

HIGH LIFE

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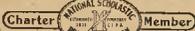
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Sportsmanship

One of the best examples of modern sportsmen was Sir Thomas Lipton. He was "the world's greatest loser," and there is no doubt that, had he been a winner, he would have been as great in victory as he was in defeat.

A quitter is never a good sport. Sir Thomas Lipton just didn't know how to quit. A defeat was merely a spur which urged him to try again, and try again he did. Only death could stop his efforts to win.

Not everyone can be as famous a character in the sporting world as Sir Thomas, but everyone can be a good sport. To have the qualities of good sportsmanship, neither wealth nor high position is necessary.

Three things are essential for good sportsmanship. First, one must be both a good winner and a good loser; second, one must be fair in everything; third, one must be able to laugh at defeat, and start all over again, resolved to do better than ever before.

Be a good sport. You'll have more friends, you'll be a much better success, and, finally you will have a much better opinion of yourself and your conduct, and so will others.

Fair Play Topic for Month

Good Sportsmanship has been chosen for our ideal during the month of October; this is to impress the students with the meaning of Good Sportsmanship and Fair Play.

If you have ever seen some one display good sportsmanship, he has a fixed place in your mind. You respect him and try in every way to be more like him.

Let's Limit Our Speed

Recently, the "speed craze" seems to be affecting everyone, even the pedestrians, and especially our own student body. Between classes, students no longer walk up and down the halls. They run, or rather, rush. Nearly everyone seems to be making an effort to break all existing and non-existing records for the hundred-yard dash.

This condition is not only necessary; it is harmful, even dangerous. One or two rather serious accidents have already occurred as a result of it.

It is bad to be late, but it is even worse to inconvenience others in an effort to be on time. In all things, there is a "happy medium." If you are in a hurry, don't run. You are at liberty to walk as fast as you please, especially since very few people are in the habit of walking fast. They either walk slowly or run.

Obviously, the only remedy for this sad situation is for us to put a curb on our speedy ambitions. If we are to judge by past experience, every G. H. S. student has self-control enough to do this.

So, obey the "speed limit" and the traffic "cops" and keep out of trouble.

What About the Other 150

School activities are to be enjoyed, and the majority of people like to enjoy themselves. Why can't these people, who wish to have a good time have it at our school activities?

More than 150 of those who signed their names, saying that they would buy activity cards, did not buy them. The sponsors of the Activity Cards realize that many of us can not raise \$2.50 at one time. Knowing this a very reasonable installment plan has been established. You pay \$1.00 down and the balance just before the last football game. Do you realize that you save approximately nineteen cents on every twenty-five cent game?

Activity cards, if a sufficient number is bought, will not only be a saving to you but also to the school. Everyone knows how badly the school needs money. Buy an Activity Card! It is the very best thing that you can do in every way.

Work Out Your Own Problems

Both in school and out, some boys and girls of high school age seem to want to turn over nearly every problem that arises to the other fellow, and it also seems that we are no exception.

This does not mean that the majority of us are inclined to do this. What G. H. S. has done in the past, and the way it has been done, show that the number of students who take this attitude is comparatively small.

The thing to do, then, is for each one of us to give himself the "once-over," in order to find out if we belong to this group of "slackers," and, if we do, to do all we can to break the habit. Much harder things have been done before. Doing the thing itself is not hard. It's in remembering to do it that we usually fall down on the job.

We can quit letting the other fellow do all the work if we want to, so let's begin doing what we are supposed to do willingly and in the knowledge of, so as to show our fellow students that we are more



Holla world, I show I'm glad to be wud you again. Times in gettin mighty shawt. Doggone if I didn't plan ferget about this here column. An here 'tis Thursday night. And the street is under construction at Lake Dan. Well that's that. I want to express my opinion about the good cooperation I's gettin in this here poetry contest.

