

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.

We've Got A Team

"Boy, is our team great! I can't wait for the game tonight." Such comments as these are among the many heard around Senior High praising our football team.

Have you ever stopped to think what makes our team what it is? Sure, you answer, our players are good and have had the training. But it takes more than mere training to put that extra zip into a group. The spirit of this year's student body has helped the team immeasurably. Without support a football squad will fall apart. Everytime this year you have bought a ticket, given an extra loud yell at a game, or merely told a player you hoped they would win, you may have added an extra point to the score in our favor.

Keep up the wonderful spirit and backing and we're bound to have a winning team.

It's Time for a Change

Members of the party in power at G. H. S. have added another course to the vocational training program now offered. Many enterprising individuals are enrolled in this class which gives no credit but requires hours of brain-breaking labor. Secret police, it is said, are watching at all times to see that this job is carried out with the proper spirit.

As the lunch bell rings, hoards of eager recruits surge toward the building and converge on the newly polished tables, taking care to bring for lunch only those articles which require packing in rolls of paper and that have juice which can be left on the tables as permanent evidence of their spirit.

Unfortunate nibblers who linger over their food are apt to find their lunches hidden by empty milk bottles and dishes which they have evidently promised to take to the window for a friend. This tray usually is left on the table as a centerpiece. Each week the party leaders give a prize for the table most effectively arranged with scraps.

However, an underground group has revolution in progress, it is rumored. According to reliable sources this group, led by one Lody Glenn, is encouraging members of the party in sabotage, and some have actually been arrested in the act of clearing the tables.

At the risk of being branded subversive, this publication is placing its facilities with the resistance and repeats the slogan, 'It's Time For A Change.'

HIGH LIFE

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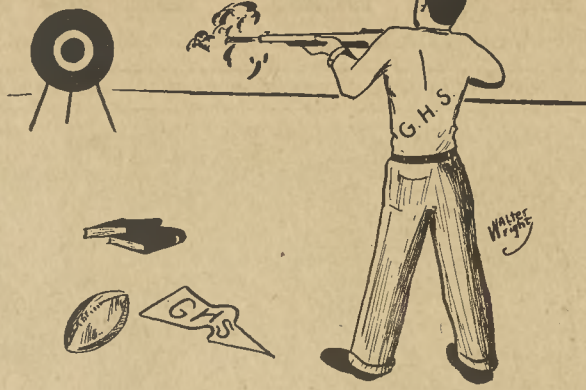
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We're Hitting The Target In School Spirit



Exercise The Right

Tomorrow, October 3, many Greensboro residents will go to the polls, or we hope they plan to do this. The bond issue under debate at this time affects each student in the state, vitally. There is a proposed \$50,000,000 plan for additions and permanent improvements in the North Carolina schools, and a \$22,000,000 one for aid to the mental hospitals in the state.

Overcrowded conditions here in Greensboro have been brought forcibly to the attention of the public with classes in auditoriums and hallways, and half-day schedules necessary for many. This proposed program will provide more modern facilities for the use of students and teachers and raise the educational standards of the state.

This last statement should be enough to make the issue carry unanimously, for North Carolina ranks second to almost none in its lack of educational opportunities and facilities for everyone.

Urge parents and friends of voting age to get out tomorrow and cast a ballot for the aid of today's students and tomorrow's world leaders.

IN SYMPATHY

On behalf of the students of Greensboro High School we wish to express deepest sympathy to Miss Lucille Browne in the death of her father.

Diane Schwartz

School Pidgeon



Kaelin 'n Godwin

Cupid, who has rarely shot his arrows in pairs this year, HAS scored a couple of hits, as proved by these frequently seen couples:

Marian Thompson and Tommy Smith.

Barbara Flynn and Bennett Murray.

Sylvia Murphy and Doug White.

Sylvia Collins and a Kinston boy.

Sara Tetterton and Frank Burton.

Joyce Steele and Joe Kerley.

Jane Cheek and Donnie De Santo.

Kelley, you better start walking the chalk line by watching what you say before T. V. programs.

