

In Memoriam

Last issue of High Life paid tribute to our friend and printer, Mr. Warren McCulloch.

For twenty years Mr. McCulloch gave of his capable talents in helping High Life to publish a high school newspaper that has been recognized as worthy of its reading public. Our Senior High journalism students have visited the plant and found inspiration and encouragement from our departed friend.

Therefore, we feel with his passing a personal loss and in a larger sense a challenge to carry on the publication.

Free ????

The price of an education comes high nowadays, and the irony of it is that it is supposedly "free." Costs of everything have risen to unprecedented heights and maybe it is right that we should be charged \$150.00 to \$200.00 per year for a secondary school education. But we're still told that it is "free."

Th cost of this and that amounts to a sum both preposterous and magnificent. It is necessary that a school needs a dollar and a half for this science course and fifty cents for that subscription.

The high taxes that parents pay can not be stretched to cover this enormous price of higher education, and as a result the student is called upon to support this load . . . Pencils cost . . . Books cost . . . Fees . . . cost . . . Even sports cost. . . These expenses go somewhere, and it would be interesting to see a public statement of the school's financial status so interested people could make a comparative analysis of hog his tax money is spent.

But really, all we want is for the people that claim "Free Education" to admit education is free provided *you can afford it* . . .

"Give Us Light!"

Have you noticed that the incoming sophomores have begun to develop bat-like profiles and characteristics? Well, don't laugh. Look in the mirror. You have done the same thing.

There is no need to worry, however, because it is nature's way of arming you against the everlasting darkness of our halls. Yes, you stumble in these caverns of learning without a glimmer of physical light. You feel your way from class to class and the age-old cry is "Give me some light!"

Seriously, there is a definite need of increased lighting facilities here at Senior. On overcast days there is no illumination at all on the treacherous steps of the Main and Science buildings. Some day somebody may be hurt.

The problem could be greatly improved with higher wattage bulbs in the existing electrical outlets and by providing more of the necessary outlets.

A Short Epistle . . .

There has recently been a considerable amount of criticism arising over the system



FREE EDUCATION
(IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT)

utilized to register the honor roll students at the end of last semester.

A new system was inaugurated which we trust will shortly be repealed or greatly amended. This new system was contrived with the hope that the signing up of the intelligentsia would be considerably speedy. But alas! Several of the major registrar's positions became severe stopgaps and thus the entire system was thrown into bedlam. The largest and most troublesome spot was that occupied by the registrar of the Language Department. There, and also in the signing up of the English-hungry students, was a major amount of noise and confusion and a minor amount of registering. Perhaps the only bit of sunshine on the cloudy scheme was the surprising warmth of the auditorium, where the waiting scholars sat while the more fortunate ones whose names began with "A" or "Z" were sent scurrying to the thronging mass in the Cafeteria Building.

IT WAS CONFOOZIN' BUT CERTAINLY NOT AMOOZIN'.

Man or . . . ?

I would rather be a mouse than a man. It would not have to be an extremely large or small or handsome mouse; just any little, old rat will do. A little, unpretentious mouse can do in seconds what movie heroes and males in general have been trying to do for centuries. Mice are extremely peaceful beings. No law has ever been passed to conscript young, eighteen-year-old mice for warfare against cats or any other aggressor. No mouse has even applied for a patent for an atomic mousetrap or any device to destroy their fellow members of "mouse-dom." There are gray mice and white mice and brown mice, but there are certainly no red mice. And mink coats are unheard of where mice congregate, even in Washington. With the world as it is today, it is a lucky one who can honestly answer the ageless question with: "Me? Why I'm a mouse."
Dave Wright

Thanks!

As High Life enters its second semester of the school year, we of the staff want to express our appreciation to all those at GHS who have made the distribution of the paper possible. To the administration, we say "Thanks." To the cooperative members of the faculty we say, "We wish there were more teachers like you."

Shucks & Nubbins

Well, here we are in the romantic month of February. Let's see what dangerous tidbits have been uncovered since last we met.

Tommy Fesperman has the worst time keeping up with his new girl friend. Just because she's not home when he calls, does he let that stop him? Definitely not. More power to you, Tommy.

Have you seen Freddie Rouse with her new rear-view mirror recently? (This one I don't understand.)

The members of the G.W.I. club are the proud possessors of brand new club pins! You're bound to have seen at least ten or twenty every day for the past few weeks. Just a note to the boys, they are NOT fraternity pins. This statement was made upon request of the girls of the club.

A certain young man named Jack recently moved here from Georgia. He's in homeroom 200 (Please pardon this plug for the old Alma Mata.) You might just happen to stroll by sometime, girls.

