

Thanks for the Memories

As quite a few of present GHS students will be leaving here in a few days for good, there is the same feeling in the hearts of most of them. "There's so much I'm glad I did, and there's so much more I wish I had done." That short sentence is the sentiment of most Seniors, as they depart. Your high school days are one of the most important periods of your life—if not the most important. They're the years in which most of us create our own opinions and our own philosophy of life. Some of us, when it's all over, realize how much more we should have taken part in. This is the word of advice we would like to hand out to you who will follow in our tracks. Take advantage of everything GHS offers you. GHS is equipped to make you a well-rounded person. It's completely your own fault if you fail to take advantage of all it offers you.

As a parting word, we'd like to say: surely someone has said to you, "You're living the happiest times of your life now," and you've probably shrugged your shoulders and said, "Not me!" Well, we Seniors are just at the point now when we're capable of realizing that fact. We—like you—never believed it before either. Nevertheless, it's the truth. Now we, soft-hearted and hard-hearted alike, have a little mist in our eyes, because we have to leave what has been ours for the past three years.

Our Goodbye

The time has come when we Seniors begin to say our goodbyes and start thinking about what may lie ahead in the future for each one of us. Now we are all at the same mark in the road. From here on out, many of us will travel at a slow pace, while others will in a sense gallop to their goal. The important thing is that we set a goal—not how to travel it. Life isn't worth living without a promise of future success. Our only problem is how to decide the road to our happiness.

There are numerous fields to be chosen in 1951. It is enormously different from the times of yesterday—when a girl could either be a nurse, teacher, or more than likely a housewife; or when a boy would be a doctor, farmer, or factory man. Now the fields are varied and there are certainly more than enough to suit any type of person. Think what field of endeavor your life would be most happy in and grab the chance. Happiness is what everyone yearns for in his lifetime. Unless you find exactly the field you are suited for, your chances are doubtful. Let's all sit down and for once plan a little ahead—whether it's college immediately or work—we should give it a lot of heavy thought. High Life now would like to wish all of you, the Seniors, the best of luck always.

We, the Class of 1951, citizens and residents of the City of Greensboro, Guilford County, North Carolina, being of sound minds and memory; but considering and realizing the uncertainty of our high school existence, desiring to provide for the final disposition of our property of whatsoever kind and description, and all of our estate, do hereby revoke and declare utterly void, ineffective and invalid, all wills, codicils and other testamentary documents of instruments heretofore made and executed by us, and we do make, declare and publish and constitute this our Last Will and Testament, in the manner and form as follows:

ITEM ONE

We direct that our diplomas be given us upon the occasion of the conclusion of our high school careers.

ITEM TWO

I, Norman Schlosser, having completed a successful term as President of the outgoing Senior Class, leave the responsibilities and thrills of said office to DeArnon Hunter.

I, Arnold Leary, having stayed in hot water these past three years, leave the liquid to Harvey Smith.

I, Martha Waugh, leave my quiet charm to Tricia Booth.

We, Margaret Underwood and Betty Jones, leave wrinkles and gray hair to Tess Russell and Barbara Jackson.

I, A. V. Leney, otherwise known as "Punchy," of boxing fame, leave all my bouts with Mrs. Gorrell to any pugnacious Junior placed in her home room.

I, Buddy Bumgarner, leave all my trophies to Gabe's newly founded Hall of Fame.

I, Ann Kersey, leave my blond hair to Rita Schneider.

I, Luke French, leave my magnetic personality and Marie Heurie Arthur to "Eino" Lybrook, in hopes the latter will beware of him.

I, Jean Leach, leave my height to Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus.

I, Charlie Mansfield, leave my red shirt to Ray Murray.

I, Elwood King, bequeath my drafting ability to John Stuart, otherwise known as the Toni kid.

I, Dennis Bell, hereby give my curly locks to Franklin Meade, otherwise known as the Toni boy.

I, Jeannie May, leave my Skelton to Mrs. Blackburn.

I, Jane Loy, leave my puddles of tempora paint on the art room floor.

I, Jackie Lane Huffman, leave my knapsack (shoulder bag, that is) to Connie Panas.

I, Rossy Fordham, leave my dry wit and stern countenance to any future High Life staffer.

I, Buddy Barker, leave my start props to Everett Ellingwood, in hopes that he will keep his cues straight.

