

The Twentieth Century Plague

Ignorance is the worst social illness of the twentieth century.

Our old friend Noah Webster readily informs us that the word "ignorance" means "destitute of knowledge." He goes further to explain that ignorance and illiteracy are two entirely different handicaps. In personifying ignorance, the general picture seems to be a crude, unlettered backwoodsman who has never seen Main Street or heard the clang of city traffic. It never occurs to us that a man who has been offered every educational advantage of our era can be basically ignorant!

How does this virus gain entrance into the system of a literate and relatively intelligent human? It may begin to infect a man who, because he has completed his formal education, closes his mind to new ideas and knowledge, or it can start with the adoption of intolerance. It can even infect a high school student.

Isn't dishonesty, unfortunately too prevalent in high school, born totally of ignorance? Aren't our social and racial prejudices formed during our teens? Haven't you known a seemingly normal student who had to be taken by the hand and led indoors during a Scholastic "rain storm?"

Are you afflicted with the twentieth century plague?

Lipstick Mars \$150,000 Lips

Senior's chic and expensive lips have been marred to the tune of some juvenile delinquent.

For ten years or more, friends and interested persons have been working for a new stadium at Senior High School. It took an Act of the North Carolina General Assembly before the stadium could become our very own.

It seems that the lovely girls are quite jealous for the lack of attention. Let us suggest that the next time an urge is felt to deface Senior's lips—give your emotions an outlet on the animate side and leave the \$150,000 stadium intact for an arena where we may show the state's high schools some of the best sportsmanship in North Carolina.

Don't you agree?

Our Team Is R-e-d Hot

"Our team is red hot! Our team is red hot!" sounds pretty good doesn't it; but sometimes our team must wonder whether or not we realize this. We've had a fine season so far with only two losses, so we must cheer to let the team know we're with them all the way.

Take the Charlotte and Asheville games for example. Although we lost to Charlotte, the game was an excellent show of sportsmanship, and the cheering was really worthy of representing G. H. S.

HIGH LIFE

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Which side do you sit on? Come on and YELL!!

The cheering at the Asheville game was far below par, not because there wasn't a large turn out, but simply because we didn't take the energy to yell loud enough or hard enough.

We realize that sometimes we are too interested in a play to really help out the cheerleaders, or the weather man gives us the rarity of a warm, humid night; but this is by no means always true.

Tonight we play Reidsville here at home, and we certainly want to win. Although we can't all help the team by actually playing, let's put ourselves out front with the team and give out tonight with that lusty "Our team is red hot!"

Encore

It's what we want! Nothing does more for group feeling and fellowship than our community sings in chapel. Frankly, we like 'em.

Group sings are real and vital toward merging a group *en masse* to fellowship and brotherhood. Cynic and crooner alike have something to contribute; and what's more, each person loses his eccentricities and becomes an integral part—no, one becomes Senior High School. Singing is a type of expression which gives the emotions their fullest and deepest meaning. Sorrow, elation, *penseur*, reflection—all, give way to the velvety smooth tonal qualities. If four's a quartet, than 1335 singing at once must be a myriadet.

Why do we like 'em? It's nice to relieve the tension, produce a rippling smile, revitalize fond friendships with an activity designed for everybody. Too, a myriadet is beautiful!

Miss Tuttle, Messrs. Harriman, Hazleman, Arner, give us a chance to encore with you in Senior's chorus.

Poems Composed

The following poems are the results of studying the nature poems of William Cullen Bryant in Mrs. Jeanne Newman's Junior English class. They are the spontaneous work of juniors, accomplished with in a ten-minute period.

A Weeping Willow Tree

Look not for the sadness of the Weeping Tree,
But for the laughter and merriment as it jokes with you and me.

At Dusk

At dusk, when the light is stealing away,
The sinking sun heralds the closing of day.
And the birds in the willows drowsily peep
As the happy old world falls gently asleep.

—Constance Curry.

The sun like a king's golden crown,
Shone with a warm, sweet light.
While the wind blew the fleecy clouds
around,
Like a lion with abounding might.

—Jean Thomas.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Dorothy Dix Hutton

Question—I have been wondering which would make the best wife; a blonde, brunette or red-head. Should a black-headed boy with grey eyes marry a brunett with blue eyes, or a blonde with green eyes? No books in the library cover this information, so I trust you will inform me.—Charles Jones.

