


## HIGH LIFE

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School

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May 26, 1944



## As Time Goes By—A Prophecy

"What's all the crowd for?" I asked a man on the fringe of a huge gathering at the Greensboro station.

"Didn't you know? Leon Hayes, the great chemist, is returning from the Himalaya mountains where he has spent the last ten years studying special rock formations—"

But I had ceased to listen. Leon Hayes, the great internationally known expert, who was an old school mate of mine, was paying a visit to Greensboro! I wondered nervously if he would remember me.

When the train arrived and the great man stepped upon the platform, he was swallowed up by the cheering crowd. When at last I elbowed my way to him, he grabbed my hand.

"Joe! Gosh, Pal, it's good to see you! Let's go some place where we can talk."

Seated in my library, he relaxed in his comfortable chair.

"Tell me where everybody is and what they are doing," he commanded.

"Well—" The radio which we had just turned on suddenly warmed up and blared out, interrupting me. The raucous voice of the announcer was saying:

"... dead or alive. This announcement comes from Pete Miller, chief of police.

"News from Washington: Congressman Edgar Alston broke the record today in the House of Representatives when he held the floor for seven and a half hours. Congressman John Sevier, opposing Alston on the question, said today as he left the Capitol (and we quote): 'The only conclusion which may possibly be drawn is that the evidence is evident' (unquote).

"Rear Admiral Wilbur Turrentine of Annapolis and Army Air Corps General Dan Warren are said to be conferring in Washington upon important military affairs.

"Ed Gentry, new commandant of the United States Marine Corps, announces a change in the uniform of that branch of the service. Says General Gentry, from the nation's capital, 'The uniforms are to be purple and gold instead of the traditional gray-green.'"

"Flash! Nobel prize winner for 1954 is the current best-seller, 'Don't Tell Me Your

Troubles,' by the most famous writing team since Addison and Steele, Jimmy Rawlins and Beverly Bell.

"Flash! Jase 'Lefty' Rawls, famous big-leaguer, has signed with the St. Louis Cardinals as No. 1 pitcher. His former school pals, Joe Showfety and Bill Ballinger, are with the New York Giants at present.

"And so we end our daily news analysis. Stay tuned to this station for the commentary by Irwin Smallwood, famous sports commentator, on the football game between the famous professional teams captained by Louis Shores and Robert Apple. And don't forget that on their weekly presentation of the opera, the Metropolitan Opera company presents the famous Phyllis Fincher, golden-voiced queen of stage and screen, supported by the celebrated quartet consisting of Jean Bradley, Mary Glendinning, Brantley Greeson and Numa Knight, in 'Faust.'

"And now we wish to switch to the Columbia Broadcasting System for a program from Radio City featuring Dick Eichhorn at the Console."

We had listened intently to the whole broadcast. Now, as I switched off the radio, Leon glanced at his watch.

"Just time enough to make my train," he said. "I have to be in Washington to confer with the President about some important discoveries which I have made."

As we rounded the corner by the station, we almost collided with a beautiful blonde equipped with field glasses and peering intently in all directions.

Leon stared after her. "Pat Carberry! Is she still looking for a man?"

Once again inside the station, we ran across a group of well known socialites, Jean Coble, Meggie Cloninger, Anne Keyes, Anne Millikan, and Susan Ellis, escorted by local playboys Ed Alexander, Bill Bentley, Bill Anton, Gene Thomas, and Karl Kanoy.

As his train came in, I suddenly remembered something which I wanted to ask him. As he jumped on the train he answered:

"Laurena? Oh, she's taking her M.A. at Harvard."

"Oh, well, hope I see you again soon," I called. "Say 'hello' to Franklin D. for me!"

## STUDENT STUFF



By JIMMY RAWLINS

Well, gang, this is it—the end toward which we have all been bleeding, sweating and toiling, some for two years, others for three years, and a few of us for longer. It's been a long, hard grind, but it has been fun, too. I only hope the rest of you have gotten as big a kick out of it as I have. Of course each graduating class thinks it is about the best one that ever came along, but I think we ARE a pretty good one. If you folks who are staying over for one reason or another have one next year that is half as good, you'll be doing pretty well. When you have been over here a while and get ready to graduate, you think right much—not especially the important things, but something that just sticks in your mind for some reason or other. Little things that have happened that make going to high school the experience it is.

