



From Under The Gavel

By Sara Ann Taylor

EDITOR'S NOTE: In order that the Student Council may give the average student a better idea of what the council's activities are, and so that he may better understand its duties and responsibilities, High Life is presenting a series of articles in which will be presented notations from leaders therein.

This is your Student Council and you elect us to represent you in attempting to attain some of the things toward which we all strive here at Senior High. Our school seems to be living and breathing progress, and we believe that the Student Council, supported by each of you, is holding its own in the procession of progress.

One of the council's largest accomplishments is the annual Social Standards Conference which is now a vital part of high school life in all of the larger schools of our state. It was originated by our own school in 1931.

The council is also responsible for Alumnae Day, May Day, and many other activities and programs here at G. H. S. A project which the council has handled before and is now getting underway again is the publication of a student handbook to be distributed to the junior high school students who will join us in

the fall. This is in order that they may learn more about our school.

Greensboro High has been highly praised for its smooth-running, effective form of student cooperation, and many other North Carolina schools are patterning their student councils after ours.

It is you who make it possible for the Student Council to accomplish these things for which we strive, and you hold the power of our success in your hands by electing your own leaders. Feel free at all times to offer us your suggestions, because it is our aim to represent you, your ideals, and your opinions.

You, our classmates, have given us the privilege of serving as a representative on our Student Council. We feel as if we have gained valuable experience. In turn, we have decided to share our thoughts with you. Kemp Clendenin will be in charge of this column next issue, so look for his message.

Two Hundred and Fifty-three Are On Third Six Weeks' Honor Roll

The Senior Class yet remains in the lead with the highest number of members on both special and regular Honor Roll. Mrs. Blanche Smith has announced that 10 sophomores, 15 juniors, and 28 seniors attained Special Honor Roll. There were 74 seniors making Regular Honor Roll, 68 juniors, and 58 sophomores.

SPECIAL HONOR ROLL

Seniors
Room 2—Frank Hough, Nancy Hudson.

Room 6—Sid LeBauer, Pattie McDaniel, Sue King, Betty McCraw.
Room 100—Ann Edwards, Marian Faison, Nancy Foust.
Room 302—Sue Purdom, Joanne Scott.

Room 304—Emma Belle Pickett, Alex Panas, Margaret Pearce.
Room 306—Doris Frank, Jeanette Hester, Maitland Freed, Sally Grey Hicks.

Room 309—Edith Trosper.
Room 311—Hope Brown, Mary Catherine Clymer.
Room 313—Rowland Wisseman, Elinor Wrenn, Bill Wrenn.
Room 315—Jean Ayers, Phyllis Bell, Nancy Benson, Barbara Blaylock.

Juniors
Room 12—Ruth Hawkins, Ellen Holt.
Room 14—Betsy Wright.
Room 16—Bobby Brown, Lynden Anthony.

Room 24—Bill Tutterow.
Room 201—Marie Sizemore, Camille Schifman.
Room 202—Mary Jo Caudle.
Room 203—Betty Jones.
Room 204—Jerry Ann Moore, Elizabeth McPeeters.

Room 300—Frankie Ogburn.
Room 307—Billy Crowder, Connie Curry.

Sophomores
Room 1—Ed Hudgins.
Room 5—Rene Zapata.
Room 7—Richard Ledbetter, Steve Leonard.

Room 8—Shiela Harris.
Room 10—Bobbie Stubblefield.
Room 21—Emily Sowerby.
Room 27—Larry Bumgarner.
Room 106—Margie Goldman.
Room 200—Bobby Clark.

REGULAR HONOR ROLL

Seniors
Room 2—Barbara Holloway, Joan Hugins, Hilliard Humphrey, Bonnie Honeycutt, Donald Johnson, Syreta Hodges, Ashley Holland, Lois Johnson.

Room 6—Elizabeth McCulloch, Don McCollum, Glendon Lackey, Martha Lashley, Barbara Killebrew.

Room 100—Elizabeth Davis, Anne Day, Dorothy Deckard, Frances Dixon, Nancy Faires, Betty Jo Fee, Billy Ferguson, Barbara Crutchfield, Peggy Everitt, George Cranford.

Room 302—Robert Russell, Patsy Plunkett, Jimmy Schenck.
Room 304—Tom Neal, Ruth Overton, Clara Jane Pearman, Virginia Parsons.

Room 305—Peggy McEntire, Betty Lou Marsh, Jeanne Martin, Mary Martin, Barbara Jean Mays, Nancy McSweeney, Anna Larson Myrick, Ida Ruth Nall.

Room 306—Virginia Harris, Jo Anne Hendrix, Rebecca Frazier, Margaret Haynes, Versie Hicks.
Room 309—Mary Blair Smith, Joan Springs, Carlene Tate, Beverly Talley, Becky Thomas, Betty Talbert, Thatcher Townsend.

Room 311—David Bradley, Audrey Brady, Barbara Braxton, Ronald Britt, Dorothy Buchanan, Helen Capps, Billie June Caudle, Frank Burton.

