

The Purpose of High Life Is To

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.

Now Quit Complaining, Yall; This School Isn't So Bad

Have you noticed lately what is right about our school? The newspapers here in town have done a good job of publicizing what is wrong with "that institution over on Westover Terrace."

We wish to retaliate. It is time that the inferiority complex which continuous adverse criticism has bred is partially erased. Forget the blanket stigma which some people have associated with Senior High School and look around with pride.

An example of collective effort in the right direction occurred last Friday. With the "school spirit" as evasive as it has ever been in school history, several people decided to try the impossible—arouse some of this school spirit and attempt to change the disgusting attitude which has pervaded the student body this year. At the Student Council's prodding, several organizations have created the spark and are fast developing a flame which could put an end to most of the major problems which have made GHS infamous all over the United States.

Home town prejudice may influence this opinion but most of us agree that we have the best high school band in the South, perhaps in the nation if the trip to Chicago is any indication. Our orchestra is not far behind with an invitation to appear in St. Louis this spring. Any who saw and heard and literally felt the choir and orchestra show will attest to the superiority of Miss Eula Tuttle's choir. The "Battle Hymn Of The Republic" was enough by itself to create considerable emotion in the form of a few tears and quite a few lumps in throats.

We were state champions last year in football. How can we forget this in less than a year? This is a superlative honor which should not be forgotten in one year. Our swimming team has not been defeated in its last 30 meets. The same situation exists in tennis and golf.

Greensboro has a long record of winners in the state-sponsored math, physics, French, and Latin contests. Twelve seniors have reached the semi-final round of the National Merit Scholarship program this

year. Two others have reached district competition in the five thousand dollar Morehead Scholarship award.

Few people were left unimpressed by the student-conducted Thanksgiving and Christmas programs. Here is one of the best examples of the fine student-faculty co-operative relationship which exists.

This is the school which initiated student government in North Carolina high schools. Ours was the first honor code in the state.

Don't let a few people destroy all this of which we have every right to be proud.

Miss Blackmon Still Hospitalized



There is something missing around Senior High School. It's a smile that is as dependable as the hall bells; an encouraging word of advice for anyone that needs it; and a staunch belief in the power of plain old optimism.

A serious fall made a series of delicate operations necessary. Now Miss Blackmon is undergoing a long convalescence at the Cone Memorial Hospital.

She has not lost contact with her school, however. As one of her nurses put it, "Miss Blackmon, you have more visitors than any three people in this hospital."

Sympathy

HIGH LIFE wishes to express its deepest sympathy to A. P. Routh upon the death of his mother, Mrs. E. A. Routh who died Sunday night at the Randolph Hospital in Asheboro.

Joan (Butch) Moring: Why don't angels have mustaches? Bradley Anderson: Because men get to heaven by a close shave!

"Oh, dear, I've missed you so much..." and she raised the revolver and fired again.

Lois Owen: What did one toe say to another toe? Audrey Gales: I think we're being followed by a couple of heels.

Charlie Pemberton: If you'll give me your telephone number, I'll call you up. Peggy Sink: It's in the Key book. Charlie: Fine, what's your name? Peggy: That's in the book, too!

These tales that are told are the tallest. The jokes that are written are smallest. So I'll pick up my pen and drop it again 'Cause, oh gosh, what's the use...

EXAM TIME



WHAT'S GOING ON?

Swan With Knotted Neck

Never let it be said that when Sydna Hall, senior, doesn't understand a joke that she skims right over it! When Sydna doesn't see the least bit of humor in a swan with a knotted neck, she does something about the situation!

What brought about this amazing curiosity in Sydna? It seems that before the holidays, Robert Fredrickson's third period world history class was reading an American Observer. Being typical seniors, they immediately turned to the regular cartoon and joke section. Just imagine their horrible disappointment and deep sorrow when there before their very eyes was a swan with a knot in his neck.

and overcome with curiosity, sat down and wrote the Civil Education Service, Inc., in Washington, D. C. On January 5 Sydna received an answer which said, "We realize that what might seem funny to us may not seem funny to some of our readers, but we do try to select cartoons that are at least mildly humorous."

"The cartoons we use are purchased from professional cartoonists whose drawings also appear in some of the most popular magazines.

"Nothing was left out of the cartoon. If you don't think a swan with a knot in his neck is funny, then no explanation we can give will satisfy you.

"Maybe we can do better in the future."

After receiving the letter and having Mr. Fredrickson read it to the class (Sydna got too flustered to utter a word without spasms of hysteria) all agreed that a swan with a knot in his neck is still not very funny.

HIGH LIFE

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YALL'S HALL TALES

Judy Shallant

Okay, wake up out of your third period daze and stop daydreaming about those heavenly two weeks of Christmas vacation which just flew by. I don't think some people have yet recuperated... What do you say, huh?

Some of our GHS teachers had a whirl of a time over the holidays. Mr. Routh honored the famous sunshine city of St. Petersburg with his presence, and two other Florida cities, Fort Myers Beach and West Palm Beach, played host to Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Morgan, and Mrs. Malone. Mr. Coker visited Chicago and "sightsaw" the art institute and galleries.

Wanted: A new method of cramming everything into one night what you were supposed to have learned in a four-month course. No fair studying in advance—it adds more excitement to do it at the last moment. Those teachers expect miracles! The following is an outline of an experienced crammer:

For all you nom de plumes here's some Fractured French: Je t'adore—Shut the door Ma chere—That's my chair Nous avons change tout cela—We have

redecorated the whole cellar Par excellence—He plays good golf Place aux dames—Third door on your right.

Biology Department

Teacher: To what class of the animal kingdom do I belong? Student: I don't know, teacher. Pa says you're an old hen and Ma says you're an old cat.

History Department

Mr. Frederickson: Where was the Declaration of Independence signed? Shirley Smith: At the bottom, I guess.

David Bescherer, president of the Mickey Moose Club, has announced the new membership of Lou and Sue Spence, Sam and Eugene LeBauer, Francis "21" Taylor, Kay Kuykendall, Jackie Mabie, and Don Rothrock. Other students may join by contacting Robert Hewett not later than January 13, 1956.

Math Department

John Horney: Miss Moore, will you help me with this problem? Miss Moore: I would, only I don't think it would be right.