

**Extremely Speaking**

It's that time again; the day of reckoning is dawning. In a few short days you may be sick with dread—dread of facing your report card and yourself.

Yes, your teachers, the ones who have patiently coached you in English; coaxed you for the perfect answer in geometry; guided your faltering steps through Latin; or taken you by the hand—or ear—in his tory; will submit your grades to the office.

There will be grades that cause concern, devulge delight, warrant worry, prompt pride, or reveal relief. Somehow those little symbols on those death-white cards are of great importance to you, your parents, your teachers, or maybe your girl. So why not deem the work that warrants respectable grades important, also?

It's an old story, but it grows more important and valuable with the years; perhaps we need lessons in time economics. A wisely planned time budget can lead you to a wealth of treasures. It can mean more time for work and recreation; it will pay dividends to the tune of better grades, and what's more priceless, learning. But—

We plead that you will not hide behind a stack of books from the joy, the wonderful spirit of youth, from the togetherness that is so easily found in high school and so easily lost in later years. So often it is the easy thing to shield our talents, our interests, or maybe our insecurities with an intellectual stare or a bored glare. This, too, is important: that we get the most out of extra-curricula activities as well as classes. Between the lines of your report card should be a record of leadership, character, and service that will develop from your contacts.

Of course, there is a fine, almost indistinct line that sometimes separates fun and work. Mixing the two can be as dangerous as mixing two highly explosive chemicals. We need to learn to play hard as well as work hard, without doing either to excess. So come out from behind that book, that we might enjoy and appreciate the valuable knowledge contained in your matchless mind. But don't forget to return to it in order to increase that knowledge. Don't cheat yourself on either count!

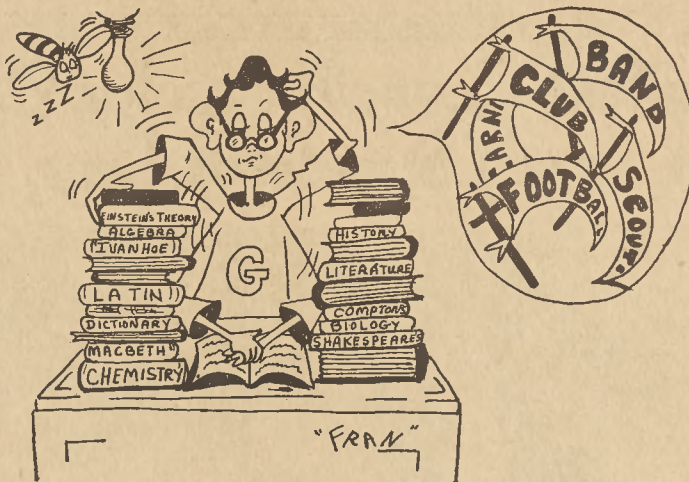
**Here We Go Again!**

Does Senior High's formula run something like this: no victory equals no spirit?

Again we see the need for presenting the pressing question of school spirit before the student body of Senior High. That such a problem exists cannot be denied by anyone who has attended the pep rallies and football games during the past few weeks. Somehow we can't believe that Senior suffers from a serious case of a warped sense of values but—

It seems that we students shed all human characteristics the moment a bell rings at 3 o'clock, and the auditorium fills for a rousing session of cheers. Instead, the occasion is one of jeers, for an uproar, for general recreation at the expense of pride and common sense. Buoyant spirits are in no way comparable to the boisterous

**An Explosive Mixture**



displays that frequently occur at such times. We're on the right road, granted; but we're going in the wrong direction.

Members of the student council and especially the president of the senior class are making commendable efforts to direct Senior's spirit in the right channels. Cheering sections cards have been issued to each student in an attempt to combine forces to support our team. But the spirit must come wholesomely and willfully from us, the students.

School spirit is an idea, a mutual feeling of good for all, that does not develop in a day or a week; it must grow in the hearts of each individual through a period of years. We appeal to some of you to grow up with it.

**Clubcity**

By Martha Jester

Les Souers

The "sisters" are planning a big year with lots of activities. To start things off right, they initiated their new members at the football game, September 19; the girls wore short, green and white dresses and big hair ribbons. Some even carried green and white suckers to match! Those lucky ladies are Lila Malone, Barbara Flynn, Nancy Cone, Sheila Beavers, Martha Burnett, Kay Stewart, and Martha Bright. The officers, Pat Gregg, president; Anne Button, vice president; Beckie Schweistris, secretary; and Betty Bell, treasurer; are organizing the plans for the Youth Center Hallowe'en Carnival, and 'tis said their show is to be even better than last year's.

G. W. I.

These girls really lived up to their name (hint) this time when they initiated their new members in front of the Carolina Theater. Most of you probably saw them scrubbing the sidewalks about eight o'clock on Saturday night, September 13, but for those who didn't, here are the details: The inductees wore pajamas, over shorts and shirts, of course, and rolled their hair; they carried pails of water and toothbrushes with which they cleaned the walk in front of the theater. The honored ones are Ann Falk, Julie Hollowell, Jo Len Jamerson, Dava Cashwell, Sue McEntire, Betty Sink, Doris Irvin, Kathy Gryder, Sandra Bentz, and Sally Durham.

W. S. T.'s please take note—We're sorry to have left out two of the most important names on the honored new member list—Mary Anne Stamper, and Johnnie Bolick. But to make amends we will write them again. Mary Anne Stamper and Johnnie Bolick.

