

Get and preserve the history of our school.

Hold individuals together under high standards.

Separate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

Oscar the Auto blows his top and he's not a convertible!

Oscar the auto has lost faith in the whole human race.

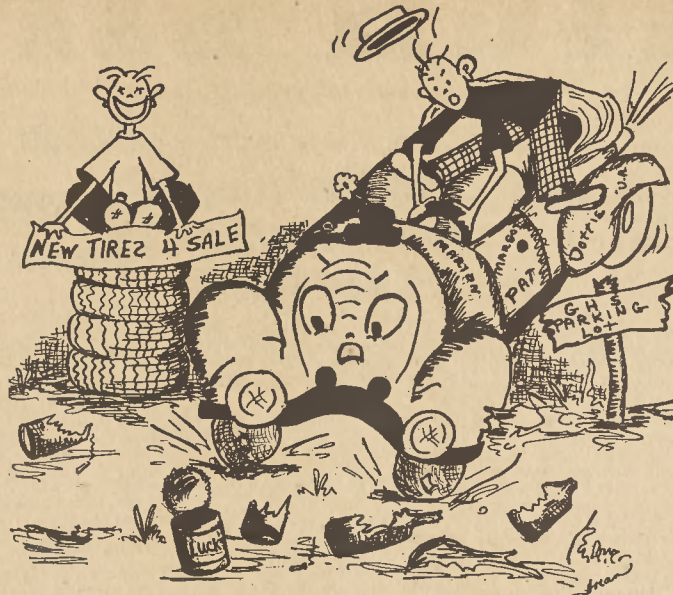
Oh, not that he doesn't worship his owner and master, Teenage Tom—quite the contrary! Why, Oscar the auto had rather carry Tom over the muddy streets of his town than to drink gasoline when his tank is empty. Or he'd gladly climb a steep hill in low if only Tom would bid him so. Oh, Oscar loves Tom, the considerate young man who gives him a home in his garage and new spark plugs at regular intervals and weekly loving pats with the car wax. No, Oscar still races his motor for Tom, but he is disappointed in the change in Tom's attitude.

It all happened this way: Oscar was napping contently in the shade of a pine tree in the parking lot when a clanging bell disturbed his slumber. He opened one bright headlight and happily perked up when he saw Tom's gang racing toward him, with Tom in the lead. As usual, the boys were going to eat lunch in, on, or around Oscar, and he didn't mind at all. Bracing himself, he waited for the lunch period to end. He was so engrossed in a conversation about Tom's cousin's girlfriend's boyfriend that he was startled by the lunch bell again. Apparently the boys weren't expecting it either, so they threw down their bottles, left-over sandwiches, and papers, and rushed into the building.

Now Oscar noticed the debris which lay before him, and he was shocked that Tom would leave him in such a degrading environment. Then he was amazed that so few boys could leave such a big mess. Next he was appalled at the bits of broken glass which lay threateningly near his already-patched tires. Later he shuddered to think of the thoughtlessness—no, the carelessness—no, the NERVE of those young whippersnappers to clutter up his own front yard with such trash! Why, no one ever heard of an automobile leaving his worn-out inner-tubes or shredded seat covers for someone else to throw away.

When Tom came back and urged Oscar to scratch off toward home, Oscar longed to reprimand him for his misdemeanor, but Tom wouldn't listen. He only heard the long, sickening hiss of air that determinedly gushed from Oscar's back tire. He only saw a deep gash in the tire made by a long sliver of glass. He could only think of the money he didn't have to replace Oscar's tire and of the blankety-blank jerk who left a broken milk bottle in the parking lot.

Now Oscar sits in Tom's garage, down-cast and lopsided, as he tries to restore his belief in that creature called Man.



A garbage dump or a parking lot?

Merci Beaucoup

High Life wishes to thank:

- The Student Council for placing the suggestion box in the main hall.
- The School maintenance department for filling in the holes in the parking lot.
- Mr. Johnson for adding a note of modern sophistication to the school stationery.
- Miss Moore for taking time out of her busy schedule to average Torchlight grades.
- Les Freres for sponsoring a much-needed and inspiring Better Language Week.
- Miss Herring's patience with senior term paper authors.
- The student body for behaving like adults at an assembly program.

An Unfinished Chapter

They told us it would be like this. Yes, they warned us that in the middle of a bleak winter we would wake with a start to realize that our high school lives were almost over. They reminded us of the responsibilities that would fall upon our proud shoulders as seniors of GHS. They even whispered that we would enjoy this last year more than any of the other twelve short months of our very short lives. Remember? They told us all this and more. "The time will come when..." This we've heard.

But when they told us what would happen, they forgot to tell us how to act. Mother forgot to tell us what to say when a boy tried for a goodnight kiss on that first blind date. Pop neglected to let us in on the secret of refusing a drink or a smoke without losing face and favor. That sophomore home-room teacher stopped her fascinating predictions of high school glory before she told us how to keep our heads above water and how to become a part of GHS. Last year's senior did not tell us how to act when Mr. Routh gives us that grave handshake and that precious bit of paper which stands for tears, laughs, heartaches, and honors that he did predict. No, they forgot to tell us what to do, or feel, or think. And bless them, they've left at the end of each picture of what is to be the sweet mystery of what we will do, just as they made our first baby clothes, with room to grow. They've whetted our appetites and minds and imaginations with an intriguing foretaste of the future, and they've placed before us the courage, the understanding, and what more important, the beautiful example of how to face the minor and major arcs of life's never-ending, ever-glorious circle. But—

They didn't tell us what to do.

