

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.

GHS--Modern Battleground Of Ole American Ideal Competition

Whirlie booster posters, student directories, blue and white trash barrels, identification cards, and pocket schedules are but a few of the products of the friendly rivalry existing between GHS's three service clubs.

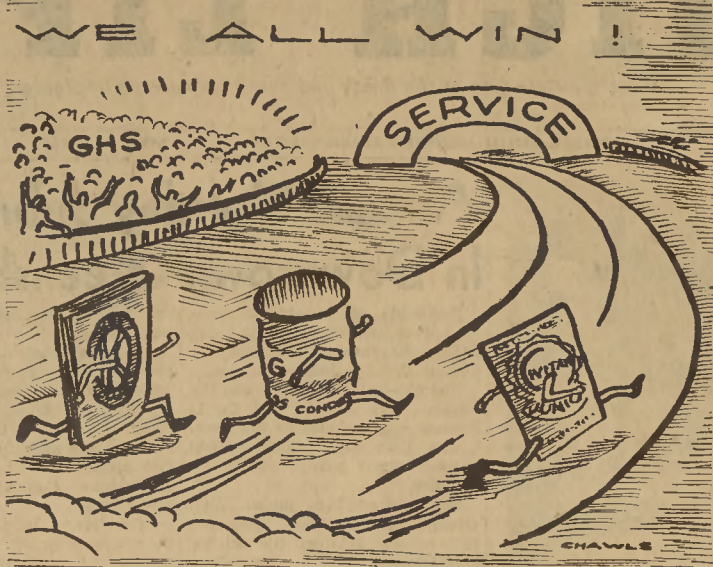
The Junior Civitan, Key Club, and Los Condes have gone all out in doing services for the school, each striving to outshine the other in school spirit tonics.

It has been said that for years, with there being only one service club at Senior, this school was dominated by the elite "cocks of the walk." Recently though, the supremacy of the original group has been challenged, and the three clubs have been engaged in the game of "king on the mountain."

At the beginning of the year, students were presented with identification cards. Immediately thereafter an abundance of team support posters flooded the hallways covering nearly every inch of available space. Following close on the heels of these projects came a new idea, pocket schedules for future school activities. Before the presses grew cold from printing dates, the mechanisms were started again, this time for telephone numbers. Climaxing the rush of gifts to the school, patriotically painted blue and white trash barrels were placed on campus.

What is to come next? As the clubs vie with each other for the lead in serving GHS, the rest of the student body stands back, wide-eyed, yet geared for any surprises. Surely by now funds and enthusiasm are beginning to depreciate, yet still the sparks of keen competition come to light day by day.

Senior High is indeed fortunate to have three such groups so vitally interested in promoting school spirit and in making the students more aware of their opportunities. If two heads are better than one, then certainly the combined forces of three clubs can do more for the school than one. Competition is the backbone of the American way of life and school is the best place in which to learn to strive for betterment and advancement. As long as the atmosphere is one of friendly rivalry then surely GHS



SCRIPT TEASE

This was it. He couldn't hold out much longer. The enemy was all around him. He could smell the smoke from their cannons, hear the ear-splitting crashes as the shells hit their mark. Far in the distance he could see an enemy column advancing toward his position. Soon they would be within shooting distance. If he had to go, he was going to take some of them with him. He nervously fingered the trigger of his submachine gun. He lay at the edge of the abandoned farmhouse, expecting any moment to be spotted. He heard the rhythmic hup-two, hup-two as the enemy came nearer and nearer. Suddenly he saw a patrol about eight hundred yards ahead of the column. They were coming his way. Closer and closer they came. Apparently they hadn't seen him yet. He raised the sights of his gun. About ten more yards and
 "Johnny, Johnny, come into the house, dear. It's time for supper."

Slowly he picked himself up and trudged back to reality.
 JOE BOWLES

MY LAND
 My land, America. My country. With room to grow, to build. With every child born equal and every man born free. A new idea of liberty grown strong through many years. A shared responsibility to spread throughout the world the glory of our freedom, the wonder of our life.

An American. Walking proudly among other peoples of the earth. With confidence, security, and the wish for eternal peace. A man strong in God. A new breed. Unconquerable. Kind.

My people, Americans. My land, America. My Country.
 DIANA EVANS

PARA' PHRASIN'

Service clubs that need a project ought to consider lightening the loads of some of the departments. Posters for College and Careers Day as well as name tags and such have been put off for the art classes to do, while, in truth, they could have been excellent material for a service project. It's just a passing thought. Does anyone care to follow it through?

