

For Boys Only

Attention all boys!
With a personal note to you shy males—
Just a reminder about the forthcoming big event, the annual Junior-Senior prom—
Hey, don't go away just because we mentioned "dance." Come out of those shells while we try to explain that a dance is *not* one of those three-headed monsters as you seem to think. Neither does it feature a human barbecue nor three easy lessons on how to break down the morale of a shy boy. And girls aren't the only animals who enjoy dances; you *might* discover that they are lots of fun.

And just because you think your freckles make you look like a mutilated neon sign is no reason to prevent your asking that girl who sits behind you in English. Do you think she helped you with that essay because she pities you and your freckles? It could be that she'd jump at the chance to be your date. And somehow even freckles aren't so noticeable when you're wearing a tux. But, *Puleeze*, give her time to either remodel her old dress or buy a new one for the occasion.

And you're sadly misinformed if you think a dance leaves a hole in the wallet. sure, expenses may run a little higher than movies and popcorn, but carnations or roses are just as lovely as orchids—and cost much less, too. Any guy can think of orchids, but it takes an unusually bright one to combine economy, sentiment, and beauty in flowers. By the way, Castleburgers taste just as good after a dance as they did after a football game. A hop to a sophisticated night spot is not always the crowning glory of an evening.

You can't dance? So what? There's plenty of time to learn and there are lots of available and eager teachers right here at school. Just because you're no Fred Astaire is no excuse.

When you're concentrating on having a good time with someone else, it's surprising how fast you'll forget that shyness. That goes for girls as well as for you. So ask that date, rent that tux, order those flowers, and have a wonderful time at one of the gayest events of the year.

Ex Libris

Students inquire daily as to "why we have to give book reports." It seems to be a drudgery that is put off until the last possible second, and then dear reader races for the library and grabs the first thin book he sees. Result—boring book, bored reader, bad book report, and the resolve that "never again will I read a book; I'll copy my report from the encyclopedia instead."

If we may presume a little, let us then say that somewhere in each day of a student there are 15 minutes wasted—no studying is being done, you're not helping with the dishes, you're not even watching television. If those minutes each day could be spent on a book—a good one—then reports would be no trouble. Try it, you skeptics. Next time an assignment is made, check out a book with an interesting look, immediately, and test the results.



Delinquent Books

By May it will be necessary that all library books be returned to their proper shelves and put to rest for the summer. A tiring, endless job for librarians, but you can ease the situation by salvaging any stray books and giving them a lift to the library, whether they be your books or not. It can't be much trouble for you, and all concerned will thank you endlessly. The same goes for text books which have wandered from lockers into desks or behind radiators.

The book you save may ease the strain on its owner's purse, too.

Talk, Talk, Talk

How long has it been since you engaged in conversation? No, we don't mean idle gossip at the lunch table or an exhaustive discussion of last week's date. Rather we refer to that rapidly dying (or is the word "murdered") art of social interchange and informal, friendly exchange—in short, intelligent talk.

Behind those sentence fragments that you utter between classes are there only fragments of thought? In the rush do you ever stop to find stimulation and refreshment that comes from sparkling conversation? Are newly-published books or world affairs or politics ever mentioned in your presence?

Conversation is the mark of the man. Do you expect to succeed in life by cultivating the art of discussing the weather?

Big Brother Watches You

Greensboro's number one publication (we recognize this to be the Greensboro *Daily News* without the slightest bit of jealousy) has for years given to this and surrounding high schools prominent places on its pages. Not only by splattering students' mugs on its front pages has it lent a glint of pride to the worthy; it also has featured countless helpful articles designed to aid the struggling student.

Now in its columns crowded with news of confusing world conflicts and discouraging pictures of the future, it has dedicated a weekly feature "to aid the high school student in understanding world affairs. . ." Appearing each Monday for four weeks and resuming in the fall, articles on some particular phase of international relations are to be contributed by local authorities. A follow-up quiz directly referring to Monday's article will be featured in each Thursday's issue.

We sincerely recommend that all students, not social studies students solely, follow this weekly feature, agreeing with Dr. Zelda Pemberton of Greensboro College that "The study program will aid in the development of good citizenship."

Carter's Corner

By David Carter

Now that the end of the school year is almost here, I still have a countless number of cellmates who haven't had their names in this scandal sheet. Well, friend, everyone can't get into the act. And speaking of the end of the year, a poem comes to mind.

"Caesar, the Roman, lost his head,
Midas lost has power and pelf;
All the great men are dead,
And I don't feel so well myself!

A senior's philosophy, no doubt. Say, did you know that Richard Smith is a horticulturist? That means he grows flowers, stupid! Richard is now growing bridal bouquets. He says he'll give one to the first sweet little thing that comes looking for him. Perhaps Carolyn Lee Bass or Wilodene Horton will look him up.