Carter's Corner

By David Carter

Gossip. That means you too, TATE PICKETT. But please be careful. Don't over exert yourself!

I've mentioned lunchtime several times before, but it's still a "highly sensitized" topic of discussion. Agreed? Well, anyway, after being knocked out of class, dragged down the stairs, and thrown out in the parking lot, I finally gather my senses together. Now where is some simple soul other than GEORGE EGERTON who is willing to pile about fifteen people in his car? Ahhhhhh — there's a crowd over there. Looks like they're getting in somebody's car! Maybe I can pile in too. I still don't see the cad, but I do see JACK KING, DAVID LAMBETH, BETTY CARSON, JULIA ANN HOLLOWELL, GLORIA GILMORE, CAROLYN BOONE, BURDETT SHOPE, EDDIE FITCHETT, MIRANDA GODWIN, FRAN HOSLEY, GLORIA McQUEEN, BOB PEARLMAN, BARBARA KENNERLY, SUSIE CHAMBLEE, getting in something. Ohhh — there's the car. Oh-oh. It's JIM BYNUM'S Austin. After stuffing JACK in the trunk, I finally managed to squeeze in through the trap door in the top. And we're off! Two stripped gears, one broken window, three springs, one axle, 22 lost books, and a half tank of gas later, we arrive at the top of the hill. Now comes the problem of unloading. Easily solved! Just open the doors. They'll fall out! Whupps — don't forget JACK in the trunk.

Now for some food. Food — gotta have food! Five hot dogs, please. Wait your turn, buddy. Ouch! Get off my feet, MARION HOLLY. Quit pushing! Gimme a limeade. Why, BOB LYON! Fancy meeting you down there. Hey, take your foot offa muh hand. Don't push, bub. Gimme a coke — look out — somebody's on fire — and a pack uh — pay up, sister — scuse me — didn't mean ta spill milk shake down your back — hey — who put chewing gum in my hair — ohhhhhhh! I shoulda stayed in bed.

Ahhhhh, at last, I've got my cold clammy dog and a cuppa ice with some syrup in it. Now where can I sit down? Boy! Ah I in luck! There's an empty booth. Two broken toes and three short thundering stampedes later, I find myself wedged in a booth. Ahhhh—nothing like a soggy ol' dog to "humor" the appetite. Getcha elbow outta muh eye— Wonder what I'm sittin' on — Why, PAT JOYCE! I didn't know you cared — Gee, but this weiner is small. Better eat it while I can — "Ouch! Help! Lemme out!" hollers some simple sophomore. "What's the matter with him?" I asked MARY HENRIE ARTHUR. "Oh, I think somebody bit his finger," she said. Hey — where's muh dog? Why who's this beside me? Goodness — it's NANCY HOCKETT! She seems to be in a trance as usual. What's she mumbling 'bout this time? Hmhmhm — Something 'bout

Your Opinion

by Duncan 'n' Osborne

After the bitter conflict of another election has somewhat subsided, do you think the vote should be extended to 18-year-olds?

I am already "draft age, and in my opinion I should be voting age." If you're old enough to fight, I believe that you should be old enough to vote. I feel sure that we of high school age know more, or just as much, about the affairs of the world than some of our parents.

Jim Tunstall.

Although fellows are eligible for draft at 18, little effort is required to register. If the voting age were lowered, most folks would find neither the time nor have enough interest to study each candidate's qualifications.

Larry Emerson

I think the voting age should be lowered from 21 to 18. At 18, one's country calls on you for many services. This, of course, requires adult thinking — and reasoning — doesn't voting?

Barbara Rosser

I don't think so, because I know a number of young men who are able to fight for their country but don't know enough about the government to vote on it.

Chuck Doggett

Yes, it should be lowered. If a boy is old enough to give his life for his country, he's old enough to vote.

Tot Wagner

I do not think that the voting age should be lowered because a person of 18 is not mature and can be easily influenced by older people. A person of 21 can better understand the political situation.

Charles Highfill

If the young people of the United States are old enough to protect their country on foreign fronts, they should certainly have a voice in their government at home.

Jay Royal

It should be lowered because we are better qualified to vote at 18 than our parents were at 21.

Virginia Williams

With the advanced educational programs in the public schools, the people 18 years of age are mentally prepared and ready to make an intelligent decision as to their country's leaders.

Bob Beall

As a whole, the 18 year olds of today are much more mature than those of 15 years ago, and they take much more interest in the government.

Betty Martin

Eighteen-year-olds have the right to bear arms to fight, and to die for the United States; therefore, they should have the right to vote.

John Sauvajot

Most 18-year-olds are keenly interested in and aware of our country's elections. If the privilege of voting were given to them, this interest would be kept alive.

Maxine Wells

I think we should be allowed to vote; if we vote intelligently, not emotionally.

Bill Ellis

RICK. Hey, where's muh coke? S'cuse me, ANN FULTON, but would you mind standin' up a minute? Oh-ho! There it is. ANN, you shouldn't sit on other people's cokes. Ahhhhh — I feel better, now that I've had sumphin' to eat. Carry me back to school, JAMES.

Well, maybe it's not all that bad, but it's rough, I clue you.

See ya' later.

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