



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.

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief	Bob Lloyd
Feature Editor	Sue McPadden
Copy Editor	Frances Paschal
Make-Up Editor	M. C. Anderson
Headline Editor	David Evans
Proof Editor	Harold Carpenter
Sports Editor	Irwin Smallwood
Fashion Editor	Ruth Hall
Departmental Assistants	Margaret Wilkerson, Jimmy Mann, Gene Spencer, Martin Bernstein, Mervin Merritt, John Sevier

BUSINESS

Advertising Manager	Margaret Kindley
Business Manager	Mollie Peck
Junior Journalist Chairman	Eleanor Singletary, Beverley Bell
Advertising Agent	John Sevier
Advertising Solicitor	Joy Blumenthal
Art and Photography	M. C. Anderson, Irwin Smallwood, Louis Thacker
Typists	Maurice Tate, Dorothy Miller, Evelyn Huffine, Elizabeth Pulton, Donald Walker, Bill Burgess
Adviser	Mrs. Olive Betts
Financial Adviser	Miss Dorothy McNairy



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.

The Yanks Get There

The Yanks are coming! The words rang around the world November 7 and caused the whole of Europe to heave with mixed emotions. The Allies were jubilant and the war-weary people were joyous. They gave many demonstrations, even at the threat of punishment and death because the men who had the blood and intestinal fortitude were on the way.

They remembered the last time, when through hell and fire the Yanks carried the battered stars and stripes through the forest of the Argonne and Chateau Thierry and drove the Huns before them. Yes, Hitler, you can hear the tread of a million feet as they intrude into your ill-gotten domain. Soon you shall see those avenging faces with looks that tell only too well the purpose of their visit.

In their eyes you see that they remember Leduc and the thousand other atrocities you have committed. Give ear, Herr Hitler, for soon the empire that you have built from the suffering of innocent people shall crumble into dust. Over it will trample the hordes of free people whose aims will live as long as free men tread the earth.

—Dewey Andrews

Remember!

Tantalizing odors of golden-brown roast turkey, tart cranberry and apple sauces, succulent mince-meat pies, spiced sage dressing and the many other delicacies that make up the traditional American Thanksgiving dinner, creep into the tangy, crisp November air. It's the day held sacred by countless Americans, Thanksgiving day. Here the war and its suffering seem far away and unreal. But, is it?

Look over to the other side of the world. What kind of day will the people there have? Here the stench of bullet-torn, gangrenous flesh, choking dust that is caused by bombs, an odor of deadly cyanide gas and hunger assail the nose and meet the eye. Stark hunger for millions, young, old, middle-aged and crippled, hunger for all of them.

Thanksgiving day, breathe a prayer for those unfortunates. And, remember the American boys who are sloshing through miles of mud and dark, steaming jungles, ready to give their lives so that America may keep the principle for which it stands. They apparently don't have much for which to be thankful. Yet, they are! They are grateful for the chance to strike at the forces threatening to overcome the sacred American way of life.

Lives Of Pupils Revealed In Class "Who's Who"



Confusion of Satellites Makes Journalist's Worry

"Did I put my foot in it? Oh, no, I only put BOTH feet in it," declared the unfortunate journalist, as she reviewed an unintentional, but nevertheless, near disastrous mistake. The circumstances were such that she had contemplated a dire future, as she envisioned the glare of irate advertising managers and expected to be thrown out of a store on her ear. This whole awkward business started when she secured a High Life ad from Starr Electric company. Since it was to be a copy of one of last year's blurbs, she thumbed through the back issues and ran the only ad bearing the Starr name that she saw.

When the paper finally made its appearance, she gazed with pride and joy at the ad for Raymond Starr, Inc. Suddenly, she realized with a shock that Raymond Starr and Star Electric company were NOT the same firm, and she had run the wrong advertisement.

You can't very well expect an advertiser to pay for someone else's copy, she decided, but the teacher nevertheless ordered the wretched journalist to see the company immediately and report the error.

With two of her friends to give moral support, she entered the store and spoke to the manager.

Now, like the "Lady on the Tiger," this is a hoax story and it is the reader's privilege to decide the outcome. However, they do say that "Mac" has been singing the praises of satellites ever since.



Perhaps the question, "What does a boy really expect of a girl?" is one that quite often runs through the minds of many girls, as they try to make themselves more attractive in the eyes of the males.

This is a hard question to answer, for sometimes boys expect too much of the ladies. However, the most important thing for which most of them look is to see if she shows interest in him and the things that he does and says.

Know About Sports

In these days and times, sports leap first in the minds of most boys, and they usually expect their dates to know something about the matter and to be able to carry on a reasonable conversation on the subject. However, she should not be too athletic-minded, for a boys likes for her to be feminine, but not a clinging vine.

He expects her to show interest in her clothes, as well as his, and to dress neatly and appropriately for the occasion. But she must remember that he also likes attention. If he has on a new suit, she must not forget to comment on it.

Don't Be Chasing!

The boy's "pet peeve" seems to be the spectacle of a girl chasing a boy. If a boy thinks enough of a girl, he will do the running himself. Neglect in this matter is one thing that always gets his "goat." Therefore, ladies, if you must chase, be very subtle about it.

Don't be too hard to please. When your date suggests bowling, movies, dancing, or what-have-you, don't turn up your nose and seem dissatisfied. Be willing to have a good time, and be agreeable at all times.

Of course, there are many other things that a boy may expect of his girl, but don't forget, boys, the women have their ideas, too!

