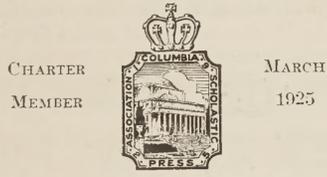


**HIGH LIFE**

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

Founded by the Class of '21



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**The Purpose of Homespun**

Often a progressive institution fails in its purpose because it is misunderstood. This seems to be the case, to some extent at least, with *Homespun*, the Greensboro High School magazine. There is, the editors believe, a general feeling on the part of the student body that this publication is merely an organ for the benefit and interest of the intellectual "highbrows." Naturally, this idea, fallacious as it is, causes the advantages of *Homespun* as an institution of the school to be reduced to a minimum.

The purpose of such a publication is two-fold. First, it strives to develop and furnish an outlet for the talent of the students; and, second, it seeks to create and foster greater interest in the literary field. If the students, who are the source of the material in *Homespun*, feel no increased throb of the creative joy, then the magazine has failed in its first purpose. If the interest of the student body in the literary things of life is in no degree augmented, then in its second purpose has it also failed.

Nothing can more speedily bring about the failure of *Homespun* than the circulation of this false idea that it is a magazine for the intellectual elite. It is for the entire student body, and should be representative of the talent of the student body. But this can not be brought about by the editors. It is up to the students themselves.

The freshmen can certainly argue, as witnessed by their performance at the last meeting of the Freshman Debating Club meeting. Seems as though they would argue their teachers out of giving them so much writing to do for talking on class!

**Torchlight's President**

Torchlight ideals of scholarship, leadership, character, and service were never better exemplified in a high school student than in the present president of the Torchlight Society. Henry Biggs has come as near fulfilling these ideals as we could hope one to at this stage of development.

Henry is a scholar in the true sense of the word. He has not always made the honor roll, but his monthly grades have been well above the average. He has sought the truth in all of his studies instead of so many memorized facts. He has been a researcher of great ability as shown by the fact that he has written essays which have won local, state, and national prizes. Thus his mind is on a level with that of the best high school students in the nation.

He has been a leader of the first rank. Besides being a member of the Student Council for a year he has served as president of the Debating Club, as associate editor of *HIGH LIFE* for three years, and as assistant editor-in-chief of *Homespun* for two years. He is a leader in many fields of endeavor.

His sterling qualities of character have made him loved and respected by all his teachers and classmates. Coupled with his magnetic personality, his executive ability has made him capable of doing many things and exerting wide influence among his classmates.

In the field of service no one could hope to serve his school better than Henry has. He has been a member of the Triangular Debating team for three years. He was one of the two who won the Aycock Memorial Cup last year and brought to G. H. S. the highest honor attainable in debating.

Possessing these qualities, he is worthy to be president of the Torchlight Society, the highest honor organization of high school life.

**Fire Prevention**

In chapter 99, article 1, section 6080 of the North Carolina Consolidated Statute as amended in 1925, we find the following law: ". . . the superintendent or principal of every public school in this State shall conduct at least one fire drill every month during the regular school session, such fire drills to include all children and teachers and the use of all ways of egress . . ."

It would appear at first sight that this would be useless. In fact, it would be a waste of time in a fire-proof building such as our grammar schools, but certainly it would not be useless in buildings that have wood floors, wood stairways, and beaver board walls such as our high school buildings have. In buildings like those which we have to work in, every precaution should be taken against possible fire and every means of saving life in case of fire should be carefully taught to the pupils.

Five days of the week the parents of Greensboro entrust the care of over nine hundred children to the officials of our high school. It is imperative that our officials take all possible steps to guard the safety and the lives of the children. The law provides that they shall.

**Our Attitude**

Huxley says that he thinks the most important question to ask a landlady before renting a room from her is what is her attitude toward the universe. We may not be as particular as this, but we admit that the most important thing which determines the success of a school is the attitude of the students toward that school and the activities in which it engages.

For some time many of those in close touch with our school life have felt that there is something wrong with our attitude toward our school, something wrong with our school loyalty, and something wrong with our school spirit, if we may say it. There are not enough students interested in any of the activities; there is nothing that receives the wholehearted, sincere support of the student body; there is something in the very atmosphere that is not pleasing or conducive to a wholesome attitude toward school life.

Let us sight a few instances illustrating what we mean. The Student Council attempted to conduct honor study periods; these failed because the students who had signed up to conduct themselves properly in a room without the oversight of a teacher were not willing to co-operate with the student in charge to preserve order. (There was an attempt to organize a cheerio squad with uniforms. The squad was organized but the idea of uniforms met with such severe opposition that it had to be abandoned.) *HIGH LIFE* and *Homespun* conducted a subscription campaign seeking to secure the support of at least fifty per cent of the student body; this failed. A system of one-way stairs in the new building was put into effect in the hope that it would improve traffic conditions during the change of classes; this failed, as the students would not observe the regulations.

There is something wrong with our attitude. It is not as wholesome and co-operative as we might hope it to be.

