

HIGH LIFE

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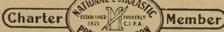
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Clear Field Ahead, Seniors!

Has graduation from high school ever occurred to you as being a sad event? It means being separated from the friends with whom you have associated since your first day at school...

One more curtain falls; one more phase of life is closed for you after graduation. After this period of preparation, the serious climb and struggle for the reality to come is begun.

Broken Strands

In September, 1928, approximately 250 freshmen entered Barn B at the old Greensboro high school. The beadsmith had collected his beads from many sources, having a unique string of entirely different ones.

The Other Side of Education

Education is primarily the training which everyone needs to become a good citizen. The phrase good citizen refers to those who take an active and helpful part in community life.

Many students fail to appreciate the value of this side of school. Training in body is as necessary as mental training. The study of the arts and sciences is equally important.

Can One Live Without Music?

Is music one of the frills of public education? That is the vital question before the state board of appropriation. Should we discontinue our orchestras, bands and glee clubs?

Music is one of the treasured arts of the ages. We should be proud of the fact that it is so well represented in our school. We should be ready to defy any one who calls it "an unnecessary expense."

Aside from the reflected glory that the school obtains from its talented pupils, many students are afforded the opportunity to develop their talents which otherwise would be impossible.

Students enrolled in music in the public high schools in this country in 1915 totaled 367,188. This number had grown to 544,764 in 1922 or a gain of 50 per cent in seven years.

Music in the high schools encourage loyalty and helps to foster the school spirit.

Transportation

Greensboro high school is situated so as to require some method of transportation for the students. The city cannot afford free buses, even for all the students who live two miles from school.

When one has to buy lunch at school, the extra cost of transportation is an extra item in the family budget. One can hardly eat less than ten cents worth of food at lunch and feel comfortable.

May 27 Marks 113 Anniversary Of Birth of Julia Ward Howe

Because of her advantages when young and because she grasped opportunity as a girl, Julia Ward Howe is now honored as the author of one of this country's greatest patriotic songs, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

While her brothers and sisters were playing she was reading Shakespeare, Byron, and other writers or enjoying her music or lessons. Languages were her chief subject of study as she loved their musical sound.

When twenty-four Miss Ward and Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, a noble-hearted

man who worked for the blind, deaf, dumb slaves, were married.

Each believed that life should be lived for others. Their lives together were busy, happy times. Mrs. Howe continued with her studies, poetry writing, plays, essays and added to this her work with her husband, which was work on his newspaper, "Commonwealth," and any kind of anti-slavery work.

When the Civil War broke out, Mrs. Howe helped in every way she could. One day after a trip to Washington, she passed soldiers. She and her friends started singing "John Brown."

Although Julia Ward Howe is remembered for this hymn, she wrote many books of poetry, her lectures were heard far and wide; she wrote in behalf of the social reforms and gave many interesting talks to children.

She passed her talent on to her children and each one of them is a distinguished writer.

OPEN FORUM

To the Seniors:

Each year as commencement approaches I always take time to look back over the year. There has always been a great number of fine things that I can store away as my own treasures.

I am saying to you, by this method, that the services we have rendered have been gladly given and the only thing we ask of you is that as you go out from high school, into college or into adult life, that you continue to measure up to the very highest standards that you can set for yourself.

We are proud of you; we shall miss you; and we tell you good-bye, happy that you have accomplished, but saddened because you will not be with us any more.

C. W. PHILLIPS, Principal.

Dear Fellow Students:

I appreciate very much the privilege of writing this note to you. The student government has made few laws this year, and the ones we have made have benefited the entire school and not just a few of our students.

The Goodwill Student Council is history now, but I pray that we have left deeds of fellowship and goodwill that will make this council live forever.

The future for student government in Greensboro high school looks great to me. You stand by it and back it in every way you can, because it is something that belongs to you.

THE LIBRARIAN'S NIGHTMARE

"Do you know," Mrs. Hardeastle said, as she moved close to David Copperfield, "it's a shame the way they treat me around here. Why, I am scared beyond recognition. I looked into my mirror the other day, and I didn't even recognize myself."

David paused as he noticed some one climbing up the shelves. "Why, hello, Robinson Crusoe, how are you these days? I thought you were going over to your island this weekend."

"Well," said Robinson folding his thatched umbrella, "I'm not going for the week-end; I'm going to stay!"

"What?" "Yep! That's just what I'm going to do."

A sudden light came into the rather mercenary eyes of Mrs. Hardeastle. She had an idea. "I know," she said, "let's all go!"

"Let's," said David, "nobody around here appreciates us."

"Books," he shouted, "we are going to strike, will you join? We are tired of being maltreated. Come on!"

