

A Task for American Youth

A large and important task has fallen on the shoulders of the youth of America. Our brothers, sisters, fathers and friends fought and died that we might live in the right kind of world and that the citizens of the world would be free. Our loved ones did not want to fight but it became necessary for them to defend the rights and privileges of the human race by going to the battlefields. It is our duty to hold and cherish the things they fought for—hold, cherish and protect them not only for America but for the world. We must do this so that we, as well as our children and their children for generations to come may live without the fear of war and without the strife, hunger, hatred and agony that go hand in hand with war.

Our Thanks!

The members of the High Life staff sincerely thank Mr. Norris Hadaway for his cooperation in the "Miss Front Page" contest and for the use of the Carolina theatre.

"I'd Rather Shoot Pretty Girls"

By Lowell Dryzer

"That's where all my money goes," stated Lowell Dryzer, when asked about his hobby. He tells us that he first got an incentive for photography while going to a summer camp up in Maine. That was two years ago and since then he spent over \$600 for equipment. His first camera cost only \$2.00 and the latest one is a \$265 model. He thought this camera was infallible, but one finally learns that the human elements are the most important of your camera.

Lowell prefers to shoot pretty girls and sports. A portable studio is in the basement when unexpected customers arrive. He has his camera with him at all times and hopes to get a big picture that will be syndicated. Not long ago he placed third in a "human interest" contest by sending a copy of the Lab picture that appeared in High Life.



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.

HIGH LIFE

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Greensboro Senior High School Greensboro, N. C.



Founded by the Class of 1921

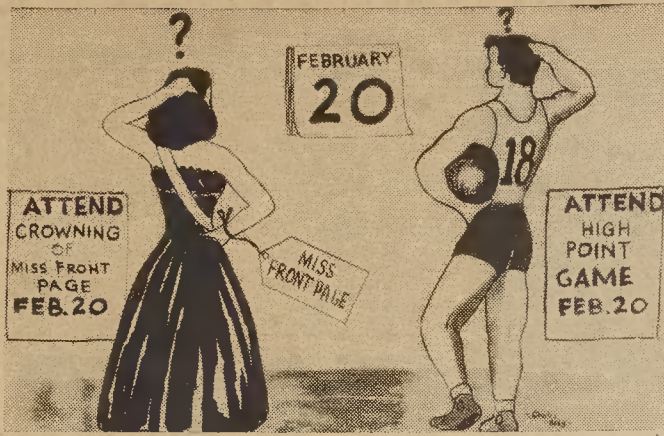
Revived by the Spring Journalism Class of 1937



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FEBRUARY 27, 1948



On Double Dating

Leave us face it: double dating with your best friend is much fun, but double dating of certain kinds can prove confusing—especially the kind that happened last Friday night with the Greensboro-High Point basketball game—the most looked-forward-to game, if not the most important, and the crowning of Miss Front Page—the climax of the competition between 22 of the school's most outstanding girls as selected by various school organizations, occurring on the same evening. Because of all that rough weather some time back, both activities were postponed and, it was found out at the last minute, postponed to the same night.

It would seem as if such a calamity had happened before because there is, in the office, a large calendar marked "School Calendar" on which are set down time, place, etc., of the school extracurricular activities. Dates from now on out are printed elsewhere in this paper in hopes of preventing those "day before the night after" blues that were so evident around the High Life room and the gym last Thursday.

The '8:45' A Short-Short Story

By DON HARDISON

THE OLD MAN buried his withered face in the ink-fresh, early morning edition of the "Herald" and patiently awaited the arrival of the 8:45 express. A dull, gnawing pain took hold of his chest and lung on, its sharp fingers grasping tighter and tighter about his heart; the same cold, death-like hand took hold precisely as it had done a thousand times before as he sat there on the same green bench by the tracks, waiting for the 8:45.

THE BEST PHYSICIANS in the country had told him long before that there was no hope, that it was impossible for him to drag by another year. They had given him a long, detailed report, filled to the line with a long string of scientific terms that meant nothing to the old man, something about "hereditary tuberculosis." Not a chance in a million. But something, somehow, made him go on, refuse to give in. Perhaps it was the memory of a good, full life. He had no complaints. Maybe the doctors were all wrong. But then there was that dull, thumping pain in his chest . . .

The old man glanced up from the paper when he heard the roar of steel wheels on steel rails, and he knew that the 8:45 was on time; just as it always had been. Grasping his briar cane in insensible fingers, he arose somewhat giddily and moved nearer the singing rails to watch the 8:45 come through; come through in a deafening roar of escaping steam and clanging metal just as it had come through a thousand times before . . .

There was something about the 8:45 express that the old man could not explain. The staring faces at the window: faces of a hundred unknown people; each face a world in itself, but never the same world twice. The old man loved that train more than anything else in the world. More even than life . . .

THE 8:45 was coming through the yards now, coming through the yards like a bolt of lightning. The old man moved closer to see . . .

THE FIREMAN shouted, so did the track man; the engineer threw a lever marked "emergency"; a gasp of awe went up from the crowd by the tracks; and steel wheels screamed frantically on steel rails.

