

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.

Sportsmanship

Greensboro, notorious for its conduct at athletic contests in past years, made a surprising change in its reputation during most of the basketball season. Prospects that the sportsmanship trophy would be awarded to our student body seemed to be good. Apparently there has been another change, however. This change was climaxed by what approached mob violence after a Burlington basketball game. This alteration is surprising. We in Greensboro have had ample opportunity this year to witness disgusting conduct on the part of our AAA basketball contemporaries. We know what it is like to have opposing teams and their supporting student bodies boo during foul shots, jeer during our Alma Mater, and commit deliberate fouls during the course of play. We have had the opportunity to see what this type of thing does to the reputation of a school. Some critics are now classifying us in this category. True, we cannot be proud of the actions of those involved in the post-game trouble last week; but for the most part the students at Greensboro Senior High School can be proud of their record in sportsmanship. Incidents cannot be condoned, and we would be the last to attempt to do so. The misinformed press, however, has made us the brunt of much unqualified and unjustified criticism. Again they have applied a blanket stigma to all teen-agers who attend this school. Some members of the student body were wrong, but their actions and intentions were exaggerated. As a result the name of our school has a disgusting connotation to many adults which it does not deserve.

The tournament which is now in progress affords an opportunity for us to redeem ourselves. The challenge is particularly significant because Greensboro's team is not included in the tournament. Yet we are the hosts. We need this trophy, recognition of what our Student Council has been striving for all year. There would have been little question about our right to claim the award before the Burlington incident. There is still a possibility. Take advantage of this opportunity to be a good host.

HIGH LIFE

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Greensboro Senior High School Greensboro, N. C.



Founded by the Class of 1921 Revived by the Spring Journalism Class of 1937



Entered as second-class matter March 30, 1940, at the post office at Greensboro, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

- Editor-in-Chief Jim Martin
Assistant Editors Donna Oliver, Diane Schwartz
Managing Editor Dick Robinson
Business Manager Mary Lou Hutton
Advertising Manager Ginger Bass
Copy Editor Mary Wheeler
Feature Editor Betty Adams
Boys' Sports Editors Jerry Barber, Add Penfield, Jr.
Proofreaders Paula Tuttle, Linda Harrison, Sue Spence and Lou Spence
Reporters Judy Shallant, Jane Parkins, Bonnie Adelstein, Frances McCormick, and Elwood Hartman
Adviser Miss Peggy Ann Joyner
Financial Adviser Mr. A. P. Routh

Are We Still Susceptible To Political Habits? Two Bases Shown For Constant Re-elections

Revolution In April



WHERE, OH WHERE DID THE SPORTSMANSHIP TROPHY GO?

SCRIPT TEASE

THE FUROWED BROW
The man seated comfortably in his favorite armchair gave the impression of being proudly happy. He was puffing lazily on a cigarette, enjoying the feel of the fur-lined bedroom slippers on his feet and the warm smoking jacket about him. Surely, he presented a picture of complacency.

Slowly a frown worked its way into his features, and he put down the half-smoked cigarette. He was not happy; there was something wrong! As he glanced outside, a look of disgust crossed his face, and he picked up the cigarette again. Crossing the room and peering out the window at the snow-covered lawn, the troubled man realized his task; there was no other way; he would not be really satisfied until he performed it. Recognizing this fact, he grudgingly went to put on his overcoat, his old fishing boots (they did come in handy for something), and his gloves. Tightening the wool scarf about his neck, he opened the front door, stepped outside cautiously, and shut the door, leaving his inviting armchair without an occupant.

As he advanced warily across the yard, he caught sight of the familiar object now half buried in the snow. It grew in size as he approached it. With eager fingers he grasped it and, turning, followed his footprints back into the house.

Sitting once again in his favorite armchair, the man radiated contentment and tranquility. As a satisfied expression spread over his face, he took the treasured object he had found in the snow

and unfolded it. Yes, now he was happy! Like any man, he could not be really comfortably without his evening paper! -Kay Kuykendall

PARODY ON "GOOD BY"
Good-by, dear Cop, I'm going home. I'm not your friend, and you're not mine. Through lanes of crawling cars I roam; A little car in an endless line, I've a ticket pasted above my chrome, But now, dear Cop, I'm going home.

Good-by, to the tiny parking space; The hydrant with its mocking face; To everyone's accusing eye And pointing hand as I go by; To city streets and buildings tall; To courthouse, square, and city hall; To other cars which at me come. But now, dear Cop, I'm going home.

I'm going now to my resting place, Where vehicles no longer race. A quiet place, and a shelter snug, My windshield free from every bug; Where I may rest my weary wheels, And see how nice some comfort feels. Away from city smell and noise, From all the curious and meddling boys.

