

Modern Art? . . .

A somewhat revised medium of expression has again found its way into modern society. Although this art was originated by the caveman (perhaps in a wild passionate moment between saber tooth tiger bouts), the Senior High student has developed, advanced, and promoted the art of doodling.

Evidence of the caveman's talent may be found on the clammy walls of his palatial cave; today's advocate of the carving craze exhibits his talents of carving on the mutilated tops of desks.

Just as his ancestor expressed his inner-most feeling with his somewhat crude portraits of next-door neighbors, so the high school personality expresses his thoughts—and thoughtlessness—on any convenient flat surface. But here the resemblance ends. The modern day doodler operates like a traveling salesman, leaving his samples in every classroom he enters. His wares vary according to his many moods. When he's just had a tete-atete with his girl, he permanently records his emotions in a deeply etched heart surrounding his initials. When he's angry with his teacher, he draws a most uncomplimentary likeness of her on the nearest wall. After a defeat from a rival basketball team, he slaughters the victor's name on each battered corner of his desk. With an artistic flourish he engraves his name, phone number, and class on the seats of the auditorium chairs when a program seems dull. From boredom he plays a solitary game of tic-tac-toe on his desk using a knife as a chisel. He and his girl frequently write messages to each other which will last as long as the butchered desk will.

But with every slice he displays thoughtlessness and barbaric traits. Yet he mutters angrily each time his paper seems a little rough for writing or he snags a cashmere sweater on a splinter which he has unearthed.

Admitting that creative ability is a gift to be developed, we must suggest that the apprentice spend his time creating things of beauty on objects less expensive and more personal than the desks which must be used for a number of years by others.

Sound Familiar?

Boy, wait 'til you hear about what a swell time I had yesterday! When that fourth period bell rang, our gang jumped into the car and scratched off like crazy. Why? To skip school, stupid! You know, get out of class!

Naw, of course, they didn't catch us. Naturally we all had admit slips this morning, even though we did forge a few signatures and tell a couple of little white fibs. We're old hands at this sort of thing now, what you might call experienced eels. Why, up-todate, I've had three dentist appointments, four tummy aches, and three funerals, not to mention the number of times my old man's been sick, or so the records say. The kids call me Escape Artist II; only my brother (Class of '43) could beat my record, but I'm giving him stiff competition.

HIGH LIFE

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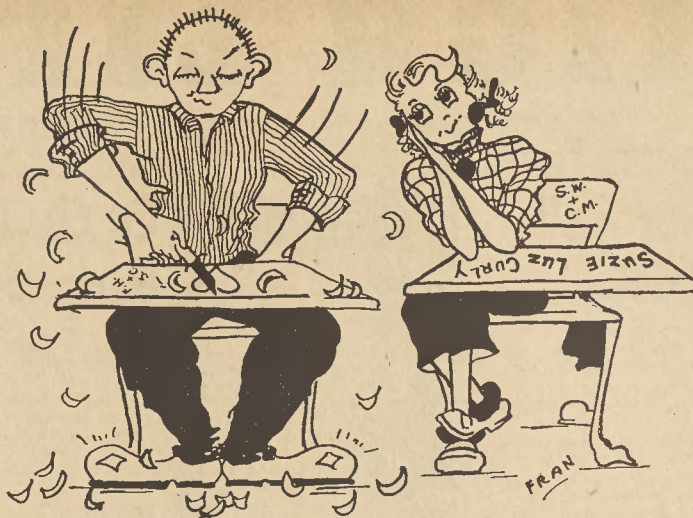
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Revived by the Spring Journalism Class of 1937



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Carving his name in the hall of infamy!

What did we do when we left school? Well . . . ah . . . I don't know . . . I mean, we had loads of fun, I think . . . We listened to the radio, I guess. Oh, yeh, we gabbed a lot . . . nothing much, though, now that you mention it . . . I guess we spent most of the time looking out for someone to catch us skipping.

You say I missed an English test? Gosh, I forgot all about that. Oh, well, I'm failing anyway. Sure hate missing that test, though . . . Pop said he'd take my car away if I failed any more subjects, but I'll get around him somehow . . . I hope

Going to the game tonight? Sure, I'd love to go with you. Hold on, I'll . . . Oh, darn, Mom says I have to study for that test I missed when I skipped last week. Guess I'll have to forget about the game. See you around.

Huh? Oh, I don't know, I may play sick tomorrow. We've got a geometry test coming up.

What's Wrong?

An interested citizen and friend to members of this student body addresses this letter of serious nature to the "chicks and chaps of the Youth Center."

For the comparatively small sum of \$5 a year, you members of the Youth Center have bought yourselves a lot of entertainment. Like the old song, "It's Right Here for You, If You Don't Get It, 'Tain't No Fault of Mine"—you ain't getting it, and my question is: Why not?

I went up to one of your dances recently—not as a participant, but as a part of the floor show. We had no floor show; we had no dancers; there was no one there who even seemed interested in the good band, which sat and played for the amusement and entertainment of its own members. Part of your money was paid for that band, and in my language, that's tossing away dough. It really made me feel bad and quite discouraged—not because of the fact that I spent a good bit of time rehearsing and preparing for the floor show—but because no one even cared enough to come and enjoy the dance and entertainment given for them. Yes, I mean given, for it was all free, outside of your initial \$5.00.

Aside from the dances, look at the other entertainment you are offered. I understand that there was a hypnotist there not long ago. Besides his regular act, he offered \$10,000 to anyone who could pick him up off the floor. From the report I got, thirty members appeared for that show. Wish I were a member. I sure would have tried for that \$10,000!

