

HIGH LIFE

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of
Greensboro Senior High School
Greensboro, N. C.



Founded by the Class of
1921
Revived by the Spring
Journalism Class of
1937



Entered as second-class matter March 30,
1940, at the post office at Greensboro, N. C.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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SEPTEMBER 19, 1947



Welcome, Sophomores!

Once more a new sophomore class has entered the revered halls of Senior High.

The first few weeks will be difficult for these new students. They must become adjusted to a new mode of life. There will be more and harder work; there will be discouragement; but above all, there will be opportunity—opportunity to learn new things, to form new friendships, and an opportunity for each to develop his respective talents and to build a strong character that will sustain him throughout life.

Many things besides the "three R's" are open to sophomores. The debating club, the dramatics club, and other forensic activities will attract some students. Those interested in creative writing will have ample opportunity to display their abilities in the columns of *HIGH LIFE*.

Elections of sophomore officers will bring some members of the new class into the political spotlight.

Sports will interest a large majority of the sophomores. Some will be active participants, while others will form the cheering sections.

The band and glee club will absorb many of the new class, as will the various student societies.

To all these newcomers *HIGH LIFE* extends the hand of friendship and best wishes for their success.

A. D. J.

Back to School

Back to school! Do these seemingly unimportant words strike a familiar key in your mind? Will you be a mere figure on a teacher's seating chart this year? Or will you be attentive, willing to learn?—Some people sit through school classes from September to May only because the state law requires it and their parents enforce it. Others come with the desire to learn, to see new and exciting fields of endeavor opened to them. Greensboro High School needs more of the latter!

Ask any of last year's seniors. They will be eager to tell you of the hardships they encountered as college entrance examinations stared them boldly eye to eye. Each year as thousands of high school graduates and returning veterans seek admittance to colleges and universities, the requirements become more and more rigid, and more and more applications are rejected. Only the students who took advantage of their opportunities in high school are granted the democratic privilege of a higher education. The others are politely refused entrance and, as a last resort, are going into more difficult and less lucrative jobs.

Don't be a mere figure on Miss Jones' seating chart. Take advantage of the supreme opportunities GHS offers. Make 1947-48 a year of real accomplishment.

D. H.

Strictly Ad Lib

By JOHN STORY.

With the OK sign from Stan Kenton's physician, the Kenton orchestra started rehearsals September 15. After a five-month rest, Kenton says he never felt better. Pete Rugals, who has arranged for Kenton since the Balboa Beach days, has been working on arrangements, trying to get the book in shape, ever since it was first rumored of the Kenton reorganization.

Plans for Tour

Gene Howard, business manager, has already drawn up plans for a cross-country tour. The tour gets underway November 1 at Kansas City, and it is rumored that Kenton is booked in New York at the Paramount theater and the Meadowbrook sometime late in the fall.

June Christy, great as ever, will be on hand to take care of the vocals. Christy has been out on her own since the band broke up last spring. The spotlight was thrown on June in "Across the Alley," "Rika Jika Jack," "It's a Pity To Say Goodnight," and many of the other best-sellers.

Shelby Manne, drummer, currently with the Charlie Ventura sextet, playing at the Hotel Sherman, has left the sextet for his old job with Kenton. Most of the players are returning to their regular places, although show piece, Vido Musso, tenor-sax man and the Pastels, his great vocal may not take their jobs back.

New Kenton Record

Capitol records have already released a new disc of the Kenton band, "Minor Riff" backed by "Down in Chihuahua." This record should be available at the record shops in the next few days.

This is the band to keep your eyes on.

"Duel In The Sun"

Many sound tracks have been put on records, such as "Humoresque," "The Red House," "Thrill of a Romance," and many other outstanding films. As you know, the music of a film plays an important part in getting an actor's feelings and emotions across to the public.

"Duel in the Sun" has successfully put out an album of background music. As you probably know, "Duel" takes place when the West was young and is about the romance of a millionaire's son, Lewt McCanness, and a half-breed Indian girl, Pearl Cherez.

