

**G**et and preserve the history of our school.  
**H**old individuals together under high standards.  
**S**eparate the worthwhile from the worthless and promote the highest interest of students, teachers, and school.

### Are You Ready?

Rush, rush, hurry, hurry, hustle, bustle—buy the tree, get the presents, make the Christmas cookies and candies. Habitually one frantically greets his friends these days with the hurried inquiry of "Are you ready for Christmas?" You may have bought everything, made everything, done everything, and answer complacently, "Yes, I'm ready."

But are you? Are you ready for the real Christmas? Have you prepared yourself for the realization of the significance of December 25? Its meaning should be something you don't have to prepare for, but have all the time. It is a spirit of "peace on earth, good will toward man" not connected with tinsel, glitter, or the commercialized Xmas. This Xmas is just another part of these hurried, space saving days. What does the X say, represent, signify? In math it is nothing but the unknown quantity, a vague, indefinable thing. On the other hand, Christ is the whole part of Christmas, a real living spirit.

Right now you may have this spirit, the one of peace and good will. You may not be "ready" on December 25, and Christmas may not be the time the Christmas spirit gets you. It might be April, July, or September. But when you do get the spirit, it can and should last for 365 days out of every year.

## HIGH LIFE

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### Beautiful Girls?

Today the first day of May is exactly four months and fourteen days away, a seeming eternity when measured in school hours. Already, however, an event which usually occurs then is being discussed and thought about—mainly the May Day pageant which Senior High usually celebrates in a grand and glorious manner. It was brought up in a Student Council meeting that perhaps the ceremony was too elaborate for the short-lived spectacle that it was; that too much money was spent on dresses, costumes, and other equipment; and that too much time was wasted in practice and planning for the Big Day.

The alternate suggestion was made that representatives for the May Court be elected and appear in the figure at the Junior-Senior Prom, doing away with all pomp and ceremony surrounding a GHS May Day. To do away with such a time honored tradition would require careful thought and certainly if it came to a show down, the student body should be allowed to vote and decide for themselves.

In any event, however, the May Court, Beauty Court, or what have you should be what the name implies it to be—a group of girls elected on their physical attractiveness. Too often when the time comes to vote for members of the Court it boils down to a popularity poll more than a beauty contest. Petty jealousies and dislikes will often cause the prettiest girls to be overlooked in favor of a more popular one. If the students at Senior wish to hold a Popularity Contest, they should. It is silly, though, to mask such a contest under the heading of May Court. Certainly the students here want the casual observer to look at their court and think, "My, what a group of pretty girls." He is not going to know whether the girls are popular or outstanding leaders.

If the people in home rooms will look around and select the prettiest girls in their room instead of best known, those chosen could be presented to the student body. Here the pupils would get a chance to select the prettiest ones whether they are known or not.

May 1 is still four months and fourteens days away but the time to start thinking about the prettiest girls is now.

**IN SYMPATHY**

On behalf of the students of Greensboro High School, we wish to express deepest sympathy to Miss Sara Mims in the death of her mother.

## Script Tease

### "MERRY CHRISTMAS, JOSHUA"

He was a very little newsboy as newsboys go. He clutched his burden of Daily's tightly to his thin body as he hurried down the wet street that was mushy from an old snow. The hole in his orange, knitted cap didn't matter much because the cap came down over his ears and kept them pretty warm. He didn't have any mittens on and the only reason his hands weren't blue with the biting cold was that his skin was such a deep chocolate already.

When the dismal, complaining wind that cried hauntingly between the gaunt buildings tugged at his jacket, he shivered, and every now and then he stamped his feet hard to make the blood run in them again. He kept forgetting to walk on the heel of his left foot; consequently, some of the miserable slush had found the hole in his worn shoe and had wormed its way to his sock. He seemed oblivious to the discomforts of his station, and his full lips whistled a tuneless melody as he went along. The slim fingers of one brown hand were clenched around a precious quarter. He liked to blow short warm breaths into the icy air, for he was fascinated by the mysterious vapor he produced.

A brightly lighted window caught his eye, and he stopped to gaze, his great dark eyes devouring an electric train hungrily, his pug nose pressed against the window pane leaving a moist smudge. The sonorous chimes that sounded the hour shattered his reverie, and reluctantly tearing himself from the miracle of the train, he cut down a dim alley as fast as he dared.

