

HIGH LIFE

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Use Tuberculosis Seals on Christmas Mail

We see others buying the famous little Red Cross Christmas Seals and we also buy them, but do we know their full meaning, and the most wondrous ways in which they help our fellow men.

The Red Cross Christmas Seal idea originated in the United States, but since then has spread throughout Europe and to other parts of the world. Today the Red Cross Seal is doing its part in every well organized country in the world.

We have all no doubt heard of the most dreaded of all diseases, T. B., it is this most dreaded opponent that the Christmas Seal fights. We probably don't realize it but when we buy these seals we are helping to snatch human lives from a most torturous death.

When we mail parcels, mail, and packages, let us decorate these with the Red Cross Christmas Seals and let others know that you are thinking of your unfortunate fellowmen. Show them that you are willing to help the little children also, many of whom the kind old fellow, Santa Claus doesn't reach.

Christmas Cheer

As Christmas nears, we wonder what the attitude of the G. H. S. students will be toward helping those who have no bright anticipations for the season such as most of us have. It is a problem of this financial crisis and belongs as much to high school students as to any citizen of Greensboro. It is our responsibility to help those unfortunate. At the approach of this festive season we should plan to be definite in bringing cheer in a material way to some one less fortunate than we. There is no better way to prove ourselves true to the standards of G. H. S. than to help to make some poorer boy or girl happier on Christmas day.

Plan for doing just this, and watch your own feelings.

Service

"Service" is a great word in any language, but it is especially significant to American citizens. The history of the United States is no more or less than the life stories of men who served others in serving their country and in the service of humanity.

In modern times, men like Edison and Lindbergh are inspiring examples for anyone to follow. Both of these great men served humanity in the field of science, one through a long period of research, the other by a daring exploit.

To be of service to others, however, does not mean that one must do any of the outstanding deeds with which men have adorned the pages of history. Every good deed, every act which is "on the right side of the fence" is an act of service. We can do as much good by simply obeying our consciences as many men have done in a lifetime of labor. Because every good deed is a spur which leads us on to others, and which causes others to follow in our footsteps.

Christ, whose birthday we will soon celebrate, led a life of service that was, is, and always will be unparalleled. If we wish, we can make ourselves and others happy by doing as he did.

Why Have Music?

Music is our primeval heritage. Men are stirred to patriotic zeal through music, love is inspired and spoken through music, sorrow and the grief of death are expressed through music. The song of the whole world is a song of labor, strife, sorrow and love sung in one grand human chorus.

A child should be taught the rudiments of music from his infancy. He should be allowed to instill in himself a capacity for the appreciation of fine music. Music is the trademark of culture and happiness. It is as much a relief from sordid everyday life as good books are the retreat from the cares of the day.

We hope that we shall never see the day when America ceases to be a music loving nation.

Why Study?

The type of student who does not seem to know why he is going to school and does not realize the necessity for study should "get wise" to himself.

An education prepares one for the problems which he will confront later in life. It prepares him to meet people as an equal and engage in intelligent conversation.

Above all an education develops initiative in a person and renders him capable of thinking for himself.

School—A Challenge to Students

Students are responsible for the kind of a school they have. The best principal and faculty in the country cannot make a school a success without the co-operation of the students. The students who make the best citizens of the school are those who are willing to do their part in furthering a broad, far reaching program for the promotion of good citizenship.

Most of the students of our high school have been very careful in promoting the welfare of the school. If those, who now are careless in their habits could feel their responsibility, they would probably be more thoughtful in the future.

Teachers' Christmas Wants

Dear Santa:

After so long a time and after hours and hours of labor and toil, we've finally succeeded in finding out just what our teachers want for Christmas.

We were unable to find out from our principal what he wanted, but all the teachers agree that the most sensible article that you can bring him will be a cowbell with a big red ribbon tied to it so that the students and teachers will be able to find him better. Miss Fannie Starr Mitchell wants another "Empress Eugenie," not just like the first one—make it orange.

