

"Whatsoever Things Are of Good Report . . ."

Pondering the question of just what Brotherhood Week means is a necessity facing each of us. For what reason? For the reason that each of us must live with persons of different creeds and races, it is imperative that we give considerable thought and time to the simple (or not so simple) task of getting along—understanding each other.

As future citizens of the world, we have a direct bearing on the future of conditions of the world, and as we mature, we should realize the importance of such a bearing.

Hastily criticizing one because of his religion or race is the height of narrowness. Of course, we are not required to stand idly by when a creed threatens harm to us, and it is frequent that one can not dismiss the discussion which may spell danger.

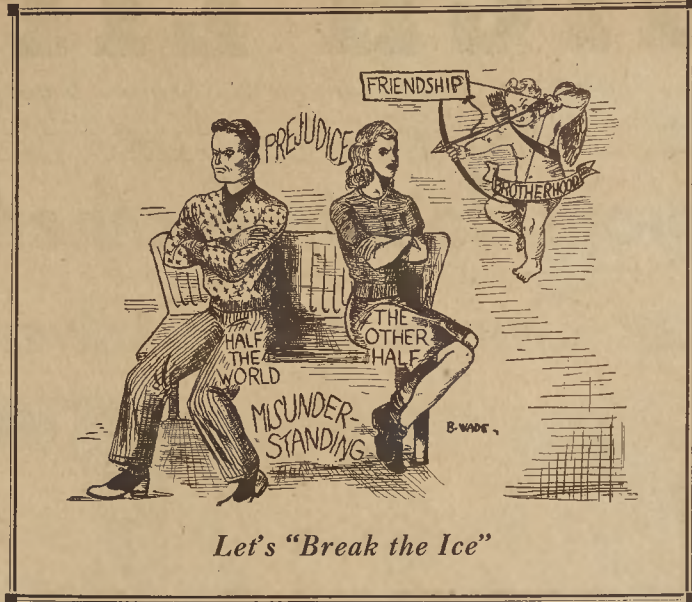
Long ago Saint Paul offered to us our spiritual needs—what our thoughts should rest upon. He wrote, "Whatsoever things are true . . . honest . . . just . . . pure . . . lovely . . . of good report . . . think on these things." (Philippians).

An editorial appearing in the *Boston Herald* on "Child's Spiritual Need" states a beautiful thought. A portion of the article is quoted below:

"The surface of life is easy to see, somewhat easy to deal with, because it is material and can be seen, touched, used at one's pleasure. There are some people who never get beyond the surface. These live with material things, value life in terms of material things, and so in the end find their lives as dust in their mouths . . ."

"The family reared on the love of things have no . . . strength. They find no content in the things they possess. Somebody always has something better and that means another reach, another grasp, onto the end of discontent."

Just because one is a Baptist, he should not feel that he is the only one receiving this "spiritual need," because it is plainly stated that this need is free to all, whether he be Christian or Jew. There is—and there is of right—no ecclesiastical monopoly on the



Let's "Break the Ice"

source of these "spiritual needs," as they are free to all who will work to claim them.

There are many evils facing the world today; one of which is that of racial and religious prejudice. The keynote to the upheaval of the roots of this prejudice is understanding. These roots are not buried too deep in the consciousness of error and misunderstanding that they can not be removed with careful consideration and unprejudiced thinking.

On this Brotherhood Week all of us should try to demonstrate by expressing kindness to all persons, whether they be Christian or Jew, because this "melting pot" of nationalities and of religious differences has become the greatest land on earth through understanding.

Personality Sketch

I, Jack Gooch, happened to bounce into this world of confusion on the twenty-fourth day of August in the year of our Lord, Nineteen-hundred and thirty-two. The world, to me, has always been a place of confusion and calamity, and I hope it will not change for through this calamity we get the thrill of life. I would imagine, you see, I cannot be positive because I'm not much of a psychoanalyst, that my pet thrill in life is the mere fact of living around the fine people that I do. I owe days of gratitude to the teachers who have been able to put up with me in the past, and I hope they will continue to have the same patience. My favorite dish happens to be Italian Spaghetti. I enjoy eating this wonderful dish because of the artistry it requires in winding the spaghetti around the fork. My favorite subjects, outside of music are math and English, especially English Literature. I have no pet peevs, and do not consider myself particular in any manner, so with this small introduction I shall put down my pen and learn how to write.

Just Joking

AIN'T IT SO

Would you like to be an editor? Being an editor is no picnic. If we print jokes people say we are silly. If we don't, they say we are too serious. If we reprint things from other papers, we are too lazy to write ourselves. If we don't, we are too fond of our stuff. If we inadvertently fail to report club meetings, it is because we are jealous. If we do, we are playing favorites. And now, likely as not, someone will say that we swiped this from another paper.

WELL, WE DID—Lakeland Bagpipe.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken to the soul.
'Trust no Future how'er pleasant!
Let the Past bury its dead!
Act, act in the living Present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"
—Longfellow

DISC AND DAT

By Elizabeth McCulloch

"Hi ya Doc," says Bugs Bunny to any interested individual. "What's cookin'?" Answering Bugs, we say, "there's lots stev'ing in the pot this week."