Oh, when I am safe in my precious home, And Master has shined my silver chrome, I feel the cool breeze around me blow, And in my radiator does flow Some nice cold water to soothe my poor

Greensboro Senior High School has an extensive history of "political habits," those people who are very susceptible to the political virus, but who go to extremes to see that no one else catches this normally communicable disease. Frequently a candidate appears on the GHS political scene who is worthy of holding office year after year. In most cases, however, our complacent voters make an effortless check beside the name of the person who has held office in past years, regardless of the relative merits of candidates. This practice of habitual re-election has led to bad situations. If a person is elected to an office of importance during his sophomore year, he is apt to remain an integral part of the "ruling class". This is not basically an evil in itself. It is bad, though, when the wrong type of leader establishes a place for himself in this habit.

This student body is vulnerable to attack for two reasons. First, we have not attached the necessary importance to our elections. The privilege to choose our leaders is accompanied by a corresponding responsibility. If we are to choose, we must choose conscientiously. The instances of bad leadership which we have experienced this year can be attributed primarily to the lack of interest in voting. (Poor leaders or perhaps poor followers have been found in every organization from the cheerleading squad to the Youth and Student Councils.) Just because a person is an accomplished politician in the worst sense of the word, he need not be tolerated by the voters.

A second shortcoming is associated with the period following election; we do not provide the support they need so badly. We elect them enthusiastically; we forget them quickly. Every time a criticism of the elected leaders is voiced it is a reflection on the voters. If justifiable criticism of our leaders does arise, the spring election period is the time to get rid of the problem or problems, as the case may be. Use your privilege next month during the spring elections to choose good leaders - whether they are good old habits or newcomers to politics at GHS.

face, And help me prepare for tomorrow's chase. Why should I fear a cop's verbal barrage, When I am safe in my own garage?

YALL'S HALL TALES

BY JUDY SHALLANT

Wonder who's gonna be champion in the tournament? No matter who emerges victorious, now's our chance to win a more important game—gaining a GOOD reputation for GHS. Let's all do our part! That good-sportsmanship trophy sure would look good in the main hall.

Earl Shelton: Did Mr. Routh call you a blockhead?

Bill Lewey: No. He just said, "Pull down your cap; here comes a woodpecker."

"I'm afraid I can't help you," he said to Steve Schlosser injured in a car accident. "I'm a veterinarian."

"You're just the man," moaned Steve. "I was a jackass to think I could do 70 miles an hour in that old car!"

The haughty senior girl sniffed as the tiny sophomore cut in.

"And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The sophomore hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through school, and your partner was waving a dollar bill at me."

WHY IS A SHIP A SHE?

A boat is called a she because there's usually a gang of men around . . . because she's hard to steer . . . because

she takes a lot of paint to keep her looking good . . . because she's all decked out . . . and, when coming into port, always heads for the buoys.

Doctor: I will examine you for ten dollars.

Doug George: Go ahead. If you find it, I'll give you half.

J. D. Henson: Where are we going to eat?

Elaine Kithas: Let's eat up the street.

J. D.: Naw, I hate asphalt.

The little moron's watch had stopped, and he tried to find the trouble. Finally, he took the back off it, went into the works and found a dead bedbug. "No wonder it doesn't work," he mused, the engineer's dead!"

ODE TO A DISSECTED FROG

Oh, little frog, how still you lie; To think for us you had to die, And when you lived and hopped around, They grabbed you quickly without a sound, And carried you away from your habitat To give you to us, and then after that, You're dissected completely, and your many parts All make a soft spot in our little hearts. Ruffin Tucker

A rich Texan strode into a Cadillac showroom and asked the salesman, "My daughter is sick—have you anything in the way of a get-well car?"

Visits always give pleasure—if not the coming, then the going.

Portuguese proverb

He that falls in love with himself will have no rivals.

Well, this is "anything can happen day" and it really must be because the Mickey Moose Club of America has added its youngest member. The new name added to the roll is none other than Lady Glenn, Junior — congratulations, Pop! President Bescherer announces that this is a bit unusual, but, "I just couldn't resist bestowing this great honor upon the little tyke!" Other new members of this organization designed for the citizens of America tomorrow are Shloymeey the Slohomore, Boots Antrim, Fred Hitchcock, Dave Plyer, Buck Hoyle, Louise McGee, and Jam-a-Dittie.

Hey Speedo! Put on your Blue Suede Shoes and Come To Me at Heartbreak Hotel 'cause I Was The One who met you at Smoky Joe's Cafe. See ya later, alligator.