

"As Good as Army"

It's that old school tradition and custom that we hope can be improved. It's not asking much to give out a cheer at the basketball games. We know that all of Greensboro High's school spirit isn't dead yet.

The situation at the basketball games, especially the Asheville tilt, was not the fault of students or cheerleaders, but those "higher up."

When we play High Point their cheering is much better and seems to be in unison. We know High Point isn't better than we are.

We don't think it would hurt if we could get a group of leaders—people who support our team and attend the ball games—to get together once a week during school or even part of chapel programs. We think school spirit is worth the time to take a portion of a class or chapel program getting good cheers "down pat." The Cadets from Army do this and we don't think that anybody will dispute over Army being able to cheer. It doesn't mean that we could be as good as they are, but we could do much better than we do. We should all sit together on one side, and this could be done to have it work out right. This is just one student's opinion on that subject of school spirit. J. M.

A Word of Praise

Greensboro high school has many outstanding accomplishments to its credit, but for some reason or another its faults are better known to the outside world than its virtues. A word of praise is, therefore, always appreciated.

We wish to acknowledge a letter of praise which appeared in the *Greensboro Record* during the Christmas season, and which was signed simply "A Mother." In speaking of the Christmas pageant, presented by the school to the PTA on December 16, she says:

"I have never seen or heard anything more inspiring. The choral work, as well as the solos and accompaniments, showed a lot of training and talent. The costumes might have been the work of professionals, yet it was all done by the students under the able supervision of the faculty.

"May I say 'thank you' to all the teachers and boys and girls who contributed in any way to making this such a finished performance, and I feel sure I am expressing the gratitude of all the parents and friends who saw it."

Thank you, "Mother"!



A man is known by the company his mind keeps. To live continually with noble books, with "high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy," teaches the soul good manners.—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*



"Five Will Get You Ten . . ."

Young as we are, we know a few things. Although it may have been the day before, we weren't born yesterday. For instance, we know that as sure as Elizabeth Scott was Warner Brother's answer to Lauren Bacall, then "Some Things Money Can't Buy" is someone's answer to "The Best Things In Life Are Free." (We'll also let you put the nickels in for those two ditties if you must, but we won't listen.) Another thing we've picked up along the way is that little word "Studying," taken from the verb "to study" which, unlike some verbs, can be either active or passive, as we intend to prove.

After being embarrassed a time or two or, in case of being from Missouri, seeing those fat, red zeros, most of us agree on 'Tis a far, far better thing to exert a the futility of going to class unprepared. Little energy before class than to sweet it out with every question, "What'll I say if she calls on me?"

The answer in three easy words is Listen in Class. That's no deep, dark secret either; we have a teacher who has told us that for the past three years. The infallibility of this rule has been proven a thousand times; don't we all know somebody who "never studies" and yet who makes the honor roll consistently. Five will get you ten that this rule is their byword. Another thing to note in passing is that most good teachers won't test on what hasn't been taught. And most teachers are good teachers.

This class listening will leave you sitting pretty when test time comes along as you will have all the answers and, if you have any gray matter upstairs a lead on the type of question. In fact, you can put two and two together and, checking on the most important items, come up with many of the questions themselves. What more do you want?

The answer to this question seems to be "Plenty!", judging from the feeling about the grading system—or grading at all—that even we have run into in our wanderings. It would seem that Mrs. and Mr. High School Student are after more knowledge than some might think not only might think, but do say in loud tones. Well, it may not show on us, but the desire to learn is there—and that's all we need. That is where those three easy words do a repeat performance. After all, the teacher wouldn't be there if she didn't know her subject, and every little bit of information helps.

Listening in class helps particularly after hours, giving you something tangible with which to work. There is nothing more annoying than to read a dozen pages of history and not to know a bit more after than before.

Well, there it is: "to study," active and passive. It can be passive, and you'll be active, and you'll make a higher still make the grade in school; but it and more important grade in a larger and more important school.—Q.E.D.

