

"Hi-Yo Silver"

A galloping stampede, the familiar "Hi-Yo, Silver," and everyone clamors down to lunch! Such is the Wild West saga that is portrayed not once but twice daily each Monday through Friday at G. H. S.

We were eating out the other night, and to our surprise we found that in a restaurant everyone doesn't scramble to a table, nor do they yell across the dining room to friends, nor do they dirty up the table—heavens! what a difference from the scene at dear old G. H. S.! We leave our trays on the tables, making the place look like an abandoned pool parlor, we throw trash on the floor, and we run "on the scene of battle" like a team of defensive apes trying to establish a beach-head on the fortress of "me first"! We really hadn't stopped to think about it before—but holy cooks, we're kinda glad we did!

Now it seems more funny than serious, but somehow or other, the teachers at school seem of the teachers cried in agony that she would not to see any humor in the situation. One have to start riding the banisters from the third floor if she were to get any lunch—due to the malignant situation—and surely the banisters wouldn't hold up long—even if she did!

Well, we wouldn't like to ruin a teacher's figure, or a banister either; we don't like to keep all the teachers in a dangerous mood around lunch time, either—do we?

On page 466 of the "How To Remedy Such Situations," it plainly states the following recipe for curing the situation:

- "1. Take trays back to window.
- "2. Keep trash off tables and floor.
- "3. Gallop slower 'to and from camp'."

We're going to try to follow that recipe right today and we need, of course, your help. So remember when you start to gallop to the mess hall, muffle the "Hi-Yo Silver" and slow down . . . Don't forget to put your tray back . . . and for maid's sake, keep the trash in the trash can. Thanks!

T. N.

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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Weather forecast for today: fair and colder.

Jupiter Mystifies Weatherman

"'Darnedest' mess I ever saw," one disgruntled G.H.S.'r exclaimed. Of course, he was speaking of our fine North Carolina weather! Such are the thoughts of quite a few North Carolina residents—not only us at G.H.S. It isn't such a problem as it is freakish—but at any rate, we don't seem to know what's coming off! One day we expect snow and what do we get? No, not snow—RAIN! Should we expect rain and drap our raincoats from the hall closet, why, it would be fitting and proper—at least it would be possible and probable—to have a sunny, springish day. Now, of course, we aren't complaining about having warm, sunny days in the grip of winter, but, after all, the girls are anxious to display their "new fur coats," and we would like to know what to expect from Jupiter, who is the ruler of the gods; we're still anxious.

One bright fellow suggested that we shoot the weatherman, but we feel that even this solution does not adequately remedy the prevailing circumstances.

Does anyone have a suggestion, or should we just leave it up to Jupiter's discretion.

Personality Sketches

Yes, believe it or not, my name is BARBARA HUTTON. Sure, I get kidded a lot about it, because that's also the name of the B. H. with all the money. I've always lived in Greensboro, but when I am older I hope to travel quite a bit. Before coming to Senior, I attended Central Junior High. "Yea, Central!"

My favorite pastime is the movies, with skating and, yes, talking rating next. Incidentally, once I am on the telephone no one in my family can get me away from it. My pet hate is homework, and I've been exercising that hate rather vigorously lately.

My favorite books are mysteries and lately I have cultivated a great liking for jazz music. I guess most of my friends know why. As of yet, I have no nickname; but I surely wish I did.

My name is JOE ATTAYEK but I am better known around these here parts as Roy Acuff. I was born in Greensboro on November 9, 1930, in a local hospital. I started school at the unusual age of six, and as time passes along, I find myself here at Senior. I have been at Senior for three years, and love it more and more as the days go by. I plan to graduate in January, 1950, and enter Wake Forest. I have no favorite song and no particular likes with the exception of sports and "Flash."

ROSALIND FORDHAM is my name. I, by the way, am a sophomore very much interested in writing. My ambition is to become a good journalist. I should like to attend Northwestern University and study journalism there.

My favorite subjects are English and Journalism. My hobby is keeping scrapbooks. I am also interested in swimming.

DISC AND DAT

By Elizabeth McCulloch

Nineteen and forty-eight slowly wandered into 49. Another year is passed! The new year holds many surprises in store for us, just as the record shops have many new platters for our turntables.

Since the old year is past, lets put it on the shelf and thumb through the pages of the new year.

We read on the first page that "Buttons and Bows" is still tops. Page two reads: the tune "My Darling, My Darling" is moving out among the best sellers. Jo Stafford and Gordon MacRae team to do this disc which is really a bright interpretation of a swell ballad. The Starlighters lend their voices to the recording. Platter-mate is a romantic ditty entitled "Girls Were Made To Take Care of Boys," from the movie "One Sunday Afternoon."

