

HIGH LIFE

Published Weekly, Except Holidays, by the Students of the Greensboro High School, Greensboro, N. C.
Founded by the Class of '21

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God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children
That round the table go.
—Old Devonshire Carol.

Christmas Awakening

With the advance of the Christmas holidays the true meaning of these happy times begins to dawn upon us. Christmas is not essentially a time for "Cain Raising," there should be an undercurrent of seriousness behind all our Yuletide activities. A thought of thanksgiving for the holy love which God has lavished upon us in all His immortal generosity.

The charitable spirit which is so apparent at this time flowers into a worthwhile regard for those who are less fortunate than ourselves. The happiness in our own homes is extended to others whom it is in our power to help, and God from His Heaven smiles down on a world which has been made beautiful and happy by the combined forces of Nature and Mankind.

So many Christmases in recent years have been passed in grief and unhappiness. Turning back a decade or so, we find the youth of our country in the mud and murk of the trenches in France during the World War, boys of little more than our own high school age, but now the world is again at peace and the Yuletide season should be a festive one for everyone.

If it is within our power to make someone happy at this time; the glory of this simple deed will increase our own enjoyment and make us feel as if we have helped to make life here just a little more like our Creator first intended it to be.

Peace on Earth!

December 25 is Christ's birthday! The day on which all Christians commemorate his birth by a spirit of gift.

America is supposed to be the most Christian nation! Therefore there should be a more lovely appreciation of our Christ in this country than in any other in the world. All people of whatever religion observe this holiday because of the nature of its theme—that of giving being more pleasant than receiving.

"Peace on earth, good will to men," carol our musicians at this season, and so sang the angels years ago. What does our nation shout today—no World Court, no League of Nations—no world peace—rather armament, warships, military training of youth? Is this proof that this is a Christian nation? Is this evidence that we believe in Christ? Are we Christ-like? Or are we sadly mis-named?

The golden rule itself is the platform of the so-called Christian people. With its practice a world of peace would perforce be the ultimate goal. Such a winning campaign would perfect the relationship of the nations.

Everywhere one hears this: "In you, the youth of today, lies the destiny of peace for tomorrow! Make it your own and keep it."

Whether Christian of one denomination or not Christian at all, we can use that golden rule of "doing unto others as we would be done to" and promote the growth of a universal peace. If every nation had no arms, no battleships, no means of war, no war would be waged.

It's up to us, students of the United States to stand for and push forward a peace that will be world-wide—let's start now! Folks, every chance we get let's live: "Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

My Name's Jimmie; I'll take all ya gimme

All of these requests are numbered. Take the numbers and place them with the corresponding ones in the second section of this JIMMIE AFFAIR if there's a desire to know the who and what.

As for the who:

1. Miss Ida Belle Moore, the winsome little brunette of the faculty.
2. W. H. Coltrane, stalwart coach of G. H. S.—teaches history, too, but you'd never know it—no insinuation.
3. E. R. Phillips, the peck-peck pecking man.
4. Mrs. A. F. Comer, our beloved school mama—guardian of the ice-box!
5. Miss Lottie Morgan, "busy-body" of the school.
6. Miss Amy Caldwell, noted for her use of pens.
7. Miss Fannie Starr Mitchell, who is second only to Saint Peter in receiving.
8. Miss Sara Lesley, lover of Vergil.
9. C. W. Phillips, local boss.
10. Miss Mary Morrow, math enthusiast.
11. Miss Estelle Mitchell, sweet-toothed lady.
12. Stanley Johnson, ladies' man.
13. Grady Miller, the musician of our faculty.
14. Jo Causey, once hockey coach—now and then a French teacher.
15. Mrs. W. E. Braswell, mother and teacher.

Of course curiosity is a mighty thing. The whole faculty wants. They told High Life so. Like one gets a prize at a store opening or something, these above get in this column, 'cause a reporter grabbed their names out of the basket first—one by one, too.

