

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.

Occupational Hazard

"The more you learn the more you know; the more you know the more you forget; the more you forget the less you know; so why study?" Now that seems reasonable—at first glance. Upon closer examination, however, the truth rears its ugly head. Exams are just a little more than two weeks away, and there is a very cogent reason or studying; unless, of course, you are numbered among those exempting two exams. In view of the fact that the ranks of the gold star bearers are significantly thin, we should conscientiously examine the challenge that studying affords. For those of you who have never known the satisfactions accompanying the study of ancient Latin or trigonometry, select members of the faculty have provided a list (an extensive list) of do's and don't's (mostly don't's) to start you in the right direction hen you do get around to initiating your academic career on the night before your examinations. The list applies to sophomores as well as to juniors and seniors.

A Guide To Method In Your Madness While Practicing the Ancient Art of Gluttonous Digestion of Curricula (cramming):

1. Do get comfortable before you begin the ordeal; a chaise lounge is recommended for best results.
2. Do not neglect the rudimentary conveniences such as television, telephone, and radio which tend to break the monotony of long study periods.
3. Do seek the advice and counsel of friends; the aforementioned can easily be attracted to the place of study by promises of a card game between subjects or of a concert of the latest popular tunes.
4. Do not become confused by the confusing notes you have been given by your teachers; these tend to aggravate the situation. It is best to discard them before you begin work.
5. Avoid unnecessary repetition by concentrating only on material covered during the first weeks of school; your memory of the latter part of a course should be sufficient to insure you a satisfactory grade on the exam.
6. Do not spend too much time on any one subject. Excessive reading tends to cloud the mind.
7. Remember, anything over 70 is wasted. Follow these rules and you will not even have to worry about graduating.

Nestus Gurley

(Poets Delight)

Randall Jarrell, Woman's College English teacher who was recently named poetry consultant to the Library of Congress, won \$100 for a poem he wrote about Nestus Gurley, a senior at Greensboro High School.

The poem, which won a second prize from the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, is about Nestus Gurley's paper route.

Mr. Jarrell first decided to write a poem about Nestus several years ago when the present high school senior delivered the evening paper to the Jarrell family.

Sometimes waking, sometimes sleeping
Late in the afternoon, or early
In the morning, I hear on the lawn,
On the walk, on the lawn, the soft quick
step,
The sound half song, half breath;
a note or two
That with a note or two would be a tune.
It is Nestus Gurley.

It is an old
Catch or snatch or tune
In the Dorian mode: the mode of the
horses
Who stand all night in the fields asleep
Or awake, Orion, wheeling upside-down,
All space and stars, in cater-cornered
Heaven.
When, somewhere under the east,
The great march begins, with birds and
silence;
When, in the day's first triumph, dawn
Rides over the houses, Nestus Gurley
Delivers to me my lot.

As the sun sets I hear my daughter say:
"He has four routes and makes a hundred
dollars."

Sometimes he comes with dogs,
sometimes with children,
Sometimes with dogs and children.
He collects, today.
I hear my daughter say:
"Today Nestus has got on his derby."
And he says, after a little: "It's two-
eighty."
"How could it be two-eighty?"
"Because this month there're five Sun-
days: it's two-eighty."

He collects, delivers. Before the first,
least star
Is lost in the paling east; at evening
While the soft, side-lit, gold-leaved day
Lingers to see the stars, the boy Nestus
Delivers to me the Morning Star, the
Evening Star
—Ah no, only the Morning News, the
Evening Record

Of what I have done and what I have
Set down and held against me in the Book
not done
Of Death, on paper yellowing
Already, with one morning's sun, one
evening's sun.

Sometimes I only dream him. He brings
then
News of a different morning, a judg-
ment not of men.
The bombers have turned back over the
Pole,
Having met a star . . . I look at that
new year
And, waking, think of our Moravian Star
Not lit yet, and the pure beeswax candle
With its red flame-proofed paper pompom
Not lit yet, and the sweetened
Bun we brought home from the love-
feast, still not eaten,
And the song the children sang: *O Morn-
ing Star*—

And at this hour; to the dew-hushed
drums
Of the morning, Nestus Gurley
Marches to me over the lawn; and the
cat Ellie,
Furred like a musk-ox, coon-tailed, gold-
leaf-eyed,
Looks at the paper boy without alarm
But yawns, and stretches, and walks
placidly
Across the lawn to her ladder, climbs it,
and begins to purr.
I let her in
And go out and pick up from the grass
the paper hat
Nestus has folded: this tricorne fit for a
Napoleon
Of our days and institutions, weaving
Baskets, being bather, receiving
Electric shocks, Rauwolfia . . . I put it on
—Ah, no, only unfold it:
There is dawn inside; and I say to no one
About—

it is a note or two
That with a note or two would be a—
say to no one
About nothing: "He delivers dawn."

