

Christmas 1951

Well, it's Christmas again. Time to start saving the ol' green stuff for the boy or girl friend's present. What can you give Marge so she won't be mad? You wonder if Johnny will give you that darlin' bracelet. Mother and Dad will just have to get that new coat for you.

Yes, sir! Christmas was made just for you. But what does Christmas mean? What is it all about? Besides getting out of school for a week or two, what is in it for you?

First, let us tell you that this Christmas 1951 may well be the last you will see. Read the daily newspapers. What do the headlines say? *Russia Vetoes Peace Move . . . Government Scandal Revealed . . . Atom Bomb Threat . . .* The seriousness of the world situation should reach you then and bring you out of the pink clouds of euphonious passiveness.

You say that Russia won't dare bother us. Ha! We wonder what the Koreans said about it *before*, what the Czechs said about it *before*, and so on.

You say that the government is corrupt because the leaders are dishonest. We wonder whom your father and mother voted for in the last election—or did they vote at all? The grass roots are just as tainted as the leaf.

You say the atomic bomb won't be used on us. It's too barbaric. We wonder what the citizens of Japan thought in 1945 before the atomic mushroom, grown from human decadence, blossomed over their cities.

You say wait a minute. We should not put a damper on the gay holiday spirit. But . . .

How many times during this Christmas holiday season will you think upon the real meaning of Christmas? Will you think of that night 2,000 years ago—or will you wonder how the Rose Bowl will turn out? Will your thoughts turn to that Child of Bethlehem—or will they be of presents and earthly things? Will you think of the promise renewed, the covenant restored, when Christ was born of Mary—or will you think of how much that present Joe gave cost? Will your musings remember that God again forgave erring mankind and gave him the greatest Christmas present ever, Jesus Christ—or will you remember that little present Jean gave you last year?

But you say that was 2,000 years ago! Yes. But the answer remains the same today as it was that evening long ago. Sure, it's a terrible time we live in. It could be a lot worse. It could be a heck of a lot worse. You've got shoes on your feet, food in your stomach, clothes on your limbs, and a hope in your heart for something better someday.

Sometime during the coming vacation, bend your proud knee in prayer and lower your arrogant heart in supplication and thank God in His heaven for your blessings. Ask Him to give you and the world guidance for the future, on this Christmas 1951.

Merry Christmas to you all, and the best possible New Year!

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HIGH LIFE

Published Semi-Monthly by the Students of Greensboro Senior High School Greensboro, N. C.



Founded by the Class of 1921

Revived by the Spring Journalism Class of 1937



Entered as second-class matter March 30, 1940, at the post office at Greensboro, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Bottleneck!

There were certain young men appointed in September of 1951 to act as controllers of traffic. They were to direct the streams of humanity that flow over the halls and help keep down the commotion and noise that is so prevalent during the changing of the various classes here at Senior.

Alas, however, not all the young men who were appointed to these important duties have tried to carry out, to the best of their abilities, the job given them.

They cause as much commotion in the halls as does anybody, and when they leave the classes a few minutes early (they are allowed to do so to enable them to reach their post) they seem bent on just making enough noise to wake the dead. When they finally reach their post, if they ever get there at all, they take the attitude of the more-mix-up-the-better type. As for those that don't get to their post, you will find them in groups of two or three with their posteriors propped against some warm radiator paying no attention to their job.

Of course, there are a few, a very scattered few, who do the job as they are expected to do. We congratulate you and just hope and pray that the other erring members of the traffic squad will take heed of you and follow your example.

Premature Decorations

Winter is upon us, and the trees are bedecked in solemn shrouds of white—paper, that is. You have, no doubt, noticed the "graceful" streamers of paper that roll from the blue and find their way to the trees at the rear of the administration building. This spot seems to have a magnetic attraction for that well-known substance that is used for writing, printing, and other purposes.

The source of this poor quality parchment is apparently the boys' washrooms. If the guilty parties will critically observe the uncouth appearance that this discarded material presents to the student body, perhaps this spot will soon be free of debris.

Cum Laude?

It seems that Senior is blessed with hosts of talented people who just have to express their pent-up abilities by volunteering for everything that even smells of glory.

We think it is fine for them to do so, but in taking the many varied opportunities, do they leave themselves open to critics? What we mean to say is that in doing the jobs they allow their time to be used up in too many things and as a result they do no one job as well

Pick-Pocketer Uncovers Gems in Sleuth Raid

Have you ever wondered what teachers carried in those huge bags (pocketbooks) that they carried? Yes, I thought so . . . Well, we have tried to pick out a few teachers that we would consider to carry an average amount of "junk." After reading the following you will notice that women do carry more than men . . . I guess you already knew that, though. Does any of the following surprise you?