**The Real Score**

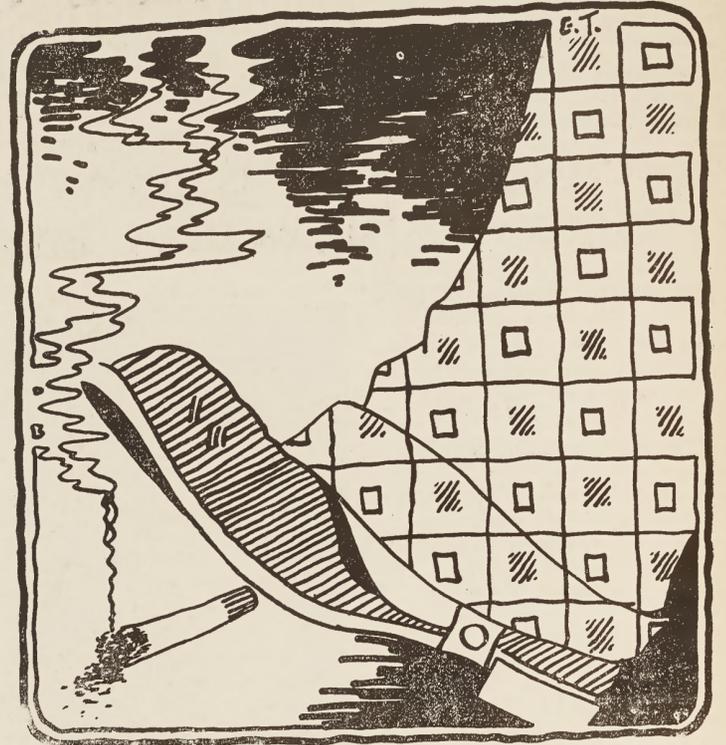
Perhaps the most colorful of recent high school games was the Asheville-Greensboro struggle with its four thousand or more interested spectators. There were many deafening cheers and many tense moments. The teams that battled deserved the honor.

The game was hard-fought, ending in a scoreless tie. Occasionally the skilfully running backfield would fall into long range punting duels as the lines bucked and men broke through to stop the backs in their tracks. Both teams exhibited a winning courage and a sense of fairness unsmothered by a desire to win at any cost.

No chalked scores spelling defeat for one and victory for the other are in existence. There is, however, a permanent score by whose reading both are victors—sportsmanship. There was never a better spirit, a more sportsmanlike spirit shown on the field and in the stands—unless it was Asheville's hospitality of last season.

"Race Horse" Cook is no novice in the air, say those who saw his non-stop seventy-yard punt.

**CAUTION!**



**EDUCATING THE EDITOR**

They laugh, these classes. They laugh and continue to laugh. Pass by a senior class room most any time and you will hear issuing forth from the interior loud, hollow peals of joy. They have cast aside the traditional and time-honored custom of dignity and solemnity. They don't seem to mind nice goose eggs for grades. They laugh. One teacher told a class that "the loud laugh is a sign of the hollow mind," but even this they greeted with laughter.

Question them, examine them, search them and you find only a wild, surging desire for laughter. Their motto is: "I find an art in laziness and laughter." We know not what they know, these seniors. They laugh.

They write, these freshmen. Reams and reams of paper, they write. Each spare minute, each study period, each precious, fleeting second finds them writing. What? Reams and reams of paper. They laugh, too, but with a different result. They laugh and then they write. Line after line, page after page, they write. All is the same: "I must not laugh out in class." This and other axioms of like nature find their permanent record from the pens of freshmen.

All their spare money, all their few saved pennies go for paper to write on—to write the eternal sayings. Their motto is: "I write because I must." Yet reams and reams they turn off each day for each teacher. With a swift pen and a weary hand, they write, these freshmen.

Last spring we were talking to a coach who teaches in a certain high school. During the course of the conversation something was said of books. We ventured to ask the coach had he read a certain book. We received this reply: "I get so interested in baseball that I forget anything like a book ever exists."

The pugnacious instinct is a very necessary part to man's existence. No man has founded a society or built a civilization or reared a household or conducted a school without many outbursts of this spirit of animosity expressed by an exchange of blows. Some men fight with gums, some with chemicals, others with airplanes, and all with the best weapons they can lay their hands on. Nature seems to help man greatly in his desire to fight. She has made for him great deposits of nitrates from which explosives can be made; she has provided everything for the best and deadliest weapon which man's brain is able to fashion.

In this season nature is abundant with arms to wage miniature battles. Acorns abound on every side. Our school ground is covered with them—these deadly enemies of peace. Each period finds regiments of boys exchanging acorns with the mightiest blows they are capable of passing them with. Acorns fill the air. The peaceful student is out of date. He has to fight for existence or for his health and happiness while on the school ground.

This we welcome as good training for the boys who may be preparing for athletics. In the acorn fights there are enough minor casualties to furnish excitement and make the struggle interesting. Each fighter learns to take what's coming to him, laugh and only wish it had been harder. He pursues his enemy with the deadly thrust that is so necessary for success in any game. To get his man is the only aim.

The battle goes merrily on while we cover our head, protect our glasses, and attempt to cross the yard with our body still in one part.

The spirit of the modern student is one of democracy. While he may not believe that democracy is always practiced by the mass of the people, he believes in it himself and does what he can to practice it. He is certain to hold firmly to it when doing school work. He is determined to treat all his studies as equals and all his teachers as such. He would consider it a great wrong to do more on one study than on the other. Here is the spirit of modern democracy as expressed by one student. He had been asked by his teacher why he had not prepared his lesson and he answered thus, "I had so much to do I couldn't do it all. As I did not want to slight anyone I did not do anything."

"When a man whistles he is happy" so goes an old saying. There are many happy people in G. H. S. You can hear their merry whistle ringing through the halls all hours of the day. In the early morning hours, the first to arrive are bristling with happiness and they whistle; at the lunch periods they whistle; and in the halls going to classes their whistled tunes mingle with their chattering. Everybody happy? Yes, if we judge by the whistling.

"Every chapel would be heavenly," some pretty girls said in substance, "if Mr. Miller sang." We agree. We always enjoy his music.