When I lie coldly
—Lie, that is, neither with coldness nor
with warmth—
In the darkness that is not lit by nothing,
In the grave that is not lit by anything
Except our hope: the hope
That is not proofed against anything,
but pure
And shining as the first, least star
That is lost in the east on the morning
of Judgment—
May I say, recognizing the step
Or tune or breath . . . recognizing the
breath,
May I say, "It is Nestus Gurley."

Randall Jarrell
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sion of the author.

Five of 1956 Seniors Receive Scholarships To Colleges In State

Five seniors from GHS have won scholarships from colleges, four of them from North Carolina Colleges and one from Agnes Scott College in Georgia.

Bob Herford, vice-president of the student body at GHS, has won a \$600 scholarship to the University of North Carolina. The award is payable in \$150 amounts

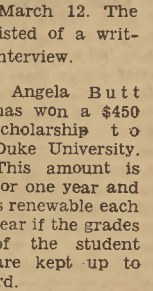


each year for four years. Eve Purdom, who will attend Agnes Scott College, has won a competitive scholarship for \$600 for one year. The selection was based on scores on the Scholarship Aptitude Test of the College Board test and an autobiography between 750 and 1200 words. She plans to become either a primary-grade teacher or a physical therapist.

The G.H. Hankins Scholarship has been awarded to Reggie Bell. Its value is \$1600 and is applied to Wake Forest College. He entered into state competition at Winston-Salem last March 12. The examination consisted of a written test and an interview.



Angela Butt has won a \$450 scholarship to Duke University. This amount is for one year and is renewable each year if the grades of the student are kept up to a certain standard.



Katherine Leonard also has won a scholarship to Duke University. Hers is for \$600 for her freshman year and is also renewable if her grades are kept up.



HALL TALES

By Judy Shallant
The sands of time will really be rolling tonight, and by the end of this week-end Myrtle Beach will probably be in Alaska! Hope everybody has himself "a ball" and really "raises a bunch!"

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
Romeo and Juliet;
He had no cash to pay the debt
So Rome-owed what Jul-et.

Mr. Luttrell: Give the most important facts about nitrates.
Caroline Sikes: They're cheaper than day rates.

Did ya know?—Cooper Null's band played at Central School last week. Those boys are sky-rocketing phases!

Roy Griffin: Quick, give me a round trip ticket.
Clerk: Where to?
Roy: Back here, silly.

Jackie Jones: Have you an opening for a bright young fellow?
Mr. Racster: Yes, but don't slam it, on your way out.

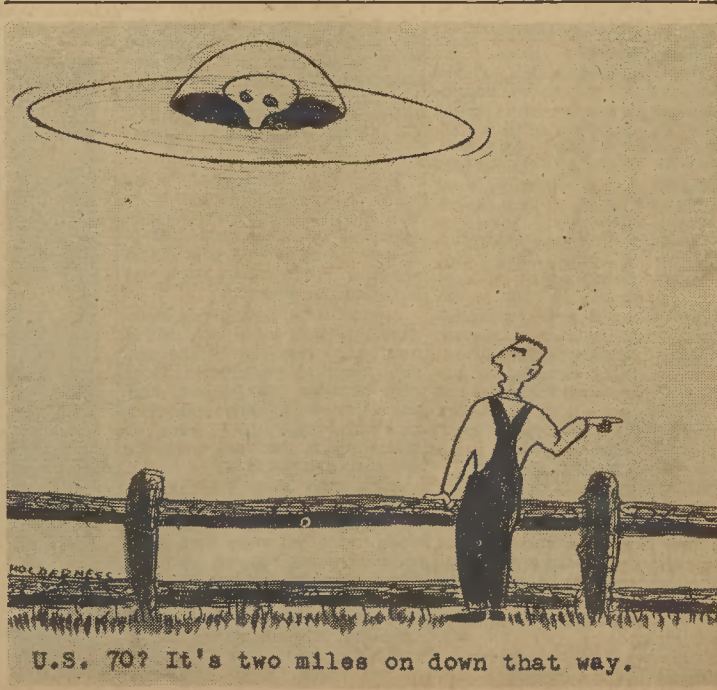
"Hi diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon."
Nice going, bossy!

Sarah Jo Stanley: I would like to have lived in the days of King Arthur.
Bobbie Cook: I don't know as I would have cared much about the days, but I surely would have liked the knights.

A moron called a plumber 'cause his girlfriend said he was a drip.

Five hundred years ago today
A wilderness was here;
A man with powder in his gun
Went forth to hunt a deer.
But now that things have changed

somewhat
A dear with powder on her nose
Goes forth to hunt a MAN!
A man who has two wives, of course,
Is always called a bigamist,
But when he has some three or four
We guess he is a pigamist.
Florida Times-Union
Be seeing ya



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