He was no stranger to alleyways or to the cats that inhabited them. A scrawny beast was atop a garbage can exploring the possibilities of gaining admittance to its interior. "Po I'll kitty cat," crooned the boy in his soft voice that slurred the words together. He carefully transferred the quarter to his

jacket pocket, and extended his hand to smooth the mangy fur. The cat regarded him momentarily with hostile yellow eyes, leaped from the top of the garbage can, and disappeared into the dimness with a flick of its mottled tail.

The aroma of donuts from a gutter cafe tingled his nostrils as he stepped into the street again. He hesitated, fingering the quarter. "Ah sho' would like some ob dem donuts," he said to himself. "Ah done missed mah dinnah sellin' papahs," he lingered a moment longer tempted and undecided. Then with a squaring of his bony shoulders, he forced himself to walk away. "Nah suh, boy," he told himself resolutely, "yo ain gone spen dis hyar quartah on no donuts. Yo is gone buy yo ma uh Christmas gif wif dis money. Yo ain gone blow dis hard earned money on yousef, nah suh, yo ain!"

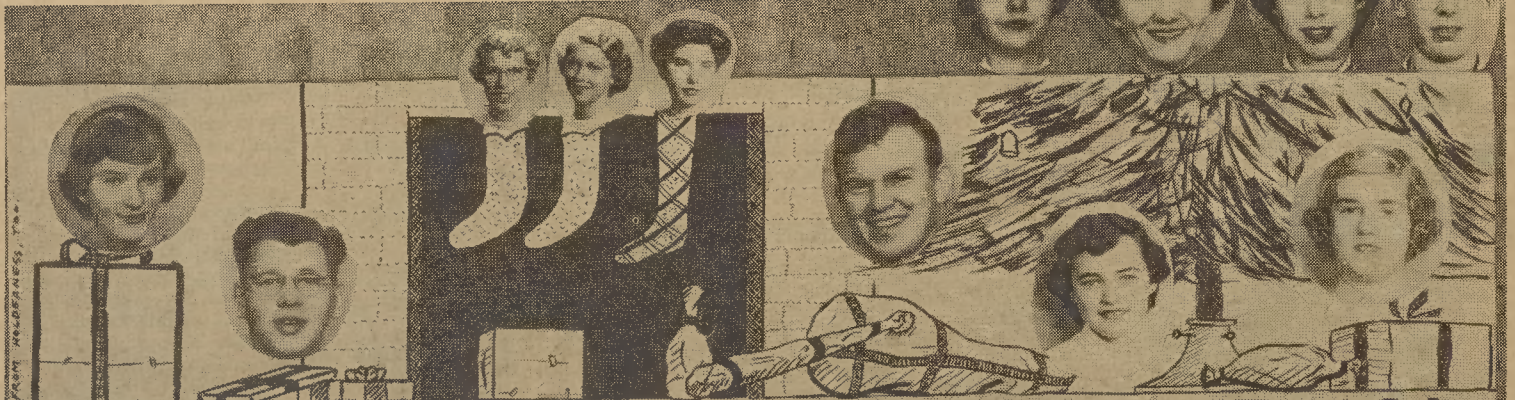
By filling his mind with visions of the gift he would buy his mother he managed to forget the hunger gnawing at his empty stomach. He turned the last corner, and the dingy newspaper office loomed out of the murky fog. He skipped a little in elation, and his feet slid out from under him. The newspapers flew from his grasp, and when he went to retrieve them, they were wet and soggy.

The man was tired and harried. It was the day before Christmas Eve, and he wanted to go home. He looked at the wet papers and frowned crossly, missing the imploring face lifted to his. "Well," he said, "you'll have to pay for them, you know. They're ruined. I'll let you off easy this time. A quarter ought to do it."

The harsh yellow light glared down like a judgment. The deep eyes filled, and the bottom lip quivered an instant before strong white teeth stilled it. The small hand fished the quarter out of the threadbare pocket. It clinked against the counter. The man nodded absently, and sensing dismissal, the forlorn figure turned to leave.

His hand turned the doorknob. "Oh, Joshua," said the man. He whirled, hope illuminating his thin face. "Yassah?" "Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas, Joshua."

Sally Durham



TO YOU FROM US, A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