Room 313—Fred Upchurch, June Van Horn, Carole Williams, Mary Ellen Wilson, Anne Wofford, Dor-

(Continued on Page Seven)

SYKES SHOE SHOP Shine Parlor

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'Bout the Youth House

"Let me call you sweetheart, I'm in love with you." Well, that seems to have been the theme running through Lofters' heads at the Youth Center's annual Valentine Dance held Saturday night, February 11.

This Valentine Dance was in a sense the climax to "Rap Mop" day and the Board of Management-Youth Council supper. From 1:30 on—the Youth Center was being made whistle bait, and with a new coat of paint on the stairs the elevator-like fire escape was really put into use. The W. S. T. Club members used it so much from going back and forth to town that the fire escape was really kept going in a sense. Enough of that!

Valentine's night was the scene of nuptial bliss when the Junior Woman's Club held their Sweetheart Ball. The dance was by invitation only (to our moms and poppers) and the music was by the Shriners' Desert Knights.

What's new? That dream boat Tony Pastor will be here March 1, with his orchestra of course, for a dance sponsored by the Greensboro Optimist Club. Tickets will be one dollar apiece to all Lofters.

It seems we have been hearing so much about Senior's band lately, what with concerts and things to raise money. Well, now they're going to have a dance with Paul Bell's orchestra. This benefit dance is to help pay the band's expenses to St. Louis, and will be held next Friday night. Let's all turn out. Maybe we don't like concerts, but everybody likes to dance. Let's have a big turnout.

Then March 4, the Sub-Debs will hold their Spring dance. For all you lucky people who get invitations, the music will be furnished no less by High Point's "Dreamsters." Incidentally, the "Youth on the Air" radio show is in charge of the sub-debs tomorrow, so if you can't come in person be sure to listen at 10:30, WGBB.

Oh, yes, one last thing: Weddie Huffman says he's trying to get Johnny Long for the Spring dance, March 31.

Many women who insist they are the equals of men are just being kind.

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THE OTHER SIDE of the DESK

By Maunida S. Wales

EDITOR'S NOTE: If High Life is to mirror life at Senior High, it must reflect ALL life—both student and faculty. We present, therefore, another in a series of articles by members of the faculty.

About two weeks ago, Jody Wilkinson of the High Life staff came to me and asked me to write "The Other Side of the Desk" for the issue of High Life then going to press. I, like a lot of you, said, "Please, Jody, you haven't given me enough time. May I have just two more weeks?" And she, like a lot of us, said, "All right, Miss Wales, if you promise to have it ready for the next issue." So I promised.

Since that time I've spent about fifteen minutes a day saying to myself, "What in the world shall I write for High Life—I can't write about love because Valentine's Day is over and besides, I haven't been keeping up with Dorothy Dix lately. I don't want to write about Joseph Hall, Ellen Holt, Nancy Beale, Mary Jane Moring, George Washington, or the other illustrious "Februarians." Well, the night before the "deadline" I was still worrying. And while I was worrying I decided to figure (if I could without getting into higher mathematics) how much time I had wasted worrying about writing instead of writing and it ran into something like three hours, thirty-nine minutes, forty and one-half seconds. And I thought, "I could have graded papers, washed my hair, and listened to the Lone Ranger in that time—and as it is, what did it get me? Nothing—I guess that's what that man meant who said 'Procrastination is the thief of time.'" So I decided to quit procrastinating and get a subject lined up.

I picked up the latest Comic Book left me by courtesy of Third Period Study and leafed through it hoping to find an idea, but in vain. Then just for curiosity I picked up a book entitled "Familiar Quotations" to see if I could find who said "Procrastination is the thief of time." While I was looking, I ran across this paragraph:

"Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's train-

ing begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly."

And I said to myself, "Mr. Huxley, you have something there for both sides of the desk." So thanks to Mr. Thomas Henry Huxley, I'm going to jot down a few words about doing what you have to do, when it ought to be done.

Some of you have heard me say in Spanish class, "If you study your vocabulary every day and learn your verbs as they are given to you, you won't have any trouble with Spanish." I know all of you have heard Mrs. Smith, Mr. Long, Miss Moore—any and all of your teachers, sing the same song, with minor variations every day. So you start out with a bang and study your History and Spanish and Bookkeeping and read a few good books besides. Then one day in study hall you just happen to look over Joe's shoulder and see that Fearless Fosdick is an awful jam and you decide to do your Geometry at home. You get home and Bill calls and asks you to go to the Youth Center and you go. The next morning Mrs. Alton asks you what the hypotenuse is and you say, "an animal with a big mouth found in zoos." After the rest of the class gets through with you, you decide, "I'm going to do the thing I have to do when it ought to be done, whether I like it or not, from now on." You've learned "the first lesson that ought to be learned."

Suppose you "finish" your education. You get a job—a good job—it's been a long time since you were in high school or college—two weeks or a month, at least, and you've forgotten about the times you didn't study when you should have. The Boss gives you the Jones' Case and asks you, at five o'clock, to write a letter about it. You're in a hurry because you have a date with your best gal, so you shove it in the basket marked "Urgent," promising yourself to do it first thing in the morning. The next morning the monthly report is due and you forget all about Jones. A week later the Boss comes in and asks for the Jones file and you turn red, swallow your tongue, and hope for the ground to open up and do likewise for you.



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