Long ago church and state were separated, and ever since public education has been kept open to all faiths. In recent times, though, devotionals have been directed only towards certain groups. Spiritual guidance and religion should not be ignored in high school; indeed, they are necessary; however, devotionals and prayers should be keyed to reach Protestants, Catholics, and Jews, not just the sect in the majority.

Generations come and go. Classes come and go, but the Class of 1958 (the Junior Class to you non-mathematicians) certainly proved their worth in the production of the Thanksgiving Pageant. It was an inspiring program, well-planned, and well-executed.

Add 30 years to your present age and high school days will become only recollections of past life, long gone, never to return. All the things which are taken for granted or are considered as commonplace in your school activities of today will later be remembered as cherished experiences. Make the most of all opportunities; live these years to the fullest; one day you'll look back and say, "those were the days."

Hokus, pokus, what does the crystal ball hold for the future? Look deeply, and you will see, report cards and holidays for you and me. One certainly doesn't need black magic or witchcraft to know this.

School Bus Drivers Lead Rugged Life; Deserve 'Pat On Back'

School bus drivers often lead a rugged life. They're the first ones up in the morning and last ones home in the afternoons.

Each day they put up with screaming children, elementary, junior and senior high included. They must brave traffic at the busiest times of the day. For all this those boys who make up GHS's Wheel Club get little recognition.

We all agree that a pat on the back never hurt anyone.

Evidently Mrs. C. Henry Sikes, local civic leader, agrees as evidenced by the following letter Mr. Routh recently received.

November 8, 1956

Dear Mr. Routh:

I want to tell you about one of your students and how much I appreciated his thoughtfulness. One of the school bus drivers was coming up Friendly Road Monday about 3 p. m. Charles was across the street trying to cross over to our house, and the cars were coming and going thick and fast I was making a big effort to get him across the street. The student driver of the bus saw my dilemma, stopped his bus, put out the sign, and the cars stopped both ways so the child could get across the street.

Just wanted you to know how fine I thought that was and compliment the school bus driver. I am sorry I didn't even get his bus number.

I have such faith in teen-agers that I wanted you to know that they have proved again how really worthwhile they are.

Sincerely,
 Mrs. C. Henry Sikes

(Incidentally that driver was Paul Spoon, junior.)

Hall Tales
 BY JUDIE BITTINGER

BY JUDIE BITTINGER

Long, out this season even the most baddest of the Seniorites turns into little angels (with slightly bent halos I might add). Need I mention what the reason is?

You know, I think one of the nicest things about money is that its color never clashes with what you're wearing!

Ricky Hitchcock: But this the same test we had last six weeks!
 Miss Huske: That's all right, I've changed all the answers.

A dumb girl is a dope; a dope is a drug; doctors give drugs to relieve pain; therefore, a dumb girl is just what the doctor ordered.

(You know, this column is a lot like a silo—mostly corn.)

Diane Pfaff: Sometimes my father takes thing apart to see why they don't go.
 Butch Jones: So what?
 Diane: So you'd better go.

There was a young lady of Niger
 Who smiled and rode out on a tiger.
 They returned from the ride
 With the lady inside
 And the smile on the face of the tiger.

Connie Daniels: How about buying me a soda?
 Dave Winfree: My dear, extenuating circumstances force me to prelude you from such an extravagance
 Connie: I don't get it.
 Dave: That's what I said!

Coach Glenn (complaining to Coach Jamieson across the lunch table): What a day! Baby got his first tooth, took his first step, fell, and then said his first word!

SOB STORY:
 I always knew that she

Wasn't the only fish in the sea. And now it occurs too late That I'm not the only bait.

You Can't Win Department—
 It was a dark and foggy night. The man in his automobile had no lights. Coming to a cross road, he didn't know which way to turn. After much search, he found a match and climbed to the top of a street sign post. He then lit his one match with utmost precaution, and in the ensuing glimmer read, "Wet Paint."

That's all for now—remember always, He who laughs, lasts.

COUNCIL CORNER

BY BILL O'BRIEN

The Student Council for the past several weeks has put much time and work into the Careers Day in which you took part yesterday. We on the Student Council have tried to do our part in giving you an opportunity for taking a close look into career areas in which you have indicated an interest.

Now we want you to do a job for us. Every task that involves as much time, planning, and organization as does a project like Careers Day needs some objective evaluation. You, the student body, are the ones best qualified to make this evaluation. Thus we should like for you to let us know what values the day had in your opinion and what suggestions you have for improvement.

Next Tuesday we'll see our basketball team begin its season with a game here against Raleigh. We congratulate our football teams for a wonderful season, and we now want to give our hundred per cent to the basketball team.

HIGH LIFE

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