**Your Opinion**

By Alfred Williams

Often we have heard students, both out-of-town, and local, criticize Senior High's students for being so-called, cliquish, and club-conscious. Now we ask you, the students, to offer your opinion on the question.

We're Learning!

In my opinion Senior High students are not especially snobbish and club conscious. To begin with, snobbishness more or less characterizes the individual, instead of a group as large as our student body. In fact, I think students are friendlier and less snobbish during their high school years than any other time in their lives because then they are working hardest at being friendly. Surely the fact that the sophomores have been treated so wonderfully by the juniors and seniors these first few weeks of school is proof enough of this friendliness at our school.

As for being club-conscious, why, who could help but be fully aware of the wonderful clubs here at Senior High! Although we do place too much importance on clubs at times, I think we are seeing more and more that some of the nicest people we meet are by choice not club members; and as a whole we are learning not to be overly club-conscious.

Susan Hege

The question of cliques is a rather delicate subject among most of the students here at Senior High. I really don't think any girl or boy would appreciate being accused of being cliquish or club-conscious. Could it be true? Senior High is supposed to be a democratic school. The question is—are cliques democratic?

Those in favor of our social clubs point out that everybody can't be in one club, and if a club is to keep down membership, it has to be selective. Sometimes, though, by being so selective and failing to look beyond their little circle, these clubs can easily miss out on many undiscovered and unknown talents. On the other hand, this is a good way to keep out "undesirables."

Most of the students against cliques are not members of any social clubs. It is not sour grapes, just human nature. Maybe some have a right to feel left out. What about our new students who have come from different schools? Among them may be many valuable leaders. How much opportunity do they have to make themselves known?

Although some may not realize it, cliques may play an important role in dampening school spirit.

Barbara Still

Armstrong Defends

I don't think there are any cliques here at Senior High, other than the various girls' social clubs or boys' clubs. These clubs, in the true sense of the word, are cliques, but they don't exclude outsiders completely. Cliquish groups who keep to themselves and don't associate with the other students are really hurting the school, not to mention the fun they are missing themselves. I think we are very fortunate here at Senior that we don't have any of the harmful cliques because it makes our school a much friendlier place.

In regard to the clubs here, many people think the students are too club-conscious. I don't think we have many, if any, club conscious students. There are a few probably, as there are in every high school, who think that club life and social life should play the leading role in their lives. I agree wholeheartedly that social life is of great importance, but it should not take over a person's life so completely that he can't grow spiritually and mentally as well.

Jimmie Armstrong

Half As Much—Fees—\$\$\$\$ (So that's where all my money goes!)

Down Yonder—Mr. Anderson's office. Undecided—Whether to skip or not. Wish You Were Here—The football game.

Take Me Out To The Ball Game—I think I better stop here. Anybody want to buy some Christmas cards?

**Carter's Corner**

By David Carter

Well, we're off to the races again (The human races, that is.) And, for a change, I'm hearing plenty of gossip! But GAD! What gossip! They'd jack up the jail and put me under it if I printed some of that stuff!

From the looks of Allan Sharpe's car at lunch time, he's planning to go into the sardine packing business someday. His present slogan is "I pack 'em so tight, that even Ben Nita Black can't get in." Running a close second in this packing business is Alton Ingram, who thinks he will someday get a job in New York packing people in subway cars.

Here's a suggestion passed on to me by some simple soul. Paul Hill better stop dangling out of the window of Alton's car. Otherwise, he might get his sweet (?) little self smeared in the pavement. (And they tell me that shovels are rationed these days.)

What is Jim Tunstall carrying under the hood of his car nowadays? Does he really help Forbis and Murray out during "rushed" seasons?

Shirley Barbee! What do you do in study hall?

It looks as if Walter "Abe King" Underwood is going into the used car business. And Walter, I think Doug Wilson wants to "drag" you in that "Ford." (I reckon that's what that "thing" is. No wonder Henry "kicked the bucket.")

Wonder if Eleanor Pearman will ever be civilized again! She walks (if that's what you want to call it) around the halls with a fiendish grin on her face. Better watch out, Jerry, she may be dangerous!

What do you think of these sophomore cheerleaders? Good—we do agree on something after all.

Does "Jabbo" really serve coffee and doughnuts 4th period?

Thought for the day: When school is over, never worry about pedestrians coming from behind parked cars—worry about the parked cars coming up behind the pedestrians.

Do songs ever make you think of something? They remind me of a lotta things. Here are a few afterthoughts recorded while listening to "Hosenose." Night and Day—Homework.

Turn Back the Hands of Time—5 minutes before test time.

And So To Sleep Again—Study hall. Smoke Gets In Your Eyes—The parking lot.

The Wild Side of Life—Riding to lunch.

Dancing in the Dark—The halls of G.H.S.

Hot Rod Race—Westover Terrace at 3:31½.

**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.

- Editor-in-Chief: Martha Moore
- Associate Editor: Martha Jester
- Feature Editors: Alfred Williams, Dan Haley
- Sports Editors: Fred Marshall, Don Williamson
- Girls' Sports Editors: Joanne Gourley, Cordelia Goodnight
- Exchange Editor: Patsy Eways
- Business Manager: Fullam Cashion
- Circulation Manager: Patsy Eways
- Art Editor: Fran Hosley
- Photographer: David Carter
- Proofreaders: Lois Duncan, Joan Osborne
- Make-Up Editor: Marilyn Neerman
- Reporters: Dick Frank, Don Morrison
- Adviser: Miss Paula R. Abernethy
- Financial Adviser: Mr. A. P. Routh