Just as David sent out the alarm, Mr. and Mrs. Encyclopedia came struggling up the shelves.

"Do you know," panted Mrs. Encyclopedia, "that I have never completely recovered from my last operation. Why, since they took out my appendix I have not been the same woman. Last week Dr. Student cut off my right leg. I am sure that I shall never recover!"

"There, there, Agatha," said her husband, "that's all right. We'll leave at once. At once!"

"That's just what we'll do," said David. "Come on, come on, anybody! Everybody, let's go!"

Suddenly the library was filled with a mass of seething, moving books.

"Wake up, Miss Wall," came the voice of the landlady, "it's time to get up and go to school. Wake up."



By PHYLLIS HAGEDORN

Three brown girls twirled about and stamped three pairs of feet in red slippers with yellow heels.

Three gaudy skirts, flaunting vermilion and flame-colored billows, rolled and whirled about three brown bodies.

Three fiery hearts throbbed feverishly in a wild frenzy, rebelling at the mad hysteria of display.

BLACK SMITH MUSIC By HELEN BRIMMER

Blows, Hard blows, Soft-wielded blows.

Tones, Deep tones, Soft secret tones.

Flickering embers burst forth in gorgeous flame; Hammers falling—sparks flying everywhere.

Happy children—gleefully fleeing from darting bits of light—Horses led into the abode of flying embers.

Blows falling on massive anvils, Quick movements, a few whines of pain, And out into the air again.

Trotting, Quick trotting, Slow, laborious trotting.

Musical, Iron music, Clanging, jangling music. The blacksmith forge—a place of wonder.

WEEDS By JOHN ADEMY

Outgrowth of evil grounds; Enemies of innocent green blades of grass,

Rising high above the rest. Go away; You are not wanted In my little fence-corner patch.

Weeds Growing up—domineering; Overlapping the stalks of maize That flap their narrow yellow wings Under the summer sun, Hiding the red of strawberries, Choking their growth.

Weeds— Carrying prickly thorns That pierce the plants As bayonets once stabbed The flesh of man— You should ever be taunted for your ugliness.

Weeds— You spring not in my path— You choke not my ambitions. My earth is a clear earth— No baneful growth Destroys my new seeds Of maturity.

GOD PLANTED A GARDEN By JOHN ADEMY

A little patch of crimson hue Amidst the lone blades— A tiny block of roses bloom; Their splendor never fades.

I dig and kill the harmful weeds That climb above their head. They, too, shall spring and look at God Who gave them green and red.

A garden sweet of scent and dew Is greeting human hearts. The garden God has sowed for me Has pierced my soul like darts.

So grow and flourish, too, my men, And plant your flowers true. Enrich your tribes with loyal souls; Let sinners be but few.

SPRING By BILL VENNING

Spring time— Dawn of seasons, I love you so. Spring time, with your birds and trees And warmth of perfumed winds That bring so fresh, sweet scents Of flowers bursting forth in bloom. Teach me how to create beauty, Breathing half the loveliness of yours.

AMBITION By ELSTON FIFE

Let my sword go, you hussy, There is blood that will not fade; I have nothing but that's fussy I've a name that's to be made.

I'm not one to beg and borrow, I'm not one to over stay, I'll go whistling as I came, tomorrow, I'll go struggling on my way.

Bar-keep, here's my silver penny, Let who will come drink it down; I'll go crawling back to Jenny, I'm not one to act the clown.

See, the sun is dropping slowly, Look, the travelers come from far, But I'm not one to feel so lowly, Devil take the morning star.

LICENSE By ELSTON FIFE

In passionless accents I have heaped praise Upon worthless people.

In untold agony I have lied to others. True to me.

But I am happy Only when All others go.

I'm happy only when I'm free.

When You Teach—Smile!

Great Falls, Mont., (ABS)—A sense of humor is the most important trait in the make-up of the ideal teacher, 25 senior members of an English class at Great Falls high school have agreed. Next comes smartness, the class decided. And the teacher must not nag. But if he must reprimand students, let him reprimand them in private!

These Boys Can Cook

Danville, Va., (ABS)—Boys in George Washington high school, Danville, can cook, and they modestly admit it. Here's a list of their specialties. They can boil water, roast wieners, heat canned pork and beans, broil steak, fry batter cakes, prepare chili con carne, chop suey, cream potatoes, cream cauliflower, bake biscuits, make rice pudding, and even prepare spaghetti.

Hi, Abner! Crops in Yet?