Our musical friend, H. Grady Miller, wants you to bring him a pitch-pipe—one that goes "do, mi, so." Please bring Miss Ione Grogan a box of penny pencils. (This school situation is so bad that the teachers are having to cut down on the school supplies now.)

Miss Gertrude Farlow wants a loud speaker in the back of her semester 3 Latin class so that all of the unattractive boys and girls can hear her above the din that the front seat pupils make. When Mr. Farthing was questioned as to what he wanted we were all surprised to hear that he wanted a razor, but please remember, it must be a safety one.

"Life of Shelley" was the book Miss Berna Cole chooses. (Shelley is her favorite.) Read this and grin, girl! A. P. Routh wants a green derby from Yonnis-DeBoe for Christmas.

But, Santa, don't bring it to him unless he promises to let the little red and orange feather remain in it and wear it to school the first day school starts. Above all, don't forget Henri Etta Lee's "great big jar of white paint." The school board just wouldn't supply enough of it for the fourth period class and Iolanthe's faries' hands both.

Oh, Santa Claus! Have you a big carload of books that you can spare? It must be very big and exactly the right kind for high school students. If you send it to Miss Rebecca Wall, care Greensboro high school library. Mr. Cobb wants a little tool chest to keep his hammer and nails in. Also a little saw would be appreciated. Above all, Miss Willie T. Hall wants some bright sociology students. Don't send them C. O. D., though. They are considered just too priceless for words. Have you seen any of those little green snakes up there in Ireland? Please bring one to W. W. Blair. He needs it to keep the females away from him and also for experiments. Pick out one of the best books of humor by Irvin S. Cobb to give to Miss Nora Chaffin. She adores funny jokes.

Santa, do you know what little "Lester" has been saying his prayers for every night lately? A "winning basketball team." Don't disappoint him! Here we are, I knew it was coming. Stanley Johnston wants something to eat (for his radio). Please have some food sent to him. Be careful, though, and don't forget the love notes.

Mrs. Nettie Dry Blackburn wants you to bring her husband a new Chevrolet. A shiny blue one. The car must not be able to exceed 35 miles. Joe H. Johnston is very unselfish in his Christmas wish. He wants something that will benefit the whole G. H. S.—a dramatic class. As Mr. Johnson is such a good leader, please do not fail to bring the class to him.

Day in and day out, Miss Kate Robinson has been wishing for a gymnasium for her little girls to play basketball in. I wonder if you could do anything about this? Please put in Miss Mary Ellen Blackmore's little red stocking an "Austin," as she has expressed her desire for a "shiny new car."

Miss Estelle Mitchell wants a new French book. Also a big chocolate Santa Claus and some oranges and apples.

Here's a case for Mrs. Santa Claus; Miss Laura Tillet wants a life size doll of Hamlet, just like Shakespeare described him. Don't forget to dress him in a blue suit with lace collars and cuffs and brass buttons.

This Christmas gift can be delayed until next fall, but be sure to have it here then. It is for W. S. Hamilton. A midget who doesn't eat cream-puffs before the hardest game of the season.

By the way, Miss Mary Harrell has lost some articles around G. H. S. She needs them to cram down the throats of some Sophs.

Miss Sara Lesley doesn't want much this Christmas—just a big, red apple, and a big peppermint walking cane. Be sure it's not broken, though.

Erl A. Slocum wants some brass clappers. "My hand doesn't make enough noise during practice hours," he told me, with a twinkle in his eye.

Miss Julia Seary wants to know why you forgot her rocking-horse last Christmas. You will be forgiven, though, if you put it under the Christmas tree this time.

Miss Katherine Jones wants two bottles of mercury. She's tried to make the last one go a long way, but you know these G. H. S. students!

Miss Marjorie Craig is one of those teachers who never can keep enough flowers in her room. Please bring her some pink rosebuds with green fern.

Do we need some traffic cops in the science building halls? Miss Kathleen Pike answers, "Yes, yes, yes!" So please send her a big, burley policeman, that is able to handle dangerous criminals.

