

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



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SEPTEMBER 23, 1946



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.

Welcome, Sophomores

To all you sophomores and new students who are entering Senior for the first time this year, High Life, the faculty and students of G.H.S. wish to extend to you the heartiest of welcome. High school has its hardships, as everyone knows, but it is our sincere hope that you will find the next nine months at Senior as enjoyable as possible. It's your high school now as well as ours.

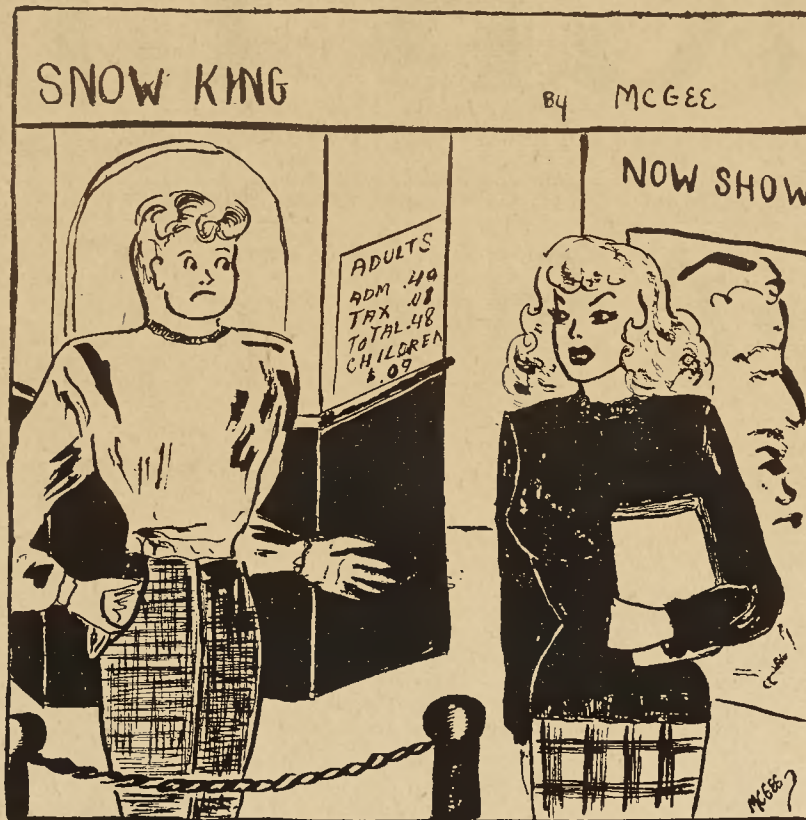
So—the very best of welcome to you.

Back to School

Once again an annual change has come over hundreds of happy faces. From joy they are plunged into sorrow, for school has opened once more. Those happy people who roared past Senior this summer without a care are now trudging up the long walks with Latin verbs ringing in their ears. Perhaps another hapless individual scans the pages of a small red volume mumbling, "Les' see now, Chancellorsville was fought in 1864 or was it '62?" These poor unfortunates are greeted by remonstrances to, "Get to work, now, and make this a wonderful year."

After the usual grumbling, the erstwhile students began to get back into the old routine. They meet old friends that they haven't seen since last May, swap stories about their vacations, and get their noses back into their textbooks. Soon they feel that maybe they can stand another year—and though no one will admit it—really enjoy it.

A. D. J.



In Explanation of High Life

It has always been the policy of High Life to give to the students of G.H.S. a paper worthy of one of the best high schools in the South. We feel that our predecessors have always carried on this tradition, often in the face of difficulties.

Due to unfortunate circumstances, new difficulties have arisen this year, which make it necessary for some changes to be made in our publication. However, despite all changes, we, the editors, will try to maintain the same high standards of journalism that High Life has been proud of in past years. The majority of the staff members are veteran journalists, so it cannot be said that High Life just hasn't got the material to put out a good paper.

As juniors and seniors thumb through the first issue, they will find three major changes. The paper, not the same grade as was used last year, is newsprint, and every page is somewhat smaller. Also there are more ads than were run last year.

At this time in 1945, High Life's staff, because of pressing conditions, was faced with the question of whether or not to continue publication. This year conditions have become so that it is no longer up to the staff but rather a question to be answered by you, the students, by the way you react to necessary changes. It is up to you to accept the paper as it is and to keep in mind that the whole nation is going through a crisis and that we too must sacrifice.

Paper mills will in one month cease all operation in the manufacture of the grade which we have previously used and consequently we have been forced to turn to regular newsprint type of paper. The columns in this paper are two inches shorter, resulting in a small reduction of copy.

In explanation of the ads, the price of the printing has risen with the new conditions instead of having been lowered. We are printing the actual cost of High Life so you can see the necessity of the extra ads. The printers fee amounts to \$155.00, 15% higher than last year's \$135.00. Engraving fees usually amount to 25 or 30 dollars. Photographic materials, lost copy, and miscellaneous items make the cost of one issue approximately \$200.00. As a result we are forced to run 280 inches of ads at 50 cents per column inch and raise the subscription rate to 80 cents a year if we expect to break even on each of the 16 issues.