How would you like to have all the inside information, including hobbies, aversions and the pasts of fellow classmates? Wouldn't it be fun if the girls would know what their boy friends prefer in the way of clothes and makeup? Seek no further, the members of Miss Cathleen Pike's English class have actually found a way to learn the life histories of fellow pupils. Gladys Apple, energetic member of the class, is writing a Who's Who of Miss Pike's second period English 7 class.

One interesting item from the information about the students was their middle names. For instance, Frances Theopal Paschal is named after one of her father's old girl friends. Would you know who Mabel Maureen is? No? It's Mickey Black! Imagine the confusion if Robert Joseph were called on. Really, it's only Joe Reynolds.

Then, too, everyone was asked to turn in any particular dislikes of theirs; this resulted in quite an assortment. Jack Weldon Thurlow states that he dislikes psychic people. According to the belief of the class, he thumbed through a dictionary to find an impressive-looking word, and decided on "psychic."

William Maurice Burgess lists his dislikes as the loop-o-plane and poetry books. There actually is someone who dislikes chicken! Paschal might have a decided Southern drawl, but did you ever hear of a true Southerner who shunned this noble bird? Other bits of amazing information were these revelations: Peter Perkins Price has acquired a great deal of general knowledge, in his own opinion, at least. He also dislikes simple-mindedness (in others).

Edward Hughes Alexander, who is known as just "Ed," lists his hobby as the desire to get as much money as he can as honestly as he can. He made no statement, however, as to the exact degree of honesty required.

Even Miss Pike was in on the fun. She revealed that her ambition is to be a guiding star to a high school "gink."

Thus, this class has proved that anything can and does happen in an English class. If one learns that a member of High Life is in a critical condition from injuries sustained in a mysterious manner, he will immediately know that the aforesaid students have avenged their honor.

Poet's Corner

PRODUCTION

Hear the sharp ring of anvil on steel,
A sweet sound to the eager ear,
Production, and more production;
Like an everlasting rhapsody that has no ending chord.

Steady the hand on the drill,
Wipe the sweat from an intent brow,
Deeper grows the look of determination.
A grim smile creases the straining face
As a molten bolt slides grudgingly into place,
Production, and still more production,
The chant of a million machines,
The dream of a million working folk,
The motors whirl on,
Until they grow as uncensured
As the howl of the wind on a winter's night.
By Dewey Andrews.

Fate Plays Tricks on Senior High Lassie

To begin the day wrong, Sally Senior overslept and had no time for breakfast. She rushed out the door and barely missed the school bus. Consequently, she had to wait for a city bus in the chilly morning air. At the square, Sally almost missed the "Special" to Senior high.

When she finally arrived at school, she tarried too long at her locker and was given 30 minutes in detention hall for that little touch of carelessness.

In Sally's first period gym class, she caused her volleyball team to lose an important game by continually missing balls. All through the day she ran into misfortune at every corner. She flunked a math test, gave the teacher a bad impression of her mental ability in English, and, in general, had an unfortunate day.

At last, school was out and Sally dropped wearily home. "Everything went wrong today," she informed her mother that night. "I had an awful day."

"Perhaps it was just fate," replied her mother, "or Friday the thirteenth luck!"



November . . . the ground covered with leaves which have fallen from the trees scattered about the G. H. S. campus . . . students leaving study hall to purchase school rings . . . a few energetic souls who have already begun the task of Christmas shopping.

THANKSGIVING

**I'm thankful for my home and friends
Whose kind hearts for me yearn,
But most of all I'm thankful
That the turkey didn't burn.**

S. M.

We have an author in our midst. Eddie Styers, member of Miss Cathleen Pike's English 5 class, recently read to the class six chapters of the book he is writing. The book is on the subject of fighting Japs, and according to reports, half of it is "blankety blank." The class wishes you luck, Eddie. We hope that you sell as many copies as "Gone With the Wind."

The Blues

. . . as sung by a girl who is taking that salesmanship course to work during Christmas holidays.

**"All this," she muttered
With a sigh,
"Just so that I
Can sell a tie."**

S. M.

Hidden Past

The members of the English 7 classes are wondering why Ralph Coble and Ed Alexander are leaving out certain parts of their lives in writing their autobiographies. Ralph explained that since his mother was reading his manuscript, he left out two years of his life. He also referred his teacher to his junior high instructor for any details.

New Words

. . . to the old refrain:

**Over the river and through the woods
To grandmother's house we go;
We guess we'll make the trip on foot—
Our gas is running low.**

**Over the river and through the woods,
Now grandmother's cap I spy;
If may be fun, but the sugar is gone—
We'll do without the pie.**

S. M.

It was Armistice day, and he thought that he could get away with playing a little jump-ropes—you know, skipping. He ran down to the office with that old sick slip idea. Was he surprised to learn that teachers weren't born yesterday!

Inspired

. . . by the new vitamin pills:

**Vitamins A and B and C
Will make you short or tall;
Perhaps we'll find it's wasted time
To even eat at all.**

S. M.

Miss Moore was explaining to her geometry class an old formula once used to determine the area of the land. She made the statement that the Biblical Joseph might have been gyped on his purchase of land if he had bought property in a certain shape. A few minutes later, Pete Miller, with a nervous look, asked if Joseph ever got his money back.

**Wanted—a machine that will knock out
any students asking dumb questions. If such
can be found, notify Miss Cathleen Pike im-
mediately.**

**Oh, who has seen a horse fly
Or watched a kitchen sink
Has seen a greater phenomenon
Than elephants flying, we think.**

S. M.

It was in the health class. The teacher was giving to the students a list of ills which might result from malnutrition. She had just announced that a person failing to receive the proper nourishment might be subject to infection. One girl looked up and smiled hopefully as she asked, "Did you say SUBJECT to affection?"