A SPRUNG MEDITATION

Spring has sprung;
The glass has riz
In the parking lot,
Where the garbage is.

Betty Colmer, are you still looking for an eligible young man? If so, I suggest that you scout around Oak Ridge. They seem to be growing men on trees out there (and we don't mean monkeys)!

Wonder if Clarence Boggs and Alton Ingram will ever get "a-head" in the world after they graduate! Well, like they say, "Four heads are better than two."

Have you heard the latest news about Emily Smith and her scholarship to the FBI? Her name has been changed to Hero now that she's got the know-how on catching thieves.

A new couple has joined the steady club—V. A. Redhead and Dickey Chalk. Good luck, kids.

Peggy Gibbs, what's this we hear about your flashing a great big frat pin from High Point College?

Harriet Perkins is just about to settle down. Jimmy, what did you do?

Oodie, we must congratulate you on getting a hear-cut. You were cute, but keep it like you've got it now.

Josie, what's this about your getting a little rush-around school? Think you'll be able to keep your dates straight?

As everyone has noticed, GHS now boasts two M. G.'s—and bright red ones too. Sally Armfield recently received one for her birthday.

Here's some not so new news. Skip Heitkemp and Gayle Bell have made up. Hearts and Flowers, maestro!

Wonder why the mass absenteeism occurred last Monday. Could it be because some still had a Washington "hang-over"?

HOPEFUL

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
I'll get my diploma
If I pass Spanish II.

Your Opinion

by Duncan 'n' Osborne

With summer approaching there are varied ideas and plans about ways to spend an ideal summer. Here are a few of them.

I hope to spend some time with my two children, if I can find them. I lost them among a stack of world history test papers that are helping to hold up one wall of my living room. Incidentally, that reminds me, I wonder where my wife is?—Mr. Fredrickson.

Doing anything but stay in Greensboro is my idea of an ideal summer—Sara Bundy.

My ambition for the summer is to be buried in the sand like "Digger O'dell" at Myrtle Beach!—Tricia Booth.

I'd like to go to Switzerland to buy a good time-piece so I'll be on time for activities next year.—Jim Egbert.

Eat, sleep, and stay at the beach—Emily Smith.

My opinion of an ideal summer is to do as much traveling as possible. I plan to leave Greensboro the last week in June and head toward Miami Beach (cheaper in the summer!) and also, I am to attend the National Education Association Meeting. After this meeting, I am planning to go on a two-weeks' cruise through the Caribbean. There will be stops in Cuba, Nassau, etc. All of this will be ideal if I don't get seasick.—Miss Causey.

I plan to work at the Guilford Dairy Bar on West Market Street Extension. Yo'all come out and see me some time.—Ken Clark.

Attending the stock car races at the Utah Salt Flats or being chief hairdresser at Sing Sing will be a fine summer pastime.—Sue McEntire.

My idea of a perfect summer would be spending some time on a luxurious ocean cruiser (course I guess I'll settle for the beach and be happy!)—Gloria Gilmore.

The Amateur Radio Field Day on the week-end of June 4 is my destination. (Got my picture in the paper last year: hope for same!) Then too, I will work at Strandberg Engineering laboratories, go to the beach about every other week-end, and to High Rock in between.—R. W. Ward.

Unfortunately, I'll be forced to drudge through the summer at work, but that doesn't keep me from drooling over untans and lazy days that other people are planning. The most appealing thing to me is a summer on the farm, but that's out of the question.—Virginia Williams.

Alms!

When I graduate on the evening of May 28, I hope Mr. Routh hands me a receipt book wrapped in my pre-paid diploma. It's not that I resent having to pay so much money to get out of here; it's just that I want the world to know that I have worked and earned my right to graduate!

The entire family budget has been upset by their otherwise respected and admired graduate. When I had to ask Dad for my annual, newspaper, football, basketball, and book fees, I never gave it a thought. But by the time I had to ask for money to rent my cap and gown, to order my invitations, and to buy my ticket to the Senior Class luncheon, I began to feel guilty. When I had to beg for "extra change" to buy tickets to the Junior-Senior prom, I was too scared to ask for lunch money. Of course, there were a few stray boxes of Christmas cards that I had to replace. Then there was the beach trip with the gang and final payments on that overdue library book. I even contributed to the "Fight Termites in Latin Books" drive. And to top it all, I learn that I have to pay for my sheepskin! Can you beat it?

Now everyone I see has a mercenary gleam in his eye, an empty pocketbook and an outstretched hand. I listen attentively in class, but each teacher seems to cry, "Alms! Alms for the poor!" This should be my battle cry.

HIGH LIFE

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