Now as to the what:

1. A rich husband, heavily underscored it was written by her own fair hand. Who'd blame her?
2. Lots of luck when he goes hunting—that's what he wants. Who'd blame him?
3. Such a string of 'em—just look: yo-yo, hammer and saw, cow-boy suit, pair green socks, speckled handkerchief, new necktie and a few other things.
4. "What would make me happy Christmas would be that everybody here at Senior High School come down and eat at the cafeteria and have our cafeteria the brightest and happiest spot of the whole place." Isn't that like her.
5. Good weather. Please order it. We will.
6. "A fountain pen that will write, will not leak, nor need filling every fifteen minutes." She would—Eh, What?
7. An umbrella, and I've got to have one. She's planning to be "singing in the rain."
8. Now for the best or biggest order of all. Here it is: I want very little for Christmas, just \$1,500 for the Verigilian Pilgrimage and Aeneid Cruise in celebration of the Bunillennium Vergilianum.
9. Three days of eating and sleeping and nothing else—a simple order and he needs it—I mean the sleep—oh, no—I don't mean—I don't know what I mean. Anyway take it—I mean fill it—Oh, heck.
10. Necklace of crystal beads and a subscription to a good magazine. Hope she gets it.
11. A 5-lb. box of Schraft's Chocolates! 'Nough said!
12. "Plenty of good cats and plenty of guests." Now isn't that like him!
13. Your good wishes!
14. Books—fit—poems and fiction. That's what she had, but she meant fiction first 'cause that's what she put first.
15. "Am willing to risk Santa Claus with the selection." How many are? That's why this comes last—it was so unusual.

Note: Believe it or not, every teacher sent us a list of her yuletide desires. These are samples.

"Peace on earth,
Good will toward men."

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



STATION P-U-B-L-I-C EDITOR ANNOUNCER

Editing a newspaper can be the most fun in the world—in other words work is often made a pleasure by those who wish it so. Nevertheless there are the hectic times. If you don't believe it ask everybody who helped work on HIGH LIFE for the December 6 issue.

There were numerous mistakes when the paper finally came from the press. Many of these were absolutely unavoidable. Some of course, could have been prevented. Nevertheless a paper can't weep over spilt milk, but it is the policy of all good papers to announce corrected material in future publications. So with HIGH LIFE!

Two mistakes in that fatal issue overshadowed the rest. Miss Laura Tillett's Shakespeare class was omitted from the article on special courses of G. H. S.

A box on the sport page was sadly lacking.

Here's hoping there'll never be another such paper circulated on the globe.

Greensboro merchants promote our high school to a remarkable degree. We appreciate their co-operation thoroughly.

Mr. E. F. Harlee, who made it possible for our senior class to work at Meyer's store and thereby gain invaluable experience and aid in publishing the Reflector, accept our sincere thanks. The whole student body wants to shake hands with you through HIGH LIFE.

And to all of you people who contributed prizes for the contest which the school paper promoted—many thanks.

And all of us who want to see the school publications bettered and all the activities and any other decisions made let's broadcast them here where we can talk them over. In the meantime—let's sign off by wishing everybody a merry, merry Christmas and a happy New Year!

THIS

They are worse than children, if you ask me.

Who's they?
These teachers. Why one of them says she won't tell what she wants for Christmas—that is for publication unless High Life promises to fork up said want! Ho-Lo-Hope she doesn't think we care that much about whether or not we get that bit o' gossip. That's not sarcasm now understand—just facts.

A REAL CHRISTMAS

It was Christmas Eve night,
Such a perfect one
With the snow falling hurriedly down.
It had covered the earth
With its blanket of white,
Without making the slightest sound.

I sat in my favorite rocker
With the parlor lamp turned low.
I built castles bright
By the dim firelight
As I watched the embers glow.

Just then I heard a faint rap.
I was sure 'twas an old friend of mine
Who had come to invite me to dinner
The next day,
Or give me a drink of new wine.

With a step that was light I sprang to
the door
To welcome a dear friend of old.
But, oh! such a shock;
I am sure that I frowned
On this old man shivering with cold.

My feelings just then would be hard to
describe,
As I met the old man at the door;
But I only hope this—
When you're comfortably blessed,
That you'll come face to face with the
poor.

With his head bowed low,
A faint smile on his lips,
The old man feebly said,
"Kind mister, I'm awfully hungry and
cold,
Please give me some food and a bed."

That night I learned from experience,
There is more pleasure in being kind
To the poor and needy, hungry and
cold,
Than greeting old friends of mine.
MAUDE TALLEY.

LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa:
I want to know something. Do you have a white beard? My grandpa's is black. And look—Are you twins? The reason I ask, is I saw you twice in about a minute, once ringing a little bell, and the other time pulling at your whiskers. You had also changed your face, and must have greatly reduced, because in one case you were very fat and in the other you were tall and slim.
Do you stuff yourself with pillows? My uncle says you do. Remember, I want you to bring me 621 ice cream cones and 501 hot dogs.

Troolie,
JIMMIE.