

**G**et and preserve the history of our school.

**H**old individuals together under high standards.

**S**eparate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

**Graduation—1956**

A name is called; a hand, shaken; a diploma, received. The finale of twelve years of school is once more experienced in a graduation ceremony. The treasured diploma is grasped tightly, for it signifies a high school education. It opens the way to success; it unlocks the door to adulthood; it carpets the road to social acceptance. But consider these possible benefits again. Is the diploma itself an assurance of future success or an indication of past accomplishments?

The answer is an adamant and an arbitrary no! The diploma in itself is worthless; it is but a symbol of the successes and failures of twelve years. To a few it represents admirable achievements in scholarship, leadership, and service; but to others it stands for years of "barely sliding by." Nevertheless, the diplomas received by these two converse types are physically identical; however, the attitudes of the recipients are different. Those few students who see beyond the formal whiteness and glamor of a graduation certificate and gain satisfaction from knowing they have attained both educational advancement and character growth are far more mature in their thinking than those pupils who feel that receiving a diploma is receiving an education.

The actual diploma is not important; rather what goes behind it. The value of a high school education is measured by the practice of good citizenship, mature thinking, character development, and increased knowledge, not by a square of linen paper. Learning to live with other people and for other people constitute the lessons that can't be recorded. No, the diploma isn't the reaped fruit of education; the prized reward is the mental and character growth that it represents. Each senior who reaches for his coveted certificate is handed something different, depending upon what he has put behind it himself. These important gifts are intangible; the diploma, purely a material symbol.

**Do I Have Your Card Yet?**

Is it a rocketship raffle? Free tickets to the moon? Applications for the Miss Typewriter Ribbon of 1956 Contest? No, it is something much more sensible. The seniors you see flaunting scraps of paper in each other's faces are merely exercising another senior privilege known as, "Will you exchange cards with me?"

The originator of said custom is unknown, or surely he would be immortalized in the portals of GHS history. Perhaps there would even be a cup or rather a barrel for

the Senior Who Distributed the Most Cards to Total Strangers.

Home room teachers are accredited with the first step in the annual procedure. They instigate a few select members to bear the wagons of cards to their destinations. Each senior is entitled to his own little red wagon, which comes equipped with 1,000,000 darling cards bearing his full name. (There is also a purpose to this: if the recipient happens to know the donor or personally, when he reads the cards later, he can't possibly recognize the owner. This is part of the joy—trying to decipher Melvin Von-Hinkle Northwood down to Blockhead South.)

As the first bell rings, the seniors make the initial charge. Anyone who does not accumulate enough cards to fill at least three closets is considered a social outcast. The parental attitude to this addition to the household is beyond description, but the tirade begins, "Are you off your . . . ?"

These cards acquire, as time marches on, an intrinsic value which makes them dear to each alumnus. The customary procedure is to allow them to age and ferment properly for eight to ten years, then shovel them from their distillery to their final resting place; the nearest incinerator. This last rite is carried out in privacy, of course, for no one knows when an old schoolmate may come snooping around to see if his cards have been discarded.

Another point to the custom is that by the time the senior is ready to mail his graduation invitations, he no longer has any of his cards, and he is forced to substitute those of other people. This may or may not prove advantageous, since he will be receiving gifts from other peoples' friends.

What is the moral? Beware from whom you accept cards. Have each person fill out a form stating the annual income of his friends, and then be discriminating in choosing those with whom you will exchange. It's much more profitable that way.



**HALL TALES**

Teenager to father: "I dented the fender a little bit. If you want to look at it, it's in the back seat."

Robert Hewett: What did you do about it?  
Gary: I spit it out.

Overheard in hall, "He not only lied to me about the make of his car, he made me do the pedaling."

The guy decided to reform. The first week he cut out smoking. The second week he cut out drinking. The third week he cut out women. The fourth week he cut out paper dolls.

Sophomore, Shloymey, learning to drive, "Quick, Jim, take the wheel, here comes a tree."

Roger Frost: Mom, I just saw a man who makes horses.  
Mother: Are you sure?  
Roger: Yes, he had a horse nearly finished when I saw him. He was just nailing on the back feet.

