



# HIGH LIFE

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# April First, Day of All Fools, Is Time for Fiery Revenge

April, the month of flowers and spring showers is fast approaching—bringing with it the day of merry mayhem and cheerful chaos, April fool. (It's called "the day of all fools" on the calendar and with darn good reason, too!)

This is the day on which the only object in life is to tell huge lies to your friends, feed them poisoned candy and in general make them look like as big a drizzle-brained drip as possible (most of 'em are anyway, so what's the difference?)

April fool, for most folks, is one of the happiest days of the year but once-in-a-while a terrible tragedy occurs. For instance: You arrive at school without a care in the world, humming "Mairze Doats" and acting as befits a fool on Fool's day when suddenly a comrade rushes by yelling, "Your shoe's untied." You laugh in his face, "Ah, quitter kiddin" and walk on down the hall. Then it hits you, "Maybe he wasn't kidding; maybe it is untied." Slow fear wells up within you and you break out all over in cold perspiration. Blindly you stumble down the hall debating whether

to risk letting him get the laugh on you or not until, unable to stand it any longer, you step into a vacant room and glance down at your 13's. Naturally your shoe is still tied and you step back into the hall, roundly cursing your tormentor and seven generations of his ancestors, and proceed to trip over the other shoe string and fall down three flights of stairs, suffering bruises, lacerations and—ahem, hurt feelings.

There are some people who blunder through each April fool's day in succession; being the goat in hundreds of pranks, ranging from the "age old shoe string" to gentle paddlings with a four-by-four. However, if you wish to be one of the smart ones who plays the tricks, here is a tip on how to stay safe during this hectic day: One, on April fool morning begin the day by donning a pair of horse blinders (borrow them from some farmer) and stuffing cotton in your ears. Then make up your mind firmly to refuse all offers of food or drink. When you have done all these things lock your door, pull the covers up over your head and stay home—maybe you'll be safe there.

# STUDENT STUFF



By  
JIMMY RAWLINS

## Scene Around:

Virginia Davis, Gladys Jones and Margaret Wilkerson, three former GHSians who can't seem to find anything better to do than come back over here visiting—welcome! . . . Bud Whitcomb in a different hat every time the weather changes . . . Folks lying around on the campus in a stupor at lunch time and boys blossoming forth with crew cuts—a sure sign of Spring . . . Don't know whether it's just me or what, but it seems like the whole world lies down to catch a few winks right after lunch. Earlier in the day you can hear the wind blowing and kids squawling and what not but along about two-thirty everything gets all still and quiet and all you can hear is the chirping of the teacher and an occasional bird.

## Campus Personalities:

Ray Hepler, clipper deluxe—Should, in the post war depression, Mr. Hepler find himself without means of livelihood he could undoubtedly overturn an old beer crate or something for a seat and earn his bread and wine through the barbering profession. He is quite handy with the clippers and shears.

Pat Hole, thwarted celebrity—Miss Hole's photograph appeared with others from Greensboro in Life magazine at a dance at Woodberry Forest. All the rest had clear, well-lighted pictures of themselves while she was snapped in a silhouette against the setting sun that you would never recognize if the caption didn't tell you who it was.

Cletus, the janitor—The nearest thing I have seen to perpetual motion. He may be seen any hour of the day wielding his broom in the halls or his spike on the grounds. Always cheerful, too.

Dave Sewell, custodian of the mails—Mr. Sewell, who left us last year, still wends his weary way schoolward twice a day burdened and entrusted with Uncle Sam's mail.

Eddie Styers, big little guy—I know not of anyone as infinitesimal as Mr. Styers who is as popular and well liked as he is. Glib of tongue and angelic of expression, he manages to get into and wangle his way out of more trouble than any little boy should have.

I received a letter from Albert Sands the other day. He's at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Md. He said that he saw in this column last issue about the various ways of becoming 4F and allows that he is too far gone for that, but would appreciate some information on how to get a discharge. Upon receipt of this missive I immediately consulted our expert on such matters, Jimmie Hedgpath. He pondered for a moment and admitted that that was a pretty tough one—it seems that he has never been confronted with the matter of a discharge. Hedge said that the best he could suggest was that Albert use gun powder instead of sugar in his after breakfast coffee.

