

HIGH LIFE
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 by the Students of
 Greensboro Senior High
 School
 Greensboro, N. C.
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Get and preserve the history of
 our school.
Hold individuals together under
 high standards.
Separate the worthwhile from
 the worthless and promote
 the highest interest of stu-
 dents, teachers, and school.

Try a Magazine

"WHY CAN'T WE HAVE AN ANNUAL? We ought to have something!"

Since early fall these phrases have been often heard around the school. All seniors, it seems, desire to have a complete and permanent record of their last year in high school.

Quill and Scroll magazine, in its February-March publication, suggested that schools, finding a formal yearbook too expensive and requiring too much time, try a magazine. It would contain pictures of the seniors, senior "dossiers," news stories of senior class, the history and will, and a summary of the commencement exercises. A more complete coverage could be made in a publication of this type because late spring events could be included.

Other high schools, where necessity forced consideration of a publication involving reasonable financial outlay, have found the results of this idea very popular, and it can be done for less than one-third the cost of a yearbook.

Secured—Then Rejected

As an outgrowth of protests within the student body, a plan for a series of open forums was inaugurated last semester to aid in solving student problems. At long last the school population had what it wanted, but it remained to be seen whether the interest advocated would soon die down. It did not take long. Only a handful of spectators were on hand for the open forum held by the constitution committee after school last week. If it is not worth a part of an afternoon for the students to express their opinions on a subject, no one can expect a portion of the school day to be given to an unsupported gathering. Does the student body of Greensboro high school really know what it wants? We doubt it.

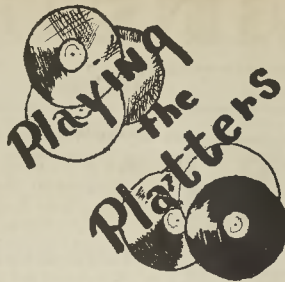
Those Pink Youths!

A terrible blot was placed on the name of American youth by the recent Washington meeting of the so-called American Youth Congress, which is controlled largely by Communists. The group booted President Roosevelt, apparently approved the Russian invasion of Finland, hooted at Mr. Farley's gift to them, and thoroughly disgraced themselves. What they need, most, before their next meeting is a text book on manners.

In Name Only?

EVERY MINUTE OF THE SCHOOL DAY something funny, unusual, or interesting happens that goes to make "peppy" individualistic conversation among students. Why, students, with all this stock of information, don't you give your "scoops" to HIGH LIFE?

Many students feel that they are not fully represented by the paper, but have they forgotten the "roll room reporters" that try to collect news from them?



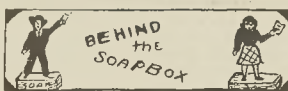
Are you a member of America's newest cut, the swing set? It's ultra modern, and it's this group that rules the up and coming world of jam and five. Oh, yes, G. H. S. has its swing happy 'gators, as do all other groups of high school students and collegians. These rug-cutters, of course, don't agree on this fascinating thing called swing, but they all have one thing in common—they like their music solid.

G. H. S.'s fitterbugs and five happy students are just as fickle as they come. Some follow Goodman's records with all the fervor and love they can muster, while at the same time there are others who storm the record shops, including the popular Guilford Music Co., demanding disks that they think can't be equalled.

Here are a few of the fokes that haunt "ve ole alma mater" and the platter that ranks number one with them. Mary Hampton Scott's favorite record is Miller's "Tuxedo Junction." (You're not by yourself, Mary); Clark Foster thinks that Goodman's "Sing Sing Sing" is really in the groove. Martha West's current disk is Miller's "Johnson Rag"; Jim Perrin likes Miller's "Bless You"; Otis Brown believes Goodman's "Spring Song" can't be topped; Bobette Kelley picked "730 in the Books" by Jan Savitt as her favorite. To Oscar Petree the immortal platter is "In the Mood" done the Miller way (that Glenn Miller is tops at G. H. S.—so you agree with the other rug-cutters, Oscar); Oscar Bond likes Miller's "Indian Summer" and Lib Bennett thinks Miller's "Little Brown Jug" is the very best record out.

Not to be outdone by all these other 'gators, here are ye scribes to favorite swing hits:

"Tuxedo Junction," Miller; "Sing Sing Sing," Goodman; "730 in the Books," Savitt; "Begin the Beguine," Shaw; "In the Mood," Miller; "Marie," T. Dorsey; "Stomping at the Savoy," Goodman; "Johnson Rag," Miller; "South Rampart Street Parade," B. Crosby; and "One O'Clock Jump," Count Basie.



Appearing in a recent issue of HIGH LIFE was an editorial on the delicate subject of a girl candidate for president of G. H. S. Since that time little has been said, but what has been said has been most discouraging. (Incidentally, girl presidents have become the rage; even Gracie Allen has gone for it!) It seems that local students have been so used to he-man presidents that the idea of a change from the old-style is as welcome to them as the ground hog's shadow is to a freezing populace.

