

Where Credit Is Due . . .

A senior class at commencement traditionally look back on their high school days and shed theoretical tears for all they are leaving behind. They remember parties, ball games, hugging the radiators on cold mornings, the noise and confusion on the main floor at lunch time on a rainy day — they remember cramming for exams, class day, graduation night, and a cute little junior they will probably never see again. They remember — and in the midst of their wild and distorted memories, the chaos of the past, certain memories will have a quiet place reserved where now and then one may go back to them and graze in the pastoral significance they have had on later life.

When we, here at G. H. S., graduate, we can carry with us such a memory, if we have wisdom enough to grasp it. That memory is personified in the faculty.

There are others, of course, but one in particular stands out. He is as much a part of G.H.S. as education itself. We could enumerate his qualities of character, but they stand for themselves. He has done much for G. H. S., and much for high school boys and girls outside of school through his work with the Y. M. C. A. and his interest in the Youth Center.

What he has done for each of us in a quiet, unpretentious way must not be overlooked as we come to the close of the school year.

Of course, we could be speaking only of Principal A. Paul Routh.

The Time Has Come . . .

Exactly one school week from today, our seniors will receive their diplomas and leave us, never to return again as students.

Although graduation is partially a happy, joyous occasion, there is a definite tinge of sadness as well. Old times and old friends are left behind, some of them never to see or experience again, but only to remember. But with heads high in defiance to fear and the high, unknown wall of the future which stands before them, they will leave, as other senior classes have left before them, to carve for themselves a portion of life which will best represent their ideals.

As the class prepares to leave, amidst the rush and whirlwind confusion of final exams, class day exercises, and the thousands of little things which can never be finished at a time like this, it is a good time for all of us to look back over the preceding year. It is a time to determine what has been accomplished; to seek out and uncover our failures as well as our victories.

To our seniors at this time we wish a fond farewell and the best of luck. They are not facing an easy prospect, but it is a challenge we are sure they can meet. We are proud of them!

Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of 1948, of Greensboro Senior High School, being about to pass out of this sphere of education, in full possession of crammed mind, well-trained memory, and almost superhuman understanding, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises made by us heretofore.

Item 1: We give and bequeath to the dear faculty, who have been our instructors in all the wisdom of the ages a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams.

Item 2: We give and bequeath to Greensboro Senior High School, as a whole, our dear old school song. This song is to become the possession of the school on condition that it shall ever be kept in constant use so that it may not become dull and spiritless through lack of proper practice and enthusiasm.

Item 3: We give and bequeath to the Junior Class all such boys as were not able to keep pace with such brilliant girls as compose the majority of our class, trusting that the Junior girls may be able to hold firmly to them and steer them next year through the gates of commencement.

Item 4: The following may seem but trifling bequests, but we hope they may be accepted, not as worthless things lavishly thrown away because we can no longer keep them, but invaluable assets to those who may receive them, and a continual reminder of the generosity of heart displayed in our free and full bestowal:

- 1st—Andy Bell leaves his jelly-beans to whoever indulges.
- 2nd—Dennis Fortune leaves his pick of pink admit slips to Sid Villines.
- 3rd—Catherine Dicks leaves her swing to Mary Lane Clement.
- 4th—Jim Troxler leaves his place in the skies to Nancy Bullock.
- 5th—Marcia Furnas leaves her tennis ability to Jerry Fletcher.
- 6th—Barbara Duniwant leaves Jim!
- 7th—Bob McPeeters leaves his Atomic bomb to Mr. Bird.
- 8th—Helen Latham leaves her baton to future majorettes.
- 9th—Bill Ledford leaves his ability to speak to people to Mervine Squier.
- 10th—Larry Lambeth leaves!
- 11th—Nancy Smith leaves her directing ability to Miss Tuttle.
- 12th—Lib Dockery leaves her boots and saddle to Anne Russell.
- 13th—Jimmy Alspaugh leaves the planning of the school annual to anybody strong enough to undertake it.
- 14th—Frances Newton leaves Betty Jean Pope all her running speed in getting up work.
- 15th—Julian McGee leaves his vitamin pills to Wright Archer.
- 16th—Lowell Dryzer leaves his stupid pants to Sidney Smith.
- 17th—Joanne Mingia leaves her silly questions to Margaret Osborne.
- 18th—Doug Galyon leaves Anne Rudd (Much to his regret).
- 19th—Glenna DeWitt leaves her walk to Julia Ann Doggett, our future Vice-president.
- 20th—Polly White leaves her column in HIGH LIFE to Y.