Santa Clara, Calif., (AGS)—Bonnets, overalls, gallsuses, and working jacks helped make the annual Hick Day celebration at Santa Clara Union high school a barrel of fun. Students came to school wearing all sorts of get-ups, and everybody—girls as well as boys—chewed their hearts' content. They chewed not tobacco but gum—the ban was lifted for the day.

Lo, the Poor Model

Cleveland, Ohio, (ABS)—Each member of the Art V class at Collinwood high school here is required to pose for three consecutive days while other students sketch him. The model on duty must wear the same clothes each day. He poses only 20 minutes with a 5-minute rest interval, but modeling, says Frank Nabor, art teacher, is a far harder task than drawing.



Room 2: Myra Bishop, silver two; Estelle Hayes, silver two; Hazel Walker, silver one.

Room 4: Bill Vincort, bronze three.

Room 5: Edith Weaver, silver two; Aubrey Haynes, bronze one.

Room 6: Jane Cheek, two bronze; Mervine Garrett, two silver; Guy Phillips, one silver.

Room 8: Juanita Coble, two bronze; Elmore Holt, two silver; Alvin Meibohm, two silver; Loetta Willis, two bronze.

Room 10: Frances Sowell, bronze two. Room 12: Reuben Brown, two bronze; Jeannette Bennett, one bronze; Elizabeth Drum, one bronze; Virginia Drum, one bronze.

Room 14: Frances Gray, one bronze. Room 16: Alice Russell, two bronze. Room 20: Margot O'Brien, one bronze; Jessie Douglas, one bronze; Pete Sacrinity, one silver.

Room 21: Alwilda McLean, two bronze. Room 27: Beverly Burgess, one bronze. Room 100: May Martin, one bronze; Hardy Root, one bronze.

Room 102: Rebecca Price, two bronze; Leslie Ricketts, two bronze; Virginia Nowell, one bronze; Jane Rectzel, one bronze.

Room 103: Bernard Waynick, two bronze.

Room 106: Edna Bray, two silver; Charles Carroll, two bronze; Ruth Hill, twenty-one silver; Matilda McClung, two bronze; Maurice Polk, nine silver; Jasper Seabolt, nine silver; Fillmore Wilson, nine silver; Ed Gambrell, two silver; Charline Yow, two bronze; Bernard Cantrell, one bronze.

Room 200: Dave Levine, two gold; Ed Meibohm, six gold; Janet O'Brien, six gold; Grace Martin, six gold; Henry Nau, two silver; Sarah Boyles, one bronze.

Room 202: Mary Barker, two bronze; Marie Hedgepeth, two silver.

Room 203: Mary Helen King, ten silver; Louise Burnette, four bronze; Albert Boyles, one silver; Margaret Cann, ten silver; Mack Kernode, two silver; Rex Metz, five silver; Louise Ryan, nine silver; Frances Truitt, six silver; Wayne Kernode, one bronze; Howard Cooke, one bronze; James Carmichael, one bronze; Ruth Jones, one bronze; Clyde Smith, one bronze.

Room 204: Anna Atkinson, six gold; Randolph Covington, two bronze; Margaret Huggins, one silver; Maria Sellars, two silver; Mary Scales, six gold; Bootie Swift, six gold; Margaret Wagner, two gold; Edward Hartsook, one bronze; Margaret Knight, one bronze; Leonard Nanzetta, one bronze; Eda Walters, one bronze.

Room 206: Rose Fender, two bronze; Cornelia Gorrell, one gold; Cynthia Pipkin, two silver; Archibald Scales, six gold; Elizabeth Whaley, two gold; Amelia Block, one bronze; Dick Cann, one bronze; Rebecca Jeffress, one bronze.

Room 300: Jane Baxter, six silver; Agnes Wilcox, one bronze; Dot Lane, one bronze.

Room 301: Talmadge Smith, two silver. Room 302: Hope Burchell, two silver; Harold Hinshaw, two bronze; Helen Pease, one bronze.

Room 303: Juanita Cox, one silver; Phillip Hammond, two bronze; Juanita Pickard, two gold.

Room 305: Helen Short, two gold; Charles Sharpe, two gold; Carolyn Hines, four bronze; Lile McGinnis, one bronze; Sherman Hines, one bronze; Denis Sneed, one bronze.

Room 306: Charles McNeill, two bronze; Miriam Mason, one bronze.

Room 317: Irene Phrydas, two bronze.

May the Grass Grow Green!

Independence, Mo., (ABS)—Football players from Sedalia, meeting the William Chrisman high school team here last fall, complained bitterly at having to play on a muddy field. This fall they will have no cause for grumbling. The field is now being sodded by 100 volunteers, two boys being responsible for each plot of 100 square yards. The school board has agreed to take care of the field during the summer.