These are the figures! You figure them out!

Co-Editors: Bobbie Jean Shaw and Ed Brown

Introductions . . .

We are beginning this year by bringing into the spotlight four of the younger generation of Senior high school, the sophomores.

Bonnie Jean Crawford:

Is: Cute lil' ole sophomore.
Has: Big brown eyes and black "sport-sters."
Likes: Tiny; ice cream.
Says: "I'll be a monkey's Uncle."
Does: Day dream.
Eats: Chocolate ice cream.
Listens to: Miss Woosley and Tiny.
Seen With: Everybody and ice cream.
Ambition: To graduate.

Gilbert Turner:

Is: Ear's brother.
Wants: girl, car, girl.
Listens to: 'Hot Records.
Favorite song: "Shorty's Got to Go."
Does: Shoot pool alla' time.
Likes: Dill pickles, upside down cake.
Ambition: To be a professional pool shark.

Mirvine Squier:

Is: Sophomore.
Does: Loaf.
Likes: Jackie, cokes at "Wilke's"
Has: Brown eyes.
Wants: Red convertible.
Says: Goll-ee-y.
Thinks: Nothing in pertic.

Seen With: Jane, Nancy.
Listens to: Mr. Huffman . . . "Whatta man."
Ambition: To go to Duke.

Donnie Clemmons:

Likes: Chicken Pie and football.
Has: Twin sister and blond (?) hair.
Says: "Good Lord."
Thinks: About girls sometime (so he says)
Seen With: Sister and Eddie.
Listens to: Miss Burnside.

Bobby Wills

Is: 5ft. 3 in.
Has: all his teeth.
Likes: Women and banana splits.
Says: Nothing printable.
Does: loaf at drugstore.
Eats: banana splits.
Seen with: John and Richard Clemmons.
Listens to: Miss Worthington.
Ambition: To be 6 ft.

Muriel Register

Is: cheerleader, sophomore.
Has: yellow sweater, green eyes.
Likes: pink 'n blue; castle burgers.
Says: "Oh yes, You know it, too."
Does: "Mess around."
Wants: To Be Friends with Everybody.
Seen with: Ruenell and the gang.
Listens to: Ella Mae Morse Recordings.

Dumb Doin's

by

ALICE MCGEE

Hello, Sophomores!

How do you like your new home? Are you properly awed at the vastness, the hugeness of GHS? How many times have you been lost? Have you been knocked down the "up" stairs by some nit-wit going down, trampled in the mad rush to the cafeteria, crushed in the jam at the end doors? My sympathy but the worst is yet to come.

Wait till everything is all settled down and the home work really starts coming in. You'll want to take yourself out into the garden and "lay thee down to dee." But don't do it; hang on till exams. Then the fun begins.

Remember, you're in high school now and high school students don't act like little babies anymore. They get their home work in on time and nobody has to remind them (ha). When you see that zero on the grade look opposite your name, don't say somebody didn't warn you.

Grabbing with your neighbor, passing notes, and laughing at corny jokes right in the middle of a serious lecture on principles just doesn't go. When you hear that inevitable "Shut up," don't deny anything. Just keep that big mouth closed and look innocent or out on your ear you'll go—with a zero, natcherly.

It's not so tough though, after you get into the swing of things. Several people have been known to graduate. You know?

One more thing. Seriously, you should know that around Senior, studies come first, extra curricular after that. As our principal, Mr. Routh, says, "The dog wags his tail; the tail doesn't wag the dog."

When told that an executive always sets a good example Ted Leonard, president of the senior class, promptly gave up his desk to a girl and took the teacher's!

An editor had cause to admonish his son because of the lad's reluctance to attend school. "You must go every day and learn to be a good scholar," said the fond father, "otherwise you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do for instance, if your magazine came out full of mistakes?"

"Father," was the reply, "I'd blame it on the printer."

Mother: "Daughter, every time you stay out so late I get another gray hair."

Daughter: "Jumping, Mom, you must have hit the high spotslook at Granny's hair."

We leave a good party reluctantly and get up the next morning even more reluctantly, wondering what there was about the party that made us so reluctant to leave.

It's tough to find, for love or money—Jokes that are clean, and likewise funny.

Say, gang, we've sure got some swell cheerleaders line dp ufor this year. I heard Doris Cooper say last year that it sure was hard to pull a few cheers out of all those GHS fans, especially when the team was on the bottom. Now thats' the very time the Whirlies need a good boost. They get discouraged, too, so it's up to us to support them.

Just ask Joe Breedon, Zander Sherrill or any of the boys how much it means to hear a good yell right at a rough moment. Of course, it's easy enough for us to shake the grandstand when the ball goes over for a touch down, but when the ball gets intercepted, we start feeling low and sorry for ourselves, forgetting all about the poor struggling cheerleaders down below.

Everybody's agreed that our football team is the best; now lets make our school spirit equal to it.

Well, I guess I've said enough—maybe too much. Anyway I'll see all you "cats" and "chicks" at the Charlotte game.