Item 5: To the student body as a whole, we leave our assorted gum, bottles (peroxide and otherwise) water pistols and bombs.

Item 6: Last comes the one thing hardest for us to part with. To our successors we must leave our places in the hearts and thoughts of our Principal and teachers. They will love them, unworthy as we feel they are, even as they have loved us; they will show them the same tender kindness and attention that they have bestowed upon us; they will feel the same interest in their attempt and successes; the same sorrow when they fail. We trust that the Class of 1949 will appreciate all this as deeply as we have, that it may be their most precious possession, as it has been ours, and the one we really hate to turn over to them.

Besides these gifts, we leave—not of necessity but of our own free will—the tender memories of our pleasant associations together, and a pledge of friendship from henceforth and forever.

In witness, whereof, We, the Class of 1948, the testors, have to this our will set our hands and seal the 26th day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand nine hundred and forty-eight.

Signed with
Three-hundred and fifty X's
By the members of the
Senior Class of '48

Prophecy

Prophecy of the Senior class, as read during the Class Day program this morning, is reproduced below:

Swami: I see Bradley Faircloth. He and Bill Hunsucker have quit fighting.
Andy: Did they bury the hatchet?
Swami: No, they buried Hunsucker.
Barry: What else can you see, Swami?
Swami: Senator Joe Johnson from Jamestown, N. C., made the motion on the floor of the Senate that Jamestown be made the state capital.
Barry: What happened?
Swami: The motion was thrown out—followed by Joe Johnson.
Andy: Tell us more about our classmate, Swami.
Swami: There's Julian McGee receiving an honor. He's been voted Mr. Roadblock of 1957. I see Tal Henry. Tal is very much in demand these days. In fact he's wanted in eight states. Donnie Prago qualified for the Master's Golf Tournament in Augusta last week with a sizzling 59. He is expected to play the second nine sometime this week.

Barry: How are some of the other Whirlie Athletes making out in the field of sports?

Swami: Well, the Greensboro Patriots have a lot of former Greensboro High School talent. They are currently leading the Carolina League with a remarkable record of 120 wins against no defeats. Their leading pitcher is none other than Bill (Fireball) Baxter. He was recently optioned to the Pats from their farm club, the Muirs Chapel Red Sox. Charlie Nelson is having his best year in baseball with the Pats this year. He has won 42 games and lost none. He has pitched 12 no-hit games so far.

Andy: Are there anymore Greensboro boys on the team?

Swami: Yes. On first base we have Young Dennis Fortune. Incidentally, in the right field bleachers, you find one of his most ardent admirers, Frances (Fig) Newton. Bobby Crews is on second base tonight, but he is also an outstanding twirler. His father, however, is no longer on the Police Force. It seems he took up umpiring immediately after he found out Bobby was going to pitch. Red Frazier is making quite a name for himself playing short stop for the locals. He boasts a batting average never before attained by any other baseball player. His first year in organized baseball, he hit .999. He hit 432 home runs, 308 triples, 258 doubles, and 1 single. Barney Cates holds down the hot corner replacing one of his neighbors, Vernon "Sheepy" Lamb. Barney has an amazing fielding record. Out of 1823 chances he has only erred one ball. He has made 139 unassisted triple plays. Warren Leonard is the leading catcher for the Patriots but he is expected to be farmed to the Proximity Reds next season to make room for Dick Elkins who is now graduating from high school.

