

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.

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OCTOBER 4, 1946



Among the Books

by DAVID BUCKNER

Since the death of Thomas Wolfe in 1938, his fame has steadily grown, his place among the modern contemporary authors firmly established, and the immortality of his writings assured.

The fact that hardly a year has passed since his death that did not bring the publication of some previously unpublished works or the reprinting of his earlier accomplishments is a record that speaks for itself, as, for the most part, books are now published to meet a public demand.

One of the most recent additions to the Wolfean clan is a little volume bearing the title of "The Portable Thomas Wolfe" and published by the Viking Press. For the person who wishes to gain a general impression of the writing of Wolfe, and for one desiring to become more familiar with the life of this man, the book is quite suitable, as it combines episodes from his four great autobiographical novels, "Look Homeward, Angel," "Of Time and the River," "The Web and the Rock," and "You Can't Go Home Again," with the object of producing a volume which tells the story of his life.

Included also in the book is his "The Story of a Novel," in which he tells of his literary methods and habits, and a number of outstanding short stories from "The Hills Beyond," and "From Death to Morning," his only volumes of short stories.

One of the most interesting features of the book is the introduction by Maxwell Geismar, who also edited and arranged the volume, in which he explains Wolfe's literary motives and place in American literature. The concluding paragraph of this introduction is well worth quoting:

"So he (Wolfe) refreshed the whole tradition of realism in our literature. And, in terms, also reminded us that life—even life in America—was still livable."

The Staff of Life

In a recent survey and analysis, Dr. Thaddeus P. Ringtail, P.H.D., D.D., D.D.S., W.C.U.N.C., G.C., A.A.A. B.C., L.S.M.F.T., W.P.A., and D.D.T., states that cafeteria foods and castleburgers are not habit-forming and do not contain poisonous drugs.

Said Frisbie Fingerpopper, local student (?), when interviewed: "When I tasted my first castleburger I went completely mad, and I thought I was a dog; a cocker spaniel, to be exact. I was put in an institution for three years to be cured. When I went in, I barked like a dog, crawled around on all fours, and wagged my ears. I was the only talking dog on my block."

"Then, after three years in the sanatorium, I came out again into the civilized world. Was I cured? Am I well now? Of course I am, silly! Feel my nose!"

Of course, friends, Dr. Ringtail, in order to be absolutely sure of his analysis, had to live on castleburgers and cafeteria foods for two weeks. As soon as he can get his voice, eyesight, hearing, and a new arm, he will be glad to tell you that on Wednesday he is the Czar of all Russia. If you aren't careful, he'll have your head chopped off!

Introductions . . .

JEAN SHARP

Light brown hair, clear azure eyes (blue—like the clear sky), a fair complexion, and a height slightly above medium may combine to make the outward appearance of a person, but such words as dynamic, magnetic, and friendly cannot begin to describe the personality of one such as Jean Sharp.

Coming to Senior high this year from Curry, Jean has found Senior to be much to her liking. Although a number of her friends were left at Curry, she is fortunate in that many of her old friends are at Senior and that she is making many more. Usually between classes and after school, she may be seen with "Paggy" Wicker, another ex-student of Curry.

Foremost among her ambitions is the desire to major in music—piano, that is. Biology and Spanish are claimed as her favorite subjects, and concluding her list

BRIEFS

By BENTLEY

The Paris Peace Conference now in session has decided to invoke the "gag rule" if necessary to end the conference by October 15, in order to meet in New York in November. This conference has not been able to decide on many definite issues because of the differences of opinion between the Eastern and Western powers. The military commission agreed to adopt a Greek amendment banning Bulgarian fortifications within 12 miles of the Greek frontier.

Political campaigns for 1946 are now getting into full swing. On November 5, voters will go to the polls to elect all new members of the House of Representatives, one-third of the Senate, as well as many state and local officers. The future Congress will have many very important questions to deal with. *Among these will be:* What we will do to keep prices down and prevent more inflation, whether we will do all in our power to get along peacefully with Russia, how depression can be avoided.

Journalistic Jungle

or

The Call of the Wild

"Don't come back till you have that story, or I'll run your little finger through the pencil sharpener!" said the city editor as he cracked his whip at the unsuspecting reporter. This is a more or less colored account of newspaper life. No city editor has ever run anyone's finger through a pencil sharpener—why waste that energy when a press is handy? Whips are not standard equipment either; they are optional, depending upon the skill of the editor and the maneuverability of the reporter.

Of course, one does find many characters around a newspaper office. One of the most widely known is Deadline Dave who rushes in with a sheaf of notes just after the deadline.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Deadline*—Line which all reporters step over when they turt in their copy. Anyone left on the other side is as good as dead.]

Placid Pete who never worries and turns out reams of copy.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Copy*—What reporters are supposed to turn in. We have received everything except a modern translation of the Koran.]

Groaning Gregory who just sits and says over and over, "We are short 100 inches of copy. We are short 100 inches of copy."

Careful Carruthers, the copyreader who searches each proof for possible errors, is a friend of Pplayful Percival who puts the pictures upside down.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Copyreader*—One whose job it is to make all proofs as different from copy as possible. Proof—Figure this one out for yourself. I haven't got all day.]

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *Following discussion of editors deleted.*]

of 'favorites' are—Food—Pie al a mode, and song—the wistful "Stardust."