Strictly Ad Lib

By CARL BAXTER

I heard a very impressive concert last Sunday night by a little publicized band at Chapel Hill. Most of you have probably never heard of Johnny Satterfield, but I think he is a composer, arranger, and instrumentalist who is unparalleled in the South. Mr. Satterfield presented an original suite; several originals by Frank Justice, who is doing his graduate work in music at New York University; and a few of his beautifully written standards.

Several of his men are Greensboro high school graduates, eight of them to be exact. If you had heard the band as I did, I'm sure you would have been as pleased with our former students as I was. The personnel consists of four trumpets, three trombones, five saxes, and three rhythm, including leader-pianist Satterfield.

The band's approach to the styling of popular music is molded predominately around Duke Ellington. You never, however hear anything whatsoever that is copied directly from Ellington, for Satterfield possesses a cleverness surpassed only by Ellington in this school of musical endeavor.

Nelson Benton's drumming was superb throughout the program, just as was Satterfield's piano. The brass and reeds were well in tune, and as tight and precise as any you could ever hope to find out of "big time."

I sincerely hope that the people of this vicinity will recognize truly great talent when they hear it, and give a fine band a good break.

February Fever

It isn't quite time for Spring Fever, But isn't it always true That no matter which month comes around It brings some fever to you?

February Fever has descended Upon the halls of dear old G.H.S. And the battlerey of the students Is "Oh, please, don't give us a test!"

"We just haven't felt like doing The homework you gave us last night," Brings the pity of the teacher And she finally says, "All right."

Do you know the reason she weakened? Why she put the test on the shelf? Why, of course! I knew you would guess it;

She has February Fever herself.

—Doris Jean Walker

"Pre-Spring Fever"

By Polly White

Ah, yes! SPRING, wonderful SPRING, is just around the corner. Only a few more days and "it" will be here. As the trees and flowers begin to bud and bloom, so do romances at G.H.S. Suddenly that tall, gawky, peroxidized pest in the locker next to you becomes a strong handsome lad who wouldn't be "so" had to date after all, or that giggly little chatterbox in the lunch line is rather attractive even though she can blow a bigger bubble than you with her "DOUBLE-TROUBLE BUBBLE GUM."

Maybe you have noticed some of these bug bitten couples (love bug, that is) strolling aimlessly about the grounds at lunch time or seen them making "goo-goo" eyes on class. Here are a few budding romances at G.H.S.

Raymond Anderson and Barbara Carlisle

Faye Millican and Bill Lester
Bobby Holt and Sallie Gray Hicks
Chigger Qualls and Ashley Holland
Shay Newnam and J. M. Self
Julian McGee and Joanne Freeman
Gilbert Turner and Elizabeth Hepler
Anne Rudd and Doug Galyon
Wayland Moore and Marilyn Jenkins

While mentioning the new couples it is only fair that we go back and mention some of the old couples, or steadies, who have been going together for quite some time. Some of them have graduated, leaving behind "that one and only." But though they're gone they're not forgotten.

Jean Irving and Joe Breedon
Joanne Mingia and Nolly Vereen
Sarah Swain and Norman Hardin
Nancy Cockman and Bill Taylor
Bobbie Jean Shaw and Otis Crawford
Doris Hendrix and Ed Coble
Aaron Allred and Helen Mae Sarles
Betty Hendrix and Rick Hornaday
Sue Baxter and Ted Leonard
Marie Carter and Rick Kidd
Barbara Kent and Dave Fillippelli
Rebecca Hudson and Bob Harrell
Bill DeSanto and Marian Overby
Helen Latham and Johnny Ritch
Jean Sharp and Chester Rose

THEM'S ORDERS

Coach: "And remember, fellows, football develops individuality, honor, character and courage. Now get in there and break every doggone bone in those guy's bodies."

THANKS

In a tight-fisted, mid-western congregation, the hat was passed around one Sunday and was returned absolutely empty. The pastor cast his eyes heavenward and said reverently, "I thank Thee, O Lord, that I got my hat back."
Girls, this is Leap Year and it's legal to snag that unwary male, but caution. Look Before You Leap.

You Can't Tell a Book By Its Cover

By JERRY CRAWFORD

"Moby Dick"—Bob Dick.
"Little Men"—Bill Burnette.
"Little Women"—Pat Anderson and Lucile Collins.
"A Tale of Two Cities"—Greensboro and High Point.
"The Bobsey Twins"—John and Richard Clements.
"The Enchanted Cottage"—Weddie's House.
"Six Feet Six"—"Lennie" Guys.
"The Magnificent Idler"—Horace Muse.
"Hunger Fighters"—Jim Finison and Irving Osborne.
"MacArthur of Bataan"—Miss McArthur.
"Danger is My Business"—The Writers.
"David Cooperfield"—David Clodfelder (well, it's almost the same)
"No More Trumpets"—Bob Rich (He plays the same cornet).
"The Romantic Comedians"—Larry Lambeth and Frank Klages.
"Mr. Crew's Career"—Bob's? (Basketball).
"Holiday"—We wish.