Page three goes in this manner: "The Money Song" and its flipover "That Certain Party" are becoming favorites. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who team up on this platter, now have a contract with Capitol records.

In the middle of the book, we read that "Lavender Blue (Dilly Dilly)" is truly fitted to the swing and sway treatment of Sammy Kaye. With its perky rhythm, this bright and breezy ballad from Walt Disney's movie "So Dear To My Heart" has as its couplet an oldie "Down Among the Sheltering Palms."

In the back of the book we read something shocking. One of Arthur Godfrey's newest releases (remember "Too Fat Polka") pairs "The Goggle-Eye-Ghee" with "When I Lost You." The former is a delightful tune about two little fishes who meet at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Incidentally, the goggle-eye-ghee is the boy fish, while the giggle-eye-goo is the girl fish.

I leave you now with wishes for a very Happy New Year.

College Day

A new experiment in planning for college educations proved to be a big success yesterday when representatives from numerous North Carolina colleges met to discuss with students, various problems confronting them. Such problems as entrance credits, school life and other phases of college activities were explained to the students, and in some cases to their parents who came over to the school to talk with the representatives.

Much credit is due to both the planners and participants for the fine work and cooperation shown in the final product of the new "Day."

Much more work went into the final stage of development than would meet the eye. There are summaries to be gotten, letters to be written, cards to be lettered, as well as many other minor but important details, which, of course, could not be done without the wonderful help of all who contributed to make the day the success that it was.

Thanks, then, to everyone who helped!

Bev's Brevities

By Beverly Baylor

"WHAT A HOLIDAY!"

. . . exclaimed just about every student at Senior High when asked by your reporter about their Christmas vacation.

Greensboro must be a great place to spend Christmas, judging from the number of people who stayed here instead of celebrating elsewhere. Of course, Joan Klein had to be different and take off to New York. She had a good reason, though—just ask her—and ask her to show you a those souvenirs she brought back.

The holidays got off to a merry start with the school dance on the nineteenth; the Carolinians furnishing the music. The decorations were the best I have ever seen. Orchids to the student council for a great job! Several alumnae were spotted mingling around the dance floor, and the faculty was also well-represented. If a prize had been offered for the cutest dress, it surely would have gone to Joanne Freeman, who was radiant in her black strapless trimmed in red, and bustled in black lace. Katherine Foster's dress was a striking contrast in white taffeta, and she would have probably copped second place.

Next on the social calendar was the Les Soeur's progressive dinner on December 20. Beginning at Beverly Chalk's and Emily Ann Dee's houses for cocktails (tomato juice), next on to Henrietta Bell's for salad, then on to Julia Ann Doggett's for the main course, and ending at Judy Brown's for dessert. Those that didn't kick up their heels at the Carolina Club danced stayed over at Judy's until about twelve.

Just as I predicted, the D.D.T. dance was a sure-fire success! December 22nd was the night that such a crowd as I have never before seen, swarmed into the Greensboro Country Club causing it to fairly burst at the seams. A four piece band provided the music for dancing from nine until one, if you could find the room to dance.

Marilyn Mateer, in spite of her recent accident, looked as pretty as ever in emerald green satin, with a little gold lame cape, and Fay Millican, home for the holidays from Sullins, wore an orchid net dress that was her own creation. Many a curfew hour was extended for the breakfast that Ennis and Pete Quinn gave at their house following the dance for the club members and their dates, but everybody finally got home about three o'clock that morning.

On December 18, the Y-Teens had their annual dance at the Y.W.C.A. with Paul Bell furnishing music, and from what I've heard, the Y-Teens really put on the dog, and had a wonderful dance, with beautiful decorations and all!

Things slowed down a bit after the Youth Center had its dance on December 25th due to the fact that school started again on the 28th, and there certainly were a lot of sleepy, worn-out-looking students making their weary way around the halls and classes at Senior. There was also the largest array of angora and cashmere sweaters around here that has ever been seen before. It seems that this year's style was for the boys and girls to give each other sweaters for Christmas. Of course, there were exceptions. For instance, Mildred Hedrick received an engagement ring from her one and only, and do you suppose Wayland Moore struck gold—and diamonds? He must have from the looks of that gorgeous watch he presented Mary Lane Clement.

Well, Christmas comes and Christmas goes, and now all we have to look forward to is exam week. Oh, so you're not looking forward to exam week? In that case, don't do so much trucking at night, and maybe you can get your hauling done in the daytime. In other words, study hard and pass those all-important exams! Adios everybody, and Happy New Year!

JOKES

Did you hear about the man who stayed up all night to see where the sun went when it went down. Finally it dawned on him.

Overheard in the telephone booth: "Number heck, I want my peanuts."