If you happened to see some boys plowing through Country Club lake Saturday night or Julie Redhead and Martha Burnet running up Elm Street, don't think they were all 'gone' for they, poor dears, were

on the First Presbyterian's scavenger hunt.

If sophomore gals keep getting cuter, we senior girls are gonna need a tutor!

Multiple Choice

1. Where is Forbes Ramsey's and Bill Turner's new hangout?
Women's College, Public Library, Public Museum.

2. Why did Gwen Christiansen, Pat Helgeson, Carolyn Paschal, Lina H. Farr, Ann Cole and several other mis-led souls have on those strange outfits in front of the Carolina Theatre Saturday night?

Preparing to raid Mars, G. W. I. initiation, Applying for a chorus line position.

We hear Pat Harrison had a big ball week-end before last. How about it, Cordelia Goodnight and Nancy Parker?

Dig those crazy ties of Manzi's He's gottem now designed with Panzis!
They're red, they're blue, they're even gray.
Nobody else has ties that gay!!!!

Copy Right

"Dawn In The Winter Woods" and "Street Scene" are the first contributions of Robert Moseley and Jerry Matherly to the newly formed creative writing class, taught by Mr. Lacy Anderson.

Dawn In The Winter Woods

The great forest is still. Nothing stirs and yet there is a feeling of expectancy all around as if all nature were waiting for the coming of the new day. High above the treetops the constellations of the season form their ageless patterns. I re-adjust my seat beneath a great oak and wait. The winter fog coats every twig in the forest with rime, and frost springs up in feathery forms three or four inches high. My feet and hands are like blocks of wood, and it requires a conscious effort of will to make my numbed fingers perform such a simple task as tying shoe laces. Every exhalation of breath is a study in cloud formation. Then the first rosy blush in the eastern sky, fading stars overhead, and finally above a far horizon a golden sun appears, returning warmth to my frozen limbs and chasing away the numbing cold.

Life emerges once again, and the whole forest echos with the scrapings and scamperings of the shy children of the wild. I hear the rustle of their footfalls among the frosty leaves, while high up in the trees which stand like dark silhouettes against the sky, I glimpse the agile gray forms of squirrels leaping from limb to limb. One has not seen Nature at her best until he has experienced the magic of her dawn.—Robert Moseley

Street Scene—New York August

He went to the window, pulled back the lace curtain, raised the window and sat down on the ledge. He looked down to the street below.

It looked like a shimmering mirror in the heat of August. On each side were crowded, depressing tenements and little stores. Few cars passed over it, and the ragged tenement children were able to play games there, provided they could afford shoes, for the pavement was as hot as they would like their heaters to be in winter.

If the street was empty, then the sidewalks held a multitude: housewives in their cheap cotton dresses picking and arguing over the bright array of musky smelling wares belonging to an oily Italian vendor; the old people sitting on the steps, sunning themselves, as if they knew that soon cold nights would come; the smallest children playing marbles and hopscotch on a pre-sprinkled pavement; cop walking along the street swinging his blackjack and managing to smile and take an occasional apple despite his obvious discomfort in his blue suit; the young girls in their multicolored dress flirting with the shirtless young men in drab corduroys; the German butcher putting out a new sign saying that the price of his meat had again risen; a fish vendor with the stiff fish lying in a bed of dirty ice and giving a strong smell to the entire area around the cart.

And above the streets, in the windows of the tenements: women with their hair in their face trying to catch what little air there was; babies tied to the window sills sucking lumps of sugar, dirty pacifiers, or quite often just crying as loud as their immature and weak lungs would stand; and from those windows the smells of one thousand dinners and centuries of living. Above all were the smells.

Slowly the scene blurred and melted into one mural of distorted sights, sounds, and nauseating odors. The man in the window closed his eyes for one brief moment. From some far more prosperous region he could hear automobile horns and visualize quiet, sedate homes lined against a street filled with large, shiny cars.

The window slammed down; the curtains fell in place.—Jerry Matherly