Uh—by jove my dear. Ha ha ha ha hoo hoo—High Lifes out again. What do I know? Why I know jest about everything what ain't already knowed. I know Eda Walters middle name and Barbara Witherspoons favorite color, and—I'm a knower I is. In fact middle names Noah.

Ye old Timy Paetery Contest Progresses Like the Walking Part of a Street.

Listen Here Students You Better inter this here contest. If you win, you win a cup, if you loose, you loss a cup. So inter now. Barbara Witherfolk intered last time an she's done already got permission to stand a chance of getting this marvelous cromium plated cup. Come on now and send in your poem. Little Mac Nair sent in this lovely poem this week. Here 'tis folks—jest like he writit:

I gazed upon a host of lovely lollipops I watched a farmer raised his lily crops I saw a bird in a tree A tiny warbling humble bee Lollypops-Lilycrops Trees, and humble bee Are little fairies sent to me.

(This poem is intered under the list of Winter Lyrics.)

The following poem was sent in by Wargret Nagner. It shows or rather depicts the subtle thought of the writers subterranean mind ceels.

Oh little lily With petals so frailly You are so lovely ailly. Oh beautiful blower Have you unot the power To give me a look quite soar.

(The following is a piece from Ed Cone's love opera, Kismetquick.) Ahhhhh abhhha hhhha bla bla bla Trulla lullia lla Traa tra tra Mud Ice cream and cake Good things do make When I take, When I take Boko boko baasaaa-aaakae

(This little exert was taken from Nancy Hudson's new volume "New Feathers")

The Nature Study Class Has Discovered a New Flower—Dumbella Rollypilla-folla, and I have found a new flower called Insectatery. Sophomoradidies. This is what I have to listen to in a sophomore class said a teacher of Biology as she spoke on the gender of animals, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, decade after decade, trandae after trandae, fcaade after fcaade, cinquade after cinquade, soixade after soixade, century after century, it is teacher make him gimme my this and teacher make him gimme my that, and teacher he's got my alk ha. Said the Student Coyacil, we the council did this and we the council did that we the council killed a black rat, and it's forever we the council did this and we the council did that and we the council bought a baseball bat. No no I will not cry said my eye as asked it why it would not cry. The was the quick reply because thru all these years you've run out of tears.

The Battle of Guilford Courthouse An Opera In One Song (Thesea Death Song) Characters: Miss Wall, Sidney Ogburn, Jack Brown, Mr. Johnson and another Football team boy. Scene I: Three boys are standing in front of a main building the three boys say ensemble: "Good morning Mr. Johnson." Mr. Johnson: Good Morning boys, I hope you do that well tonight (The football game was tonight). Mr. Johnson exits. Scene II: Five minutes later—the boys are standing as before. Enter Miss Wall, a tall independent lady. Boy: Good morning Miss Wall. M. Wall: You are assing me boys—come write in here to Mr. Phillips. (The boys appear shocked, but as though led by some enchanting witch, they follow—one by one—the shadows fall upon the castle wall. The End J'ai Finis

Nother Poem Jest Got here BYBY THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

There was a young lad of 303 Who was sharply annoyed by a bee The teacher said hold that grin While I fetch the a pin Then ye shall sonnet on a bee

In Room Two The teacher wearath a shoe By Merle Jones

To be inspired for a sonnet One must always wear a bonnet By Henry Jarrison Room 317

Comments on World's Opinions

"The present crisis in our educational progress was precipitated by an unparalleled slump in business conditions." This is the opinion of The North Carolina Teacher. This should not be very surprising to the majority of G. H. S. students—September number.

The N. C. Teacher also says: "Health is now placed above all other objectives in practically all school programs. The educational system is justified in its attitude toward health when one considers the extent and diversity of health impairments among the school population." This is true of G. H. S. Are the students of this school taking advantage of this opportunity for health improvement?

"The blindness of the United States in attempting to fight the laws of world economics," according to M. Pierre Gaxotte in Je Suis Partout, "has dragged the rest of the world into economic depression," says The Living Age. It seems as if the good old U. S. A. gets blamed for everything these days. What a life!

