

In Memoriam

The loss which we here at Senior feel at the death of Lulu Belle Morrison can not be adequately expressed. We shall miss the cheery smile and kind words that she always gave us. Hers was a monumental task—cleaning up our debts. But regardless of the job to be done, Lulu Belle always did her best. She loved this school dearly and took a genuine interest in the students. All through her recent illness, and up until the last moments she spoke of them as her "chilluns."

Hers was a simple faith, the kind that can not be bought or given, but earned only through an understanding of God's nature.

Here We Go Again

The hinge of the gate of the seasons has swung open again—revealing the maiden: Spring. She is clad, of course, in the familiar garb—the filmy covering which is adorned with the petunias and little birdies floating around her. All is happy and gay and wonderful and merry and so on.

Yes, Nature has done it again. The nationwide disease of Spring fever has reached its astronomical figure and you're satisfied in a drowsy sort of way . . . Provided: That that little blond in English smiles at you or the brunette that sits next to you in chemistry lets you help her with the complex problem of Na (OH) plus H Cl equals Na Cl plus H₂O. You're floating in the clouds and the weather man says that there is clear sailing ahead. But hold, for now the villain enters—ol' devil Grades—with his Simon Legree smile. He casts a pall of dread on your happy spirit and his icy fingers choke your merry bubblings.

The idea comes to you that the only way to win against so awesome an opponent is to just let him have his way. Let him steal your A's, B's and C's and leave D's and F's . . . Sure Spring Fever in its worse stages. Alas an alack, you were so near too. Maybe you can keep your course steady, for only two more months and then—

Don't let Spring Fever become Summer Schoolosis . . .

Time Marches . . . Where?

Have you sophs and juniors noticed the changed look upon the vestiges of the present Senior class. Yes, they have that thousand-yard-look as one who has just seen the promised land. When ever these proud beings gaze upon a calendar, they become encompassed by delicious evolutions.

Yep, they are going to graduate—most of 'em at least. The coming summer shimmers with delightful dreams. They will be in that long dreamed of time—Summer of the Graduation—and then on their separate paths to college or to the world of business.

Yes, they'll try to get in the ivy-clad institutions of the land. Most of them will succeed, but for a few there will be no door.



Spring's Play Brings Graduation's Delay

They will have to answer questions concerning personal traits, and characteristics. Scholarship looms as the big problem to some, but others may have trouble with "What special abilities has the student shown, and has she assumed a position of leadership in the school?" (This taken from W. C. admission questionnaire) Many things rank with this question of acceptance. Emotions, morals, and initiative count . . . Most of the Seniors will pass—But when its your turn, will you?

Wanted for What????

The act of forgery is a criminal offense, punishable by fine and/or imprisonment. Here at G. H. S. we have several criminals of this type. They have done the aforementioned offense by forging instructors names on the permits used for excuses and such . . .

Now these criminal acts have been brought to the attention of the administration. The results have been rather omnivorous. No one is allowed to go from one room to the other without a signed paper attesting to the time departed, the projected time of arrival, the name of the student, the place to which he (or she) is journeying, and the teacher allowing the release.

It seems a shame that the group should suffer for the individual. These desperados are to be sneered at, are they not? . . . For we have never done such a terrible thing, have we?

1952 or 1,000,000 B. C.

On Tuesday morning, April 8, the Senior High Orchestra presented its annual spring assembly. The program was well prepared and, under excellent direction, executed with a show of fine musicianship.

The Student Body, did not react as seemed fitting to the finer things of life. Perhaps it was the spring weather that caused the ape-like screeches to exude from the assembled students, or perhaps the average pupil does not comprehend the music of Mozart.

If it was appreciation that the audience was trying to show at the completion of the program, it ceased to be so when the vice

Of Men and Mice

By Janet Frederick

Congratulations to Andrew McGlamery. Hear he dated Barbara Massey the other night. (This one on request)

Billy Michael and Judy Newnam seem to be getting along real well these days.