Misses Mary and Dot McNairy want a big, black chauffeur to pilot them safely through the busy Greensboro streets and to help dodge G. H. S. (harrah!) students.

Relief from teaching G. C. substitutes

Humor



PECULIAR, ISN'T IT?

I say folks, have you ever stopped to think how peculiar so many of our names are? Just listen to this. There are several Walkers (people who like to walk) over here and some Coons (not real ones). The other day I met a couple of Sinks walking around, and (Ha, Ha, pardon the laughter!) some real book Papes. Well, let's see about cars, yep, there are some Fords, Hudsons, Chryslers, Sturs, and Chandlers (we won't have to walk at this rate). I wonder if anybody around here works! Let's see. Aw, wah, here's a boy named Work and he doesn't like it! I know 'cause I asked him. We got some Undercoods over here, too, and some Poppers and Riders and Roaches and Porters and Paks and Peaks and Papes (in the neck) and Scales and Routs (wait till I get my breath) and Prices (they're still high) and Quates and Reeds and Spoons and Stones and Penns and Coffins and Leaks and Cases (probably of wine) and Cans (they, like cars, are made out of tin) and Bells (they don't ring) and Lambs (that go lah! bah!) and Hunters and Butlers and Plates (not real ones) and Drapers. (I'll stop on this for a while.)

By the way we got a nice set of people over here to do our work, some Millers, Cooks, Cops, (to keep order in the halls) Gardeners, Knights, and Taylors—Barbars. I don't know where the dyers are but we certainly got the colors, Blue, Green, and White—Brown—and Wood. Say, we won't freeze. Why there's Gatewood, Blackwood, Fields, and real Woods.

Now let's get back to some real peculiarities. Over here we have some Harpers, Coles (not ole King Cole himself) Hoods, Wats, Walls, Shields, Wells, Waiks, Fishers, Cornettes, Brooks, Hills, Gates, Hood, Lanes, Crabrees, Banks, Cobbs (they're not corn, though) Fortunes, Burroughs (not horses), Knaps (not married yet or else they would be some queens) Halls, Hons, Apples, Awoey, Callum, Carcols, Trotters, Wopps, and say we got some countries going to school over here Holland and England.

Wow! Here's Gabriel (not the one who blows the horn) Goodman, Freeman, Buncum, Teachers (I haven't seen their horns ad arrows yet), Bishops, Barbers (They go how-wow-wow) Bards, Fives and Justices (not of peace). We have some student who Sowell too and some Waders and Summers (seems like winter) and Stones. We have some Ogburns (they are English and forgot to pronounce the "H"), and also some Steels that walks, talks, sleeps, and eats.

Nice little collection, and they all go to school here. Well, see if you can think of any more.

to teach biology is Miss Lena Bullard's desire. Mrs. Callie Braswell wants a mazzle for her favorite pupil, Ben Avery. Miss Amy Caldwell has been longing for a long time for a chance to publish her travels through Europe. Please give her the address of an understanding publisher.

Miss Jo Causey would appreciate a trailer for the back of her car so that she may haul more of her G. H. S. (Harrah!) students to school.

Miss Sara Dobson wants two little pickaninnes to catch all the stray milk bottles around the school.

A course of French that can be taught students without having them to remain after school. Bless your heart, Miss Hollingsworth!

Mrs. Julia Strickland wants another wardrobe to put some of her numerous clothes in. Make it a cedar one for "a girl in love." (It's with her hubby).

Mrs. Blanche Smith wants at least three more operas next year. She has more fun with the costumes than any of us could imagine.

Miss Mary Morrow wants nothing but senior privileges and senior dignity. Year in and year out, far'er and fer! Miss Evelyn Martin wants a boop-boop-doo horn for her Pontiac.

Miss Ella Belle Moore wants a new vocabulary; that is, a new list of words to use on the boys in her math classes.

Miss Margaret Fuller wants bigger and better boys' home ex. classes next year.