"Solid carbon dioxide (CO2), employed extensively as a refrigerant, has applied for a job held by another member of the family, liquid CO2, now used almost exclusively for carbonating beverages at bottling plants and soda fountains."

This paragraph from Business Week (October), should be of interest to the science and chemistry students of G. H. S.

"The resumption of general employment in this country will come gradually, and will long be in evidence before its existence is generally admitted. Perhaps if we had less publicity for the black side of the picture, business recovery would be considerably hastened," says the editor of National Republic. This is true of more things than unemployment.

Here's how the American Boy's editor gives a definition for sportsmanship in football: "The nibbi isn't a part of football technique. Fellows get out there to give the best that's in them, and if the other chap's best is a little better, they're the first to say it."

"Newspaper men have a saying that goes like this: 'It's all right for a cub reporter to make an error once—that's excusable. If he makes it twice, he better start pushing a wheelbarrow.' This is usually carelessness. Says the editor of The American Boy, 'This applies to everything, not merely to newspaper work.'"

"We are going to work out of this depression, not slide out of it. A sane and steady position between the extremes of pessimism and optimism are what the times call for," says the editor of the Saturday Evening Post. That's a good way to get out of any difficulty.

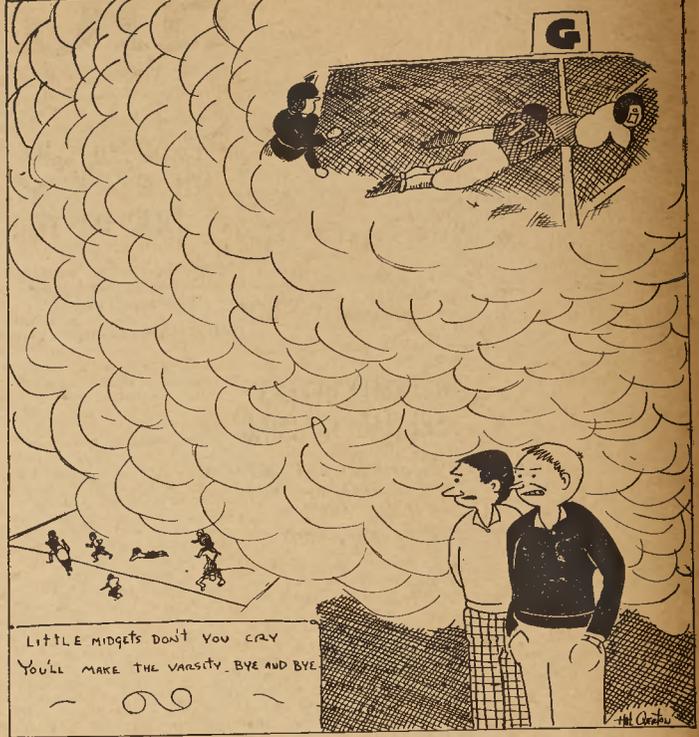
HEAR ARE MORE HU NAN CODE XERTS—zy Dick Cann the Scandal Man.

Gav wvzgrnt xofy szh nfxa illa illa rnkliemng. HL SZH —GVX OFVS ILLN. TZXGLM NZPVR —Zx

Dear I Writit, the other day was glad no I was mad and today I am glad but I want to wish to be mad. What can I do to get mad I am such a good old soul. It is a lovely feeling to be mad. One feels so gentle so gruddy and so offensive like. How can experience this again. IM. BECILE.

Beelle—You old dear, how dramatic was your little letter. How sweet were your words. You will hardly be able to experience the latter again. But the former may be had easily. Contrast Miss A. C. You are really a find. Please call by my room and I shall step on your toes when set you to work washing dishes for Miss Jones. Good bye, I. WRITIT.

