

## HIGH LIFE

## HIGH LIFE

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

Founded by the Class of '21

CHARTER  
MEMBERMARCH  
1925

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

## STAFF

*Editor* . . . . . J. D. McNairy  
*Managing Editor* . . . Dick Burroughs  
*Business Manager* . . . Ed Davant  
*Ass't Business Mgr.* . . . Jack Kleemeir

*Associate Editors*

Henry Biggs Louis Brooks  
Emma Griffin Clyde Norecom  
Carlton Wilder John M. Brown

*Assistant Editors*

Ella May Barbour Irene McFadyen  
Margaret Britton Margaret Betts  
*Art Editor* . . . . . Ed Turner

*Typists*

Virginia Simmons Ruth Stinnett  
Jules Squires Theresa Marks

*Reporters*

Virginia McKinney Francis Williams  
Mary L. Benbow Margaret Ziglar  
Frances Cartland M. Geoghegan  
Margaret Kernalde Eugenia Isler  
Helen Miles Elvie Hope  
Mary H. Robinson Ernest White  
Elvie Scales

*Faculty Advisers*

Mrs. Alma Garrett Coltrane  
Miss Nell Chilton  
Miss Mary Harrell



## UPON READING THE BAROMETER—

Now that the battle is over and the subscription drive is ended, it is especially timely that we take stock, count our gains and losses, and note the trend. Particularly did this recent campaign offer an excellent opportunity for barometric reading.

Two local high school publications, possessing a degree of national reputation, sought the support of this student body; the rates were cut to a minimum; every appeal was made.

We make these few observations: that the senior class proved itself able and willing to cast aside traditional dignity in an effort to rally school support; that the support was shamefully lacking throughout the lower classmen; that several among the faculty were lukewarm; that only about \$308 was collected.

There can be no excuses for this void of spirit. The barometer is reading exceptionally low. We only hope our team will be more wholeheartedly supported.

William Blair says the old maxim of "Keep your shirt on" doesn't always hold, especially is it not true when a crowd of lady teachers get hold of your coveted "Sunday best" shirt, for then it is darn high impossible to keep it on.

Another axiom falls to the dust. Someone said that "History repeats," but we haven't seen anything of those half-holidays this year like the ones we enjoyed two years ago when the weather wasn't half so hot.

*Homespun* is going to be mighty good this year, we believe. The first remark ye honorable editor-in-chief, Carlton Wilder, made upon his return to school when speaking of his vacation was, "There are more pretty ladies up there. The climate is just right for beauty." You all know the influence of beauty, especially feminine, upon Wilder's mind and inspiration.

*Joseph Hendricks*

He had been with them only nine months, yet his classmates chose him for their president. In this brief time he had so impressed himself upon the minds of his fellow classmen that they thought enough of him to make him their leader during their most important and hardest year.

Joe Hendricks is one of those few people who appear in our school life whom we can honestly and sincerely admire. In one year in a new school he has achieved honors that only a few can achieve. Besides being on the honor roll for every month, he has gone out for tennis, made the team and now wears the letter of the school. He is a member of the *Homespun* staff for this year. He has a remarkable ability for work.

Possessed of a brilliant intellect, a clean and wholesome mind, a winning personality, and a hearty, cheerful disposition, he is truly a leader among men. His quiet, unassuming ways have endeared him to the hearts of all who know him. The Senior class has chosen him for their leader; a better choice they could not have made.

*Our Library Grows*

To one who is acquainted with our library, it would seem impossible that in 1920 it was only a rude beginning with a dictionary or so and a set of encyclopedias. With that as a start, it steadily grew, adding mostly reference books and texts which would be of use in the class room until now we find a new collection of books which will be of interest to the reader with a most discriminating taste. Besides containing some popular fiction it has the modern classics with such authors as Bennett, Dreiser, Galsworthy, Hardy, Howells, James, and Wells.

In reading the works of these authors one will find a certain pleasure and joy that comes only with an understanding of the best in literature. They represent the best that is to be had in modern literature. We hope our library will continue to grow along lines that will be of interest to us as readers as well as of value to students.

*Another First for Greensboro*

Greensboro heads the schools of North Carolina again for the year 1926-27. This is very gratifying to our city, particularly to those who are in authority in the schools and have spent their time and effort toward securing for the city

schools more financial backing, better teachers with better salaries, and better equipment. While we do not have as fine a building as some other cities, we have better financial backing per capita for the number enrolled, thus being able to secure good teachers and good principals. We have good attendance of students and measure up in the other qualities which place us above the other schools.

Greensboro is justly proud of her school system and of those who have placed it first in the state.

Miss Tillett's prayers have been answered. There's a man in the English Department, and he isn't so bad looking, either.