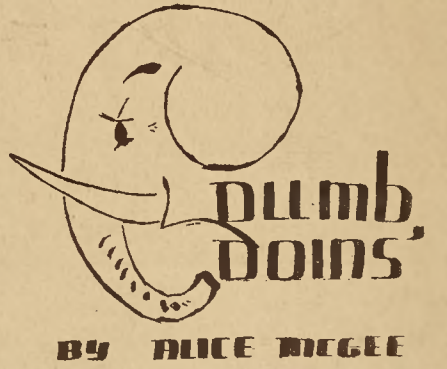
PAUL HENDRICKS

Since coming to Greensboro from Raleigh over a year ago, Paul Hendricks has made many friends and grown to be one of the most popular members of the junior class.

With light sandy brown hair and brown eyes, Paul may usually be seen with (as he says it) "McFeeters and the boys" and sister Betty.

His interests range from dogs, especially St. Bernards, to music. Being a member of the school band, he is quite fond of classical and march music, although he claims "Choo Choo Chu Boogie" as his favorite song.

Fired with ambitions, Paul is mostly concerned at the present time with getting out of English 5.



I've found me a new ideal! That bass drummer in the Navy Band sure flipped my lid. He knocked me in the groove with his solid beat and drove me mad when he twirled his stick. Yesterday I tried the fancy stuff on my bass drum and batted myself in the eye. Some ideal—anyway, he had pretty blonde hair.

Yes, sir, Sherwood sure tells a good story. Just ask him about that "bar" he hid from. 'Pears that the pines weren't very tall and a twenty-two rifle weren't much pertecshun. Anyway, Sherwood got so skairt that he just lay down in them pines and let somebody else "gat the bar."

Now if J. R. had been enlightening his English class on the subject of bear hunting, he'd have killed that animal.

Lost: One compass, protractor, comb, lipstick, and pencil enclosed in a black leather case (formerly a tobacco pouch). Will the finder either return these lost articles or do my trig homework and hand it in for me.

Incidentally, there will probably be room in this column for lost and founds, so send 'em in.

Paid Notice: Jimmy Barham, president of the A.B.C.D.E.F. (If you want to know what that means, ask said prexy), who recently graduated from the Duke Hospital with an A. N. (Authority on Nurses) degree, will be available on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday nights to all girls interested in his special course. (He works on Thursday and Saturday nights.)

Super rates are offered to beautiful girls; however, all girls are welcome.

POEM

Roses are red
Violets are blue
If skunks had a college,
They'd call it P. U.

—Ish Kabibble

Well, whatta you know—only one more week and a few days until report cards. Bet you can hardly wait. Yuk, Yuk! Now is the time for all good chilluns to come to the rescue of their grades, so we've been told. Don't wait 'til that last two weeks to start cramming up. "A stitch in time saves nine," "a word to the wise is sufficient," and as Vic told me — Victor Hugo, that is — "The danger in being handsome is being insipid." Hey, how did that get in here?

A friend is not a fellow who is taken in by sham; a friend is one who knows our faults and doesn't give a . . . hoot!

Jim Alexander: I wonder how Thanksgiving originated?

Jim Finch: It was probably instituted by parents whose sons survived the football season.

Jeanette: What are you doing with the red lantern?

Eck: I just found it by a hole in the road where some foolish person left it.

Fortune teller: You have a tendency to let things slide.

Bill Oden: Yes, madam, I play a trombone in the Senior Band.

Henceforth and forevermore, let this be known as the Korn Kolumn.

FIGURE OF SPEECH

I'm in a 10 der mood today,
And feel poetic, 2;
4 fun I'll just-off a line,
And send it off 2 U.
I'm sorry you've been 6 so long;
Don't B disconsol 8;
But tear your ills with 4 2 de,
And they won't seem so gr 8.
—Southern Planter

Swell games, swell team, swell kids, big time. See ya all at Gastonia tonight.

The Whirlie Eleven

As our football team—victorious or defeated—finishes its 1946 season, the staff of HIGH LIFE is taking this opportunity to wish Coach Jamieson and the Whirlwind team of '46 a most successful gridiron season.

Students have been reminded repeatedly that their school is judged by the way they behave at such activities as football games. No matter how monotonous this has become, it is still very true.

Let's all get together and cheer for our team. Let's show them that we are behind them, and—most of all—let's show the people of Greensboro that we have a good school, good students, and a good band—all worthy of the best. E. B.

To New Students

One of the most fortunate things that could possibly happen to any young person is to have the privilege of attending a school which supports a program of many extra-curricular activities. Always leading in this field is GHS, which can boast of about 10 such organizations. It should also be considered an honor and a privilege to belong to, and to become an active member in any of these groups.

There are many new students at Senior. Perhaps they are not familiar with such activities as Torelight, Dramatics, Journalism and girls' after-school sports. It is the desire of every one of these groups—which also include the football team, Quill and Scroll, the Debating club, Latin club, Y-Teens, (formerly Girl Reserves), and Hi-Y—to have all eligible students become members and to add what they can to the clubs' activities. The knowledge and prestige gained by being connected with any one of these groups is invaluable. It should be not only an honor, but also a challenge, to all new students to acquaint themselves with these groups and to work toward becoming prominent members of them. E. B.

October

October is more a mood than a month, more of a spellbinding enchantment than the mere passing of time. It is the coolness of the early morning, the crispness of the nights. It is the time of falling leaves, the carpet of many colored leaves upon the earth, and the scent of burning leaves in late afternoon.

October, timeless and deathless, proud and lovely, has come again, as it always has, as it always will.