

Take your choice

By MARY DURLAND SAPP

Now, far be it from us to tell a Reynolds high school student anything good about his school; he doubtlessly has heard it all before and we'd hate to be blamed for his conceit upon that count. However, the fact remains that we were over in Winston the other day and ate lunch in the Reynolds cafeteria—a clean cafeteria that is. We won't say it was a change, but we did find ourselves whispering our part of the conversation.

On the other hand, we might just as well face it: our cafeteria during the lunch hour before the maids have a chance to get at it is a MESS—which word should take a prize in understatement. Garbage-strewn tables unfit to eat on, food littered around, crusts of sandwiches everywhere—we seem to have forgotten those nice little words: Cleanliness is next to godliness. "WE" (meaning us, meaning the students at G. H. S.) is the proper pronoun, too, because this is a condition which we can blame on no one but OURSELVES.

Hardison's conclusion to his feature on page There might be more truth than not in Don one. Can't you see the loving families going once a month on visiting day to Dix Hill or Morganton to see people like the boy who leads the applause when someone breaks a dish or bottle—a definite attempt to assert personality indicating an inferiority complex (quoted from his medical record, you understand) or the boys who spend their lunch hour making and throwing water-bombs at the girls—grammar grade stuff, too bad they weren't kept there! Girls are not exempt, though; there's the one, very neat about her person and clothes, who always leaves her half-eaten lunch on the table. (It's the truth; we've seen her do it!)

There are a number of solutions, as usual. The traffic squad could take on a few more boys and assign certain tables to each; Mr. Routh and Mr. Smith could patrol the dining room; we could not have a lunch-period (personally, we consider this to be rather impractical, as eating is so habit-forming); or we could all act like ladies and gentlemen, as we do at home or at a restaurant.

Take your choice!



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

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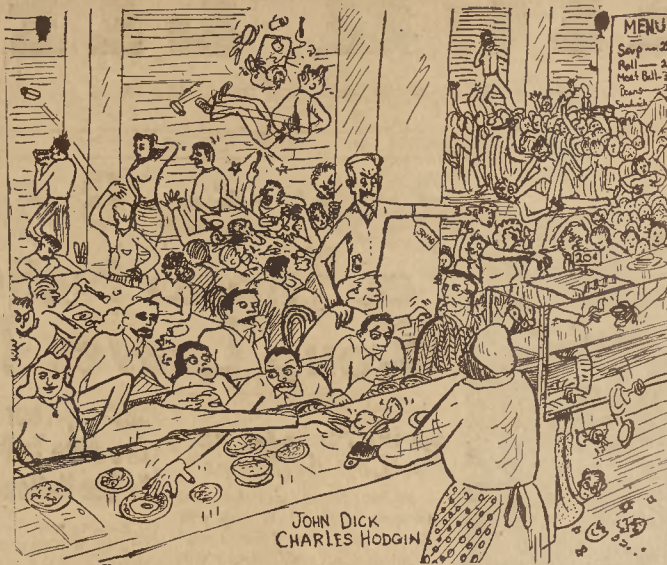


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APRIL 9, 1948



See yourself here?

Strictly Ad Lib

By CARL BAXTER

My regrets for an error in the last issue. The name of the classical work reviewed was **The Incredible Flutist**.

I recently heard a very fine concert by the Detroit Symphony. They played to a small audience an inspiring program. Unity in entrances, technical ability, tone quality, and brilliant interpretation made the concert symbolic of the best in good music.

Too Much Monroe

There comes a time when one closely associated with music feels an overwhelming desire to heartily criticize someone in the upper brackets of the music business who has less talent and ability than a person in that position should have. This applies principally to some of our dance band leaders. Take, for instance, Francis Craig. Craig became a national figure because of his recording of *Near You*. *Near You* is, as far as I'm concerned, a terrible tune with an arrangement that is worse than that. I don't think Craig has anything to offer us if we are trying to go forward in developing our musical tastes. Vaughn Monroe is the idol of a lot of people, but to me he is just a poor excuse for a capable musician. Monroe has a good band, and there would be a vast improvement if he would let them play

instead of vocalizing. I definitely do not appreciate Mr. Monroe.

All Star Band

Each year *Metronome*, a music magazine, polls an all star band for the past year. They also select an outstanding band, an honor which was won this year by Stan Kenton. The small all-star group is composed of stars from various groups, and is always a fine outfit. This year's all-star band made a record for Capitol called *Leap Here*. I recommend it highly to the listener who likes jazz. Buddy De-Franco replaced the seemingly ever present Benny Goodman this year, and for my money, it was a good day's work. The tune itself is nothing more than a riff based on a progression very near to "blues." It provides, however, very impressive solos by the best instrumentalists to be found in jazz today.

Hard Facts

by HARDISON

The Ides of March are officially over. The deadline for income tax returns has passed, term papers are either already in or are being rapidly "polished into the finished product," and since it is spring the eager young seniors of Greensboro high let their fancies turn to the lighter side of spring, which, unfortunately, is the time of year when in English 8 that Milton, Bunyan and the other old boys of the ancient literary roundtable wreck havoc among aspiring students. The way I understand it, Milton and the rest of the rubes of his period (include one Bill Shakespeare), are considered great and majestic artists in the field of writing. Personally, it seems that they could have produced a much better grade of work had they been bounced over the cranium with a tempered sledge hammer.