Extracts from the diary of Vanilla Extract by Vanilla himself. "Today is day after yesterday," said the little red hen as she danced about in glee. Yes said the mother of me as she walked around the math book of Miss Moore tomorrow is the day after to-day before yesterday. Well I ain't a goat to eat ch up said the wolf to the little Red Walking Hood as she sang Vanilla waxes on parade. X is equal to X divided by two times three said Miss Grogan as she drove her otomobile into the emptying station. No, no said Mr. Pathing as he played on his little guitar "See saw Marjory Daw." Ooh said inn Dumbell, as she moid A on college Mathematics. I will set you up said Dick Cann as the little debater cried Quack Quack I want my money back. TIBB SLEEPING BEAUTY ROLLED OVER IN HER BED AND SAID "twenty more years to go, and I'll be back at the old grid." Hickory Dickory Dal the student went up the hall. Said Snow White to Rose Red—go to bed. To there bother bother bother said the Olee Club as it hit me on the head. Good Bye, I. WRITIT.



POETRY

A FIRESIDE THOUGHT I find my mind a coal of fire; In despair I smother it with ashes of defeat, In happiness I kindle it with joy, In trouble I almost extinguish it with A fluid of bad sportsmanship; In victory my hands are singed with the blaze of pride, And in all my enterprises it flickers for a lack of hope. Soon I will wake up to the strange excitement of the cold, harsh winter of loss, if I do not kindle this dying coal. —Beverly Burgess.

A FIRESIDE BRIGHT Oh, fusing pine and crackling coals, Vaguely I wondered how you fascinated me. Then I felt your warm glow and grew nearer. For your dancing flames beckoned me there. Strange I could not leave your gleaming joy, Making quick sparkles and pale patches on the dark and gloomy wall. But 'twas not that, it was your glowing spirit. Now I understand. —B. B. B.

THE UNVEILING A dingy ashen suit veiled with the corruptness of foul play, Heavy, unsteady feet overted with the mud and filth of dishonesty, And a face long used to the protection of a cowardly brim, Behold—a statue of the "Unfair Player." —Anonymous.

FIRE— Tricking, lying, bothering heat— The sound of insects, Humming, croaking, and incessantly carrying on their monotonous song; The sound of a victrola, sent out harsh, unharmonious, scratching reproductions— High-titled, unnatural laughter— A moon up there grinning— In his cynical, leery way, And to some it is summer, But for me it's just "another night." —Phyllis Morrish.

FIRE— The Friend of man— Helping to build up mighty civilizations— Burning—melting—controlling, Enabling these earthborn creatures to overcome mighty factors.

FIRE— The Enemy of man— Burning down—consuming—destroying, Bringing to destruction the efforts of its helpless master— Keeping these earthborn creatures from overcoming mighty factors. —Phyllis Morrish.

A THOUGHT All beauty holds for me a mirrored lake of dreams, And when it is clear I see the purpose of my dreaming. —B. B. B.

MEPHISTOPHELIAN MACARONI

I will not apologize for this column. "It is an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own," a timid one guilty of a similar outrage might quaver; but, no, the proud name of Bowrower shall never bite the dust. I fling defiance in your face and dare you—I dare you in your courage. Can you? Will you? And then be plunged into their midst and annihilate them with serene composure. Hark! Methinks I hear the sound of sweet trumpets. Hold your breath while I wait you (that is, anyone under two hundred pounds) back through the dim lapse of ages.

We have been waffled back through the dim lapse of ages (taking into consideration, of course, the weight of the candidate.) A medieval newsway approaches, thrusting copies of the Camelot Courier under the noses of different dames and elegant gossips. Stretch your imagination, buy a copy, look at the headlines and brush your teeth twice a day.

What! What! What! The depression is over—Now King Arthur will be able to buy that new battle for Gutwerc.

How Sir Lancelot met with King Rookus of Rookus and Rookus, Incorporated, and others and smote them down, and departed from them.