*The Average Student—And Who He Is*

If one were to make a thorough study of high school life in relation to the number of students who participate in extra curricular activities he would find less than fifty per cent of the student body interested in any of the activities and far less than this taking an active part in any of them.

If we consider literary lines first, we find practically the same students who work on *HIGH LIFE* also work on *Homespun*, take part in the debates, lead their classes in scholarship and in the business of the class. If we consider athletics, we find a squad of about fifty now out for the football team from a group of over four hundred. These same boys make up the baseball, the basketball, and the track team. Under no conditions do we ever find a large per cent of the boys taking part in athletics.

We might gather from this that the students are interested in studies and spend all their time in attaining scholarship. Yet out of over nine hundred students we have never had as many as a hundred on the honor roll one month. We find the majority merely pass, which is all they want.

Thus we surmise that the average student is one who never takes any active part in either literary or athletic activities, subscribes to the publications once in a while, doesn't care who runs his class affairs nor how they are run, doesn't have any interest in Student Government, goes to a game now and then and cheers half-heartedly, goes to classes half-dazed, and has only one desire in school—to get "by" with the least possible work and effort. He is enthusiastic over nothing, supports nothing, and has no pep or spirit over anything.

This is not peculiar to our school alone, but seems rather to be the rule over the country. The school that is different is the exception, not the rule. Secondary education fails as long as it continues to produce students of this type. It has failed very vitally when it does not create in the student something more than a spirit of indifference.

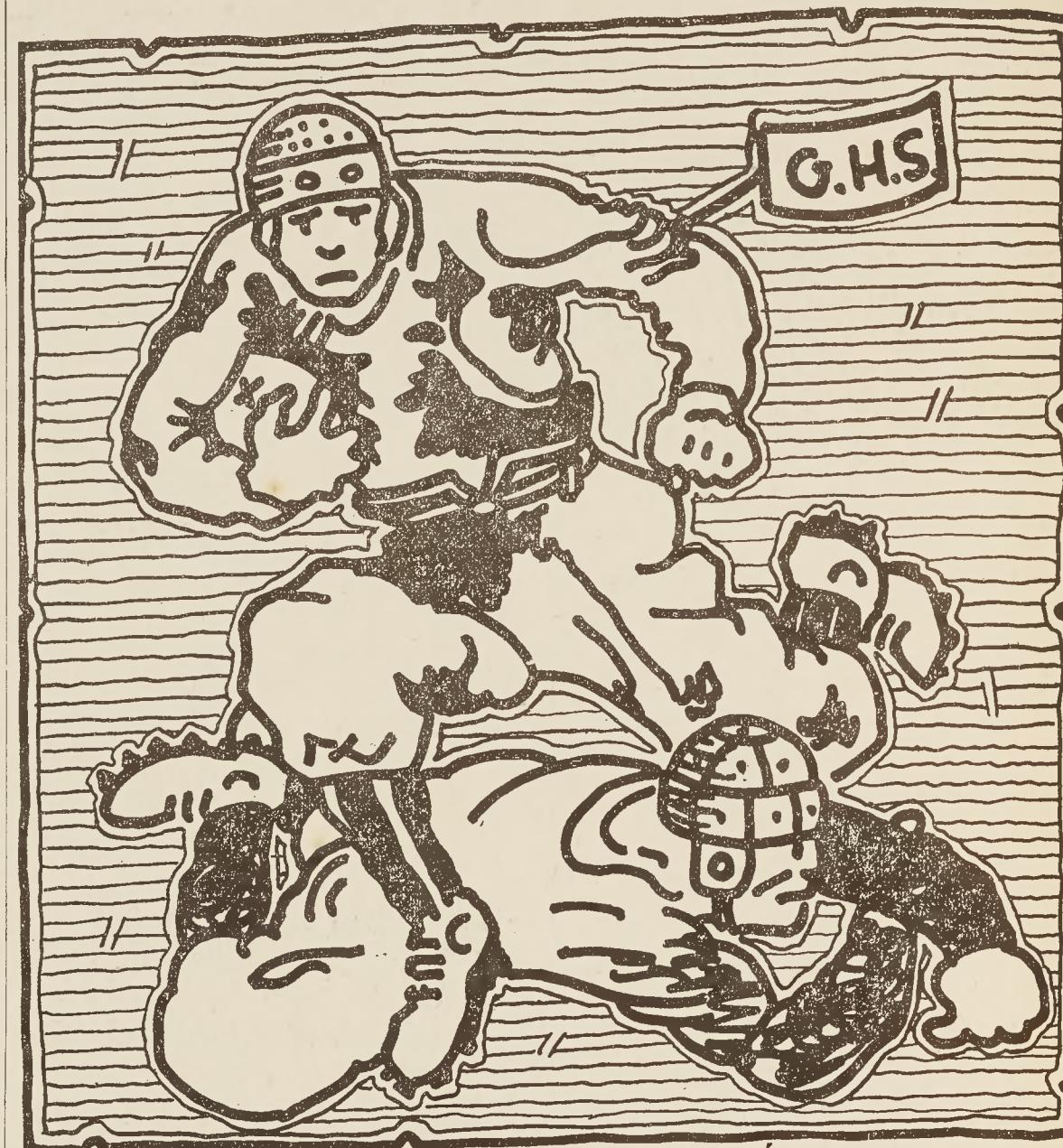
*Congratulations*

We rejoice with our neighboring city of High Point in the fact that they have built a new High School, which is fully fitted for its purpose. This shows a most progressive attitude on the part of the citizens and school officials, and is to be highly commended.