The majority of the things I think about have to do with sports. For instance, the day in 1941 I went to the doctor with Tom Aydelette two weeks after it happened and found out that the leg he thought he had twisted was broken . . . the look on Gus Paschal's face when he missed a shot in the final seconds of a state championship basketball game with Greensboro two points behind . . . Gene Gottschalk's pitching the Whirlies right into a state championship in baseball . . . "Jabbo" Johnson who knew almost as much baseball as he did physics—or maybe it was the other way around . . . Sarah Conrad being voted the best looking girl in her graduating class—a selection we have never disputed . . . Douglas Hunt's oratory . . . Sheeple Lamb, Bennett Newell, Tom Aydelette and Jase Ralls—four of the best all-around athletes G. H. S. ever produced . . . Louis Allen making all-conference, all-state and all-southern as tackle from the Whirlies . . . The junior-senior prom two years ago when Burrhead Sanders was in charge, and Freddy Johnson's outfit furnished the music and I dated an angel . . . Rocky Mount kicking the Whirlie gridders 34-6 in 1940 and meeting them again for the state championship and losing 7-0 . . . Max Trull's driving for the touchdown in that game.

Not only that, but you think of people too. Mr. Routh, who has a job you couldn't pay me enough to take. He's punished you in one way or another, perhaps. I know he has me, but perhaps you think you got a raw deal; I don't. If you will think back and take everything into consideration, I think you will find that he's been pretty square with you . . . Coach Jamieson, who has consistently turned out more good football and basketball teams, I suppose, than any other man in the state . . . Jase Ralls, one of the best by-products of Jamieson's handiwork. He played two years of basketball and baseball and was a cheerleader for the football team. Then this past season he came out for football and made one of the best quarterbacks G. H. S. has had in a long time. His coolness in the hot moments of the game paid off more than once, not only in football, but in basketball as well. You can have your hot and fiery fellows who work themselves and the team into a nervous frenzy, but for my money gimme a steady guy like Jase drivin' them winners home . . . Virginia Peoples, a blonde vision of loveliness. One of the only girls I have ever seen with short hair that I thought was good-looking . . . The Fayetteville football game of this past season which we won 38-0 . . . Bob Apple and Frank Curran representing G. H. S. in the annual Shrine all-star game in Charlotte and making a fine showing for themselves (in more ways than one. They tell me that Apple took all the rest of the boys' money in a little game of skill and chance) . . . Bill Piephoff, without a doubt the best miler in the state, and the look on his face when he rounded the last turn and headed into the final stretch of the mile at the state meet this spring . . . Little Phil Feeiney romping home with both the 100 and the 220-yard dashes at the state meet.

They've all been wonderful and it thrills me to think about them, but one of the biggest thrills I have gotten over here has been writing this column. I don't see how you have put up with me for nine months, and I want to thank you all for the many compliments you have paid me. You have all been wonderful and in case I don't get the chance to see some of you I want to take the opportunity now to say, "Good by, good luck, and God bless you!"

## War Year

Senior high students this year, more than ever, have really proved their mettle. The going has been tough, but despite the wartime conditions, the students here who leave to go out into the world after next Friday night have worked hard and made it one of the best years ever at Senior high.

Interscholastic athletics were continued, and on a large scale too. The debating club kept up the good work. The music departments didn't quit functioning. High Life was published. The cafeteria kept serving the best meals for the lowest prices possible. Our library was restocked with the newest books. And we are having the regular complete graduation program students have had for all these years.

It has been a prime year at Senior. We of the High Life staff sincerely believe that the seniors this year, to a great extent, deserve more praise than any former graduating class. They have been under the biggest strain ever and have come out of the struggle in the true championship form. Nice going seniors!

## To Sail Beyond . . .

"To sail beyond the sunset till I die; to strive, to seek to find, and not to yield . . ." These were the words of the great Greek warrior Ulysses as he faced the last years of his life.

To us today, on the very threshold of things yet to come, these words must hold a challenge . . . a goal to be reached. How we go about this depends on two things . . . the way we have trained ourselves to do things in the past and what we shall do with our lives in the future.

If in our school years, we have learned to work for a thing, to keep trying until it is achieved and above all, not to quit or be turned back by seemingly large odds, then it is certain that future obstacles can be overcome without too much difficulty. On the other hand, a person whose school record is a succession of failures or courses dropped, needs to make a clean break with his past. And now is the time. The set of the sail determines the course of the ship.