The album contains eight sides. The first side, "Rio Grande," is played as the overture to the picture. It starts off with the full band, loud and brassy, just as you would picture many cowhands riding horse-back to meet a foe. It then fades into a quiet theme such as you might hear when a handful of cowboys are gathered around a camp fire at night. Suddenly the tune is changed to an urchin

song, often sung in the streets of Mexico, "El Balero."

The second disc is entitled "Orizaba," named for the famous Mexican mountain. This is the song that Pearl's mother, a dancer, does her famous Casino dance.

Side number three is entitled "On the Spanish Bit Trail." The Spanish Bit is the home of the McCannesses. It's more than just a ranch, it's an empire covering thousands upon thousands of acres. In this record you can picture the vastness of the plains and mountains. The beauty of the west is truly visible while listening to the record.

"Rendezvous" as you have probably guessed is the melody used in the love scenes between Pearl and Lewt. Since there are quite a few love scenes in the picture you might say this is the main theme of the picture. Truly beautiful, truly great.

Side five, "Prairie Skies," was written for the different changes that take place. Within an instant the prairie sky may change from a rich blue into a velvet; such is the music. It changes from a light-hearted tune into a brilliant and heavy outburst. This is another one of the richly written songs of this picture.

"Trek to the Sun" and "Sassionale" are both background music for Pearl's last ride to meet Lewt and have their duel in the sun. In this piece Dimitri Tiomkin, composer of this score, portrays the savage loves and hates of Pearl as she pounds across the desert in the heat of the day to see Lewt for the last time.

The last side, "Love Eternal," has echoes of all the other records in it. Recalling the many wonderful and disappointing moments they have shared, dying in each other's arms, the picture ends.

This is the picture of the year with the music of the year. (Editor's note: Mr. Story's opinions are not necessarily those of *High Life* or of its staff.)

Off The Record

A—great, B—good, C—average, D—fair.

1. A—Angeline, B—That's What ... King Cole Trio.
2. A—Disc Jockey Jump, C—Gene's Boogie ... Gene Krupa.
3. A—Flying Home, A—Lady Be Good ... Ella Fitzgerald.
4. B—I wish I Didn't Love You So, C—Sewing Machine Song ... Betty Hutton.

Lines from Lady Burton's "Life of Sir Richard Brown":

"He who knows not and knows not he knows not, is a fool—shun him;
He who knows and knows not he knows, is asleep—wake him;
He who knows and knows he knows, is wise—follow him!"

Sophomore Introductions

Jackie Fruitt

Jackie Fruitt, a 5 ft. 3 in. sophomore with brown hair and dreamy eyes to match, was a head cheerleader at Lindley Junior High school. Jackie really didn't have much to say about how she liked Senior except, "I love it, but it's too big." Speaking of being too big, Jackie remarked that she got lost just one time and that really wasn't her fault. When she went to her typing class over the cafeteria she wasn't sure if she was to go in the room with "Nursery" over it or the typing room. Someone was nice enough to help her out on that one. (See, we always help a fellow student in distress.)

If you hear a funny little laugh and can't figure it out, trace it down and you will more than likely find Jackie behind it.

Joe Kirkman

A man after a woman's heart, Joe Kirkman, entered Senior this year as a sophomore, and that's our reason for interviewing Joe. He is 5 ft. 6 in. tall, stockily built, blond hair (so it seems) and brown eyes. His only answer to the usual question, "How do you like Senior?" was: "It's pretty good. I know most of the people, so there's not much new." Joe's favorite subject is math.

Joe is a football man from former years. He played at Lindley, where he received previous education. Girls, he is really built for this sport, but all you can do is look on, for Joe informed the reporter, "I'm tied down and have been for quite a while."

If you still don't know whom we are talking about, you will usually find him shooting pool (at the Youth Center, that is.)