Possible Candidate Rumored

Dame Rumor has it that a well-known member of the social standards committee (third term?) will be a candidate for the office of student council president.

Spring is coming, and the season of shrinking violets. That term, in case one doesn't understand it, is applied to the numerous G. H. S. students who are capable of holding offices but who will not run. How could a school continue to prosper when run by scalliwags, instead of by efficient, conscientious students?

Make your shy friends run—they won't start their own petition, so start it for them.

A plan, to secure a new form of election of cheerleaders, has been encouraged by a junior staff member. The idea, so the originator states, is to allow the girls' athletic association to select the cheerleaders. This system would parallel that of the boys' groups in their election of a football captain. In addition to giving girls more say in the elections, it would eliminate the so-called "popularity contest."

Conforming to the wishes of the G. H. S. student body, the HIGH LIFE staff now presents to the pallid-minded a column devoted to school politics. Readers are urged to send in their ideas, as an unbiased column can be written only by giving the opinions of all.

TO THE EDITOR

WANT THE NEXT STUDENT BODY PRESIDENT

Dear Editor:
Your editorial in a recent issue of HIGH LIFE expressed my sentiments exactly. Although only one girl has ever run for the position of president of the student body, I think the time is now ripe for another. No one can doubt, as they look at the business world around them, that the girls have the tact, charm, and personality necessary to be a good leader for Senior High.

ENGLISH 5 STUDENT.

Election Winds Brewing



Autobiography of G. H. S.

From This Day Forward

By Teresa Shaver
Miss Causey's English 7 Class

(Continued from Last Issue)

I had more poise, but people called me conceited! I didn't mind so much because I didn't have time to mind. True—I tried to dress nicely. I was very reserved, I didn't mix with a crowd so well, but I don't think I was conceited. About this time we moved to Vance street (we are still living there). It was a very nice house, brick, sitting back upon a hill. The neighborhood was all right, and I was glad we had bought the house.

I was valedictorian of the graduating class. Looking back now upon those happy hours spent within those dear and venerable walls, I can only say, "God bless Gillespie!"

High school develops boys and girls into young men and women. When one graduates from high school, he steps out into the world to take his place in college or in some field of business. Since I have been in high school, I have studied harder than ever before, met and become acquainted with all types of people, and learned a great deal. About the only memories I'll have of Senior High will be those of my teachers and my closest friends. This is because the high school is so large that one becomes such a small part of it, one among twelve hundred. I have had some wonderful times in high school, however, and shall be sorry to leave.

The past two years of my life have been spent like any other normal teenage girl would spend them. There have been dates, movies, hayrides, weiner roasts, parties, gang-gatherings, dances, "gab-fests" and "over-nights" with other girls, and vacations in various places. There have been "affaires d'amour" with boys in and out of town, breath-taking moments, laughs, tears, kisses, sighs, thrills, and lovely gifts. I consider myself normal. I'm interested in boys, of course, and pretty clothes, movies, new hats, money, and a good time. I have my good times and my own "gang." Life treats me as fairly as it does anyone else. I am happy.

As for talents, I have none. I adore drama and would like better than anything else to become an actress. I like to write, and I like to think that perhaps I'm a little different

from other people, because I see beauty, poetry, where others see only the commonplace. I can cry very easily over a sunset, or a mountain top against the sky, or a lovely song. I've always loved a violin and hope to be able to play one some day. Odd things interest me: a woman talking through tears, an insect, a cat scratching fleas, tiny wrinkles about a boy's eyes, dimples, biscuit dough, melting snow. Odors excite me: honeysuckle, burning leaves, a baby after its bath, new shoes, perfume, especially Shalimar, a new-plowed field after rain, lavender, furniture polish. I like unusual clothes, but never wear them. I'm moody, as changeable as an April day.

I like music in a minor key. Sometimes my head spins with loveliness. This is especially true after I've been walking across a meadow on a March afternoon, or seen an April garden, or taken a trip to the mountains in autumn. I love excitement, travel, glamour, different things. I have a cousin in Japan. I dream that she will take me around the world with her some day. I have an uncle in Hollywood—I dream that some day he'll come and take me back with him to be a great actress. I have an uncle in Texas—ranching would be nice.

I dream of a position on a large newspaper. It would be so glorious to travel from one place to another as a foreign correspondent! Then I dream I am a vocalist with a large orchestra, or a model in a Fifth Avenue dress shop, or a photographer's model, or a naval officer's wife. Then I admire the hardy efforts of the teacher and the silent courage of the nurse.

I want to travel—not to see the cities, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London, Copenhagen, but to visit Japanese gardens, out-of-the-way ships in China, to see the Cuban dancers, to sleep and breakfast in English country inns, to walk across a Scottish moor in the twilight, to see a Hawaiian beach drenched with moonlight, to ride across western plains, to enter great cathedrals, to see all the beautiful things that the world has to offer.