Miss Audrey Joyner wants a "little bittie" typewriter in her stocking. "Just one more good issue of 'High Life' is all I request," says Mrs. Alma G. Coltrane. "Also some material for 'Sparks,' and some switches for those bad, bad, football boys in my journalism class."

Miss Jessie Trowbridge's Christmas wish is the best of all—she wants 10 pounds. Can you tie that, girls?

Miss Fannie Starr Mitchell has been looking for a bundle of square roots for the longest kind of a time, and castor oil for those sophs.

Mrs. Zoe Hoggett wants a ditto machine. And heaps and heaps of nuts and raisins.

MARTHA COONS. P. S.: By the way, don't forget to give all the janitors and cafeteria workers some red flannel underwear; also some tobacco and some chewing-gum, and leaps and leaps of candy and fruit.

P. S. Don't forget Miss Lottie Morgan wants to write you a letter all by herself. I wonder what she will tell you!

A Christmas Lesson

(Editor's note: Won first prize in Humor Life Contest. By Alma Taylor.)

"Now, Mary, be sure to put that last layer in the oven at 11 o'clock, and I believe I'll let you put the filling on too. I've just got to get this done before tonight, but it's going to take most of the afternoon. . . . Oh, Mary, where's that pink thread? That's all right. Here it is."

It was Christmas Eve, and the church program and Christmas tree was to be at 7:30. Mrs. Ferris just had to finish the scarf she was embroidering for Mrs. Smith in time to put it on the tree!

"If I knew she wouldn't give me something, I'd not bother, but then she always does. O, dear, I've been working on this scarf for six months. One good thing about it, though; I'll know it's made well. I can just see her when she looks at these flowers worked in solid stitches! Bet she'll use this in the sitting room! On that long table, I guess it'll be worth all the trouble after all."

So the whole afternoon was spent tediously putting in the last careful stitches on the scarf. Everything was in a rush, too, and Mrs. Ferris really should have been doing other things. There was the Christmas cooking and decorating that needed looking after, but she felt that she must finish the present.

Finally she drew in the last stitch and spread the truly beautiful piece of handwork on the table.

"Come here, Mary, and see how you like it."

"Lawsy, Missus, that shore am purty! Dat woman ought to be awfully proud of dat scarf. Bet if she knew how you'd worked over dat thing, she'd be prouder than ever."

"I think it pretty, too. Hope Fay will like it."

The day after Christmas Mrs. Ferris was over at her friend's home.

"O, Sarah, that scarf was lovely. It's just the thing for my table! How did you ever work those flowers so beautifully. I know it took a lot of time."

"Oh, not much, I just worked on it during the spare moments. I'm so glad you can use it for your table."

It was Christmas again, four years later. Mrs. Ferris had just come back from the Christmas program at the church, and was now eagerly opening the presents she had received.

"Well, I'll be! What do you think of this, Mary?"

"I think that somebody don't know how to 'preciate what they gits. That's what," observed the old cook, as she gazed at the pretty hand-embroidered scarf spread out on the table. It was the same scarf Mrs. Ferris had labored over, and given to her friend four years previous!

After pondering a moment, the recipient reflected, "I see through it all now. The very next year after I gave this scarf to Fay, Mrs. Jones told me about the pretty handwork piece she received from Fay. I didn't think about it then, but now I know it was this very scarf. Then, the next year, I heard Miss Jackson tell Sue about a scarf she got from Mrs. Jones. She gave to Lois last year, and now Lois has given it back to me, though I don't suppose she knew I made it. Well, I've certainly learned my lesson! From now on I'll buy my presents ready made, and give them to somebody who'll think enough about them to keep them."

C. W. Phillips Relates War Experiences

When the war was in progress our own principal, C. W. Phillips, was at the University of North Carolina in the midst of summer school in 1918. Since he had become 21 since the last required examination was given, Mr. Phillips requested for it, and registered in the United States Army in August of 1918.