As the days roll by and by and the "new look" gets older and more disgusting, I don't know whether females think these new "give 'em a peek at the old petti coat" skirts are seductive or what not, but if they are, I have been thinking about getting out a pair of Grand Dad's old red flannels, left overs from the days of the Yukon Haul, and roll up one of the britches' leg, thus giving a "come hither" glance of real "dyed in the wool."

The ninth world in brief: Erskine Cladwell is at it again, I read. (Pronounced, r e e d)

The Book Of the Month Club and other reputable literary machines are anxiously awaiting the completion of David Breedon's twentieth century masterpiece, "The Autobiography of a Dead Cow."

From the reliable source of Charlie Adams comes word that Reed Phillips' life-long ambition is to be an idea man for a homing pigeon.

Ditty To Spring

(Fill in blanks with names of teachers.)

'Tis Spring, so let us frolic _____,
And leave behind us bookish lore.
The dream of _____, to tell the truth,
Is all of maids-Maude, Anne, or _____
'Tis tulip-time in _____, now.
A singing _____ on every bough.
A robin, thrush, or oriole,
A warbling _____, with feathers gold.
The _____ voice is in the land,
'Tis good to wander hand in hand.
'Neath flowering trees let's slowly _____

We'll have _____ merry talk.
The flowers bloom beneath our feet,
The village black _____ now we greet.
The angling _____ takes a look,
And _____ with care his deadly hook.
A worm he finds in earth so _____,
To catch a _____ he is bound!
New _____ is drab, as cities are,
We _____ country lanes afar.
Come everyone from King to _____,
Oh, _____, leave your yeasty nook.
The world's behind us. Time's well spent.
_____ may be president.

We hear he's canny as a _____,
But just right now we careth not.
Spring coaxes from each face a smile.
With merry quip and wantom _____,
Which season gives us hearts so light?
My guess is Spring. Am I not _____?

—REVAF ECARG
(I could be Russian, spelled like this!
Hold to the mirror. You can't miss!)

Beach Fever

By Polly White

Beach fever! Yes, it's already in the air. It becomes especially contagious in warm weather during the closing months of school. Just think!—blistered shoulders; straight, stringy hair; wet, sour bathing suits; sand in all your clothes; trying to make it a hit with that bleached out blond; a little food and even less sleep. "Ain't" the beach wonderful?

Delores Hadaway: "Your head is like a doornob."
George Seay: "How come?"
Delores: "Any girl can turn it!"

Bill Baxter: "Would you like to join our baseball team?"
Herbert Falk: "I don't know enough about the game to play, but I'll referee."

She: "I'm Suzette the Oriental Dancer."
Sonny Grant: "Shake."

An old gent was passing a busy intersection when a large Saint Bernard ran by and knocked him down. An instant later, a Crossley car skidded around the corner and knocked the man down again. A bystander helped the old gent to his feet and asked if the dog had hurt him. "Well," he said, "the dog didn't hurt so much but that doggone tin can tied to his tail nearly killed me!" (O.K. so you've read the "Watargan" too.)

While speaking on the funny (?) side of life there are quite a few characters attending GHS who could easily be compared with comic strip, radio, movie, and story book personalities. They may either look or act like the character.

Daisy May: Catherine Dicks.
Big Barusmell: Bobby Barham.
Washtubs: Bobby Lominack.
Boots: Barbara Crutchfield.
Pug: Betsy Bishop.
The Phantom: Allman Beaman in his wrestling suit.

Feta Feta: Barbara Holloway.
Terry Lee: Wayland Moore.
Hotshot Charlie: Charlie Wagoner.
Vaughn Monroe: Roger Gibbs.
Denny Dimwit: Slump Herndon.
Cornel Wilde: Charles Keeley.
Turham Bey: Dan Thompson.
Peter Lorrie: Bruce Morton.
Cherry: Helen Thornbro.
Jato: Gail Schaffert.
Woody Woodpecker: "Red Webster."
Rose Murphy: Miss Tuttle.
Lou Costella: Wright Archer.
Lilly Pons: Betty Costner.
Al Jolson: Lyndon Sykes.

Congratulations to Annette Wade and Harry Welker, who were married March 27.

Guess you have already heard about the two little worms who worked in dead earnest.

Things Around School We'd Like To See Improved

Cafeteria situation.
Girls' looks.
Dick Elkin's black eye.
This business of not having an annual (year book, that is).
Students' attitude toward correction.
"Sam" Prago's golf score.
Boys' looks.
HIGH LIFE.
Water fountains that never have water in them.
The mud holes you have to swim thru in rainy weather to get to the gym.
School-bus behavior.

"Don't fret sir," the chauffeur said to the Pekingese in the back seat, "Madam will be here in a minute."

"Good afternoon, Fred Hooley, this is ladies and gentlemen."

While your friends hold you affectionately by both hands you are safe, for you can watch both of his.