If his calculations are correct, Jim claims that Albert will shoot a tooth at somebody every time he burps, thereby assuring a quick discharge. Of course there is the minor expense of new false teeth but it ought to be worth it.

What with Spring, warm weather, the prospect of graduation parties and whatnot in the offing, I want to give you a few words of sound advice: Don't ever sing at a party. You may have a lovely voice but if you have ever read Greek history you will have read the story of Terpander and know not to sing at a party.

This Terpander was a Greek poet and musician and, according to tradition, invented the scolion, or drinking song. Having invented it, he had to show that he was proud of his invention. He had to go around singing drinking songs and to do that he had to get drunk. Consequently Terpander was generally plastered and singing scolia. One day in Sparta he crawled out of bed, took a couple of bromos, and staggered around to another drinking party. (Greek civilization was glorious.) As soon as Terpander got a few under his tunic he began singing scolia as usual. The book doesn't tell us the name of the song he was singing but we do know that somebody at the party didn't like it. Terpander was warbling away when this unknown critic picked up a fig and threw it at him. Just at that moment Terpander was reaching for a high note. His mouth was wide open and into it flew the fig, whereupon Terpander choked to death, everybody applauded, and all hands had another snort.

Moral: Don't ever sing at a party.

## What's in a Name?

What's in a name? From what we found, it might be 'most anything—mostly sarcasm, far as the meanings go! Take, for instance, Carol (strong) Ballard, or Mary (distressed or fearful) Glendenning. Oh well, it's a lot of fun anyway!

Clarence (famous) Boren.  
Pat (of noble birth) Carberry.  
Harry (ever wealthy and brave) Turner.  
Ray (strongman) Hepler.  
Bill (defender) Anton.  
Nancy (gracious) Sewell.  
Gene (well born) Thomas.  
Bob (bright in counsel) Baxter.  
Allan (he who is quick) Cornelius.  
Joe (he who shall increase) Albright.  
Ruth (a vision of beauty) Latham.  
Phil (lover of horses) Allred.

## Meet...

### Burgess Martin

Likes: Ozelle, little time (different, aint he!)

Dislikes: Meegie, "Trig," cold hands, lipstick (on clothes).

Is: A big mess, corny, dopey, slap-happy, sweater-boy.

Does: "Ov'n" Bill's Newstand, shine shoes.

Has: Yellow (too small) sweater, chewing gum, famous brother.

Says: (Mostly unprintable!) "Just like that ole mulley duck, I don't give a quack!"

Seen with: Porkey, Jack, Jack, Jack and Jack.

### Jean Bradley

Is: Blonde, tall, noisy, member of the Philoia club.

Likes: Red, Max, food, food and food (!), to play bridge.

Has: Max's red sweater, silver wings, huge feet.

Does: Write to Air Corps, Navy and Asheville, sing, flirt (!).

Says: Plenty—she talks all of the time!

Listens to: "I'll Be Around" and "Sleepy Lagoon."

Seen with: Laurie, Blanche, Bev.

### George (Jase) Ralls

Likes: Basketball, steak, go to Boar 'n' not eat.

Dislikes: Not eat all the time like ze'beeg.

Is: Co-captain of basketball team, leading scorer, ash-blond.

Has: Friendship ring, no chick, "G."

Does: Play basketball, shot bull, go a while.

Listens to: Dinah Shore, Thom's bull.

Ambition: To be a doctor (any kind).

Seen with: Nick, Ze'beeg, Ship, Sue Rawlins.

### Shirley Flowers

Is: Delta Sigma Phi, brunette, on High Life staff.

Likes: food, basketball (team), big flowers in hair, boys, slacks.

Hates: People who pop corney jokes and knuckles.

Has: bangs, long hair, three high school rings.

Wears: pink, vile finger nail polish.

Seen with: Cook, McAdoo, Stanton.

Says: A-ooooo.

Listens to: "The Music Stopped" and the telephone.

Gets: mash notes.

