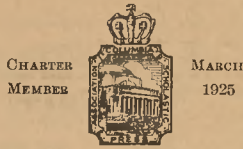


# HIGH LIFE

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 Founded by the Class of '21



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## Opportunity

When at the formal opening of our new school one of our prominent Greensboro mothers said to her husband, "If I had had the opportunity of studying in this Home Economics laboratory, perhaps your digestion would have suffered less"; he, in reply, said, "And if I had been a member of the radio class, static wouldn't have bothered us so."

Great educators of today are debating the question of vocational training or, rather, specialized courses in the high school. Some maintain that we fail to receive the culture of literature that we should have if we learn how to earn our daily bread. Others say that we benefit by the experience and training of art and trade in our high schools. Be these as they may there is a vast amount of worth in our present school system.

Those fortunate enough to go to college continuing the course of their high school study gain experience and training of untold value. Those who do not go to college learn sufficient trade to begin earning their own living. Then they finish their education in the "school of good books and university of hard knocks."

Special courses added to the regular curriculum of a school provide education of great worth to the later life of those participating in such classes as: radio, experimental physics, creative chemistry, nature study, home economics, art, music, typing, shorthand, bookkeeping, commercial arithmetic, creative English, journalism, and Shakespeare.

## "Out of the Pepper Box"

The Greensboro high school student spirit was duly exemplified in the final game with Gastonia, when a great many of our high school students, in no wise daunted by the steady downpour of piercing hail and by the biting wind, turned out at the stadium to witness the final glorious whirl of the Whirlwind. The waning support formerly exhibited by the cheerios and student body took a decided turn for the better. What causes it; we wonder?

In the first place G. H. S. has finally organized an efficient cheer-leading squad, and the head cheer-leader has picked capable assistants, who can, and will, yell as if to burst their throats. Something had to be done; the crisis was at hand. Three cheers for Coach Belding, who, although he did not turn out a championship team, succeeded in pepping up the student spirit!

In the second place the football boys work one hundred per cent better when backed by a yelling, eager bunch of their schoolmates.

So students enter the basketball season with the peppiest pep in town!

## Public Discussion

Resolved: That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years. Thus read the query for and against which six each of High Point and Greensboro students presented their points. An incidental result is that the affirmative won in both cases; incidental, because the result of an inter-school debate is vastly overshadowed by the fact that there has been a debate.

Debating has not attracted much interest among the student body of G. H. S., probably because of the fact that while people like to watch other people in various forms of athletics, each, to a greater or less degree, likes to do his own talking.

Many students who give little thought to the extra-curricular activities should investigate the opportunities for the interesting and self-developing programs and discussions offered by the debating clubs of the school.

## Watch Your Chance

The halls of G. H. S. rang with laughter and excitement. Everybody was signing up for his classes. History, English, and math were the popular subjects.

Next to these came the vocational subjects, such as typing, bookkeeping, shorthand, and commercial arithmetic. Everybody likes these subjects, because they know these will prepare them for the future.

Among the pupils registering for typing, shorthand, and bookkeeping was a bright, good-looking boy called Houston Patterson. He was a studious boy and loved athletics. Being a very good football player, he was wearing a big purple and gold sweater with a beautiful letter "G" on it. After signing up his vocational subjects, he returned his card to the office.

A few days later Houston found himself at the typewriter among other girls and boys. Day after day the students learned to move their fingers lightly over the keys. After the first grading period, Houston received a B on typing.

Each day in the busy room he worked hard trying to improve his speed. After long days of work he typed 35 words a minute, a record of which he was very proud.

During the semester Houston became interested in a very pretty girl who sat right across from him in class. She was a good typist and often beat Houston by writing several words more than he per minute. Her name was Ann Carlton. Often times before class Houston and Ann would engage in conversation.

One day while working diligently, the class was called to order. The teacher announced that a business man who was very interested in Greensboro High School had offered the best typist in the school \$100 and a good job.

"Gee," said Houston, "how I would like to win that job, and how that \$100 would help me."

Ann longed to receive the prize also. The award would mean a lot to her. After this announcement the room buzzed with excitement and comment. Of course, each pictured himself with the prize and good job.

Now Houston and Ann both would graduate in the spring. One night when he called on Ann, they began talking about the award.

"I can type 45 words a minute now. Gee, I wish I could win that award!" said Ann.

"Not you, but me; a \$100 would be great and how a nice a job would fit in before going to college."

"But how can we both receive it?" "Well, I know you will win the prize, although I wish I could."

"Houston, don't you think typing is great fun, honestly?" "Sure, and you're great, too."

As time went on, Houston now thought that he would have to get a good job or he wouldn't get to go to college.