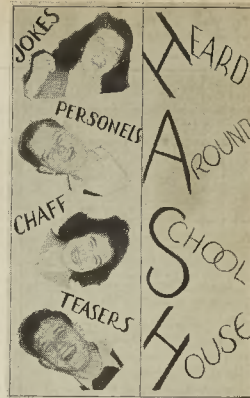
As for the future, who knows? Perhaps I'll spend my days typing away in a small office, my nights with a good mystery book—

HUMOR ISSUE

The expression, "I'll have a club sandwich!" represents fighting words to Ed Taylor and Winstead Hines. It seems they innocently ordered four of them one night with "breath-taking" results. Were there many dishes, boys? Miss Mims cradling her "T. B." arm and gazing tearfully at the little red price members of Playmatters are selling out (much to their discomfort) that finding tickets is no picnic. "Marty" (Sherlock) Holmes, no? Hornaday dillently looked at all the new houses in Sunset Hills till she found a little white house that just had to be Mrs. Betts'. It was Spring football practice begins March 1. Wonder if the Girl Reserves will make the team? India ("Wackye") Grooms has taken it on herself to become a one-woman welcome committee. The other morning she stood in the foyer of the main

building and graciously greeted each student who came through the door next fall's junior class promises to be a "honey" with Mell Alexander, how could it be otherwise? Jean Trimble can be seen patiently holding a dainty white "hanky" and sniffing regularly. Confucius say, "Person who go barefoot in February get bad cold!" The Lucky Dozen club, a group of high school girls, are giving a big "pow-wow" at the Masonic Temple Saturday, March 9. Formal. What, no "jitterbugs"?

Mr. Hazelman isn't complaining, but he does think the newly organized swing band takes up the boys' time. Have you heard them play "In the Mood"? Speaking of amateur swingers, the aforementioned band boasts "Wee" Willie King as star vocalist. Have you seen Gloria Hogewood's new gray convertible? Amid



MARCH STANDS FOR:

New spring hats (or should one say contraptions) blowing across streets and down alters. . . . A few kites. . . . Third month of the year. . . . Good Friday. . . . St. Patrick's day. . . . Easter parade. . . . eggs and bunnies.

Boring "Phiz."
"Confucius know,"
Pop quiz,
Grade? Zero!

To those who have been asking: id est, EVELYN BRASWELL: There is no fee for sending in items for this column. So—shoot 'em in.

Wonder if the boy who swallowed some tobacco when Miss McNairy asked him a question, had a peculiar feeling afterwards.

Whiteside's brain,
Dizzy whirl,
Never still,
Whatta girl!

Setting one's hair on fire to prove there isn't any alcohol on it seems to be the wrong thing to do, but RICHARD CREEDE must enjoy it.

High school boners:
RUTH SCOTT: Caesar, as a whole, is divided into three parts.
REGINALD STARR: Oh, I thought it was two parts!

MISS MITCHELL: I found these while I was looking for someone in my cabinet.

ELEANOR MOLEN: Why don't you read that to 'Play Plasters'?

LODY: It's small, but it's adorable.

Dumb cluck,
Midnight "cran,"
No luck,
Flunked exam.

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

JOHN MANESS—They certainly make a lot of cigars in Greensboro—just to go up in smoke!

This business of memorizing the last lines of the eye test helped out plenty of people.

They Know Their Man

Durham may be a rival of G. H. S., but the girls back stage during the State Drama elimination contest found their man, and—Strayhorn was their hero.

Wonder what Miss Moore's math classes would do without their answer books?

Stylish miss,
Shoe of sister,
Too small,
What a blister!

until a man comes along. Perhaps I'll do all the things I've wanted to do. Perhaps I'll change my mind, get rid of a lot of crazy ideas—perhaps

I'm intensely interested in people. I'm terribly emotional, moody. My thoughts go quite deep, things hurt me, touch me, thrill the innermost parts of me. I think unusual thoughts for a girl of my age. I want so many queer things—I am queer. What lies ahead—college, the adventure I crave, a career, marriage? Nobody understands me when I start talking so wildly, or building air castles, or planning my future; somebody, even Mums, is sure to say, "Different! Movie star, genius! She'll end up in some nice quiet place like Morganton!" So there you are—what is to happen—from this day forward?

It is dark. It is cold. I am alone by the fireplace. A few coals, a few sparks, many ashes are all that remain of the leaping flames. The warmth of the fire, the warmth of my memories, both are gone. Ho-Hum—I stir the ashes slowly. Somewhere a clock chimes the midnight hour, firecrackers, horns, music, gaiety. It is the New Year!

the stuttering, stammering students here at G. H. S. lurk many future orators of America. Miss Pike has been conducting speech groups in her English 8 classes. Can she be carrying on a one-woman search for talent? Gloria Blumenthal sends her hello to G. H. S. via a post card from the Panama Canal.