Hard Facts by Hardison

Theona Pierce., Polly White, Betty Lou VanHook, Carry Chamberlain, Betty Jean Pope, Marcia Furnas, Nancy Beale, Beverly Baylor, Gail Schaffert, Dolores Hadaway, Nancy Smith, Anna Hudgins, Betty Sellars, Hester Hale, Peggy Fields, Yvonne Schweistriss, Dot Buncannon, Jean Sharpe, Hazel Steele, Molly Dillard, Elizabeth Dockery, Camellia Greeson, Bobbie Jean Shaw, Micky Pickett, Jean White, Treva Adams, Fran Pearman, Babs Wilson, Betty Danes, Pat Thorpe, Jean Sink, Jean Thacker, Elmor Wrenn, and Lowell Dryzer, (to mention a few) certainly, look seraphic (The Merriam-Webster Pocket Size Dictionary; page 310) in the new feminine fad at Senior: Angora sweaters. A popular song title suggests that "the best things in life are free." Well now, that statement seems just a trifle erroneous (The Merriam-Webster Pocket Size Dictionary; page 121) because considering the outrageous expense of these sweaters, both in price and upkeep, they are all but "free." The price of the shabby things runs anywhere between seven and fifteen dollars, we understand and the "users" of the sweaters probably have noted a definite rise in dry-cleaning bills on their graphs of useless expenditures. So you addicts and victims to the Angora sweater habit are more than likely losing out in the long run. Run?

Henry Wallace Rides Again!

Flash: (Hot off the wires of the Shimp-sky-Covinsky Communal Press in Siberia). Having been recently ousted from the position of Secretary of Commerce, Henry A. Wallace launched a political counter-attack against the Democratic party two weeks ago by revealing the fact that he will enter the 1948 presidential election on a third party ticket. In regard to Wallace's thrust against the Democratic Party (probably an act of revenge more than anything else) we quote the famous words of one of our noble colleagues in the Greensboro Daily News: "A thorn in the camel's hide is sometime painful, but seldom fatal!" But on the other hand, one should not forget that a rail-splitter from Illinois ran on a third party ticket nearly a hundred years ago . . . and won.

Who Is He?

He's a tall Senior with blue eyes and brown hair. In the column below you will find words that describe this boy. Try to spell out his name with the first letters,

- He is—
- a — achrler
- ntelligent
- a — ad
- a — "innet"
- onorable
- an — ctogenarian minus 63
- ecupied with Nancy
- "— issable"
- nntity

OUR TARHEEL HERITAGE



By Don Hardison
THOMAS WOLFE

Of the many famous North Carolinians to gain world-wide renown in the various phases of literary endeavor, Thomas Wolfe has his place on the list. Born in Asheville, North Carolina, in 1900, Wolfe was seized by a terrific mania to absorb all the knowledge one possibly could in the all-too-short expanse of a lifetime. His education began at the University of North Carolina when he was at the tender age of 16. While studying there, Wolfe was first struck with the idea that the only way to relieve himself of the huge amount of thinking and knowledge he had stored up inside his unkept head of fiery blackness was to become a writer.

Look Homeward Angel

His first literary talents were directed toward playwrighting, but after several fruitless attempts, he gave it up in a fit of despair and turned to other forms of literary effort. While attending Harvard university, he discovered that the theater was not his medium of expression. In 1929 his first book, *Look Homeward Angel*, with its bold, undeniable truth, rocked the foundations of the literary world, and another writing genius was discovered.

Wolfe was probably one of the oddest fellows any publisher or editor ever had the good fortune to encounter. When in one of his bad moods, the giant, bulky frame of Wolfe would stagger about completely oblivious to the mortal things around him. For months on end he would sulk and pout. Sometimes when one of these periods of morosity would settle down upon him, Wolfe would gather together his few belongings, plus the tremendous amount of unpublished manuscript he inevitably had on hand, and away he would go to Paris, London, Bordeaux, or Munich. After several months of Bohemian hibernation in a foreign, but not strange, city, he would suddenly snap to and sail once again for home.

Of Time and the River

Wolfe's unbounded knowledge was so utterly profound and immense that he had a hard time limiting himself in his writings to the conventional 300 pages or so. When his second book, *Of Time and the River*, was sent to the publishers in 1935, it was over twice as long as Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. Of course, this was entirely too much information to be crammed effectively into one ordinary volume, so it was considerably abridged. The finished product was a mere 900-page tome.

The subject matter of almost every novel Wolfe wrote was drawn from his own life—life which was molded by the time-worn hands of a drowsy little Southern town stuck far back in the hills. Shortly after *The Web and the Rock*, Wolfe's last novel, was turned over to the publishers, Wolfe departed on a tour of the Northwest in an attempt to build up experiences for another book. It was there, far away from the land he knew, that Thomas Wolfe was stricken desperately ill with pneumonia. Immediately he was rushed to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. But a life of rabid searching for truth had told its tale. Wolfe died early on the day of September 15, 1938.

His death was mourned by his friends in American literary circles as a terrible loss; one which could never be redeemed. For Thomas Wolfe, a North Carolinian, had been proclaimed one of America's immortals by literary critics the world over.

"Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no less a drance abroad; companions by night, traveling, in the country."

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