After he was registered he sought the advice of Dr. E. K. Graham, uncle of Dr. Frank Graham, and at that time the president of Carolina University. Dr. Graham advised Mr. Phillips to stay at school as long as he possibly could. This interview was the last time Mr. Phillips saw Dr. Graham, who died before Mr. Phillips' return to the university.

Mr. Phillips stayed on at Carolina working in the library between the summer and fall terms until he received a call to report to Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C. After a week's training there, he was transferred to Camp Sevier at Greenville, S. C., staying there a week. He was then transferred to Acting Mess Sergeant in the officer's dining room, planning all the meals. After a month there Mr. Phillips was ordered to the Motor Transport Corps Headquarters company, working in the office. He remained there until he was discharged April 2, 1919.

During his service, Mr. Phillips received the first rise—from a private to a corporal, which meant besides the honor, a six-dollar raise—from a monthly \$30 to \$36. The latter was the largest salary Mr. Phillips made during his entire service, but he managed to clear himself of some of his schooling debts.

Mr. Phillips says that he did not do a great deal for Uncle Sam, but nevertheless he was waiting to go when called upon.

POETRY



THREE CHRISTMAS CANDLES

I set three candles on the sill,
I gave them each a name;
I watched them burning gay and bright
With red and silver flame.

These candles had a message true
Of faith and hope and love;
May every one that sees them there
Be blessed from above.

One candle I have kept myself,
The candle in my soul,
That thanks our Lord for day and night
And joy that is like gold.

RUNNING CEDAR

Creeping, sneaking through the woods;
Sneaking for twelve months,
Twelve months of slow growing;
Growing, trying to be lucky one,
The lucky one to be carried away.
Carried away to the large city—
To the large city to be sold—
To be sold to someone for Christmas—
For Christmas decorations in some
home—

Where men will feast and celebrate the
birth of Christ.
This is all I grow twelve months for.
—Webb Cain.

THREE MEN

Once there were three wise men:
Each wise in his own country.
One man was a gazer of stars;
And a revealer of the heavens;
Each night he sat on a mountain side,
Contemplating the past,
Until a longer point of light
Appeared to him alone,
And then he knew and rose,
And bade a camel be saddled.

The second man dwelt in desert plains
And prophesied of years to come.
And this man sat up late to peer at
books
Written in old, forgotten signs.
He, too, was roused by the light of a
star
And bridled his camel and rode away.

The third of these men was a merchant
prince;
All of his time he spent in trading,
And gold he gained to count at night,
And glory in his making,
But into his heart the light pierced
sharp;
Away from his money it called him.

Each one had a gift, one myrrh, one frankincense, one gold.
But each was led by a star of hope
That faith had set in the skies
To awaken the love in his heart.
—Helen Crutchfield.

CHRISTMAS GREENS

I stood beneath the Christmas Greens,
And in my heart was made to be
A knowledge of what angels meant
By "Peace on earth; good-will to
thee."

Emotions cannot be defined,
But only felt, remembered, known;
And as I stood beneath the leaves
My heart, my soul, tried to condense.

But thoughts would come of crime and
war,
And how from paths of peace we
part—
So much the sons of man are we—
With knowing but unheeding heart.

And so I prayed a little prayer
That Christ the Lord might make men
see
What angels meant that Christmas
night
By "Peace on earth, good-will to
thee."
—Elizabeth Craven.

Ye Student

Loyal students of G. H. S.,
A message I bring to you;
Perhaps it's not so cheerful,
But nevertheless it's true.

An awful thing has happened
To Homespun and High Life;
They now are vainly trying
To survive a trial and strife.

There seems to be some trouble
In this "depression time."
And money's running lower—
But working's not a crime!

So you get out and help some
And talk to your relations—
Perhaps they'd all be glad to buy
Some High School Publications!

And in the meantime don't forget
That there will be a prize
For him whose list of "Who'll sub-
scribe"

Displays the greatest size.
Katheryn Neister-Edythe Latham.