We, John Lee and David Young, leave our track feet to Arthur Scott.

I, Eugene Alton, leave my modesty to Jackie Brewer.

I, Ralph Barnes, bequeath my interest in sports to Bob Whitfield.

I, Connie Curry, leave my plots and climaxes of my wonderful short stories to all the hopeful O. Henry Award winners.

I, Aubrey Williams, bequeath my ability to snooze in class to Alton Ingram.

I, Irwin Covert, to Don Tidwell leave my loud ties.

I, Bobby Egbert, leave my library duties to any underclassman who can qualify as an amateur detective. Said recipient should also have in his ancestry a silver spoon and a gold mine in locating lost and overdue library books.

I, Marie Sizemore, leave to Miss Mims, "The Torchlight Rag" (otherwise known as "Ave Maria"), and also my best wishes for prospective mothers.

I, Tommy York, leave this quotation to all of Miss Moore's math students, "Joyously I follow laughter's path, and sometimes indulge in math."

I, Floyd Rollins, leave my build(?) to Eli Ataway.

I, Bill Jarvis, will at least five inches of my height to Buster Jenkins, so that he will be big enough to play basketball.

I, Berman Royal, bequeath my left halfback position to Charlie Sneed.

I, Skippy Boren, leave my Southern drawl to Nancy Beeson.

I, Jack Thomas, leave my pitching arm to the High School Hall of Fame.

I, Christie Simpson, leave school, but continue to have an open house for future pool sharks.

I, Carl Stanislaus Q. Brooks, hereby entrust to one certain David Wright, my world-renowned group of marvelous musicians, the Lower Slobovians.

I, Sir Thommy Hubert, refuse to part with my cows, but have generously consented to leave my peaches and cream complexion to the Junior girls.

I, Jim Fullon, bequeath my secret theories on atoms, radium, and television to John Butt.

I, Judy Morgenstern, leave all my latest gossip to Dottie Crews.

I, Jo Ann Moore, vacate my position as slave to Art Editor of the Whirligig to Dave Wright's Stooze.

We, Henrietta Bell and Abbie Keyes, leave our personality plus to GHS.

I, Frankie McShew, leave Betty Lou with this sign around her neck "Hands Off."

I, Joine Kale, leave the Home Ec room to any Sophomore willing to work.

I, Ronnie Jessup, bequeath my ability to win money on football games to Fulam Cashion.

I, Anne White, leave Jabbs's physics class still unaware of Newton's Fourth Law.

I, Myra Teasley, sometimes known as "Calm, Cool, and Collected," leave said to all jumpy girls.

I, Tiny Mims, leave my saxophone and new Buick to Becky Phoenix.

I, Mary Ann Johnson, leave the squealing brats in the nursery to any girl hard-of-hearing.

I, Mickey Chambe, bequeath my ability to make friends to y'all.

I, Thelma House, leave my brother Buldua House.

We, Barbara Moffitt and Shirley Brincefield, bequeath our talent for getting into teachers' hair to Juanita Lewis.

I, Ben Marks, leave Miss Carter in Peace.

I, Betty Jo Benfield, leave my chapel programs and "friendly snide" to a most deserving person, none other than Lane McGregor.

I, Maurice Stewart, the Little Boy with the Big Smile, leave my algebra book to the janitor, who, I hope, will clean off the cobwebs.

I, Joe Alala, bequeath my ability to act the "strong silent type" to Elliott Stoytomen, this gift will be taken back when I come home on week-ends. Meanwhile, hands off!

I, Ken Callender, alias "Chippy Chaser," leave my purple and gold sweater to any sophomore who refuses to acknowledge the change of the school colors.

I, Bill Sartin, leave my cheery "good mornings" to Tommy Fesperman.

I, George Corwell, bequeath my ability to keep my mouth shut to Tommy Crowder.

We, Eleanor Jones and Bo Jarvis, leave our Oak Ridge cadets to the girls who love men in uniforms.

I, Jack Moon, leave my snow white hair to little Jimmy Armstrong.

I, Mary Ellen McNeal, leave my sparkling eyes to Jane Pike, who will really use them.

We, Jerry Hinshaw and Don Walden, leave our chief interests, none other than sweet Rachel Ingold and Nancy Pugh, respectively.