Answer—It really makes not a particle of difference unless you have a preference for a certain color of hair in curlers every morning. Of course if you like red lipstick, marry a brunett; pink lipstick, marry a blonde. (Helpful hint: In case you ever change your mind there's always the bottle—providence, that is.).

Platter Chatter

By EVELYN SINK

Hello music lovers! Bear with us through this mood today and you may get a few suggestions about some records or songs, popular and old. When music gets slack and forgets to become famous we have to fall back on our old reliables. This month seems to be the slack time. What is popular has before been mentioned. One thing we haven't mentioned is "Don't Cry Joe." This platter is recorded at its best by Gordon McRae. This son is an odd tune which is making its way to the top. In fact in other parts of the nation it has made its hit and is there to stay.

Some songs are written for the purpose of the words. The music is there and helps make it—but most of the time we love a song for its words. "That Old Feeling" is typical of this description. Next time you hear the song listen closely to the words and see how you like them.

Eddie Howard has made several records lately that are hits. His "Maybe It's Because" and "Jealous Heart" are among his new ones. His old song hits are constantly being played. Everyone enjoys hearing "To Each His Own."

The Dinning Sisters recording of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now" is old but beautiful, also "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" Part 2. Diana Lynn has made a piano version of "Slaughter" with the orchestra background.

The late Buddy Clark made an outstanding record of "You're Breaking My Heart." We will all miss hearing new releases by him and with Doris Day. Speaking of Doris Day (the girl of today) have you heard her singing "Cutting Capers?" She seems to have a good voice for accents, such as "It's Better to Conceal Than Reveal" and "Cafe Rondeous."

Maybe next month will be full of new songs. So until November 4, we'll wait.

Darnell's Doodlings

By Elaine Darnell

What I Like About Being a Senior

Dick Herbin—I like it because I will soon be out of school.

Gordon Battle—No older boys.

Tom Neal—Ask me later.

Nancy Faust—Just glad I am not a Sophomore.

Bob Kennerly—Soon be out of school.

Don Smith—Don't like it.

Bill Campbell—After this Senior year, I will still have another one.

Doug Kincaid—I was one twice.

Shirley Evans—Gee, am I really.

Anne Day—Can't see any difference.

Oreohs To You

Don Vaughn—for your cartoons.

Tom Neal—for your speech at the NCSA.

Mr. Hazelman—for the High School Alma Mater.

Joe Attayek—for your football playing.

Pat Pinyan—for singing solo at football games.

Jere LeGwin—for naming the annual.

Miss Tuttle—for leading student body singing in chapel.

First Period Glee Club—for football game half-time entertainment.

Peggy Eanes is really lucky to be attending the Home Coming dances at Davidson this week-end.

It seems Joanne and Sheow Fu don't know when the dances at the Youth Center begin. They went to the birthday ball at eight and it hadn't started so left and returned about eleven and it was ending. (Tough luck).

Bill Best and Nancy Bulla are one of the new couples, who got their start during the summer.

The fair really seemed to have brought out quite a few couples during its week here. Among those seen were—Nancy Beale and Lindy Brown, Nancy Faust and "Sonny" Hale, Charles Kennedy and Dot Hussey, and Editha Stone and Bill Crawford.

Joane Hendrix and Ann Edwards still seem to be very fond of those follows at Oak Ridge.

Patsy Eanes is still corresponding with a certain someone, who is attending Hampden-Sydney College.

When Jimmie Davidson and Joane Dick attended the out-of-town football games, they really believe in making a night of it, but why not?

Editha Stone and Bill Crawford are still getting along fine, and I hear they had a wonderful time at the beach last week-end.

Voting for superlatives so early in the year came as a surprise but since everyone is so proud to be having an annual, they really didn't mind. Just hope the secret of the winners can be kept.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

"Let all live as they would die."

—George Herbert

"He who learns and learns and uses not what he knows is like the man who plows and plows and never sows."

—Author Unknown

"From now until the end of time no one else will ever see life with my eyes, and I mean to make the most of my chance."

—Christopher Morley

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VIEWPOINTS

"How desperately difficult it is to be honest with oneself. It is much easier to be honest with other people."

—Edward F. Benson

The bird its thrilling notes doth sing. It seems as if some bells should ring. The flowers nod their pretty heads. "God's near" is what they said.

—Betty Jones

* * *

I WON'T is a tramp. I CAN'T is a quitter. I DON'T KNOW is lazy. I WISH I COULD is a wisher. I WILL is at work. I DID is now the boss.