## They Have Not Quit

The United States treasury department has announced that the \$14,000,000,000 goal in the Fourth War Loan drive ended the advance on Rome was still in progress. American boys were clinging to a beachhead which they payed for in blood. *Thos same boys—those of them who live—have not quit.*

At the same time on the other side of the globe American prisoners-of-war were being subjected to the "March of Death." *Americans are still in Japanese prison camps.*

As the war goes on with ever-mounting fury, so must our bond-buying. The bonds that have been bought are exploding bombs and shells but used shells can never be used again.

## Who Killed Cock Robin?

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

"Not I said the sparrow . . ." and so goes the old theme. Nobody killed Cock Robin but the fact remained that he was quite dead.

In the case of Senior high, the old lament might well be, "Who killed the Victory Corps," that highly patriotic bit of business that was going to do so much good, and that everyone was so enthusiastic about for a while?

About a year ago everyone was enthusiastic over joining some special branch of this patriotic band; many had already signed up for work in one or more branches. Then, almost overnight, these bright plans—the shining prospects for unselfish student service faded away.

In other schools all over the country the Victory Corps is flourishing—helping out in many ways. Here, at Senior, with the present labor shortage such a project should be particularly useful. High school students have energy to burn. Perhaps if this organization were revived, it would drain off some of the excess energy, frequently misspent, and put it to a better use.

## Orchids!

At the recent concert of the Cleveland Symphony orchestra in Aycock auditorium, the conduct of the large number of Senior high students who attended was highly commendable.

Recently, this paper has called attention to the unfavorable conduct of students at various times, but High Life is as eager to offer praise as it is to criticize.

The assistant director of the orchestra was highly pleased with both the courtesy and enthusiasm of the local audience, which he said was one of the most appreciative the orchestra has ever played for.

Good conduct, as was demonstrated at the concert, obviously reflects much credit on this school.

# Platter Chatter

By "THE MAESTRO"

Jack, are your boots laced or haven't you heard Miller's latest, "Here We Go Again?" It features solos by Tex Beneke, tenor sax, Bobby Hackett, trumpet and Maurice Purtill, drums. Freddy Slack, ever one to find and introduce new songs, comes up with, "Silver Wings in the Moonlight," which is undoubtedly destined for stardom. Margaret Whiting taxes the vocal honors and does much to put this song over. Artie Shaw's old record of "All the Things You Are," with Helen Forrest singing the words has been revised and looks like it's going to be a hit all over again.

Speaking of Artie Shaw, he and Dave Tough, the drummer in Shaw's fine navy band, have been given medical discharges. Shaw is at his home in California convalescing, but Tough came East and said his plans were indefinite. He said, however, he might rejoin Charlie Spivak with whom he formerly played.

A band which has not been given nearly as much publicity as it should is Benny Carter's fine outfit. Virtually unknown until he appeared in "As Thousands Cheer," his platter of "Poinciana" clearly lets him in as a power in the musical world.

Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw collaborate on a new Victor release, "All the Things You Are." The Shaw version features Helen Forrest and also a top opening by the maestro's licorice stick. Dorsey takes the spotlight with a trombone solo followed by a Jack Leonard vocal.

## "Men From Mars" invade Senior High Campus

Take to cover! Evacuate all the women and children! Call out the Marines! Sound the general alarm! The men from Mars are invading the earth!

Well, that's what the girl frantically screamed a few weeks back when she happened to look out of the window of her sixth period class. The teacher thought the girl was having hysterics. When she asked the raving girl the trouble, she cried that she had seen a thousand men clad in strange white outfits running up Westover Terrace. Of course, no one believed her, and everyone thought the poor lass was overcome by the heat. But she stuck to her story about the men from Mars and she swore she had seen them.

The next day, the same thing happened to a second girl. This girl thought she had seen the men of the Ku Klux Klan. She, like the first girl, was declared by doctors and psychiatrists to be in a state of permanent insanity. Everyone was still wondering and guessing about the two girls.

A week or so later, the answer to the strange mystery was revealed. It seems that the girls had seen the boys on the track team doing their regular workouts around the school.

And so, the strange and baffling case is over, and all is peace and calm again at Senior.

P.S. The two girls are at the State Asylum for the Insane and no visitors are allowed.