

HIGH LIFE

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Founded by the Class of '21

CHARTER MEMBER



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This is the first time the freshmen of G. H. S. have had a chance to show what we can do as a class. We have tried to put our best in this issue, and hope we have made the regular editors feel proud that we have had the chance. The freshmen class wish to thank the HIGH LIFE staff for this opportunity and privilege.

Looking Forward

Some great person once said that life ceased when man became satisfied, when ambition was overcome by a smug self-complacency. Surely life ceases after ideals are gone; there is only existence. There is no half-way mark; man must be progressing, or he slips backward.

A freshman starts out in high school looking forward to the time he will be a senior; to the time when he will graduate. After graduation a memorable occasion comes; he is a freshman at college. Yet, a freshman at college regards with joy and awe the future, when he will be a senior and graduate. During his senior days there creeps into his heart a longing to be in the outside world; to do some deed; to make a name for himself!

If only all of us could keep that spirit, the looking forward spirit. If we could, ours would be this world; ours fame and glory.

GETTING OUT A PAPER

Getting out a paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, folks say we are silly. If we don't, they say we are too serious. If we publish a pupil's opinion, we are too liberal. If we publish original matter, they say we lack variety. Then, again, if we publish things from other papers, we are too lazy to write. If we get up news, we are neglecting our school work. If we don't print all contributions, we show partiality; or, we don't appreciate them. Again: if we do print them, the paper is filled with junk. I wouldn't be surprised if someone suggests that I copied this from another paper.—C. R., in The Tin Horn, Bethel, N. C.

PARODY

Freshie had a Latin book,
But was lazy as can be.
He did not use his Latin book,
And so he got a "D."

BOOKS

You Will Like These

The Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln—HELEN NICOLAY

"Up from log cabin to the capital." This book tells of the sorrows and joys, the disappointments and rewards that made the great man, Lincoln. It shows one clearly that life is what we make it.

Master Skylark—JOHN BENNET

The story of the interesting adventures of a lad of Shakespeare's time who is kidnaped and forced to wander over England singing. He wins for himself the name of Master Skylark with his wonderful voice.

The Story of Mataka—JORDAN

Those who like true animal stories without a human being in it should not fail to read The Story of Mataka. This is a short, but strange story of seals. Like all mothers, Mataka's thoughts were on her children.

Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc—MARK TWAIN

A story of the life of France's heroine, Joan of Arc, told in a simple way by Joan's secretary. It is an account of many battles. This book gives an insight into the Great Trial and how unjust it was.

Kidnapped—STEVENSON

Stevenson has pictured in Kidnapped a thrilling, exciting, and adventurous story of a boy on a boat. He was shipwrecked, landed on an island and finally got to his friends.

Stickeen—MUIR

Stickeen is an unusual story of a small, black, wooly dog, who went on a trip to Alaska. This stubborn but faithful animal followed Mr. Muir everywhere, and surprised him with a total lack of emotion, which was finally overcome by perseverance through great danger and hardship. With his keen love of nature, Muir has been able to write a story that is highly attractive to people of all ages.

The Blue Bird—MAETERLINCK

Maeterlinck, in the book, The Blue Bird, has taught a great lesson of kindness. The little boy and girl went on a long travel in search of happiness and finally found it in their own home.

Each sister strove to help the other.

The Light That Failed—KIPLING

It was a holiday for the little orphan children. Two little children, a boy and a girl, ran alone to the beach to play. They made a promise and said that they would belong to each other forever. One lived up to the promise, but the other failed.

Little Women—ALCOTT

Little Women is about four sisters and all their troubles and hardships.

Peter and Wendy—BARRIE

The book, Peter and Wendy, is about a boy named Peter Pan who lived in "Neverland." He came to earth and found a girl named Wendy. He took her there to be his playmate.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm—WIGGINS

The story of a girl, living with her aunts near Milton. A lovable type of a self-reliant American. Her philosophy is one of love and kindness towards all things; she never gives up hope.

A Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt—HAGEDORN

This biography of Hagedorn's is told in simple English, so that the young as well as the old can understand it. The story is intensely interesting with its thrilling experiences and historic background. Roosevelt was a frail, delicate boy in his youth, but a giant in middle age. How did he gain by his own efforts that most priceless of all possessions—health? That is an interesting story; for the author tells how Roosevelt overcame all obstacles and became a real man, and a leader among men. The theme of this story is that "Where there is a will, there is a way."



HARRY'S DOG

Harry has a little dog,
Such a cunning fellow,
With a very shaggy coat,
Streaked with white and yellow.

Harry's dog has shining eyes,
And a nose so funny;
Harry wouldn't sell his dog
For a mint of money.

Harry's dog will never bark,
Never bite a stranger;
So he'd be of no account
Where there's any danger.

Harry has a little dog,
Such a cunning fellow!
But his dog is made of wood,
Painted white and yellow.

IN THE LAND OF JUST SUPPOSE

Just imagine one period passing without Barrington Root speaking out.

Just imagine Mr. Smith not asking all the questions to Walter Noah and Charles Smith.

Just imagine Verson Reese being quiet for one period.

Imagine Alice Grubbs without her compact.

Imagine David Morrah not drawing cartoons during class.

Imagine Clary Holt not arguing.

Imagine the Holt cousins not contradicting each other.

Imagine Foy Gaskins without "Oscans." (His pet snake.)

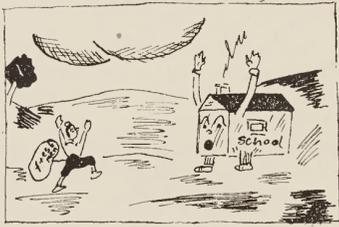
"SING A SONG OF HIGH SCHOOL"

Sing a song of high school,
An armful of books;
Four and twenty freshmen
All huddled in the nooks!

When the doors were opened
And the bells began to ring;
Was that not a dainty welcome
To make the freshmen sing?

The freshman in the lunchroom,
Counting out his money;
Wonders if his twenty cents
Will buy him bread and honey?

The seniors in the library,
Checking out the books;
When in comes freshie
With many wondering looks.



IF

If all the freshmen were seniors,
And all their impudence wit,
And all of their demeanor serious,
What would the old school think?

FRESHMEN

We are the Freshmen green,
Some are fat; some are lean;
Some intelligent, some so dumb,
Some that are not either one.

Whatever type that we may be
We are going to move like the sea,
Always happy, always gay,
Conquering whatever is in our way.

FUNNY FRESHMEN

How many muffins did William Cooke?

How high is Charles Rankin?
Is George Strater than a ruler?
Does Errington Bragg?

How long is Shelton Hall?
How many hours did Fred Work?

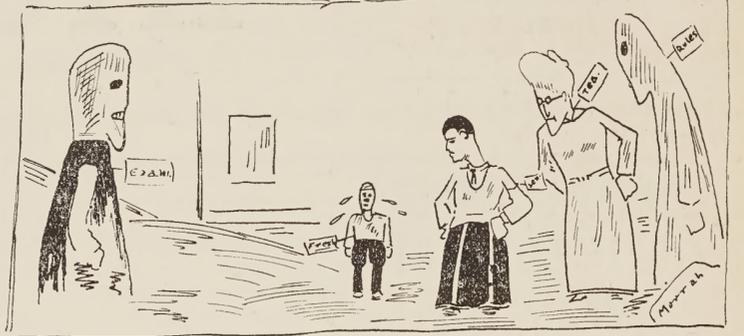
How much grass did Howard More?
Is Calvin John's son?

Ervin is All-red.
Did they give Harold Justice?

'Tis spring-time, the eastern hills!
Like torrents gush the summer rills.

—Whittier.

FRESHMAN BOGIES



FRESHMEN

Tiny seed,
Trivial,
Insignificant.
From a fertile, fruitful seed field.
The planter holds in hand,
Weighing, wondering
Whether it will wend
Straight, strong roots,
Deep, deep in the teeming loam.
He sows, ploughing, planting,
Nourishing, waiting
For the full-grown plant.