Miss Tuttle was asked what she had in her pocket. Her reply amounted to the fact that she'd just cleaned it out. Golly, wonder what else she could get in there besides: chewing gum, a nail file, car keys, quite a few paid receipts, a handkerchief, "oodles" of change 'n' money, football ticket stubs, a driver's license, a secret compartment, a letter stamped "free" from her best boy friend, a check book which she says is carried merely for effect, extra glasses, a toothbrush, some Life Savers which she really needs, two sets of car keys, four pencils, a public library card, two Harry's Flowers checks, a bank deposit slip, toothpicks, a compact, comb, lipstick, and some matches. Who said that Miss Tuttle didn't have just about a little of everything?

Mr. Routh turned his wallet inside out, revealing not quite so much stuff. He had an extra set of car keys, also one for his front door, his wife's picture, some Carolina football tickets, a Rotary Club Directory, a laundry ticket, some blank checks, a driver's license, two complimentary Zesto tickets, some "dirty" calling cards, a wonderful picture of the high school, a Youth Center membership card, a \$2.00 bill with no corners off which is supposed to be very lucky, and quite a few other membership cards for several organizations.

Mrs. Hodden, when asked what she had in her pocketbook, stated that she hadn't taken out a thing . . . Do you believe her? She had some emory boards, three handkerchiefs, two pencils, glasses, two rubber bands, an address book, a memorandum, stubs to Carolina-Georgia game, a book on weight and its ups and downs, a hotel bill, a menu, a picture from the newspaper, a memorandum for a Sunday School devotion, eight bobby pins, one safety pin, one match, some free Zesto tickets, a bill fold, a check book, fountain pen, and a makeup kit. She said she'd showed me enough already, so I didn't even get to see in her makeup kit. Goodness, I didn't know that bags would hold quite so much, did you? Oh, I just had a call from Mrs. Hodden . . . she's found some more stuff in her pocketbook. There were some car and school keys, an express ticket for a film, and \$4.00 in money which was collected from adult classes . . . Yes, that's all!

as they could if they had not taken on all the other ones.

Christmas in Other Lands

Christmas, despite the many changes which it has undergone in the course of centuries, is still the most popular festival in the modern world. Most of us at Senior High do not realize that other countries celebrated Christmas long before the United States came into existence. Let us look at the customs and Christmas celebrations in other lands and compare them with our own.

Our neighbor Mexico starts celebration of Christmas nine days in advance of Christmas. In the towns and villages, whole families visit with each other during the Christmas season, and brotherhood and friendliness is accentuated.

In Holland, the children look forward to a visit from Saint Nicholas, who rewards them for being good the previous year. The Dutch children fill their shoes with hay which Saint Nicholas' white horse eats, and in turn fills the shoes with goodies and presents. Christmas morning finds the children up before daybreak, examining the presents which Saint Nicholas has left behind for them.

In France, particularly in Paris, huge crowds gather in the cafes and night clubs to celebrate Christmas. At midnight, mass is held at most churches and Christmas carols are sung by one and all. After the church service, the congregation is invited to the home of some member of the congregation for Reveillon (supper after midnight) which plays a big part in the French celebration.

In Finland, the children of the house sleep on clean straw on Christmas Eve. This is an old custom that is reminiscent of the Christ Child who slept on straw in a manger.

Santa Claus is replaced by Julenissen in Denmark. This character is in reality a miniature Santa Claus, who lives in the attics of homes and watches over the household all through the year. He leaves the attic only on Christmas Eve to distribute the children's presents.

In Czechoslovakia, Svanty Mikulad descends to earth from Heaven on a golden chain. He is conducted to earth by a white-clad angel and a black-hooded evil spirit. If the children have been good, he discharges the angel to distribute presents; if not, the evil spirit is always lurking in the background to whip the bad children. Needless to say, the angel does most of the work.

Most of these customs and traditions seem strange to us here in the United States, but we must remember that these traditions were practiced long before Columbus discovered America, and our own Santa Claus probably seems just as strange to them.

Ya Know Somethin'?

Hey you! I's got sump-thin I want to ask ya. Don't you think we's had simply wonda-ful assembly programs this here yer? They'se really got it, eh what? I's a been talkin' to a bunch o' people and they's really a difference of opinion as to which a ones or one was the best liked. O' coarse, we all look forward to the Christmas pageant each a yer 'cause it really puts us in the spirit of Christmas and 'specially it brings to mind the real meaning of this holy season.

As I's said before, I's asks lots o' people which assembly they likes the best. Several were mentioned, but as a rule they's no good! The pantomimes, which have been a given several times, seem to be 'bout tops with ever'body.

The band and orchestra programs are realie tops too! You've a noticed that yow-self when you hear those applauses. They's not only just a git 'em ta play mo' encores either so that we kin git out of two minutes mo' of a class.

You's 'll have to uh-gree with me that we've had some good speakers too. Not only are the jokes good, but also, if ya just think of what they say.

I knows that we's gonna keep on havin' good assembly programs due to the high efforts of our "veep"!

Until the next year, I bid you adieu!
by GAY WILLIAMSON