme northern part of the city I saw a most beautiful sight. The lovely greens I had heard so many little raindrops describe, were now only carpets of white. Not a track blemished their smoothness, and to add to the picturesque-ness of it, the pines in each corner were completely laden with armloads of my kindred.

"But where was I to land. I was saying over to myself, 'I don't know where I'm going but I'm on my way,' when suddenly I perceived a tree to the east of me, nothing to north or south, and a tall red brick structure with white trimmings completely obstructed my western view. To my delight I was to remain at dear old G. H. S. for several hours.

"Now, dear Hebe, since you picked me up from the noon where someone deposited me from their shoes, I have told you my story and now I'm ready to melt and evaporate so that some little snowflake may have some of my dampness to make—maybe—one of her legs.—Goodbye!"

And she did—she melted. Same t' you!

Hastily,

HEBE