## D-Day

When D-Day is on the calendar, we do not know. But we know that as the tides of war reach this climax many men will die—men who wanted to live but died that others may live.

Casualty lists may bear the name of someone you know or perhaps your father or brother. The inscription on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier will describe scores of Americans who fell before a ruthless foe: "Here lies in honored glory an American soldier known but to God."

## Last Will and Testament

We, the members of the Senior class of 1944, being sound of both mind and body, do hereby will and bequeath these our most valued possessions to the following:

Allene and Irwin, the perpetual twosome, leave their romancing to Bertha and Wayne.

Ed Alston surrenders his radical ideas and fiery orations to Yancey Culton.

Kay Hunt bequeaths her "come hither" look to Virginia Groome.

Gene Thomas leaves his perfected technique to Harrison Barbee.

"Butch," Sarah, and Alice leave their magic touch with a basketball to anyone who can match their record.

"Jase" Ralls passes on his athletic ability to Paul Lawhorne.

Eleanor Singletary bequeaths her "mile-a-minute" conversational ability to Corinne Grimsley.

Ed Alexander donates his hair, eyes, etc., to Jack Elkins, who is doing all right without them.

Dorothy Hunter wills the grand piano in the music room to anyone who promises to dust it.

Bill Jones is the fortunate recipient of Pete Miller's sarcasm.

Sally Waddell leaves her vim, vigor and vitality to Jane Holt.

Suzanne Ellis donates her sweater stretch-er to Mary Anne Chamberlain.

Margaret Barnes leaves her unfinished short stories to anyone who can untangle the plots.

"Tep-cat" Glendinning wills his dancing to Jay Schenck.

Shirley Flowers leaves her collection of jewelry to another collector, Margaret Ann Donald.

The graduating Sea Scouts leave the prospect of happy sailing at High Rock next year to their younger brothers.

Anne Keyes bequeaths her winning personality to Pat Hole.

Annie Ben Beale wills her grey "knitty-knub" sweater to Jean Tucker, another of Numa's ex-flames.

Thettis Hoffner presents her intellectual ability to Annie Charles Smith, who is getting along very well without more.

Margie Cook bequeaths Phil Baker's identification bracelet to all the junior girls.

Howard Bell leaves his muscular physique to Bobby Brimmer.

Don Everett wills his famous comic strip, "Perils of Miss Pike," to Ray Dilly.

Bill Bogart wills his B-Press copyright to Adger Williams.

Jimmy Brown leaves his yellow suspenders to Bill Lybrook.

Ed Mulvey bequeaths his false teeth, the kind you can take out at will, to Carl Coker.

Connie Hoek leaves her gay sparkling wit to Nancy Sewell.

Howard Morris leaves to Ed Mabry lots of luck in leading our school next year. The seniors hope Ed will do as good a job as Howard did for us.

Joy Blumenthal leaves her many letters from Chapel Hill to "Reedie" Graham.

Jimmie Rawlins leaves his ability to get along with Miss Pike to Leland Greenberg, another "gink."

Since the time of our sojourn is fast drawing to a close, we do bequeath to the junior class our seats in chapel, and our dignity, hoping they will make better use of them than we have. They are welcome, too, to all the chewing gum hastily deposited by us beneath the desks in our classrooms.

In witness whereof we do set our hands and seals this 26th day of May, 1944.

THE SENIOR CLASS

## Senior Statistics

Virginia Lowman gleaned these statistics of the senior class from the many files hopping that it would be accurate down to the very last pound.

The senior class giant this year weighs 38,465 pounds or 19 tons, 465 pounds, is 1802 feet in height, and 4,945 years old. Some fellow, isn't he?

With some of the boys beckoned into the army by Uncle Sam, the girls reign supreme in numbers, at least, with 200 of the fairer sex to 125 males. But of these remaining 125, only six may be classed as nice, shy boys, with all the rest answering to the name of "wolf in sheep's clothing."

Of the 325 seniors, 263 are graduating after spending only two years at high school, while 60 have been here for three years; and, of course, Jimmy Rawlins, Bob Apple and Don Everett, who have become institutions rather than students.

The lucky survivors of the 27 fights this year number three, with the remaining 51 existing but sadly hindered in their education by black eyes, broken teeth, etc.

Windows seemed to have the same allure as usual for boys' hands, and 212 met their fate with the all-time low of only two confessions of this crime.