

**They've Got It!**

It probably hasn't crept on you yet, but sooner or later—that Christmas spirit will hit you. School, bless it, seems to linger on this year well into Christmas week, therefore, maybe G. H. S. will rub off a little spirit on its "hallowed" walls to last the remainder of the semester.

With the world in the pitiful condition that it happens to be in today, that Christmas feeling—we'll call it—isn't as apt to appear in such strong measure. Our thoughts when not on the troubles of the day turn to personal problems—such as, who shall I give? Or more than likely, who will give me? Christmas has lost its true meaning is the current topic of conversation. Whether we'll admit that or not is one thing, but certainly you'll agree that it's more commercialized than ever before. When our past inhabitants of the United States first came to this part of the world, times were extremely hard, and hearts were weary with sorrows, problems, and hardships. Yet at Christmas time these seem to melt into the distance, and everyone with their berry-trimmed fir trees and home-made presents enjoyed their happiest days of the year. They had the real spirit—the true meaning of Christmas.

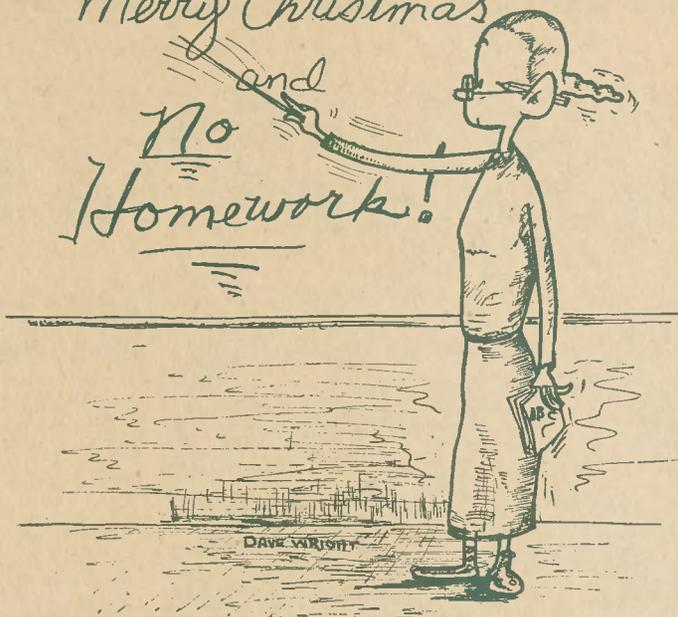
Maybe what the United States needs at the present time is a Renaissance (aye! Seniors) concerning Christmas. G. H. S. certainly can't do it all, but every change has to begin with a small group of revolutionists—and there's absolutely no reason why G. H. S. shouldn't receive the credit for reviving the true spirit. What can I do? you say. This year make Christmas not the time to try to satisfy your friends with the least amount that you can spend on them, but try to make as many people happy as you possibly can. By doing this you'll find that right feeling—the one you get from making others happy—not by giving so you'll get in return.

Not too far away from us are several families who can't afford to celebrate Christmas in any way. Clubs here at high school (social and otherwise) have taken some of these families as their own projects for this time of the year, but they can't do it all. We all individually can do our part—some can do more than others, but we all can help, whether it's giving to a good cause or actually even delivering the surprises. You know how much it's possible for you to do.

There are a few who will find this piece of writing entirely useless, and they are those who before now have found true happiness in giving to others. Your own joy doubles every time you bring a light into the eyes of someone who doesn't or isn't able to smile. These are those people who know what and how much Christmas can mean to them. They have it!

**Merie Christma and Hopy Niv Yere**  
Boby Brwon, Proofreader

Merry Christmas  
and  
No  
Homework!



We'd like to wish all of you the swellest Christmas ever and the best New Year possible!

Barbara H., Editor, and "Jackie" A., Feature Editor

**Little or no Cooperation**

High Life is receiving less and less cooperation each week from some of the people it approaches for information. Naturally, the teachers are those who are approached most often, and lately a few of them don't seem to be realizing the entire story is written around the few facts they casually give us. Members of the staff report that they receive such excuses from teachers as "Come back after school," and the most common one we hear—the whole staff will vouch for this—is, "I'm sorry, but that's all we can tell you." We know the teachers are always busy, but we too have a job—to get the paper out.

The paper is written primarily for the students, and they are complaining because all the news stories are old happenings when the paper gets out. The reason lies in the above paragraphs—namely, that teachers and organization heads give out only limited information to reporters. It is our opinion that the paper should produce something of news value that has not been presented previously to the student body. We will be very glad when it is realized that the paper is a good way to break the ice, whether it is a play, contest, or dance. High Life would like to be an informing paper. But with the lack of cooperation that we have been getting—that is an impossibility. Another item that isn't realized is that a news story is based on facts—not feature—and with only a few simple statements a front page story can't be had.

This only applies to part of the teachers, so may we express our thanks to those who accept so wonderfully their responsibilities.

**The World's Last Generation**

Are your classes slowly disintegrating? G. H. S. is losing a number of students this month to the services. The idea here, we suppose, is to volunteer into the specific department so which you would like most to be assigned, rather than to be drafted into the infantry, or other undesirable branches.