I, Ray Mullis, bequeath my aviation ability to all boys flying paper airplanes out of the Seventh Period study hall.

I, John Winfree, leave all my All-American honors to anyone with a vivid imagination.

I, Mary Lee White, leave my knowledge of French to one who will become Miss Estelle Mitchell's prize pupil.

I, Toby Brockman, resign my position at trumpet player in Stanislaus Q. Brooks's Lower Slobovian Music Murderers.

I, Garland Coble, leave the debating class and tray to the Senate to give the longest filibuster on record.

I, Marijane Crawford, leave my love'em all complex to Pat Joyce.

I, Boo Dempsey, leave and go straight to the bequest.

I, John Utley, regretfully leave WGPS-FM in the hands of next year's staff.

I, Jerry Goldstein, bequeath my Sunday afternoon golfing ability (on the chipping green) to Bob Pearson.

I, Katherine Foster, to Sally Talbert leave my vocal ability.

I, Sara Ferrell, leave to join the Married Women's Association of America.

I, Phyllis Greer, leave the words of caution "BE CAREFUL" to all GHS drivers.

I, Charles Hanner, leave my giggles to my teachers.

I, Charles Harden, leave my answer books in math, to those who need them.

I, Nancy Hill, leave for Blueberry Hill.

I, Betty Smith, leave my well spoken manner to Buddy Orrell.

I, Bob Kennerly, to Branch Crawford leave my desire to turn pro.

I, Bob Dever, leave WGPS-FM, but am taking my secretary, Nancy Bulla, with me.

I, Sandra Giles, leave my worries over a serviceman to Caroline Beaver who has a boyfriend in uniform, too.

We, Pete Hall and Johnny McDonald, leave our coach's basketball team to Dickie Routh and Joe LeBauer.

I, Charles Casey, having found my sweetheart at last, leave my loving eyes to Robert McNeely.

We, Dick Campbell and James Greene, leave Mrs. Newman's English class together.

I, Grover Minor, vacate my office of mayor of Battleground to anyone seeking a high political office.

I, Richard Gilbert, leave G.H.S., still hoping for glory two front teeth.

I, Joe McMenamin, leave my algebra four class still confused.

I, Betty Mitchell, leave my originality in bulletin-board designing to Cynthia Baker.

We, Barbara Cashwell and Marianne Carson, leave a few inches of our height to Ben Nita Black.

I, Jimmy Cox, leave my ability to read a blank piece of paper to Tommy Smith.

We, Pat Farris, leave tons in fun to Gabe's Phys Ed class to Shirley Taylor.

I, Doug Tice, leave my bell-hop suit to future Carolina Theatre employees.

We, Wilber and James Covert, leave the D. O. Class to Mrs. Hodden.

We, Carolyn Lentz and Bobby Brown, leave High Life, and Room Ten.

I, John Buckner, leave my loud clothes and hasty temper to Frank.

I, Bill Johnson, hereby give this piece of advice to all modern Romeos, "Send them orchids and watch the results."

We, Charlotte Colison and Hettie Lou Raiford, bequeath our Sea-Sick Pills and pill boxes to the future Mariners.

I, Joy Covington, take my Studebaker with me but leave my spot to whoever gets there first.

We, Wilber and James Covert, leave the D. O. Class to Mrs. Hodden.

I, O. N. Pope, leave my frequent beach trips to Jim Hodden.

I, Lila Burgess, hereby give my quiet voice to Evelyn King, who certainly needs it.

We, Betty O'Connor and Lura Holley, leave our old paints and brushes to Cynthia Baker and Julia Blanchard.

I, Harold Purcell, leave Samba.

I, Martha Mackintosh, leave my newspaper snooping to Beth Shuman.

I, Pat Rumley, sometimes known as the "Gulford steady," leave this advice to Junior girls—"Git a country boy."

I, Carlton Fields, having broken my arms and cheek, leave this plague to Jimmy Davis, who seems to get himself into the same jams.

I, Paul Berry, sadly leave all the girls who swoon over my voice.

I, Kat Wall, leave my continuous talking and cheating on to Carman Strohm.

We, Doris Vaughn and O. M. Foushee, leave the good old times we had in D. E. to next year's crowd.

I, Rachel Grogan, leave my red hair to Iris Sarr.

I, Johnny Griffith, leave that good line I shoot to Johnny Buchanan.