Donna Oliver: I love lying on bed and ringing for the maid with my bell.  
Nanci Neese: Do you have a maid?  
Donna: No, but I have a bell.

One advantage of poor writing is that your spelling can't be criticized.

Philosophy: A theory is a hunch with a college education.  
Mr. Luttrell of unknown fame (punny): The laughed when I juggled three sticks of dynamite. When I dropped one, they exploded!

Sue Levine: We're only going to have a half day of school this morning.  
Linda Cashwell: We are? Why?  
Sue: We're going to have the other half this afternoon.

Sergeant to new bunch of nuts: This type of bullet will penetrate six inches of solid oak; so remember to keep your heads down.

Gary Snider: I had a rotten date last nite.

**Script Tease**

**What Is A Teacher?**

She is the short lady with graying hair who kissed you daily in the first grade and made you feel omniscient when you finally mastered the alphabet. She is the slave-driver who seemed to contrive dark plots and darker reasons for your learning fractions and percentages. She is the one who made you cry because you couldn't spell Connecticut, but too she is the mother hen who carefully tucked you under her wing when the fifth grade boys pulled your pigtails and took your crayons.

She is the yard-stick dictator from whom you cringed in fear when you changed schools. She was the awesome mistress of your mind for a year, but how you cried when you realized you were leaving her. You ran away without a word of thanks or farewell, so ashamed were you of those tears trickling down your cheek.

She is the tall, sharp, demanding woman whose every glance petrified you until one day she complimented a line of your first theme. From then on pleasing her was the goal of your literary life. Too old for tears when you left her, you merely bit your lip, hoped she wouldn't notice, and wished her a pleasant summer; but she saw, smiled understandingly, and wished you luck in the next grade.

She is to you the ideal of adulthood. She is Interest with chalk dust in her hair, Advice with extra pencils for everyone, Patience with thirty pairs of galoshes to tug off and on, and Wisdom with Kleenex for so many running noses. She is a tree with arms and roots, stretching forth to all to come and seek her, dwell

**Beach Scene At High Noon**

From behind the counter I can look out on the never ending Atlantic and see billowy white caps breaking far out on the horizon, while down on the beach I can hear loud splashing noises made by powerful waves breaking upon sunbaked sands. Circling high above, screeching sounds are heard from seagulls, and below on the beach comes a shrill whistle from the life-guard as he warns a swimmer that he is out to far.

A sudden gust of wind from the north-east ocean front, brings into my mouth an unexpected taste of the beach's gritty sand, accompanied by a fine ocean spray hitting me in the face. Down on the towel and umbrella dotted beach, two little boys are building a sand castle, while their playmate is very much unconcerned and is playing tag with the waves that break and glide smoothly up the shell littered beach. As a sporty dressed fisherman passes by me, he leaves the scent of shrimp and fish, which immediately is chased away by the presence of two shapely beauty queens walking hastily along the burning board walk, jumping from the walk, and racing toward the warm blue waters. As I sit gazing out into the blue, there comes a sharp rap behind me—there's a customer to be waited on.

a year in the protection of her boughs, pluck her leaves of wisdom, and depart enriched until the next season's learners replace you under her sheltering care.

**A Message In the Sky**

The storm raged on.  
Across the sky in torrents  
Flashed the fiery lightning.  
The thunder shook the earth with fear;  
The trees bent forth and shed their clothing;  
The world was total darkness  
Save the lightning that on and off  
Across the sky  
Painted the lines of despair and failure.  
The clouds hung low, a veil of gloom,  
To drop upon the earth and smother  
That last flame of hope that lingered on.

And as I sat and watched the scene  
And felt the end had come for me,  
The rains suddenly ceased to be;  
The winds died in the trees;  
And around those clouds  
Was a silver lining.  
My heart leaped up in ecstasy  
As I saw the message written for me.  
Barbara Monnett

**Reminiscence**

When all the world looks bleak to me,  
My life is an eternity  
Of darkness and loneliness.  
  
My soul knows not another way  
To leave this world this dreary day  
Than dreaming of the hallowed past.  
  
Ah yes, the past, the days before,  
The times my heart has longed for more  
Of love and understanding.

My friends have left the memories there  
For me in reverie to share  
With them in their sad shadows.  
Jerry Mann

**HIGH LIFE**

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