Barry: What year did you say this was, Swami?

Swami: 1957. Why?
Barry: Well, I just wondered. He was 29 years old his last birthday.

Andy: How about some of the other outstanding students, Swami?

Swami: Gub Buckner has just bought a newspaper.

Andy: Is that a fact? What did he pay for it?

Swami: Five cents. It was a late edition. —Lowell Dryzer shot some sensational pictures of a rare eclipse. Mars and Saturn swung into line with Venus while Neptune and Pluto came perpendicular to earth which was on the wrong side of the moon at the time. It happens once every 1,000,000,000,000 years.

Barry: Dryzer must be famous.

Swami: No—he left the film in the hypo too long and what came out looks like a Hindoo shoveling charcoal at midnight.—Ah, I see Nancy Goff, and there's

The Last Word

By Polly White

Since we do not have an annual and this is the last issue of HIGH LIFE, the paper always prints a class prophecy, the last will and testament and various other remembrances that an annual would contain. I am filling my column this time with jokes and wise cracks, for an annual would not be complete without them.

A gangster rushed into a saloon, shooting right and left and yelling, "All you dirty skunks get outta here!"

The customers fled in a hail of bullets— all except an Englishman who stood at the bar calmly finishing his drink.

"Well?" snapped the gangster, waving his smoking gun.

"Well?" said the Englishman, "there certainly were a lot of them, weren't there?"

Elsa Garrity stopped for a red light and failed to drive on when the light turned green. When the light turned green for a second time, a traffic officer walked over to the car and said politely, "What's the matter, sister, ain't we got no color you like?"

Ann Rudd: You have such friendly eyes.

Doug Galyon: Gee, thanks.

Ann: Yes, they are always looking at each other.

In a crowded movie house a young man was just about to sit down in one of a pair of seats when he was abruptly pushed off his balance by a woman with her husband. Before he could recover, the couple had plunged into the seats. "Sorry my friend," said the husband "we beat you." "That's all right," said the young man. "I hope you and your mother enjoy the show."

Bradley Faircloth: I have to pick up a girl on the square at six o'clock.

Don Prago: Who is she?

Bradley: How should I know who's going to be on the square at six o'clock?

Hazel Steel: I'm knitting something to keep Brown happy.

Pat Anderson: Oh, a sweater?

Hazel: No, a bathing suit.

Most everyone has a pet slang word or funny expression he or she uses more than any other. They use this expression when speaking of anything from a hot fudge sundae to an algebra exam. The following are a collection of slang expressions characteristic of various GHS students: Ted Thompson: That's real great! Fran Pearman: Hang! Dot Ballinger: My stars! Johnny Story: Hey! How you? Lynn Goodman: Garden seed (that's a new one on me.) Bill Smith: Dad-burn. Yvonne Schwiestriss: My heavens. Pat Dobson: Oh, Golly! Bobby Crews: Heck, if I know. Jimmy Baker: Aint that hateful? Glenna DeWitt: plumb perty. Harry O'Connor: Forget it, will 'ya? Gail Schaffert: Aw, gosh! Spencer Blaylock: Sugar. Hub Johnston: And there they go!

As the cocker spaniel said to the dacheund—

So long!

June Blumenthal still in there fighting for the Youth Center.—Bill Desanto has a finger in a nation-wide transportation deal. Yes—he's going to thumb across the country.—Now Aaron Alred has a vital position in the Business Center of Greensboro. He's traffic chief at the square. Yes, Dennis Fortune saves him a paper every morning.

Barry: But, what has become of all the other members of our class.

Swami: Well, let's see many of the boys were drafted and they all became Generals.

Barry: Generals!


Swami: Well—more or less—Then so many entered matrimony, and they are busy keeping the home going.

Barry: Does that take care of all—


Swami: Well, there still others who entered higher institutions of learning—and they are still studying, but there aren't many of those.

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