I, Iris Basinger, leave my charming personality to Mary Boyd.

We, Jim Leonard and Martha Haynes, leave together.

We, Nancy Murray, Martha Regan, Jeanette Brown, Mary Lou Carswell, Frances Juanita Lane, and Ruth Elizabeth Teague, leave that quality which endears us to our teachers, our quietness, to the loud-mouths that will plague our faculty next year.

I, Richard Beard, leave my red hair to Alton Ingram.

I, Jack Varner, leave my profile as an inspiration for a new comic strip.

I, Peggy Thrower, leave the dress I made in Home Economics to anyone who wants to wear it.

I, Gloria Kirkman and Gloria Hudson, leave to become the seventh and eighth wives of Harry James. He likes blondes.

We, Frances Parker and Frankie Pegg, leave to take care of our husbands.

I, Jack Fields, leave for Hollywood to take the place of Joe Palooka.

I, Mary Jo Caudle, leave my flute to Sally Talbert in hopes that she will use it well.

We, Betty Chambers, Jean Cox, and Dara Lea Basinger, refuse to leave anything to anybody, but intend to try out on the Original Amateur Hour.

I, Frances Griffin, leave my glasses to the American Optical Society.

I, Jane Higgins, am leaving to get away from all the people who copy my experiments.

We, Bill Mason, Kenneth Wilson and Fred Burchett, leave our good natures to Bob Scott.

I, Bob McIntyre, leave my fondness for radio to Mr. Johnson's slaves of next year.

I, Kathleen Wray, leave my ability to take dictation to Lois Pond.

We, Betty Jo Everhart, and Frances Royal, leave our sweetness to Mary Wiseman.

I, Bill Beck, leave my heart-throb, Joanne.

We, John Cass and A. C. Pendleton, having run many unnecessary laps for Coach Baker, leave third period physical education class to any future Olympic long distance runners.

I, John Fountain, leave my interest in fire-fighting to all students who want to protect the new Plantation from fire.

I, Pat Riersen, leave my growing pills to Carl Hassell.

I, Donnie Lewis, leave Jim Murphy in the midst of one of our usual arguments.

We, Mitchell Andrew and Harold Ross, leave our algebra four class to all students seeking a "C" course.

I, Glen Isley, the Flash Bulb Kid, leave many broken hearts. I mean broken bulbs.

We, John and Jonnie Smith, leave in peace. (Continued on Page Five)

Class Prophecy

The time has come for you, who are concerned, to look into the future and see for yourselves, strange visions of the glories of years yet to be. Even though some members of the Class of 1951 may look a little strange to you as you catch glimpses of them here and there, you will certainly agree that the class has by far one of the widest and brightest futures ever to be achieved by so great a number of geniuses.

Read and marvel—but do not question the powers of Fate.

Knacky Holt, number one woman midget racer, has finally gotten her hot rod Pontiac up to 105 miles per hour.

Jane Robins is still asking Alice Asbury that unanswered question, "Who is she?" "I don't know her."

Wilber Covert and Irvin Covert are now in business together; they have already made a fortune off the new glue which originated in their plant, not only does it stick well, but you can chew it.

Billy Crowder, an industrial research chemist, has just recently returned home from the hospital where he has been ever since he blew off his head.

Connie Curry is still wondering when Arnold Leary is going to give himself a break and marry her; right now they remind many people of another Al and Irma.

Evelyn Dermatas has the number one race driver in the country, it is reported to be getting along nicely in Room 307 at Wesley Long; he had a little spill from his porch swing last week. Nurse, Cozette Draffin, say that he will receive visitors next week.

Joy Covington and Marie Craven, now employed at the city health department, are trying to discover a way of giving shots to children without needles.

Evelyn Dermatas has just recently been asked by Miss Emily Post to write a book for her; Miss Post has been quoted as saying that Evelyn has the nicest manners she has ever seen.

Jerry Bryan, a Methodist preacher, is said to have now the largest congregation in the history of the Methodist Church.

Shirley Brincefield, Jeanette Brown, and Sylvia Caloyannis are now all three private secretaries of Mr. Jim Cockman; I hear that a lot of people are wondering how Mr. Cockman is ever going to keep his engagement to all three of these ladies.

Rebecca Clary, Jane Dabbs and Marie Edwards are all very successful secretaries; all of their homes are composed of tiny tots and handsome husbands. They seem to have their hands full these days.