There's music in the air. If you don't believe it just ask Nancy Haitcock what she's been serenaded about recently. Lada-de-DE.

The Journalism class was honored the other day by a visit from none other than the notorious (is that the right word?) Bob Williams.

Wanted: By Grey Egerton and Stevie Leonard, the key to the second floor boy's washroom (?)

From the looks of things here at Senior, Cupid will really have a bang-up time this St. Valentine's Day. Here are some famous romances, some old, some new, that ought to keep the postman mighty busy:

1. Mary Lee Wells and Bill Whedbee.
2. Nancy Parker and Archie Andrews.
3. Lila A. Tice and Jimmy Tunstall.
4. Henrietta Reid and B. G. Campbell.
5. Pat Gregg and Fred Ayers.
6. Frances Waldrop and Charlie Wolfe.
7. Dottie Crews and Eddie Yost.
8. Nancy Beeson and Jim Melvin.
9. Virginia Ann Redhead and Jimmie Armstrong.
10. Shirley Jonhanesen and Tot Wagner.
11. Barbara Kennerly and Jere Woltz.
12. Betty Bell and Jimmy Betts.
13. Joyce Strother and John Hodgkin.
14. Janet Davis and Jack Coleman.
15. Pat Turner and Bobby Clark.
16. Patty Vaughn and Johnny Comer.
17. Jane Fryman and David Wright.
18. Anna Neese Huffine and Sonny Bishop.
19. Martha Joyner and Tommy Steele.
20. Jane Pike and Pedab Martin.
21. Betty Metrides and Chuck Doggett.
22. Martha Jester and Benny Craven.

Your Opinion

By GREY EGERTON

The Opinion Column this week is as usual on a very touchy subject. The topic happens to be the parking lot. I have heard more different ideas on what to do about this problem child than there are sands on the beach. Everybody wants to get into the act. Here are a few who did.

I think that our parking lot is a good thing. In spite of the improvements needed, it has its good points. Where else in Greensboro can one find a place to park without having to contribute to the accursed one armed bandits? When one's father accuses one of having Guilford Battleground mud on the family car, it would be hard to think of a better excuse than the high school parking lot. There is really very little difference in the composition of Battleground mud and high school mud. Both stick to the automobile tires. This little fact has saved the lives of many boys in the past and probably will save many more in the future. Brother Aesop tells us that it is not good sense to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, therefore, on this assumption, it would be very destructive to pave the parking lot.

There is an old proverb which says, "Every silver cloud has its black linings." This is true in the case of the parking lot. Although it gives the boys a good excuse for their fathers, it is very hard to get in and out of, due to this very mud which befriends so many of us boys. This is a plea to those of you who object to the condition of the parking lot, and have started a movement to pave it, to cease such actions for who knows, the life you save may be your own.

Annie Mouse.

I think the parking lot is one of the most important parts of Greensboro High School. In my opinion, there are two major advantages of the parking lot. It helps to relieve what would be a pretty bad traffic jam every morning at about 8:30 in front of the school; also, its nearness to the two main buildings makes it very convenient to those who get to school at 8:44.53 a.m.

Then there are the thrills that no stock car race in the South can furnish. Every day at twelve and one o'clock, speed is the password. Two or three hundred students pile into about twenty cars and are off in a cloud of dust for unknown destinations.

The parking lot is the incentive for invention. For instance, Gordon "Head" Williams was so anxious to be the first one to leave the parking lot after school that he invented an automatic car starter that starts his car at exactly 3:30, so that when Gordon reaches his car at 3:30.01, it is already started and ready to go. Boys, you might as well give up trying to beat him, for with this little gadget, he can't lose.

Another inventor, Frank Grove, has come up with automatic oars that row his Cadillac through the deepest puddles.


Should we repair the parking lot by filling up the holes and mud-holes? I say, no. Necessity is the mother of invention. Why, then, kill off the incentive to invent new and better things by destroying the need for them?
Bain Alexander.

I have had very little experience in the doings of our parking lot, but that was enough! As I approached two trees, they seemed to move closer together, until, by the time I reached them, I could hardly squeeze the car through. By sheer luck, and not by my own good driving, I finally maneuvered the car through the seemingly impassable space, and headed toward the yet-distant road. But, alas, I forgot that irrigation ditch that was so conveniently located right in my path. We pulled the car out of the ditch, and started across the swamp for the road behind the school. I finally reached the intersection at Westover Terrace and waited patiently for the other cars to zoom by so I could pull out.


I think it would be very nice if some civic-minded group would fill in the holes and remove a few trees from our parking lot.
Rose Waynick.

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