

Individual Overindulgence Dangerous To Students?

EDITORIAL mweP
Individual overindulgence is one of the greatest underlying falacys concerning participation in extra-curricular activities. Though we are of the opinion that learning should be supplemented by outside interests, many fail to recognize the disaster frequently involved.

Upon entering any institution the general opinion is "to get into everything". This idea CAN PROVE to be rewarding in that students may meet more people, spend extra time advantageously, and often attain that important, though egotistical, sense of a job well done. More often, one's attention will be so split that he can only give minute quantities of his talent to each group.

Would it not be of more value to the individual, as well as the entire body of persons affected by these activities, to concentrate an effort to benefit the field in which he is most talented?

A second interwoven tragedy of such organization is that usually the burden of leadership falls on the shoulders of such a small group that only by utmost strain can all standards be maintained.

There remain many "would-be"

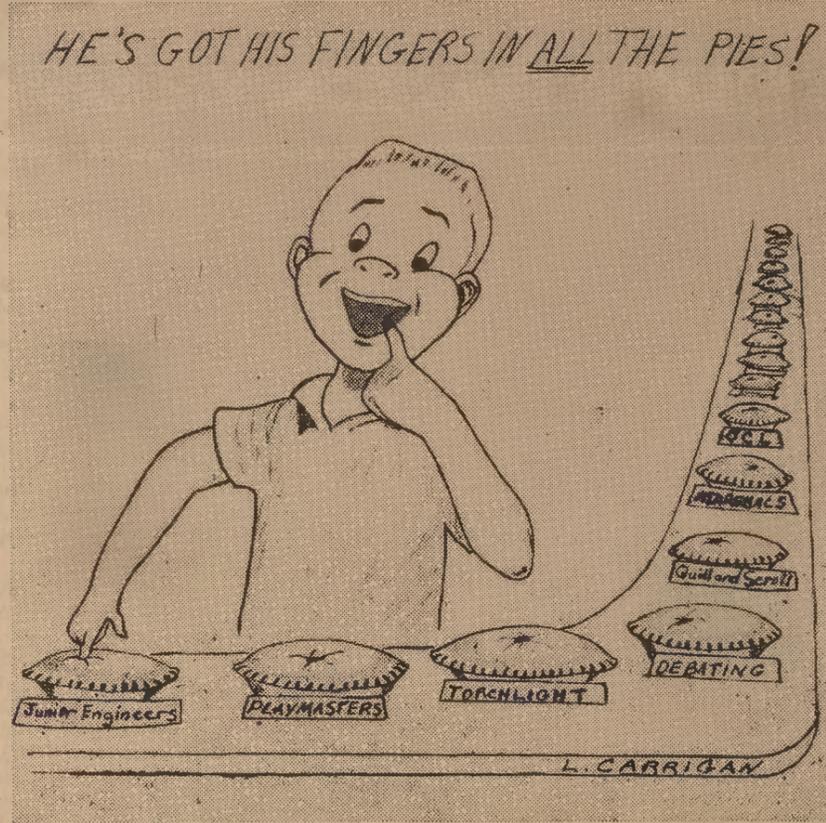
leaders yet undiscovered. Is it not true that an individual may often be nominated or elected to a position because of his capabilities in other instances? Conceding that experience is an asset in any undertaking, we feel that experience and the burden of overindulgence are differential though often considered one in the same.

Truly, a decided solution remains to be seen, but each person can investigate his mind and, after evaluating the situation involved, direct his capabilities accordingly. Opportunity is waiting; try knocking. An identical key does not open every door.

The problem has been presented. The individual has an answer to this problem in that he may reject or accept as many responsibilities as he wishes.

But what can be accomplished? could it be that a certain point system, devised and discussed by several GHS students, might at least relieve this situation? Under such a system, each office and duty would have a definite point evaluation and a limit would be set as to the maximum number of points one student could obtain.

Is this the answer? If not, is this the direction in which the answer lies?



REISTER AND VOTE

Enrollment Rises Slightly; 1720 Report First Week

Enrollment of 1639 last year has risen slightly with 1720 students having been registered by September 9.

The sophomore class is the largest with 668 students. This is 54 larger than the sophomore class of last year when Page High School opened. The senior class is next with 577 enrolled. It has grown by 42 since its junior year and is 87 larger than the senior class last year.

Having the greatest change, the junior class has lost 138 students since its sophomore year and is 59 less than last year's junior class.

Senior has 55 home rooms this year. Sophomores have 23, juniors 14, and seniors 18.

The increase by 81 of the school population is due partly to transfer students. Many of these newcomers are from schools in and around Greensboro, and over one-half are from North Carolina. Some of the other states represented are New York, Kentucky, West Virginia, Alabama, Tennessee, Indiana, and New Jersey.

HIGH LIFE

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Blair Oversees Unsung Heroes

By Judy Edwards

As one will find in most large operations, GHS has its unsung heroes. These honest, sincere, hard-working young men are the members of the GHS Traffic Squad. This year the boys are under the supervision and motherly love of Tootie Blair, Traffic Chief, and Charlie Atkins and Sammy McNairy, assistants to Tootie.

You sophomores may be wondering exactly who and what is the Squad. Well, actually so is three-fourths of the student body. In all seriousness these boys are the ones whom, against my advice, you are supposed to ask for directions to the various buildings and classes. These boys have a sincere desire to better our school by telling one to "please refrain from going up the down stairs and vice versa." Now, you may be questioning the significance of the ups and downs. Well, just stop and think. What would be the purpose of the Traffic Squad if there were no rules such as this gem? See, it all fits into a pattern over here, does it not?

