

Incipimus Novam Vitam

These things you shall remember, Senior:

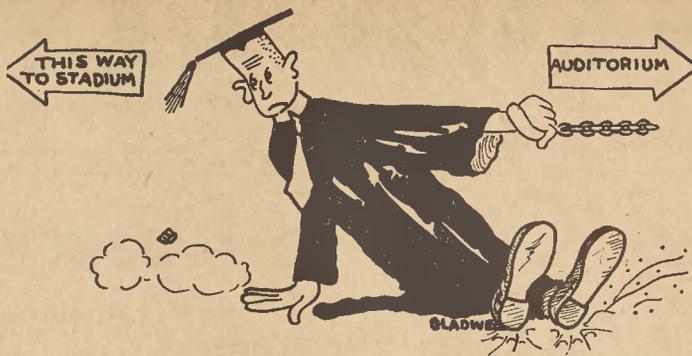
You'll remember the weather that gave the red brick buildings their personalities on various months of the year—The winds that whipped over the brown grass of the lawn in December, or the cold between the science building and the main in February, or the wetness in March under the walkways, always wetter than the rain outside—The fall and the spring—The occasional snows and the boring rains of winter that splashed all over you when you ran for the buses or the car in the parking lot—The cold football games and the rainy basketball ones.

Scenes and sounds will come back, too—The endless noise and confusion of changing classes, or the loud silence of the auditorium after assembly—The band playing the Alma Mater and the National Anthem before the football games—The scratch of tires in the parking lot at second lunch period and three-thirty—You'll remember the fellow driving the lawn mower past your first period class in the spring, or the hundreds of black boards erased by your particular teachers, or the Latin test paper with a 69—Other things, too—The dances at the Youth Center, the gossip at club meetings, or the May Queen.

You'll remember people—Whenever you go to a basketball game you'll recall Larry's funny hookshot, or you will see Sammy in your mind's eye, grabbing the ball and going for two points, . . . the sea of faces in the auditorium when you were in that play or sang with the choir, or the bus driver taking your fare after school, or how funny it was to see a sophomore opening a locker—You'll get a thrill when you remember the standing ovation that Lane and Bob received when they stepped down as Veep and President, or Brandon waiting at three-thirty with the orange buses to take you home—You'll remember Coach sending you in at that third quarter in the Charlotte game with instructions to Bill, or the teacher who gave you a warning report.

You'll remember special people, too—The trees in the front lawn will help you recall that fifteen or twenty minutes of the lunch period when you and that someone walked through them, and you can never forget the funny hat Mr. Hazleman had on at the Thanksgiving game, or the orchids that wonderful boy sent you for the Les Seours dance, or that girl that caused you to break up, and that blonde boy in study hall whose name you never did know.

Then you'll remember other little things and big things—The chapel programs, the dull ones and the interesting ones, the side walks and the paths, or the running for the bus at one o'clock if you were a D. O. or D. E. student, and how good a shower felt after a basketball game, or the way spikes sound on a cement floor after baseball practice. You will recall the butterflies—the math ones and the language ones, and the way they affected you on test days—the endless lines of sophomores,



"LAST STAND"

or how hot a band uniform is, or Miss Tuttle's glasses—and you'll remember the way it feels to get a proof of the year book back, or win a first place at the Dramatics' festival, or beat High Point, or how far it is to the third floor, and how short it is to the stage to get your diploma.

You'll remember these, Seniors, and much more, and how you could feel yourself maturing—gradually—You will remember, but don't relive, for if you do, you'll never see the future's bright sunrise, or hear opportunity ringing your doorbell. You're through with high school, but don't be through living. You'll keep old friends and memories, but you'll find new ones—Yes, you'll remember, Senior, but still look ahead and keep on growing up.

H. C. F.

Ave Atque Vale

This issue of *High Life* marks the last one of the school year of 1951-1952. When it reaches you hands the *High Life* as you knew it will be no more. A new staff will have been chosen and even a new advisor. (Mr. Sam Underwood will not return next school year). So the whole fabric of *High Life* will be new next year.

Last fall the present staff was as raw and inexperienced as the proverbial sophomore. But, through patience from our advisor and you, we strove to make it a paper representing YOU, the student body—for the *High Life* is a student publication. We have learned how to make each "next issue" better.

High Life had no stated editorial policy, for we believed (and still do) that a paper of the type *High Life* tries to be should be flexible and open to all sides of a question.

We have made some people mad—we have made some people smile. If a newspaper is to have a personality, it is bound to arouse somebody's ire. For if everyone was pleased, there would be no need for it.

High Life has been outspoken in several "hot" questions here at school. We made a stand and stood by it, and in doing so we tried to represent the majority of public opinion most of the time. But sometimes we took the minority's side too, believing that it should have a voice also.

But any way you look at it, we of the *High Life* staff had fun and learned not only journalism, but the make-up of our fellow students, and we thank you for letting us have it in our care this past year.