Now that some of our own friends have gotten into the fight, we come to realize how close to home this war is hitting. This is really the first time that most of us have probably realized the seriousness of war. Before, we thought it was the time when

**Carson Calls**

By Marianne Carson

Well, can you believe it? Here is Christmas already upon us! It seems hardly possible that time could pass so quickly. Just think, next Tuesday we get out for two whole school-free weeks! No homework, on tests, no getting up at 7:30 in the morning (unless, of course, you are one of those ambitious souls who is planning to go to work). Nothing to do but loaf and have a good time; and from what I've been hearing of the plans for the D.D.T. and the L.S.P. dances, it sounds as though those affairs will be one of the best places to have a good time.

Of course I'm sure that everyone has finished his Christmas shopping by now. (Big joke!) I've seen some folks rushing around downtown hunting for that certain something for that certain someone. (Those lucky people who will get cashmere sweaters for Christmas.) Some of these are Marijane Crawford, Jackie Gilmore, Arnold Leary, Elizabeth McPheeters, Sally Boren, Dick Campbell, Connie Mack Butler, and Micky Chamberle.

The Orchids to Department: To Miss Tuttle, the choir, the orchestra, and Mr. Harriman for the fine presentation of "Ragtime Jubilee."

New members have just been added to the Steady Club. They are Beverley Hall and Sonny Brannon, Floyd Rollins and Beverly Campbell.

The L.O.T.W. (lover of the week) this issue is Everett Ellingwood, with Steve Leonard a strong second!

Has everyone heard about Barbara Hutton and the T.N.C.?

Flash! — George "Corny" Cornwell is making a trip to China during the Christmas holidays. He thinks he can do what Marco Polo didn't! The trip is an able suggestion of Betty Chambers'.

we pasted defense stamps in a little book, and collected scrap iron, metal and paper for the different drives. War was a word that meant listening to the news on the radio, instead of our favorite programs. Times have certainly changed and the students of G. H. S. are realizing that they are the ones who will have to fight this war. As uncertain as world conditions are now, we can only hope that the many disturbances will straighten themselves out before long, and that we will not be as many alarmists have chosen to say—"the world's last generation."

**Your Opinion?**

**Question:**

**What Is Your Ideal Teacher?**

The student picks his ideal teacher on the master schedule each year. Six weeks later with his first report card the mirage has vanished. To quote an old saying, "There ain't no such animal."

The ideal teacher is one who learns it for the student and gives him an A to top off his good work. Since this is impossible, all we can ask for is the next best thing. The ideal teacher must show no favoritism, have a genuine interest in his studies, not ridicule students before the class, and have consideration for other things besides his own subject.

John Bradley

Someone once said, "The teacher is like a candle which lights others in consuming itself." My ideal teacher is understanding, kind, considerate of his pupils. I like to feel that my teacher is interested in me and my plans, and I also want him to appreciate my interest in him. He is one who does not play favorites, but is fair in his grading, and is open-minded in all his dealings. A teacher who is alert in his thinking, and whose intelligence is a challenge to his students is my ideal. He must be interested in the activities of the school, other than the subject he is teaching. Mrs. Roosevelt once said that the most important turning point in her life was when she was sent as a teen-ager to a private teacher who awakened in her an intellectual curiosity. A teacher who tries to inspire his students with the desire to learn is my ideal.

Barbara Cashwell

In describing the ideal teacher, both her presentation of subject matter and her general attitude or disposition must be considered.

First of all, the ideal teacher knows her subject thoroughly and is able to answer satisfactorily any reasonable question. She never gives a test question on a thing not covered in class. Her questions are always concise and never ambiguous.

Perhaps the most important quality of a teacher is fairness; this can not be too strongly emphasized. The ideal teacher is calm, maintaining good discipline without constant reprimands and threats. The ideal teacher is impersonal and impartial, and the student enters her classroom for a period of mental stimulation, not a social hour.

Carolyn Lentz

My ideal teacher is one who is able to understand the problems of high school pupils and give suggestions on solving them. The teacher should give his students the impression that he is their friend and can be approached as one. The pupil who thinks his teacher a king on a throne has the wrong conception. The teacher is just as human and has his problems the same as anyone else. The pupil and the teacher should enjoy a close relationship so that they will be able to understand each other. The teacher should try to have a good understanding of each of his pupils. This business of school is not a one-way affair, but one which concerns both teacher and pupil.

Craig Brown

**Top 10 Tunes**

By Evelyn Sink

1. "Row, Row, Row Your Boat" (between the Main and Science buildings).
2. "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" (side entrance to Cafeteria building).
3. "The Thing" (tan A).
4. "A Bushel and a Peck" (homework on weekends).
5. You've "Got Me Crying Again" (Monday tests).
6. "Why Do They Always Say No" (sick slip).
7. "Harbor Lights" (to the goofs that burn the midnight oil).
8. "Orange Colored Sky" (from the weather bureau, that's just as good as any).
9. "Oh Babe" (that's Gabe).
10. "The Main That Comes Around" (the drive-in), "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You."

**HIGH LIFE**

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