Realizing that a properly equipped school is of vast importance, and that without it neither it nor pupil can do their best, they have forged ahead and built a school that is well among the finest in the state. Not only have they ministered to the required academic activities, but they have made allowance for diversified extra-activities, which are necessary to a properly rounded development. In the small as well as the larger things, they have looked ahead and prepared to the best of their ability.

The example that High Point has set should be a beacon light which will lead Greensboro and other schools of the state to a more adequate school system.

## AT 'EM AGAIN



## EDUCATING THE EDITOR

It was at a *Homespun* staff meeting that Louis Brooks was propounding his idea of romance. He wished to make the whole theme of the magazine "romance." He wanted each issue to be on romance. He even desired that everyone read "The Royal Road to Romance." As he explained it, he and Biggs had framed this idea of romance.

One other member of the staff mildly wondered why Brooks and Biggs were so interested in romance. Miss Walker responded that perhaps they had had a successful summer.

"Oh, that isn't the half of it," responded the sagacious Mr. Biggs.

"Yes," put in another editor, "the other half just won't do to publish."

But we are still wondering why Brooks and Biggs are interested so vitally in romance.

Are we the happiest people on earth? Are we happier today with all our wonderful mechanical inventions, time-saving and space-conquering machinery than our grandfathers who knew nothing faster than a stage-coach? Does our leisure mean anything to us?

These are some of the questions which I often ponder as I see the speed-crazed world rushing about as though the millennium were only a few minutes off. There is such a hurry, scurry, scampering in life that the nerves have been ruined, the senses deadened. The people of today are living at such a high tension that he delicate senses of beauty, of culture, of love, and of the other finer spiritual qualities fail to respond when exposed to any of these. What more could we expect in a civilization that puts its faith in money, in bonds, in mechanical perfection and not in the depth or the beauty or the spirituality of life?

When the wonderful invention of television was made, a man stood before this machine with which he was able to see the person with whom he was speaking several miles away and exclaimed, "Alas, now that we have this, we have nothing o say."

It seems to me that the real value, the real aim, and the real depth of life has long been lost sight of by the mass of the people. Even if they never had this appreciation of life, they have done nothing to advance or cultivate it.

Even in our own school life the athlete, the person of physical prowess, is honored far more than the scholar or the poet or the writer. We banquet our athletes, we give them medals, letters, honors, glory, publicity, because

in the confusion of modern existence they are able to withstand it and retain a certain amount of physical strength. Yet our real scholars have only a little star to wear which is hardly ever mentioned, much less noticed. If he achieves a certain amount of popularity in other lines he is given the privilege of buying the pin of the National Honor Society, which he insignificantly wears. Our writers win cups and laurels, publicity and praise for our school, yet the individual is never heard of nor honored with any word. His work is known and forgotten as the impersonal greatness of the school.

## For What?

A year ago he was one among us. Yet now look at him. Twelve months ago he worked, stayed home at nights, and enjoyed that peaceful slumber which only comes before dawn and makes the sweet flush on the face. Yet view him now. You will find not that hearty, cheery, boyish smile, but a tired, sleepy, weary look.

What has caused the great change? For what? Ed Stainback would answer, "For This." Let us be intent upon investigating it to the fullest limit and to spare no detail however minute it is that will throw light upon this great catastrophe. His fraternity ring which he wore so proudly is gone and now adorns other fingers. Instead of having fountains pens, pencils, papers and other things in his pockets which would be of us, he fills them with ladies' jewelry, especially with broken beads and crushed ear-bobs.

How considerate, how kind, how loving and gentle he used to be when he helped his students after school. But now—as soon as the old gong rings which breaks the prison chain he bounds out the door with the leap of a mighty beast and is gone in a whizzing noise.

For what—has Mr. Blair bought his new car? While Stainback answers, "For This" we shall still probe, investigate, unveil, and inquire, "For What?"

C. W. Phillips asserts in chapel that he is just "crazy" about us, and particularly about our teachers (these pretty new ones, you know) and we suspect that we're about crazy too, but perhaps it is from the heat or from the fact that we have been studying too hard this hot weather.