Dan Smith

Dan Smith, a lad who hails from Gillespie, is a blond—we think. (If you see any of the people we are interviewing and their hair has changed from the color we stated, please don't think we have already gone wacky from too much *High Life*. These sophs are taking over the "bottle," it seems.) A friendly smile meets everyone's eye when they meet up with Dan. His blue eyes are as friendly.

Dan really doesn't talk too much, so it was a little hard for the reporter to get much information from him. While just talking with the crowd Dan did mention that his worst headache was Latin. Another of Dan's classes is taken up in band where he plays the clarinet.

You don't see Dan with the women so often, but don't let them fool you; he has a line that snags them all (or so we hear).

Hard Facts

by HARDISON

Secundus Mooney and Sachel Sandstone were, indeed, two long-suffering souls. Arising bright and early each fruitless day and doing exactly nothing, protracted no strong desire in these fine young minds for anything better, to say nothing of anything worse.

And then one day (it happens sooner or later) a gorgeous piece of feminine loveliness happened across their ten-acre estate, and the trouble began.

"Secundus! I say, Secundus!" Sachel Sandstone shouted to his friend who was hastily putting the finishing touches on a weird invention by which he hoped to dig a hole straight through to China. (Secundus was an inventor.)

"What foul beast or fowl dares invade our domain? Cast your eyes out your latticed casement and see if some conculcation can be drawn upon by you."

A huge megaphone, crudely constructed from a Florida orange crate, was produced for the last injunction. (Sachel was no inventor.) Secundus promptly reached into his tool box and pulled out several old telescopes, a heap of radio tubes, and a Siamese monkey wrench. In no time short the maze of wire took on the appearance of a modern radar set.

Secundus encountered a little difficulty, however, when he missed the receptacle and plugged the wire in the watch pocket of his well-seamed overalls. Before long he had things in masterful control and continued with his work.

Suddenly the rasping, amplified voice of Sachel split the shimmering silence: "Secundus! I say, Secundus! You had best hasten your proceedings, for the THING is nigh out of sight!"

"Have no fear, friend Sachel," Secundus whispered through his nose. "Have no fear."

Several seconds passed. The deathly stillness was broken. Suddenly Sachel screamed desperately into the megaphone, "Secundus! I say, Secundus! You blundering idiot! The THING has passed! You were too late. Alas! You were too late!"

(Sachel was slightly deaf and having a phobia of being misunderstood, spoke in a rather booming voice. Secundus was blind in two eyes.)

After uttering a few well known lines of "Macbeth," Secundus swore at the top of his lungs about a "limit to human endurance." His face clouded and rained. It turned red. As though his mind were made up, he swiftly pulled an old .38 revolver from the folds of his hat and fired six rounds in the direction of his accusing friend.

Sachel choked back his sobs of remorse. As the bullets found mark, he smiled once or twice, said "Excuse me," and died.

Secundus was thunder-struck. He felt faint. He fainted. As he fell, he threw a switch prepared for would-be intruders. A terrific explosion rent the room. Another and another followed. The house was demolished beyond recognition. Dust flew. Yes, gentle reader, the very dust took wings and flew . . . even as the soul of Secundus!

The authorities are still searching for some clue as to the whereabouts of one Sachel Sandstone and one Secundus Mooney. None has been found. But in Hong Kong, China, the plump daughter of an opium dealer found a small hole in her garden with a commercial diamond on the end of a steel rod protruding upward. The initials S. M. were tattooed in gold letters on one side of the rod. It is believed that the revolutionary invention of Secundus Mooney was a success. Several patent offices have already made large bids to the deceased's family.

In honor of the famed inventor and philosopher, a complete life's history has been commenced by John Bunther, the well known "inside" man.

A silver bust of the inventor's friend, Sachel Sandstone, was dedicated to Mrs. J. W. Filibuster.

The moral of this sad tale is not so much "Tout est bien qui finit bien" (All's well that ends well.) but, rather, "Tout est bien qui finit!" (All's well that ends!)