A GENTLEMAN GOES BY

He may be a freshman,
But I know he is a gentleman
By signs that never fail.
He does not push and crowd along,
But stands by to let you pass.
He thinks of you before himself,
And serves you if he can.
For whether it is in school or home,
The gentleman makes the man.
He is a lad who has his way
To make, with little time for play.
I know he is a gentleman by certain
signs today.

OPEN OPINIONS

Dear Editor:

I wish to call attention to the chapel program that was given last Wednesday afternoon for the freshmen at the eighth period. This was called "Nevertheless," which was a very interesting and good program.

It was the first program that has been given to us in a little play form. I think all of the pupils enjoyed it very much. I enjoyed it myself, and the pupils who had part in the program carried it out very well.

Yours truly,

MILDRED DEBHAM.

Dear Editor:

I think the way to make a great improvement in the school is to put some things in it to hang our coats and hats on. Each day we must keep them on all day. This is a great disadvantage to us. They keep us too warm most of the day. This prevents us from studying. I hope we will soon have something to hang our coats on.

Yours truly,

DOROTHY MOOSE.

Dear Editor:

I am writing this letter to give my opinion of the chapel programs. They have been very good so far, but I think the pupils would enjoy them much more if we could produce other plays like the one called "Nevertheless," given here a few weeks ago. I have heard many pupils say that they enjoyed that program more than any that has been given so far. It also teaches them a lesson in English. I am sure we would all enjoy the chapel programs more if they were like that one.

Yours truly,

NIMMA FULLER.

Dear Editor:

Your system of traffic is very good—that is, when it is carried out. Some of the pupils observe these laws but most of them don't. If there were some way of checking up on these lawbreakers it would improve traffic matters.

Yours sincerely,

ROSALIE HARRISON.

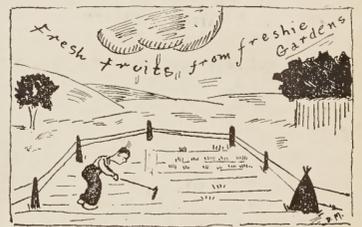
TO EDITORS OF FRESHMAN ISSUE OF HIGH LIFE

To you folks who are just trying your wings in journalism I want to express my best wishes. You folks are now receiving training that will help you not only in the remainder of your high school life but through college and business and professional life. It is for that reason that this contribution you are making to a fine thing like HIGH LIFE is to be of value to you as well as to your school. I think you will look back on this experiment for a long, long time and be happy that you did something on this issue, however small your part was. This is the kind of work that you do because you love to do it and that's why it has been a success.

May I suggest that you do not stop now, but let this be the beginning of your newspaper interest. Maybe some of you will be representing this paper in New York some day. I hope you will remember this, too, that you are representing by your efforts here over 500 students of the school, or half the student body.

Again congratulations and best wishes.

C. W. PHILLIPS.



GARDEN FANCIES

The garden reminds me of a little town. The beans clinging to their poles look like ladies exchanging the latest gossip. The lettuce look like young ladies, and the tomatoes, babies holding to their mothers. The strawberries act like little children playing hide and seek. The peaches seem as though they are boys climbing trees. Besides these, the stalks of corn are men standing guard that no harm come to the rest.

GARDENS

Gardens—
Peculiar things;
For months and months
Bare,
Naked, dormant,
Great ugly, empty spaces.
Gardens,
Lonesome things in Spring,
That bud and bloom
With flowers
That lift their eyes to heaven.
Flowers
That ache with color.
Beauty—
Why do you bring
Ecstatic pain to the heart?

WHAT I SEE IN A GARDEN

When I look at a garden it reminds me of many things. It sometimes reminds me of soldiers; the great corn-stalks and the yellow-gold squash remind me of the Spanish guarding their gold. The vines and weeds remind me of the pirates because they are so rough and unkempt. But most of the time it reminds me of work.

Fair-handed, Spring unbosoms every grace:
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first.

—Thomas.