I wish we had a place to go to play ping-pong, pool and music in the city where I grew up. We used to like to have jam sessions, but oddly enough, most of the mothers objected. Oh, for a Youth Center! You have it and you don't use it.

MEL STRONG.

Your Opinion

by Duncan 'n' Osborne

Many Students feel that an added hour in the day would solve all their problems. In response to this idea, HIGH LIFE has received the following comments

Poor Raymond's Wisdom

If the twenty-fifth hour were a reality it would have one great drawback. It would throw off all of Jabbo's boys (and Joyce) in physics. Aside from that, the question is still before us, "What would you do for an hour, if you had an extra one?" I think I would try an experiment, and study for a change. As I am now a senior, I know what it is to sweat it out at the end of each six-week period. Here are a few statements from Poor Raymond's Almanac. I hope they will help all students trying to make it out of Senior in the unheard of time of three years.

1. Early to bed, and early to rise—and your girl goes out with the other guys.

2. 'Tis easier to do a little homework each day than to do a lot the day before exams.

3. An A in the book is worth two in your dreams.

4. A sleeping wolf catches no chickens.

RAY LUTZ.

Impossible!

Having 25 hours in a day seems impossible and too silly to imagine, but if tomorrow I awoke and had one extra hour, what could I do with it?

In the daytime, if we did not have to go to school that extra time, I would have more time to lie around, study, eat, and just do nothing. At night I could burn the candle late and still sleep the same length of time. I could talk on the phone, eat again, and just do nothing for a little longer. On the weekends I could stay on a date an hour longer and still not be blamed for staying too late with my girl.

This is what I might do with an extra hour. What would you do with yours?

CHARLES "WOODY" WOODS.

Conclusive Evidence

When first approached with the question, "What would you do with the twenty-fifth hour of the day?" my first response was one of sheer delight. It was really very simple. I'd read all the latest books I'd missed, I'd listen to the radio, I'd see all the television shows I'd missed, and I'd catch up on my back sleep. I was satisfied with this glorious vision until, upon further contemplation, I decided I would be domestic and learn to cook and sew. Then maybe my driving classmates and I would be able to wheedle some extra time from "Oscar," our driving instructor, so we would have more time to become good drivers. And just thing of all the extra time I could spend with my "One and Only!" But alas, I was reminded with parental love that more of my time should be spent practicing piano and voice. Thoroughly discouraged, I sat down and began to think. Here were ten things to do in an extra hour. I divided ten into the sixty golden minutes of my twenty-fifth hour and discovered I would have exactly six minutes for each. My conclusion? If we humans had a twenty-fifth hour, we still wouldn't have any more time than we do now.

BETSY WALKER.

Same Story

What would I do with the twenty-fifth hour of the day? There are many things I could do; for instance, I could finish the pair of socks I have been trying to knit for the past four weeks; I could begin my short story; and I could memorize my part in the Rainbow Girl initiation.

Of course, there is always that extra sleep we all yearn for. I can just imagine being able to turn over in the morning and sleep an hour longer.

When we really think about this extra hour in the day, it would be as it is now. Everyone would still have too many things to do and not enough time.

ANNETTE PATTON.

Carter's Corner

By David Carter

I've been racking my brain for months trying to think of something new to put in this column. This ain't new, but at least it's different! Use your imagination a little and just think. What If:

JACK were a PECAN instead of an ALMOND.

BILL could RUN instead of WALK.

ERNESTINE were a DEVIL instead of an ANGEL.

IRIS were a MOON instead of a STARR.

ALAN were DULL instead of SHARP.

PAUL were an ELEPHANT instead of a LAMB.

JERRY were a GONG instead of a BELL.

KENNETH were a HAIRDRESSER instead of a BARBER.

HERBERT were a COW instead of a FOX.

FRANK were a SWAMP instead of a GROVE.

CAROLYN were BUTTERMILK instead of LOWDERMILK.

LLOYD were a STINK instead of a PUGH.

LILLIAN were a BOUNCER instead of a THROWER.

JOYCE were CAST IRON instead of STEELE.

JEAN were BAIT instead of HOOKS.

RUDY were a MARSHMALLOW instead of MARSHBURN.

GLENDIA were ANDY instead of AMOS.

RAY were a MUDBANK instead of a EUBANKS.

TAYLOR were a DOG-GONE-IT instead of a DOGGETT.

DAVID were a MESSY instead of MASSEY.

LINDA were ALGAE instead of MOSS.

BOB were a SURE-THING instead of a GAMBLE.

LILA ANN were DICE instead of TICE.

ALAN were a TURTLE instead of a TUTTLE.

RICHARD were a WOW! instead of a YOW!

BARBARA were the BOTTOM instead of the SIDES.

HUGH were the LARGE ECONOMY SIZE instead of a SAMPLE.

BARBARA were XXXX instead of a STILL.

MARTHA JEAN were a CADILLAC instead of an AUSTIN.

MARGOT was a STEINWAY instead of a HAMMOND.

JEAN were a HOTEL instead of a BARRICKS.

WILMA were a MUSTACHE instead of a BEARD.

RALPH were DUMB instead of BRIGHT.

SANDRA were a TRUCK DRIVER instead of a FARMER.

TONY WERE LONGER instead of SHORT.

ANN were a ZIPPER instead of a BUTTON.

BENTON were a HOT DOG instead of a HAM.