To speak sooth wiat ye that Sir Lancelot is feeling passing well; oodles of knights who have yielded him on stretchers and otherwise. According to bystanders, our most noble King Arthur smote his knee and was passing glad of Lancelot.

And those who jostled with this right noble knight are sore sore to yield them, but, by my troth, they be passing fair knights. Amongst these passing fair knights are King Rookus of Humdrum, and all his fair brothers except one, he being the fair knight, Lulu. The widow has been notified by the traveling taxidicmists who have stuffed the knight in manly fashion and taken him to Lancelot's sweet tallery.

And to end ye brilliant story*** of Lancelot, according to bystanders, some one accidentally stepping on Lancelot's toe. The remaining hay arrived in Camelot and, according to Sir Hay, they will be used in the soup for the next meeting of ye round table.

The editor has refused to include this entry of Professor Hoodlum, but it got here in some way or another; it looks how how!*** After profound scientific and researchical observations, Professor Hoodlum has succeeded in explaining a very simple affair in such a way as to unexplain it. Prizes will be awarded to all who succeed in producing a satisfactory explanation.*** Apparently the * marks the spot where this entry slipped in: John Brown had commenced to promoude the primary theory of the wards on adjacent aggregation of mercenary and mercantile appropriations, collectively recognized by means of the ambiguous appellation of "metropology" when his pedantic appendage, attached in the vicinity of the appendicitis procture, collided with an insidious obstruction which immediately proctured his prostration to the confines of mundane realities.

Nevertheless, despite this abrupt manifestation of hostility on the part of the obstruction, this philosophical fellow alleviated his person of the proximity of Nature's quintessence,

WINNERS IN THEM CONTEST

Success was a theme the students and teachers followed during the month of September. Chapel programs were conducted with this subject in mind and the English classes were asked to write about this. The following compositions were chosen as the best handed into the office:

FIRST PLACE Steps to Success

When you have learned to forgive, to forget, to forbear; when you can make ardent criticism as well as friendly criticism constructive; when you can live a day that is pleasant to look back on, you are succeeding. If you can laugh for the joy of laughing, if you can cry and lighten your heart, if you can be sincere at all times, success is yours.

If you can love an enemy, if you can do unto others as you would have them do unto you, and if still you are just yourself, you have succeeded. PALMER HOLT, English VIII.

SECOND PLACE Success

What is success? To some it is the attainment of wealth, social position, and fame; but to others it is the praiseworthy accomplishment of one's life's work. Success depends not on one's advantages but on his ability to do things well.

Often someone, though poverty-stricken, has made a success of his life by doing something which influenced even one person to strive for the heights. Some wealthy people, however, are not successful because they have not done any lasting good to their fellow men. Success, then, is the accomplishment of acts worthy to live through the ages. ARCHIBALD SCALES, English VII.

DUTY

When all your work is done, lad, And all your books laid down, And every lesson said, And every secret found, Then take your place and stand, lad, For there is work to do, And you must be a man, lad, And work your own way through.

When all your life's work's done, lad, And all your tools are worn, And you have done your best, lad, And all your trials borne, Then stop and rest again, lad, For you'll have earned it well, And when you were young, lad, Within youth's care-free spell. —Phyllis Morrish.

AUTUMN

Splashes of vermilion, Woodlands veiled with ashen mist, Crisp, golden blades of grass, Vast fields of glowing grain, Glistening corn-shecks, Tiny scurrying figures, And wild, dazzling life and color, All in one great frame of azure. Now say you that Autumn is dead! —B. B. B.

and without one impression, bestowed the last vestiges of physical calamity which adorned his bodily raiment back to their original source with an enthusiasm proper to the occasion. From this incident we may draw a profound allegorical conclusion in accordance with our own individual personalities and complexities.

* Note: Severe composure was a deadly instrument of large in King Charles XXXVVIII's time. ** Note: Denoting emotion. *** Note: "Story" does not mean to imply that it was a story.