Attention Girls! On the eighth through tenth of June the Order of De Molay is having a State Conclave in Greensboro. On the ninth there will be a swimming party in the afternoon. There will be approximately two hundred boys here and dates will be needed for them. Did you hear that? Two hundred! Well, if you are interested in helping their worthy cause and have not already signed up, please see or call Tommy Neese, 8200, or Bobby Clark, 32334. Just think, girls, you might meet someone real cute.

Tess Russell has knitted the only pair of socks in the world with a private entrance for each toe. (Holes, that is)

Tell me, why doesn't the school make it a regular policy to give out Beechnut Chewing Gum to the students? Everyone seemed to really enjoy the last contributions.

The Band ought to start a fund raising campaign to buy P. D. an air foam cushion.

According to Tommy Fesperman there is a positively unequalled disk jockey who is on the radio every night. His name is Barry Kaye so be sure and listen some night when you're burning the midnight oil.

Did you know that Larry Russell has the most wonderful voice? He really can sing.

By now everyone has surely seen or heard of the new student teacher in the history department. Bet the girls' interests in history will really increase now!

Guess that's about all. Bye for now.

president of the school called for order and there was none. It ceased to be appreciation when howls are included, not to mention whistles, in the noise.

If Mr. Harrisman never presented another program before such a group, he would be entirely justified. As a student body, collectively and individually (if such be the case), we should offer our deepest apologies to the orchestra for such aforementioned behavior . . .

Your Opinion

By GREY EGERTON

Most of us don't realize the fact that we are attending a school which is virtually without a name—that is a specific and definite name. Greensboro Senior High is a place name and signifies only that the school is located in the city. This is uninformative and sometimes misleading since there are other high schools in Greensboro. If you had the job of giving our school an appropriate name, what would you name it and why?

D. C. WRIGHT HIGH SCHOOL?

In the article to follow, I have maintained a completely impartial discussion of this vital question of christening this school anew. The views expressed within are entirely my own and not necessarily those of the paper.

At the outset of this endeavor intended to inspire, the pros and cons should be discussed, among other things. Moving away from tradition, I shall discuss the cons first. On the cons' side there are many names to be considered. After much ponderance I believe, in view of recent events, that the name of "William Sutton High School" is the best the cons can offer. As for the pros, "Samuel Sneed" seems to show a big rise in popularity. He wields a mighty driving iron.

In the "among other things" class the name of "Harry S. Truman High School" should be considered. A move to name this school in honor of this noted pianist would certainly bring monetary "fair deal" help for the building of a new gymnasium. However, I have decided on the original name which struck me when first asked about my opinion on this subject.

To lend atmosphere, dignity, and reverence to this institution of learning and teachers, diminishing personal prejudices to none, I think that this high school should be hereafter entitled, "David C. Wright High School."

Anonymous

O. HENRY HIGH SCHOOL?

O. Henry High School—ever heard the name before? Most of you probably haven't, for you see, there is no such school in existence. O. Henry High School could, however, become a reality, if you the students of no name school wish it to come into being.

I think that 23 years is long enough for a school to exist without a name, and when one comes to face reality, Senior High School is not fittingly dubbed for a school such as ours. I cannot think of another school in the state that has such an unimaginative calling as Senior High School.

I am of the opinion that O. Henry High School is an appropriate and fitting name for our school. It would be a living attribute to William Sydney Porter, the great master of the short story, whom Greensboro claims as a native son. The name would be unique for our school, because no other school outside of Greensboro could use such an appellation, and an out-of-towner would immediately know where one was from if he had been told that the name of the school attended was O. Henry High School.

Bain Alexander

SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL?


Our school is widely known as Greensboro Senior High. We students speak of our school as "Senior" when conversing with close friends. Away from our home certainly most of us attach Greensboro to "Senior." This avoids the confusion about which many of the "pros" argue. Why do people want to change this established name? Do they desire to confuse our fellow North Carolinians by altering our school's title? Tradition has been broken several times before this at G. H. S., but it seems completely unnecessary to change our school's name.

If this situation becomes oppressing, we will be faced with the problem of selecting a person worthy of receiving this tribute.


Anne Fordham

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