For instance, one of the sweetest and most popular songs gives a swell golden rule for a wonderful and thrilling life. If you're down in the dumps, it runs your blues away and leaves you floating in the clouds. If you haven't already guessed, it is "Powder Your Face With Sunshine." It's number one on the Hit Parade, therefore it must be a peach, and it really is, especially when it's sung by the romantic new baritone Dean Martin. This ditty of a song has as its flipover "Absence Makes The Heart Grow Fonder." Sometimes we don't agree with the last title, but the song implies that it does. Paul Weston and his Orchestra make this Capitol recording superb.

Lonely Little Petunia

By George, our good friend Arthur Godfrey has another successful platter to his credit. Arthur can take any tune, any ditty, put them together, and before you know it, everyone is raving mad over it. His new song hit, waxed by Columbia, is none other than "I'm A Lonely Little Petunia" (in an onion patch). He is aided by Sy Shaffer, and the orchestra that you hear is Archie Bleyers. The flip is "Little Guy" with the Mariners in the background. Incidentally, this song was written by Arthur himself. He seems to be not only a songster but a writer too. The small boy of the lyrics is one of the Little Godfreys.

Bing Sings

Decca has just recently waxed a new hit, "Galway Bay." Bing Crosby croons this Irish, sweet, and sentimental tune about Ireland. Its couplet is "My Girl's An Irish Girl." Bing is at his best, as if he isn't always.

Lonnie Johnson's newest release for King is "So Tired." The words of this hit are sweet and right to the point. The melody is fine and dandy. Lonnie sings like he's never sung before.

"Down By The Station" is a cute little ditty that's sky-rocking to fame and fortune. The latest disc of this is Tommy Dorsey's RCA-Victor recording. Everybody loves Tommy and you and your gang will love this disc to add to your collection.

"Far Away Places" is a Hit Parader and a ballad about far away places with funny sounding names. This wax shiner disc'd by Capitol, with song-styling by Margaret Whiting, has on reverse side "My Own True Love." Because the music is slow, sweet, and dreamy, it provides swell dance music.

Irresistible Perry Como comes your way again with the dreamily paced spinner "By The Way" waxed by RCA-Victor. "For You," on reverse, is an oldie but always wonderful.

Let's dig another platter. "Red Roses For A Blue Lady" by Vaughn Monroe is properly suited for your easy listening. So long for awhile, that is two weeks. Hope you all see Spike Jones and his gang!

Bev's Brevities

By Beverly Baylor

Social News

On February fourteenth, Miss Louise Smith's fourth period English class had a Valentine party. In order that the class could use the time to good advantage, Miss Smith made everybody make a valentine and compose a verse for it. Then the class drew names, and sent a valentine to the person whose name they fished out of the box. Postmaster Bill Sarles delivered these "thoughts of love" after which ice-cream sandwiches were served and everyone joined in the singing of such ballads as, "One Ice-Cream Sandwich For One," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." The highlight of the party, however were the divers valentines received. Oh, those verses! How did it happen that such poetic genius escaped us before now? "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" was dedicated to Harry O'Connor since he was the recipient of not one but three valentines.

Complaint Department

Recently, I received this letter from a reader:

Dear Beverly,

I have been a consistent reader of your column, but not once have I seen my name or any of my friends names in it! What do you have to do around this school to get your name in the paper?

Sincerely,
"Left Out"

Several people have come to me and said this very same thing, but I can not do anything about it unless you help me; after all I'm not a mind-reader! The news that is published in this column is news that I have overheard, or that a student has told me about, so if you know anything about anybody, any funny incidents, or you have a brain-storm and write a little anecdote, just bring it to the HIGH LIFE room last period or see me sometime around school and tell me about it. If it's fit to print, I will put it in the paper.

Just Talking

Bob Murray is really giving his "all" to the talent show which is being sponsored by the Merchant's Association to boost Youth Center membership. Several people were at the audition Monday at the Loft, and it sounded mighty good. It is rumored that a trip to New York is the grand prize. Anybody who has got any talent at all should take advantage of that!

A lot of sleepy-eyed girls came to school Monday morning as a result of the pajama party given by the Sub-Deb club at the Youth Center last Saturday night. Pool tables were used as beds, but it was "much fun" reported Roberta Burgess, holding back a yawn.

Why is it that all important men are born on holidays? A better question still, is why we school kids don't get off for a few of these legal holidays. Of course, some of us do get out on legal holidays, but it isn't legal!

It's hard to believe, but some students have actually missed HIGH LIFE! Practically everybody has been asking about it. One girl came into good ole' room 10, and when we told her that the presses had broken down and we were discontinuing HIGH LIFE, she was horror-stricken! Honest!

Overheard The Other Day

Wright Archer: "A little bird told me what kind of a lawyer your uncle is."
Larry Thomas: "What did he say?"
Wright Archer: "Cheep! Cheep!"
Larry Thomas: "Oh yea, well, a duck just told me what kind of a doctor your Pa is."

Mr. Underwood and Mrs. Mattie Ruth Wilson from Curry are taking Gordon Battle, Tom Neal, and Alice Hardin to New York for five grand days to represent us at Columbia University. They've got great things planned. Anybody want to make a loan of hundred bucks so that yours truly can go?

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