Why Do They Stare?

I overheard in the hall the other day two young sophomore girls talking in complete chaos. The conversation went somewhat along this line: "Why do these boys stare everytime I walk by? There always seems to be three or four of them huddled together at the outside of every door, and all they do is stare and laugh!" There really is no need for panic here. These boys are not laughing at you. Not really, anyway. All they are doing is trying to make the day a little brighter for themselves and you, so grin and bear it.

As the year goes by, you will come to know and love the Traffic Squad. On various occasions you will hear of one of these boys being commended for helping prevent a fight in the grove, rescuing kittens which have mistakenly wandered into a biology class which needs an animal for surgery, or in a moment of compassion, picking up books for an embarrassed young lady.

Blue Armbands

One may easily recognize a member of the traffic squad by one of two things: the blue band around his arm (which he will lose somewhere before the end of the first two weeks of school are over), the boys who have special privileges, such as throwing books at sophomores and leaving class fifteen minutes early.

There is something here which has been troubling me for quite a while, however. At the closing of the school year, when everyone is receiving recognition for duties done throughout the past nine months, the members of the Squad are fast forgotten. Do they get a just reward? Do they find overdue praise for their fine job even? Nay, I tell you! Is this appreciation? I move that we show our respect for them by blessing them with a gift at the close of the year. Say, for instance, a chain with a gold scale model of the school layout over which they have watched so valiantly . . . or maybe a certificate?

Hall Tales

School began this year with the usual confusion for most everyone. In the center of it all was Mr. Routh with his share of troubles and everyone else's share also. Chaos didn't reach its peak though until about three days after school started when the bewildered sophs came out of their daze and realized how lost they really were. The newly arrived were going to biology when they should have been going to English and so on. But there is still a ray of hope, for everyone seems to be able to remember one period, lunch. So maybe after a few months of school every period and teacher will be memorized. At least I know the traffic squad wishes that students would get what's where and quit confusing down with up.

Speaking of sophomores reminds me of something I saw the other day.

A sophomore was standing in the hall staring at a pretty upperclassman who had a tiny gold airplane hanging around her neck. After a few moments she asked him, "Do you like my little airplane?"

"As a matter of fact," he replied, "I wasn't looking at it. I was really admiring the landing field."

A flirt is a woman who believes that it's every man for herself.

Jean: "I wonder if Herman loves me?"
Becky: "Of course he does, dear. Why should he make you an exception?"

Well, football season is here again and you can sure tell it. Adding to the general confusion, people are trying to sell you any thing from ribbons to season tickets, (incidentally, these ST's are really worth the money—get one you won't

regret it.) When football season starts, everything seems to change. During the summer the boys chase the girls but when football starts, watch out boys (excuse me! Football Boys) here they come!

Bennett Cerf described this time of year nicely in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He said that football season was the only time of the year when a man can walk down the street with a blonde on one arm and a blanket on the other without encountering raised eyebrows.

After a trip to Fairystone Park, I heard a young lady make this comment after her first horseback ride.

"I never imagined anything that was filled with so much hay could ride so hard."

For those of you who don't get around there is a new sign up on the bulletin board in the band building. Please go see it. It is one of those mis-worded things that turns out hilarious.

"Band Lessons: special pains given to beginners."

Herb

The tipping has really gotten bad out at the Castle. I gave one of the waiters \$5 and he told me that my change was \$3.66. His next statement, as he held the change in his hand, was. "Want it?"

On one of those busy days that first school week, I overheard Mr. Routh talking to a student:

"You ought to feel highly honored young man," said Mr. Routh. "Do you know that I have refused to let some ten students leave school early today?"

"Yes, I know," replied the student, "I'm them."

Don't forget to subscribe to *High Life*—same paper—same time—same tales.

Man Versus Machines At Senior High School

By Becky Bryson

The majority of people at Senior do not mind the fact that most of the water fountains work only when the moon is right or that when they do work, a small trickle of very warm water is the result, until a person bends over to quench his thirst. However, once he is bent in position, the fountain seems to sense it; then a gyser which can be compared to "Old Faithful" in forcefulness shoots up to smack him right in the face.

In spite of an occasional drowning of one of the smaller students in lukewarm water, Senior's students almost seem to enjoy having the pesky things around. But when a student is about to partake of a cool drink of water at an infrequent oasis type that actually works and the step-down control stays down after he has gone on, showering anyone within twenty feet of it, a vague annoyance is noticed among the students.

Another modern convenience around students at Senior is the softdrink machine. These marvels of efficiency take

a person's dimes, cough sputter, and sometimes even release the drink paid for; but then again, they will stubbornly refuse to be intimidated by the screams and kicks of the outraged victim who trustingly put his money in the coin slot. However, there are times when his efforts to get the machine to work are rewarded with not only a drink, but a handful of the change lost by the suckers before him. In other words, putting money in a soft drink machine at Senior is like playing Russian roulette with loaded pop bottles.

To control these modern conveniences requires a Senior student to have the alertness of an eagle, fleetness of a deer, and the intelligence of an Einstein. To those unfortunate enough to be about as alert as a strand of spaghetti, with the fleetness of a very slow snail, and intelligence of a pre-historic bat, this presents no problem. These persons shall just go on their merry way bested in every contest, by those cotton-picking, chicken plucking machines.