



HIGH LIFE

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Greensboro Senior High
School

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The Purpose of High Life Is To

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 students, teachers, and school.

A Last Word . . .

With this, the eighteenth issue of *HIGH LIFE*, I end my responsibility as editor-in-chief of this publication.

Since I was in a position this year to know our school and our student body better than ever before, I think I have learned something that I only wish this city and this state knew. I have witnessed and reported the activities of as fine a student body and as fine a school as I know.

Don't Fool Yourself

Many of you, just like myself at times, have knocked our school, have talked against it, and have felt ashamed to associate yourselves with it. But let's don't fool ourselves. We like our school! We like our student body! We like our teachers! All of you—big or little, athlete or scholar, student council president or cafeteria waiter—all deep in yourselves have a sincere and strong feeling for our school!

And I ask you, on this 27th day of May, 1942, why shouldn't you have that feeling? Why should you not feel proud of your school, your fellow students? The answer is—you should. Seniors, take a look at our old home before you leave. Take just one look! You know that for beauty, for the actual appearance of our campus, none like it can be found.

Facts Don't Lie

Then look at the long list of achievements of our students. In every field of activity—in music, in art, in journalism, in debating, in football, in tennis, in golf, in science, in mathematics—our student body—the very boys and girls with whom you have associated for the past three years—have achieved high ranks in all these fields of work.

We have a school and a student body that is indeed worthy of a high opinion in the eyes of this city and this state.

It is time that these unjust reports about us are hushed. It is time that the so-called "black spots," which some claim we bear, be wiped from our faces.

Now is the time to begin. Those of us who are graduating know the truth. All we can do now is to leave our campus knowing it and telling others everywhere who we are and what we are like. On the shoulders of our juniors who remain lies the task of fighting long and hard and preserving our ideals and proving to the world the strength of our character.

—Paul Miller



Although many varied opinions have been expressed on the subject of the activeness and efficiency of our student council, pure fact alone proves that this legislative group has done things.

Under the able guidance of Mrs. Estelle Le Gwin and the leadership of five officers, this organization developed something that its predecessors failed to accomplish—the planting of the seed from which grew regular dances and a senior prom. This action, though not its greatest one, alone stands as a singular triumph in view of previous attempts and failures.

If this accomplishment does not furnish sufficient proof to support the forementioned contention, more follows. A new and untried system of procuring candidates for the council was invoked. This in itself was a gamble because of numerous obstacles which were certain to arise.

However, with careful planning and good execution, the nominating convention was a tremendous success. A more spirited election resulted because every student knew exactly what was taking place and consequently took more interest in voting. Therefore, this writer maintains that Greensboro high school has a council that is not afraid to try something new in order to improve the school.

Moreover, this council has taken a further step in promoting a better school by feting our victorious as well as vanquished athletic teams. This, too, shows the varied scope of undertakings carried out by this group.

Teen Age Problems

This summer V will stand for a victory vacation. Although gas and tires will be practically extinct, you can have an exciting time anyway. Here are just a few suggestions of ways for teen-age Americans to enjoy the next three months.

First, of course, there are picnics, hikes and bicycle parties. Something new in "picnics at home" is this idea: Invite the crowd—complete with bathing suits—over and just before spreading supper on the lawn, cool all with a "sure-to-be-fun" wetting under the garden hose. This will break the ice and serve as a "victory" swim.

Tops in hikes is the "pitch-a-penny" walk. Everyone will want to go, so be sure and let the entire gang in on the fun. Issue invitations written on cards in the shape of a penny and bearing the following information: place, time, dress and lunches.

Then on the day of the hike, when the gang has assembled and everyone is ready to go—begin with the person whose last name begins with A and let him be the one to start the hike moving. He pitches a penny, calling heads for the right and tails for the left, and proceeds according to the way the penny lies. Before each pitching, the pitcher will decide the distance to be traveled before the next pitching.

Add fun and variety to the distance by using such decisions as: go as many blocks as the first number on the license plate of the next green car you see; or, go until you meet a baby on a kiddie car; or, the third bald head you see; or, to the next red barn. Determine the number of times you will change pitchers, and before you know it, you'll arrive at some unscheduled place where there's sure to be an ideal spot to spread a luncheon and have an all-round swell time.

Any Gas Today? Says Rationer To Rationee

"Any gas today,
Gas to run me
From now till one day
Six weeks from now.
Here comes the rationing man—"

So goes the new version of the popular refrain, "Any Bonds Today." As the lines of weary drivers crowd the walks of Senior high school and fill the streets for two blocks up Westover terrace, both rationers and rationees pray for the good old days of horse and buggy.

Besieged by questions from prospective ration card owners, the weary, bleary-eyed faculty of Greensboro high school feebly filled out the cards. Aching fingers and tired eyes are their reward for this work, not time, time-and-a-half or double-time wages for overtime work. But these teachers know that if Guilford county isn't thoroughly "gasless," it isn't their fault.

Last Will and Testament

A few excerpts from the senior class last will, testament and prophecy, written by Bennie Lowe and Helen Marks, and presented at class day, are given below.

From the valley of death rode the four hundred;
They'd spent years of pain and had blundered and blundered.
They finally left with tears and sighs,
Midst cheering of teachers, and mournful goodbyes.
Beneath the folds of voluminous robes,
They pulled strange shapes, squares and globes.
Each had within its hidden heart
A gift from those who now must part.

L. Paschal, his divine chassis
Leaves to all the junior lassies,
While Morris Prince, shaved, no less,
Begs from Emily Sills a tress.
We tried to wrest from M. J. Cooper
The ring she sports—they say it's super,
But she just couldn't do without it—
We begged, we pleaded; we failed—we pouted.