What I Want from High School

All I ask of my high-school education is to give me an understanding of life as it is today, and to teach me the basic things that I will need in order to be a success in whatever walk of life my future takes me. I want to be able to read and know what I'm reading about, talk and know what I'm talking about, live and know why I'm living! I want to understand what our

GOSSIP

The following information was compiled from a poll taken from a few members of the Senior class. The question asked was "What I will enjoy leaving behind the most when I graduate from G.H.S., Here are the various replies:

- Patsy Eanes: The Sophomores.
- Barbara Beavers: Those Monday tests.
- Billy Rhodes: English classes and giggling lasses.
- Dick Ledbetter: Homework!
- Bill Whedbee: Strawberries and bruises.
- Mary Lee Wells: The cornet section.
- Gay Williamson: My stupidity!
- Henry Ferrell: High Life.
- Steve Leonard: "I only hope that I shall leave."
- Joyce Strother: Everything about the place!
- Emily Sowerby: "Orations Ciceronis."
- Dottie Dillard: Cicero!
- Valerie Yow: The school.
- Christine Hill: "Teenie."
- Shay Harris: Her math books.
- Nancy Haitcock: Mr. Luttrell's lab benches.
- Kay Latta and Freddie Rouse: Their maiden names.
- Peggy Lamb: Fourth period English with Miss Tuttle's "nest of robins."
- Harvey Smith: My peroxidized hair.
- Janet Davis: Mr. Luttrell's tube of Unquentine.
- Franklin Davis: Mr. Frederickson and History.
- Oakley Frosy: Sam J.'s pop tests, Sam J.'s weekly themes, and Sam J.
- Gene Frederick: That certain area on the south end of the second floor of the main building.
- Grey Egerton: Posts in the parking lot.
- Archie Andrews: Solid Geometry class—if I pass.
- Moody Burt: Broken Physics equipment.
- Bennie Craven: Women!
- Elizabeth Sparger: Chemistry.
- Bill Jackson: Leaves the school to burn down.
- Gene Douglas: The "Y" swimming pool.
- Sara Ann Hickerson: College algebra.
- De Armon Hunter: 34's on Physics tests.
- Carolyn Welch: Peanut butter and raisin sandwiches.
- Tommy Fesperman: Leaves that industrious, hardworking, traffic squad.

country stands for and how to keep it that way.

I know my high-school career won't feed, clothe, and house me when I graduate. But I would like it to help me keep away from the evils of our land such as crime, poverty, and insecurity. I'm not asking it to work miracles for me—I'm just asking it to give me the power to attain a clean, happy, and enjoyable life.

I want my education also to give me the power of enjoying the cultures of our land. I want to be able to appreciate our great novelists, playwrights, and poets of the past and present.

Last, but not least, I want my education to help me live as a good American should live in this great country of ours—in a friendly, helpful, and intelligent way.

Robert Dobrowolski
Nashua, N. H.

Your Opinion

By "BABS" BARRIER

At last the time has come for the Seniors to receive their diplomas. Some of the underclassmen can't possibly understand how the school will carry on without them; they are wondering what about Seniors they will miss most. Here is what some of them have to say:

I think I will miss most of all the wonderful experience that I have had as being a member of the choir. Of course, anything you do is going to take some time especially homework; but I will never regret the many hours I spent trying to learn the music for The State Festival. And will never forget that wonderful man—Dr. Lara Hoggard. Yes, I will miss the teachers who have been so patient and understanding with my problems and troubles. Just take all of the advice they can give you.

I will just miss everything about G. H. S.

Janice Aydelette

The thought of leaving Senior is one that I have been trying to avoid for a long time. Now, with graduation so near, I feel that even though I'm leaving, I'll take with me memories that can never be erased from my mind.

I'll miss the long registration lines and the confusion at the beginning of each semester, the new sophomore faces that wonder through the halls every fall, the football games and the open houses afterwards, the wonderful assembly programs each Tuesday, and even the unforgettable homework and daily tests that are piled so unmercifully on seniors.

But most of all, I hate to think of my work on the annual being completely over. Through pictures and copy I have grown to really know Senior. Each of the activities has held a special meaning. The association with all the wonderful people and the knowledge and experience that I've gained is something that I will always remember as the highlight of my Senior High days.

Betty Jane Davis

After three short (very, very short) years, I am faced with the ordeal of Graduation. There are points which make it hard to leave, but they are narrowly outnumbered by the opposition. I shall miss many of the good times I have had here.

I will especially miss High School Athletics. The football practices, with all the gripping; sweating; and wondering why you ever went out anyway; the out-of-town trips with the singing, joking, and talking; the games, knowing the school is backing you; all will remain a fond memory.

Most of all, I will miss standing around shooting the breeze with generally everybody about politics, life, war, and interstellar space.

I will miss the period between 8:45 and 9:00 when most of my homework was feverishly done (as is just about everyone's); the weird discussions the class has had in Journalism. I will miss getting the "Annual," assemblies, our dear lockers, and the many little things that have made my High School years so wonderfully awful.

"Sick" Ledbetter

What will I miss about this school? There are so many things about Senior that make it more than a factory for learning things from books. I shall miss the relaxing break in Tuesday routine—our entertaining assembly programs. I shall miss the friendly "Hellos" as I walk down the halls. There are things I shall miss in a different way—pop tests and coming to school on Monday mornings. Life will seem strange without having to study frantically at home room period. Most of all, I shall miss something known by everyone here—our school spirit. The "We're with you, win or lose" spirit that prevails at Senior will always be remembered as one of the bright spots of my school career.

I will be very glad to receive my diploma, and I am looking forward to college life. However, when September comes, I think I would like the opportunity to relive my high school years.

Barbara Beavers

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