Ernest Comer, Hadaool's top salesman, peddles the wonder drug from door to door.

Betty and Alton Ingram and Marjane Crawford are now on their summer vacation in Europe; the party must be good in Ken Murray's blackout.

Toby Brockman is still looking for that good-looking rich woman, but he'll never find her in Charles Casey's meat market.

Robert Dever is chief engineer for WOR in New York. John Utley is the program director of the same station.

People are asking Anya Bristow and Bob Brown when these days: "Do you promise to pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?" They are dentists now.

Pete Hall just opened the Fourth National Bank the other day; the only trouble is that he used too much to open it.

Sonny Hale has just created another original hair-do; this time the stripe goes across his head.

Joe Freeman and Luke French have gone into the restaurant business; they call the establishment FREDMAN'S FRENCH ROOM.

Elwood King, the renowned explorer, has just brought back alive from Africa, Jackie Bluster, the famous head hunter.

Jim Moser is said to have the best looking wild cat in the history of Washington society.

Elvira Lucca, head nurse at Wesley Long, has announced the graduation of nurses: Martha Mackintosh, Faye Snyder, Barbara Smith, Martha Malone, Ruby Middlebrook, and Nancy Nelson.

A. C. Pendleton never thought it could be done, but he finally caught Catchy Poag.

Bill Mason, professional horse trainer, has just announced that Miss Lucinda Callaway is now ready to ride in the English Grand National Steeple Chase.

Bob Kesler is ready to launch his battleship, the S.S. Lanier; this is possible because of the financial backing of Jack Moon, Larry Newman, Joe Brown, Bobby Smith, John Cass and Bill Post.

Lacy (Hot Lips) Baynes who has just made Harry James retire, has announced that he is getting a divorce from his fifth wife, Kat Wall, so that he can take his sixth one, Pat Wright.

Richard Beard now has the key to Fort Knox. Joe Alala has just entered Annapolis under the Navy Plan.

Pat Newman married that certain somebody.

Since Ken Kallender wore that purple and gold sweater he is now professor of chinchology at A. and T.

Frances Parker, Joyce M. Webster and Jean May Skelton are still very happily married. High school marriages are pretty good.

Robert Zimmerman now owns two ABC stores in Durham, N. C.

Eugene Cranford now is an M.P. in the Air Force.

Paul Berry and Jere Smyre have the leading mangle in Madame's Butterflies.

Jim Cox is a professional businessman.

Marianne Carson has taken Luella Parsons' place.

Since Peggy Bolick joined the Waves she has been in the Army.

Loyd York has his own business; they call it Boo Boo's yo yo factory.

Ralph Barnes has just taken Stan Musial's place.

Irvin Berry now runs Berry's Body Shop.

Buddy Barker finally moved back to Indiana, and he is doctoring his trees.

Abbie Keyes has now opened his shop; he makes keys to fit any shop.

Jackie Aulbert and Carolyn Lentz now own Lentz's and Aulbert's amalgamated news.

Ray Mullis is whizzing in a jet plane.

The class of '51 still says that its most worth while project was electing for its president, Norman Schloffer.

Glenn Isley has a different color car for every day of the week.

Earl Jarrett is a whale of a pool shark.

Nancy Wyrick just married a man, poor soul.

Since Doris Johnson has always wanted to be a housewife, she is almost married to her house; it's not on a very big lot so she won't have to worry about much ground for a divorce.

Tommy York is now chief engineer of WJZ in New York.

Jane Sillman is getting a bang out of life; she eats rice krispies.

Billy Brown and Barbara Mays have just gotten married.

Nancy Murray has always wanted to travel around the world; she is now at Southern Slobovia and is visiting its president, Carl (Quack-Quack) Brooks.

Hope Wrenly is now dancing to the tune of "Dancing in the Dawn" at Sunset Grill. Her accompanist: Susie Banks. They forgot to pay their light bill.

Peggy Andrew graduated.

Barbara Whittington took Mary Martin's place as Best Dressed Woman in the United States.

Have you ever dialed 9994? Well, it's none other than operator Della Shore.

Wayne Simmons and his wife have finally raised Coach Jamieson a basketball team.

Iris Basinger married a bass singer. (Continued on Page Six)

HIGH LIFE

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