"Oh, how I wish I could win the typing award. It would mean so much to me," thought Houston. "Why, I've just got to go to college."

As the time drew near, a number of pupils stayed after school to do extra budgets, and each one took more interest in typing. Every day a new record for the speed test was made. Neither Ann nor Houston ever broke this. However, their work was neat, correct, and good, but their fingers did not have the required speed.

Not long before graduation the last speed test was given. Houston made a good score, but Ann lost out. Although his was not the best, his paper was neat and absolutely correct.

Then came the final blow: Houston Patterson became sick and missed a great deal of school. He was unable to keep up his lessons. All of his air castles and dreams fell, and he let the typing award slip out of his mind. When exam week came, Houston was just strong enough to return, and take his final exams. These he passed by "the skin of his teeth," but his typing test was the lowest. Yet Houston was glad he was able to be up and around. Then when Houston learned that he

## WHICH BIRD IS YOURS?



wouldn't be able to have a job through the summer, this was the end of everything. But he still had Ann and she was a peach, he thought. He wished he had enough money to buy her something nice for graduation, but it was no use. Everything had failed.

Senior week, filled with teas, dances, and parties, followed. Excitement and thrills heaped up upon each other. Houston could attend only a few of the affairs on account of his health. All this gala of events came to a glorious end—graduation night. The band, addresses, praises, diplomas, and awards all seemed in a whirl to Houston. He heard only half that was said. Then came the awarding to the best typist. He could hear the principal tell how good a student the recipient of the prize was. Houston had heard him say something about speed tests not being everything, illness, neatness, work, and correctness, an all around good boy.

"So, it was a boy; that meant that Ann hadn't won the prize," thought Houston.

"Now, it gives me great pleasure to present this \$100 and a good job to \_\_\_\_\_," said the principal.

Could Houston be hearing a-right? Yes, he had said "Houston Patterson." As if in a dream he walked up and received the prize while his head was still whirling. He saw a fight for Ann, a job which would not be too hard on his health, and, foremost of all, college.

"Gee, Houston, I am so proud of you; I knew you would win it!"

It was Ann.

"Great Caesar's ghost, I did win it, didn't it? Gosh, but I am in a daze, and not over the prize, either."

"Why?"

"Ah, gee, Ann, I am crazy about you!"

## A FRIEND OF CAESAR

Caesar in his bravery and liability writings (that is, he was liable to write any lie and call it the truth) did not know that he was going to have one more friend. That friend is the author of the book they called "Pony." However, I haven't been horseback riding on mine, yet, but about the end of the semester some folks say that another pony is going to give me a terrible kick because I happened to make a D. Most of the Latin teachers like this Friend of Caesar on account of (that would take the accusative case because I told the teacher I thought it would be in the ablative) the historical references it gives, and besides it is easy to refer to when a dumb student who hasn't got one is reciting.

To the Editor:

The idea you have for this week's paper appeals to me very much. If our school stands out in any sort of a way over any other school, I think it is due in a large measure to the fact that we have been fortunate enough to offer worthy students and ambitious students courses over and above the regular required work. There are those who will say that a number of courses, listed elsewhere in this paper, are placed on the schedules of students because those courses may be easier. There are those, also, perhaps, who would want us to have only required work, and no opportunity to work in other fields. I believe, however, that with the so-called fundamental subjects as a background that there is nothing that will add more to the life of our school and to the life of the individual members participating than an opportunity to debate, sing, write, act, draw, etc. I hope the time will never come when we will be forced to lessen our interest in the so-called extra courses or special activities.

C. W. PHILLIPS.

I've just sailed from abroad; I don't quite get the idea of this word, but how I did hit when I reached the bottom deck, I mean step or something (mentioning no names of staff members that went along with me). Well, that was one of my first non-stop flights ever took threw the heir an dthat was not in a great big heirplane.

Perhaps my jeters (or is it jeters?) fill sorta the way I'm feeling now, but they oughtn't to cause they laughed first. Them what laughs first most usually laughs last (however), and this sure was the case this special time being one day last Wednesday afternoon. I'm still sore! The lady said in the big show up town after she had just backroded that hoss, "I got sore; I can't dance now." I fills sorta that way myself, and how I do hypotise with that red headed lady rider in the movie talkin' picture show.

I'd just like to tell fore that big editor tells me to quiet this hear riting and to sign off quick—that the deah teachers and pupils better watch their step and not try to do any smart acts as I done. Cause, if they should, they'll sure enough poy for that fight in the inn and maybe recommend it all ways to 'the Cockeyed World.

Heres hoping that the correctors won't not have the hardest of hours making out these lines of my ritings as I did have in reedding it after it was rote.