Martha Sholar, her curves leaves
To one not needful—Frances Rives.
Polly Armfield, just commenced,
Leaves V. Peoples all her scents.
The kind, most rare indeed,
Bob Perry leaves to all who need.
Martha Lowry, who can't stop sinnin',
Leaves her wrongs to N. Clendenin.
Shorn of her jokes—some collection!
She leaves them to M. Holmes' dissection!
(Stop crowdin', she'll tell 'em quick enough.)

While Marilyn Younce, who claims she's
needy,
When it comes to glamour—we think she's
greedy,

She gets from Engstrum—who won't miss it,
A face like that—who wouldn't kiss it?
Helen Marks and Jack Elam
Leave criminal records, they won't need 'em,
To those girls who must go swimming
'N find it leads to jail—what women!

Shannon Schumann, in her last will,
Leaves Dan Wagoner acting skill:
For next year's actors, large or small,
She also leaves Dan to lead them all.

Prophecy

Look not mournfully into the past,
But beware, your future's coming fast.
It may be your fortune, it may be your fate.
It may be even your life at stake.
The crystal now clears, and I can see
Visions of graduates loom before me.
A housewife here, an old maid there,
A soldier's line, a sailor's air.
A shadow forms, 'tis Father Time.
Pardon, J. Anthony, the mistake is mine,
I see you're through your education,
And 'bout the right type for "A" classification.
To be or not to be, is Connie to be?
(Regarding Johnny's fate? We'll wait and see.)

Give me liberty, give me right,
Quotes James Dobbins to Miss Pike.
Don't fret, James, the future holds
No teachers, but sergeants with weary souls.
My crystal now shows me a worried face,
Sapp is in doubt about the good place.
He studies and eagerly waits to make
The honor roll beyond the gate.

Nothing else can I seem to find.
Ah, yes, there's a maiden fair,
Why, it's Peggy Clendenin and her air.
Now I see a zoot suit with a drape shape
And a super drip in a droopy cape;
Why, it's David Pinkney, without work,
Commonly known as Jarvis the Jerk.

Lynda, Lynda, these are the words
The high school boys told the birds.
But, Lynda, dear, you'll surely win
A handsome loon, or a worker's pin.
Again I look in the crystal ball.
She's throwing pan cakes far and wide—
Now calm yourself, DelBoe, subside.
Now I see the tall "Skinny" Brown
Pitching on other pitching ground.
Whiteside'll scout and she will roam
To find half-wits to complete her home.

And now, O Seniors, there you are,
I hope your future's up to par:
Mind your manners and keep your mirth,
And you'll be known around the earth.

Scriptease

Well, this is it . . . the very last one . . . the final issue of *High Life* for the school term of 1941-1942 . . . a "Last of the Mohicans" issue . . . for the juniors, a forecast of their senior year . . . the seniors come and the seniors go, but the paper, and the corny humor goes on . . .

The term is over,
Time's a-running;
This column's through
With this year's punning.

R. W.

Signs of the Times

Budding young geni bring mysterious black boxes to school, tiny glass objects hidden secretly under coats, and weird chemical concoctions in back pockets. Pausing in a dark corner, the furtive figure quietly opens the little black box and hides its contents in a pocket. Then he tip-toes out the door, dodges behind a large shrub. Suddenly a small group of students are scared half silly by the barking command of the hidden lad.

"Hold it!"
With quaking hearts, the little huddle turns toward the sound, frozen motionless, with mouths open and eyes shut. "Click!"
Then the students relax from the strain of it all and begin to pursue little Johnny. After all, who wants a picture with every mouth wide open?

Aftermath

They bent his nose,
They broke his back;
He'd taken them "candid"
With his kodak!

R. W.

Bright Brief

Teacher: "Johnny, use the word 'aftermath' in a sentence."
Johnny (after long silence): "I go to English aftermath."

Money, Money, Money

Probably the richest plutocrats in school these days are the home room treasurers, who have collected, among other things, money for invitations and cards, \$1.75 for caps and gowns, money for senior pictures, the senior luncheon, and money for this and money for that. But this feeling of wealth lasts but for a brief time, however, for the money must be turned in. Oh, well, they say, easy come, easy go.

These plutocrats
Can't top us fellows;
We've turned into
"Kid Rockefeller."

R. W.

Chapel Hill Epic

How many G. I. S-ites heard how the local baseball squad was forced to turn to swimming in order to get to the game and to the dances while at Chapel Hill for the state tilt? But wet or dry, the mud-diggers did some swell baseball playing. Congratulations, fellows, that's one good way to end a season!

Ca'lina dance,
Song and wimmen;
Baseball team
Resorts to swimmin'!

Summertime

A happy senior strolls along the campus walk, reveling in the bliss of spring, and graduation, and diplomas, and cups and awards, and life in general. Suddenly he stops. The smile slips from his face as the words of his teacher echo in his ears, "Graduation exercises, Friday, May 29 . . . summer school begins Monday, June 1 . . ."

And the happy senior is happy no more, for he has remembered that defect in credits on his record: "Jones, John Percy—31½."

Debit and Credit

Speaking of credits, John ("The Swan") Taylor was most unhappy over his 31½ credits. Then one day he had a happy thought. He rounded up report cards, school records and transcripts. He chased teachers and principals. But he won. He found that half-credit, for John learned that being a first-class boy scout gave him the elusive digit.

The Last of the Humor

This is the last humor column for this year. The final "Scriptease" for the class of 1942. Next year, new names and a new pen will brighten this column. To the new author, and the readers, here's hoping for more, and perhaps, less corny humor.

—Rachael Whiteside