Dear Editor:
Rah! Rah! Rah! G. H. S.! The more I see of this school and of what it does, the more I think all this "young generation" stuff is a lotta boloney. As long as members of this institution can put on performances as good as last Friday's opera, we needn't worry about whether or not G. H. S. is going to come through with flying colors. Let's boost our school!
Yours for a better G. H. S.
A STUDENT.

OPEN FORUM

To Student Body:
There are over twelve hundred pupils attending high school. Out of this great number, there is bound to be a very small percent who do not know how to conduct themselves. However, it seems as if we, at this time, have more than the few nuisances and trouble-makers. There is a small group of pupils who seem to think the school was constructed for them and for their pleasures.

In the auditorium during our various programs, this group tries to become popular by attempting to create a sensation. They will dare to do anything—when a teacher isn't looking their way. All they need to keep up their disturbance, is a laugh or an encouraging smile. These self-esteemed beings seem to think it a great accomplishment to create some disturbance. Do not try to encourage them.

The conduct in chapel could be improved if the suggestion of semester 7 and 8 would be followed: that the students be made to attend chapel in semester groups instead of third period class groups. In this manner we would find out who is responsible for the disturbances and act accordingly. Co-operate with all the school officials in preserving quiet and order in chapel.

HARRY CLENEMIN,
Pres. of Semester 8.

Dear Students:
One of the most important attainments in a high school student should be scholarship.

To promote better scholarship is the aim of the Scholarship committee of the Girls' League. With the co-operation of you students this can be done. You who are not passing your work perhaps could do so if you had help in the most difficult points.

To you we offer this opportunity. Working with the teachers and students, the committee is planning to help you who want coaching.

If you want to take advantage of this opportunity, notify your session room teacher, or Miss Catherine Pike, adviser, of the committee which is as follows: Cynthia Pipkin, chairman, Elizabeth Babman, Mary Hester, Kathleen Melver, Colum Seaback, and Frances Truitt.

MISS PIKE, Adviser.
CYNTHIA PIPKIN, Chairman.

Christmas in Syria

The following story was written by Helen Gabriel, who was born in Syria and lived there the first six years of her life:

About a week before Christmas in Syria the rich people begin to prepare for Christmas. They buy clothes, toys, and foods to give to the poor children on Christmas Eve. The children in that land do not know Santa Claus, but they always get their present just the same.

Every child is awakened at 8 o'clock on the morning of Christmas, to go to church. While they are there, the rich people send special men around to deliver the presents; the mothers of the poor do not go to church, but stay at home to receive the presents and wrap them up in red and green papers.

The rich children receive more expensive toys and clothes, and the parents give these to their children, and they also receive many other presents from their relatives. The mothers of the rich go to church with their children. Neither the poor nor the rich have a Christmas tree, for the parents know nothing about it.

People send Christmas cards to all friends and close relatives, inviting them to spend Christmas with them, for Christmas is a time of good times. The school children get 10 days' vacation. No one does any kind of labor during that week. Everybody visits each other, going from one house to the other, each serving nuts, fruits, cake, candies, and many other dainties. Every house from the very poorest to the richest has at least from one to two parties during that week, where music and dancing furnish the entertainment.

Native of Syria Describes Their Christmas

Christmas in Syria is the greatest holiday of the year.

Two weeks before Christmas the people fast, omitting meat, butter, milk, eggs, and other fat foods from their diet. Church is attended morning and night in special prayers and devotions.

Now, let's skip to Christmas Eve. Do the people go to bed? I should say no! The fun starts about 7 o'clock in the afternoon, when the people, after putting their children to bed, meet in one house, where they drink wine and eat cake until a few minutes of twelve when all together they go to church and all the singing of bells, singing and laughter. They remain in church until breakfast time.

The children are included in the merry-making on Christmas day, for the parents do not call to make the day merry for the little ones.

Christmas there is spent with a pure, clean heart on the part of the people who not for one minute forget the Babe that was born that glorious morning to die for them.

MARIE SHOWFETTY,
Editor's Note: Marie once lived in Syria.